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WITH

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AND

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BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

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THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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THE

LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23d day of April, 1564. Of the rank of his family it is not easy to form an opinion. Mr. Rowe says, that by the register and certain public writings relating to Stratford, it appears that his ancestors were "of good figure and fashion" in that town, and are mentioned as "gentlemen," an epithet which was certainly more determinate then than at present, when it has become an unlimited phrase of courtesy. His father, John Shakspeare, was a considerable dealer in wool, and had been an officer and bailiff (probably high-bailiff or mayor) of the body corporate of Stratford. He held also the office of justice of the peace, and at one time, it is said, possessed lands and tenements to the amount of five hundred pounds, the reward of his grandfather's faithful and approved services to king Henry the Seventh. This, however, has been asserted upon very doubtful authority. Mr. Malone thinks "it is highly probable that he distinguished himself in Bosworth Field on the side of king Henry, and that he was rewarded for his military services by the bounty of that parsimonious prince, though not with a grant of lands. No such grant appears in the chapel of the Rolls, from the beginning to the end of Henry's reign." But whatever may have been his former wealth, it appears to have been greatly reduced in the latter part of his life, as we find, from the books of the corporation, that in 1579 he was excused the trifling weekly tax of four-pence levied on all the aldermen; and that in 1586 another alderman was appointed in his room, in consequence of his declining to attend on the business of that office. It is even said by Aubrey[1], a man sufficiently accurate in facts, although credulous in superstitious narratives and traditions, that he followed for some time the occupation of a butcher, which Mr. Malone thinks not inconsistent with probability. It must have been, however, at this time, no inconsiderable addition to his difficulties that he had a family of ten children. His wife was the daughter and heiress of Robert Arden of Wellingcote, in the county of Warwick, who is styled, "a gentleman of worship." The family of Arden is very ancient, Robert Arden of Bromich, esq. being in the list of the gentry of this county,

[1] MSS. Aubrey, Mus. Ashmol. Oxon. examined by Mr. Malone.

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returned by the commissioners in the twelfth year of king Henry the Sixth, anno Domini 1433. Edward Arden was sheriff of the county in 1568. The woodland part of this county was anciently called *Ardern*, afterwards softened to *Arden:* and hence the name.

Our illustrious poet was the eldest son, and received his early education, whether narrow or liberal, at a free-school, probably that founded at Stratford; but from this he appears to have been soon removed, and placed, according to Mr. Malone's opinion, in the office of some country attorney, or the seneschal of some manor court, where it is highly probable he picked up those technical law phrases that so frequently occur in his plays, and could not have been in common use unless among professional men. Mr. Capell conjectures that his early marriage prevented his being sent to some university. It appears, however, as Dr. Farmer observes, that his early life was incompatible with a course of education, and it is certain that "his contemporaries, friends and foes, nay, and himself likewise, agree in his want of what is usually termed literature." It is, indeed, a strong argument in favour of Shakspeare's illiterature, that it was maintained by all his contemporaries, many of whom have left upon record every merit they could bestow on him; and by his successors, who lived nearest to his time, when "his memory was green;" and that it has been denied only by Gildon, Sewell, and others, down to Upton, who could have no means of ascertaining the truth.

In his eighteenth year, or perhaps a little sooner, he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years older than himself, the daughter of one Hathaway, who is said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. Of his domestic economy, or professional occupation, at this time, we have no information, but it would appear that both were in a considerable degree neglected by his associating with a gang of deer-stealers. Being detected with them in robbing the park of sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford, he was so rigorously prosecuted by that gentleman as to be obliged to leave his family and business, and take shelter in London. Sir Thomas, on this occasion, is said to have been exasperated by a ballad Shakspeare wrote, probably his first essay in poetry, of which the following stanza was communicated to Mr. Oldys;

> "A parliemente member, a justice of peace,
> At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse,
> If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
> Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it:
> He thinks himself greate,
> Yet an asse in his state
> We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate.
> If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
> Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it."

These lines, it must be confessed, do no great honour to our poet, and probably were unjust, for although some of his admirers have recorded sir Thomas as a "vain, weak, and vindictive magistrate," he was certainly exerting no very violent act of oppression, in protecting his property against a man who was degrading the commonest rank of life, and had at this time bespoke no indulgence by superior talents. The ballad, however, must have made some noise at sir Thomas's expense, as the author took care it should be affixed to his park-gates, and liberally circulated among his neighbours.

On his arrival in London, which was probably in 1586, when he was twenty-two

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years old, he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the play-house, to which idleness or taste may have directed him, and where his necessities, if tradition may be credited, obliged him to accept the office of call-boy, or prompter's attendant. This is a menial whose employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter, as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage. Pope, however, relates a story, communicated to him by Rowe, but which Rowe did not think deserving of a place in the life he wrote, that must a little retard the advancement of our poet to the office just mentioned. According to this story, Shakspeare's first employment was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those who had no servants, that they might be ready after the performance. But, "I cannot," says his acute commentator, Mr. Steevens, "discuss this anecdote without observing that it seems to want every mark of probability. Though Shakspeare quitted Stratford on account of a juvenile irregularity, we have no reason to suppose that he had forfeited the protection of his father, who was engaged in a lucrative business, or the love of his wife, who had already brought him two children, and was herself the daughter of a substantial yeoman. It is unlikely, therefore, when he was beyond the reach of his prosecutor, that he should conceal his plan of life, or place of residence, from those who, if he found himself distressed, could not fail to afford him such supplies as would have set him above the necessity of *holding horses* for subsistence. Mr. Malone has remarked in his "Attempt to ascertain the Order in which the Plays of Shakspeare were written," that he might have found an easy introduction to the stage; for Thomas Green, a celebrated comedian of that period, was his townsman, and perhaps his relation. The genius of our author prompted him to write poetry; his connection with a player might have given his productions a dramatic turn; or his own sagacity might have taught him that fame was not incompatible with profit, and that the theatre was an avenue to both. That it was once the general custom to ride on horse-back to the play, I am likewise yet to learn. The most popular of the theatres were on the Bank Side; and we are told by the satirical pamphleteers of that time, that the usual mode of conveyance to these places of amusement was by water, but not a single writer so much as hints at the custom of riding to them, or at the practice of having horses held during the hours of exhibition. Some allusion to this usage, (if it had existed) must, I think, have been discovered in the course of our researches after contemporary fashions. Let it be remembered too, that we receive this tale on no higher authority than that of Cibber's Lives of the Poets, vol. i. p. 130. Sir William Davenant told it to Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe, who, according to Dr. Johnson, related it to Mr. Pope." Mr. Malone concurs in opinion that this story stands on a very slender foundation, while he differs from Mr. Steevens as to the fact of gentlemen going to the theatre on horseback. With respect likewise to Shakspeare's father being "engaged in a lucrative business," we may remark that this could not have been the case at the time our author came to London, if the preceding dates be correct. He is said to have arrived in London in 1586, the year in which his father resigned the office of alderman, unless indeed we are permitted to conjecture that his resignation was not the consequence of his necessities.

But in whatever situation he was first employed at the theatre, he appears to have soon discovered those talents which afterwards made him

"Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage."

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Some distinction he probably first acquired as an actor, although Mr. Rowe has not been able to discover any character in which he appeared to more advantage than that of the ghost in Hamlet. The instructions given to the player in that tragedy, and other passages of his works, show an intimate acquaintance with the skill of acting, and such as is scarcely surpassed in our own days. He appears to have studied nature in acting as much as in writing. But all this might have been mere theory. Mr. Malone is of opinion he was no great actor. The distinction, however, which he obtained as an actor could only be in his own plays, in which he would be assisted by the novel appearance of author and actor combined. Before his time, it does not appear that any actor of genius could appear to advantage in the wretched pieces represented on the stage.

Mr. Rowe regrets that he cannot inform us which was the first play he wrote. More skilful research has since found that Romeo and Juliet, and Richard II. and III, were printed in 1597, when he was thirty-three years old; there is also some reason to think that he commenced a dramatic writer in 1592, and Mr. Malone even places his first play, First Part of Henry VI. in 1589[2]. His plays, however, must have been not only popular, but approved by persons of the higher order, as we are certain that he enjoyed the gracious favour of queen Elizabeth, who was very fond of the stage; and the particular and affectionate patronage of the earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated his poems of Venus and Adonis and his Rape of Lucrece. On sir William Davenant's authority, it has been asserted that this nobleman at one time gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to complete a purchase. At the conclusion of the advertisement prefixed to Lintot's edition of Shakspeare's Poems, it is said, "That most learned prince and great patron of learning, king James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakspeare: which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of sir William D'Avenant, as a credible person now living can testify." Dr. Farmer, with great probability, supposes that this letter was written by king James in return for the compliment paid to him in Macbeth. The relater of the anecdote was Sheffield, duke of Buckingham[3]. These brief notices, meagre as they are, may show that our author enjoyed high favour in his day. Whatever we may think of king James as a "learned prince," his patronage, as well as that of his predecessor, was sufficient to give celebrity to the founder of a new stage. It may be added that his uncommon merit, his candour, and good-nature are supposed to have procured him the admiration and acquaintance of every person distinguished for such qualities. It is not difficult, indeed, to suppose that Shakspeare was a man of humour and a social companion, and probably excelled in that species of minor wit not ill adapted to conversation, of which it could have been wished he had been more sparing in his writings.

How long he acted has not been discovered, but he continued to write till the year 1614. During his dramatic career he acquired a property in the theatre[4] which he must have disposed of when he retired, as no mention of it occurs in his will. His connection with Ben Jonson has been variously related. It is said that when Jonson was

[2] See the lists of Mr. Malone and Mr. George Chalmers.

[3] Note, by Mr. Malone, to Additional Anecdotes of William Shakspeare. *C.*

[4] In 1603, Shakspeare and several others obtained a licence from king James to exhibit comedies, tragedies, histories, &c. at the Globe Theatre and elsewhere. *C.*

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unknown to the world, he offered a play to the theatre, which was rejected after a very careless perusal, but that Shakspeare having accidentally cast his eye on it, conceived a favourable opinion of it, and afterwards recommended Jonson and his writings to the public. For this candour he was repaid by Jonson, when the latter became a poet of note, with an envious disrespect. Jonson acquired reputation by the variety of his pieces, and endeavoured to arrogate the supremacy in dramatic genius. Like a French critic, he insinuated Shakspeare's incorrectness, his careless manner of writing, and his want of judgment; and, as he was a remarkable slow writer himself, he could not endure the praise frequently bestowed on Shakspeare of seldom altering or blotting out what he had written. Mr. Malone says, that "not long after the year 1600 a coolness arose between Shakspeare and him, which, however he may talk of his almost idolatrous affection, produced on his part, from that time to the death of our author, and for many years afterwards, much clumsy sarcasm, and many malevolent reflections." But from these, which are the commonly received opinions on this subject, Dr. Farmer is inclined to depart, and to think Jonson's hostility to Shakspeare absolutely groundless; so uncertain is every circumstance we attempt to recover of our great poet's life. Jonson had only one advantage over Shakspeare, that of superior learning, which might in certain situations be of some importance, but could never promote his rivalship with a man who attained the highest excellence without it. Nor will Shakspeare suffer by its being known that all the dramatic poets before he appeared were scholars. Greene, Lodge, Peele, Marlowe, Nashe, Lily, and Kyd, had all, says Mr. Malone, a regular university education, and, as scholars in our universities, frequently composed and acted plays on historical subjects[5].

The latter part of Shakspeare's life was spent in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had accumulated considerable property, which Gildon (in his Letters and Essays, 1694) stated to amount to three hundred pounds per annum, a sum at least equal to one thousand pounds in our days; but Mr. Malone doubts whether all his property amounted to much more than two hundred pounds per annum, which yet was a considerable fortune in those times, and it is supposed that he might have derived two hundred pounds per annum from the theatre while he continued to act.

He retired, some years before his death, to a house in Stratford, of which it has been thought important to give the history. It was built by sir Hugh Clopton, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighbourhood. Sir Hugh was sheriff of London in the reign of Richard III., and lord mayor in the reign of Henry VII. By his will he bequeathed to his elder brother's son his manor of Clopton, &c. and his house by the name of the *Great House* in Stratford. A good part of the estate was in possession of Edward Clopton, esq. and sir Hugh Clopton, knt. in 1733. The principal estate had been sold out of the Clopton family for above a century at the time when Shakspeare became the purchaser, who having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to *New Place*, which the mansion-house, afterwards erected, in the room of the poet's house, retained for many years. The house, and lands belonging to it, continued in the possession of Shakspeare's descendants to the time of the Restoration, when they were repurchased

[5] This was the practice in Milton's days. "One of his objections to academical education, as it was then conducted, is, that men designed for orders in the church were permitted to act plays, &c." Johnson's Life of Milton. C.

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by the Clopton family. Here in May 1742, when Mr. Garrick, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Delane visited Stratford, they were hospitably entertained under Shakspeare's mulberry tree, by sir Hugh Clopton. He was a barrister at law, was knighted by king George I. and died in the 80th year of his age, in Dec. 1751. His executor, about the year 1752, sold New Place to the Rev. Mr. Gastrell, a man of large fortune, who resided in it but a few years, in consequence of a disagreement with the inhabitants of Stratford. As he resided part of the year at Lichfield, he thought he was assessed too highly in the monthly rate towards the maintenance of the poor, but being very properly compelled by the magistrates of Stratford to pay the whole of what was levied on him, on the principle that his house was occupied by his servants in his absence, he peevishly declared, that *that* house should never be assessed again; and soon afterwards pulled it down, sold the materials, and left the town. He had some time before cut down Shakspeare's mulberry tree[6], to save himself the trouble of shewing it to those whose admiration of our great poet led them to visit the classic ground on which it stood. That Shakspeare planted this tree appears to be sufficiently authenticated. Where New Place stood is now a garden. Before concluding this history, it may be necessary to mention that the poet's house was once honoured by the temporary residence of Henrietta Maria, queen to Charles I. Theobald has given an inaccurate account of this, as if she had been obliged to take refuge in Stratford from the rebels, which was not the case. She marched from Newark, June 16, 1643, and entered Stratford triumphantly, about the 23d of the same month, at the head of three thousand foot and one thousand five hundred horse, with one hundred and fifty waggons, and a train of artillery. Here she was met by prince Rupert, accompanied by a large body of troops. She resided about three weeks at our poet's house, which was then possessed by his grand daughter, Mrs. Nash, and her husband.

During Shakspeare's abode in this house, his pleasurable wit, and good nature, says Mr. Rowe, engaged him the acquaintance and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Among these, Mr. Rowe tells a traditional story of a miser, or usurer, named Combe, who, in conversation with Shakspeare, said he fancied the poet intended to write his epitaph if he should survive him, and desired to know what he meant to say. On this Shakspeare gave him the following, probably extempore.

> "Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
> 'T is a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd.
> If any man ask, who lies in this tombe?
> 'Oh! ho!' quoth the Devil, 't 'tis my John-a-Combe'."

The sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely that he never forgave it. These lines, however, or some which nearly resemble them, appeared in various collections both before and after the time they were said to have been composed,

[6] "As the curiosity of this house and tree brought much fame, and more company and profit to the town, a certain man, on some disgust, has pulled the house down, so as not to leave one stone upon another, and cut down the tree, and piled it as a stack of firewood, to the great vexation, loss, and disappointment of the inhabitants; however, an honest silversmith bought the whole stack of wood, and makes many odd things of this wood for the curious." Letter in Annual Register, 1760. Of Mr. Gastrell and his lady, see Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson, vol. ii. 490; iii. 443. *C.*

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and the inquiries of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone satisfactorily prove that the whole story is a fabrication. Betterton is said to have heard it when he visited Warwickshire on purpose to collect anecdotes of our poet, and probably thought it of too much importance to be nicely examined. We know not whether it be worth adding of a story which we have rejected, that a usurer in Shakspeare's time did not mean one who took exorbitant, but any interest or usance for money, and that ten in the hundred, or ten per cent. was then the ordinary interest of money. It is of more consequence, however, to record the opinion of Mr. Malone, that Shakspeare, during his retirement, wrote the play of Twelfth Night.

He died on his birth-day, Tuesday, April 23, 1616, when he had exactly completed his fifty-second year[7], and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall, on which he is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of paper. The following Latin distich is engraved under the cushion.

Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.

"The first syllable in Socratem," says Mr. Steevens, "is here made short, which cannot be allowed. Perhaps we should read Sophoclem. Shakspeare is then appositely compared with a dramatic author among the ancients; but still it should be remembered that the eulogium is lessened while the metre is reformed; and it is well known that some of our early writers of Latin poetry were uncommonly negligent in their prosody, especially in proper names. The thought of this distich, as Mr. Tollet observes, might have been taken from The Faëry Queene of Spenser, b. ii. c. ix. st. 48, and c. x. st. 3.

"To this Latin inscription on Shakspeare may be added the lines which are found underneath it on his monument:

"Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious Death hath plac'd
Within this monument; Shakspeare, with whom
Quick Nature dy'd; whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit."

Obiit An° Dni. 1616. æt. 53, die 23 Apri.

"It appears from the verses of Leonard Digges, that our author's monument was erected before the year 1623. It has been engraved by Vertue, and done in mezzotinto by Miller."

On his grave-stone underneath are these lines, in an uncouth mixture of small and capital letters.

"Good Frend for Iesus SAKE forbeare
To dIGG T-E Dust EncloAsed HERe
Blese be T-E Man Y spares T-Es Stones
And curst be He Y moves my bones."

[7] The only notice we have of his person is from Aubrey, who says, "He was a handsome well-shaped man," and adds, "verie good company, and of a very ready, and pleasant and smooth witt." C.

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It is uncertain whether this request and imprecation were written by Shakspeare, or by one of his friends. They probably allude to the custom of removing skeletons after a certain time and depositing them in charnel-houses, and similar execrations are found in many ancient Latin epitaphs.

We have no account of the malady which, at no very advanced age, closed the life and labours of this unrivalled and incomparable genius.

His family consisted of two daughters, and a son named Hamnet, who died in 1596, in the twelfth year of his age. Susannah, the eldest daughter, and her father's favourite, was married to Dr. John Hall, a physician, who died Nov. 1635, aged 60. Mrs. Hall died July 11, 1649, aged 66. They left only one child, Elizabeth, born 1607-8, and married April 22, 1626, to Thomas Nash, esq. who died in 1647, and afterwards to sir John Barnard of Abington in Northamptonshire, but died without issue by either husband. Judith, Shakspeare's youngest daughter, was married to a Mr. Thomas Quiney, and died Feb. 1661-62 in her 77th year. By Mr. Quiney she had three sons, Shakspeare, Richard, and Thomas, who all died unmarried. Sir Hugh Clopton, who was born two years after the death of lady Barnard, which happened in 1669-70, related to Mr. Macklin, in 1742, an old tradition, that she had carried away with her from Stratford many of her grandfather's papers. On the death of sir John Barnard, Mr. Malone thinks, these must have fallen into the hands of Mr. Edward Bagley, lady Barnard's executor, and if any descendant of that gentleman be now living, in his custody they probably remain. To this account of Shakspeare's family, we have now to add, that among Oldys's papers is another traditional story of his having been the father of sir William Davenant. Oldys's relation is thus given.

"If tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit, and her husband, Mr. John Davenant, (afterwards mayor of that city) a grave melancholy man; who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakspeare's pleasant company. Their son, young Will. Davenant (afterwards sir William) was then a little school-boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakspeare, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day an old townsman observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his *god*-father Shakspeare. 'There 's a good boy,' said the other, 'but have a care that you do n't take *God's* name in vain.' This story Mr. Pope told me at the earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakspeare's monument then newly erected in Westminster Abbey."

This story appears to have originated with Anthony Wood, and it has been thought a presumption of its being true that, after careful examination, Mr. Thomas Warton was inclined to believe it. Mr. Steevens, however, treats it with the utmost contempt, but does not perhaps argue with his usual attention to experience when he brings sir William Davenant's "heavy, vulgar, unmeaning face" as a proof that he could not be Shakspeare's son.

In the year 1741, a monument was erected to our poet in Westminster Abbey, by the direction of the earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martyn. It was the work of Scheemaker, (who received three hundred pounds for it) after a design of Kent, and was opened in January of that year. The performers of each of the London theatres gave a benefit to defray the expenses, and the dean and chapter of Westminster

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took nothing for the ground. The money received by the performance at Drury Lane theatre amounted to above two hundred pounds, but the receipts at Covent Garden did not exceed one hundred pounds.

From these imperfect notices, which are all we have been able to collect from the labours of his biographers and commentators, our readers will perceive that less is known of Shakspeare than of almost any writer who has been considered as an object of laudable curiosity. Nothing could be more highly gratifying than an account of the early studies of this wonderful man, the progress of his pen, his moral and social qualities, his friendships, his failings, and whatever else constitutes personal history. But on all these topics his contemporaries and his immediate successors have been equally silent, and if aught can hereafter be discovered, it must be by exploring sources which have hitherto escaped the anxious researches of those who have devoted their whole lives, and their most vigorous talents, to revive his memory and illustrate his writings. In the sketch we have given, if the dates of his birth and death be excepted, what is there on which the reader can depend, or for which, if he contend eagerly, he may not be involved in controversy, and perplexed with contradictory opinions and authorities?

It is usually said that the life of an author can be little else than a history of his works; but this opinion is liable to many exceptions. If an author, indeed, has passed his days in retirement, his life can afford little more variety than that of any other man who has lived in retirement; but if, as is generally the case with writers of great celebrity, he has acquired a pre-eminence over his contemporaries, if he has excited rival contentions, and defeated the attacks of criticism or of malignity, or if he has plunged into the controversies of his age, and performed the part either of a tyrant, or a hero in literature, his history may be rendered as interesting as that of any other public character. But whatever weight may be allowed to this remark, the decision will not be of much consequence in the case of Shakspeare. Unfortunately we know as little of the progress of his writings as of his personal history. The industry of his illustrators for the last thirty years has been such as probably never was surpassed in the annals of literary investigation, yet so far are we from information of the conclusive or satisfactory kind, that even the order in which his plays were written rests principally on conjecture, and of some plays usually printed among his works, it is not yet determined whether he wrote the whole, or any part.

Much of our ignorance of every thing which it would be desirable to know respecting Shakspeare's works, must be imputed to the author himself. If we look merely at the state in which he left his productions, we should be apt to conclude, either that he was insensible of their value, or that while he was the greatest, he was at the same time the humblest writer the world ever produced; "that he thought his works unworthy of posterity, that he levied no ideal tribute upon future times, nor had any further prospect, than that of present popularity and present profit[8]." And such an opinion, although it apparently partakes of the ease and looseness of conjecture, may not be far from probability. But before we allow it any higher merit, or attempt to decide upon the affection or neglect with which he reviewed his labours, it may be necessary to consider their precise nature, and certain circumstances in his situation which affected them; and, above all, we must take into our account the character

[8] Dr. Johnson's preface. C.

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and predominant occupations of the times in which he lived, and of those which followed his decease.

With respect to himself, it does not appear that he printed any one of his plays, and only eleven of them were printed in his lifetime. The reason assigned for this is, that he wrote them for a particular theatre, sold them to the managers when only an actor, reserved them in manuscript when himself a manager, and when he disposed of his property in the theatre, they were still preserved in manuscript to prevent their being acted by the rival houses. Copies of some of them appear to have been surreptitiously obtained, and published in a very incorrect state, but we may suppose that it was wiser in the author or managers to overlook this fraud, than to publish a correct edition, and so destroy the exclusive property they enjoyed. It is clear therefore that any publication of his plays by himself would have interfered, at first with his own interest, and afterwards with the interest of those to whom he had made over his share in them. But even had this obstacle been removed, we are not sure that he would have gained much by publication. If he had no other copies but those belonging to the theatre, the business of correction for the press must have been a toil which we are afraid the taste of the public at that time would have poorly rewarded. We know not the exact portion of fame he enjoyed; it was probably the highest which dramatic genius could confer, but dramatic genius was a new excellence, and not well understood. Its claims were probably not heard out of the jurisdiction of the master of the revels, certainly not beyond the metropolis. Yet such was Shakspeare's reputation that we are told his name was put to pieces which he never wrote, and that he felt himself too confident in popular favour to undeceive the public. This was singular resolution in a man who wrote so unequally, that at this day the test of internal evidence must be applied to his doubtful productions with the greatest caution. But still how far his character would have been elevated by an examination of his plays in the closet, in an age when the refinements of criticism were not understood, and the sympathies of taste were seldom felt, may admit of a question. "His language," says Dr. Johnson, "*not being designed for the reader's desk*, was all that he desired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the audience."

Shakspeare died in 1616, and seven years afterwards appeared the first edition of his plays, published at the charges of four booksellers, a circumstance from which Mr. Malone infers, "that no single publisher was at that time willing to risk his money on a complete collection of our author's plays." This edition was printed from the copies in the hands of his fellow-managers Heminge and Condell, which had been in a series of years frequently altered through convenience, caprice, or ignorance. Heminge and Condell had now retired from the stage, and, we may suppose, were guilty of no injury to their successors, in printing what their own interest only had formerly withheld. Of this, although we have no documents amounting to demonstration, we may be convinced, by adverting to a circumstance which will in our days appear very extraordinary, namely, the declension of Shakspeare's popularity. We have seen that the publication of his works was accounted a doubtful speculation, and it is yet more certain that so much had the public taste turned from him in quest of variety, that for several years after his death the plays of Fletcher were more frequently acted than his, and during the whole of the seventeenth century, they were made to give place to performances, the greater part of which cannot now be endured. During the same period only four editions of

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his works were published, all in folio; and perhaps this unwieldy size of volume may be an additional proof that they were not popular; nor is it thought that the impressions were numerous.

These circumstances which attach to our author and to his works, must be allowed a plausible weight in accounting for our deficiencies in his biography and literary career; but there were circumstances enough in the history of the times to suspend the progress of that more regular drama of which he had set the example, and may be considered as the founder. If we wonder why we know so much less of Shakspeare than of his contemporaries, let us recollect that his genius, however highly and justly we now rate it, took a direction which was not calculated for permanent admiration, either in the age in which he lived, or in that which followed. Shakspeare was a writer of plays, a promoter of an amusement just emerging from barbarism; and an amusement which, although it has been classed among the schools of morality, has ever had such a strong tendency to deviate from moral purposes, that the force of law has, in all ages, been called in to preserve it within the bounds of common decency. The church has ever been unfriendly to the stage. A part of the injunctions of queen Elizabeth is particularly directed against the printing of plays; and, according to an entry in the books of the stationers' company, in the forty-first year of her reign, it is ordered that no plays be printed except allowed by persons in authority. Dr. Farmer also remarks that, in that age, poetry and novels were destroyed publicly by the bishops, and privately by the puritans. The main transactions, indeed, of that period could not admit of much attention to matters of amusement. The Reformation required all the circumspection and policy of a long reign, to render it so firmly established in popular favour as to brave the caprice of any succeeding sovereign. This was effected, in a great measure, by the diffusion of religious controversy, which was encouraged by the church, and especially by the puritans, who were the immediate teachers of the lower classes, were listened to with veneration, and usually inveighed against all public amusements, as inconsistent with the Christian profession. These controversies continued during the reign of James I. and were, in a considerable degree, promoted by him, although he, like Elizabeth, was a favourer of the stage, as an appendage to the grandeur and pleasures of the court. But the commotions which followed, in the unhappy reign of Charles I. when the stage was totally abolished, are sufficient to account for the oblivion thrown on the history and works of our great bard. From this time, no inquiry was made, until it was too late to obtain any information more satisfactory than the few hearsay scraps and contested traditions above detailed. "How little," says Mr. Steevens, "Shakspeare was once read, may be understood from Tate, who, in his dedication to the altered play of King Lear, speaks of the original as an obscure piece, recommended to his notice by a friend; and the author of The Tatler having occasion to quote a few lines out of Macbeth, was content to receive them from Davenant's alteration of that celebrated drama, in which almost every original beauty is either awkwardly disguised, or arbitrarily omitted [10]."

In fifty years after his death, Dryden mentions that he was then become "a little obsolete." In the beginning of the last century, lord Shaftesbury complains of his "rude, unpolished style, and his antiquated phrase and wit." It is certain that, for nearly an hundred years after his death, partly owing to the immediate revolution and rebellion, and partly to the licentious taste encouraged in Charles II.'s time, and perhaps partly to

[10] Mr. Steevens's Advertisement to the Reader, first printed in 1773.

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the incorrect state of his works, he was almost entirely neglected. Mr. Malone has justly remarked, that "if he had been read, admired, studied, and imitated, in the same degree as he is now, the enthusiasm of some one or other of his admirers in the last age would have induced him to make some inquiries concerning the history of his theatrical career, and the anecdotes of his private life [11]."

His admirers, however, if he had admirers in that age, possessed no portion of such enthusiasm. That curiosity which, in our days, has raised biography to the rank of an independent study, was scarcely known, and, where known, confined principally to the public transactions of eminent characters. And if, in addition to the circumstances already stated, we consider how little is known of the personal history of Shakspeare's contemporaries, we may easily resolve the question why, of all men who have ever claimed admiration by genius, wisdom, or valour, who have eminently contributed to enlarge the taste, promote the happiness, or increase the reputation of their country, we know the least of Shakspeare: and why, of the few particulars which seem entitled to credit, when simply related, and in which there is no manifest violation of probability, or promise of importance, there is scarcely one which has not swelled into a controversy. After a careful examination of all that modern research has discovered, we know not how to trust our curiosity beyond the limits of those barren dates which afford no personal history. The nature of Shakspeare's writings prevents that appeal to internal evidence which, in other cases, has been found to throw light on character. The purity of his morals, for example, if sought in his plays, must be measured against the licentiousness of his language; and the question will then be, how much did he write from conviction, and how much to gratify the taste of his hearers? How much did he add to the age, and how much did he borrow from it? Pope says, "He was obliged to please the lowest of the people, and to keep the worst of company;" and Pope might have said more: for, although we hope it was not true, we have no means of proving that it was false.

The only life which has been prefixed to all the editions of Shakspeare of the eighteenth century, is that drawn up by Mr. Rowe, and which he modestly calls "Some Account, &c." In this we have what Rowe could collect when every legitimate source of information was closed, a few traditions that were floating nearly a century after the author's death. Some inaccuracies in his account have been detected, in the valuable notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone; who, in other parts of their respective editions, have scattered a few brief notices, which are incorporated in the present sketch. The whole, however, is unsatisfactory. Shakspeare, in his private character, in his friendships, in his amusements, in his closet, in his family, is no where before us; and such was the nature of the writings on which his fame depends, and of that employment in which he was engaged, that, being in no important respect connected with the history of his age, it is in vain to look into the latter for any information concerning him.

Mr. Capell is of opinion that he wrote some prose works, because "it can hardly be supposed that he, who had so considerable a share in the confidence of the earls of Essex and Southampton, could be a mute spectator only of controversies in which they were so much interested." This editor, however, appears to have taken for granted a degree of confidence with these two statesmen which he ought first to have proved. Shakspeare might have enjoyed the confidence of their social hours, but it is mere conjecture that

[11] Mr. Malone's Preface to his edition, 1790.

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they admitted him into the confidence of their state affairs. Mr. Malone, whose opinions are entitled to a higher degree of credit, thinks that his prose compositions, if they should be discovered, would exhibit the same perspicuity, the same cadence, the same elegance and vigour, which we find in his plays. It is unfortunate, however, for all wishes and all conjectures, that not a line of Shakspeare's manuscript is known to exist, and his prose writings are no where hinted at. We have only printed copies of his plays and poems, and those so depraved by carelessness, or ignorance, that all the labour of all his commentators has not yet been able to restore them to a probable purity; many of the greatest difficulties attending the perusal of them yet remain, and will require what it is scarcely possible to expect, greater sagacity, and more happy conjecture, than have hitherto been employed.

Of his POEMS, it is, perhaps, necessary that some notice should be taken, although they have never been favourites with the public, and have seldom been reprinted with his plays. Shortly after his death, Mr. Malone informs us, a very incorrect impression of them was issued out, which in every subsequent edition was implicitly followed, until he published a correct edition, in 1780, with illustrations, &c. But the peremptory decision of Mr. Steevens, on the merits of these poems, must not be omitted. "We have not reprinted the Sonnets, &c. of Shakspeare, because the strongest act of parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service. Had Shakspeare produced no other works than these, his name would have reached us with as little celebrity as time has conferred on that of Thomas Watson, an older and much more elegant sonnetteer." Severe as this may appear, it only amounts to the general conclusion which modern critics have formed. Still it cannot be denied that there are many scattered beauties among his Sonnets, and in The Rape of Lucrece; enough, it is hoped, to justify their admission into the present collection, especially as the Songs, &c. from his plays have been added, and a few smaller pieces selected by Mr. Ellis. Although they are now lost in the blaze of his dramatic genius, Mr. Malone remarks, "that they seem to have gained him more reputation than his plays: at least, they are oftener mentioned, or alluded to."

The elegant Preface of Dr. Johnson gives an account of the attempts made, in the early part of the last century, to revive the memory and reputation of our poet, by Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton; whose respective merits he has characterised with candour, and with singular felicity of expression. Shakspeare's works may be overloaded with criticism; for what writer has excited so much curiosity, and so many opinions? But Johnson's Preface is an accompaniment worthy of the genius it celebrates. His own edition followed in 1765; and a second, in conjunction with Mr. Steevens, in 1773. The third edition of the joint editors appeared in 1785, the fourth in 1793, and the last, and most complete, in 1803, in twenty-one volumes, octavo. Mr. Malone's edition was published in 1790, in ten volumes, crown octavo, and is now become exceedingly scarce. His original notes and improvements, however, are incorporated in the editions of 1793 and 1803, by Mr. Steevens. Mr. Malone says, that from the year 1716 to the date of his edition in 1790, that is, in seventy-four years, "above thirty thousand copies of Shakspeare have been dispersed through England." To this we may add, with confidence, that since 1790 that number has been doubled. During the year 1803, no fewer than nine editions were in the press, belonging to the proprietors of this work; and if we add the editions printed by others, and those published in Scotland, Ireland, and America, we may surely fix the present as the highest

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era of Shakspeare's popularity. Nor, among the honours paid to his genius, ought we to forget the very magnificent edition undertaken by Messrs. Boydell. Still less ought it to be forgotten how much the reputation of Shakspeare was revived by the unrivalled excellence of Garrick's performance. His share in directing the public taste towards the study of Shakspeare was, perhaps, greater than that of any individual in his time; and such was his zeal, and such his success, in this laudable attempt, that he may readily be forgiven the foolish mummery of the Stratford Jubilee.

When public opinion had begun to assign to Shakspeare the very high rank he was destined to hold, he became the promising object of fraud and imposture. This, we have already observed, he did not wholly escape in his own time, and he had the spirit, or policy, to despise it[12]. It was reserved for modern impostors, however, to avail themselves of the obscurity in which his history is involved. In 1751, a book was published, entitled "A compendious or brief Examination of certayne ordinary Complaints of divers of our Countrymen in those our Days: which, although they are in some parte unjust, and frivolous, yet are they all by way of Dialogue, throughly debated and discussed by William Shakspeare, gentleman." This had been originally published in 1581; but Dr. Farmer has clearly proved, that W. S. gent. the only authority for attributing it to Shakspeare in the reprinted edition, meant William Stafford, gent. Theobald, the same accurate critic informs us, was desirous of palming upon the world a play called Double Falsehood, for a posthumous one of Shakspeare. In 1770 was reprinted at Feversham, an old play called The Tragedy of Arden of Feversham and Black Will, with a preface attributing it to Shakspeare, without the smallest foundation. But these were trifles, compared to the atrocious attempt made in 1795-6, when, besides a vast mass of prose and verse, letters, &c. pretendedly in the hand-writing of Shakspeare and his correspondents, an entire play, entitled Vortigern, was not only brought forward for the astonishment of the admirers of Shakspeare, but actually performed on Drury Lane stage. It would be unnecessary to expatiate on the merits of this play, which Mr. Steevens has very happily characterised as "the performance of a madman, without a lucid interval," or to enter more at large into the nature of a fraud so recent, and so soon acknowledged by the authors of it. It produced, however, an interesting controversy between Mr. Malone and Mr. George Chalmers, which, although mixed with some unpleasant asperities, was extended to inquiries into the history and antiquities of the stage, from which future critics and historians may derive considerable information[13].

[12] Mr. Malone has given a list of fourteen plays ascribed to Shakspeare, either by the editors of the two later folios, or by the compilers of ancient catalogues. Of these, Pericles has found advocates for its admission into his works. *C.*

[13] This sketch of Shakspeare's Life was drawn up by the present writer for a *variorum* edition of his works published in 1804; and no additional light having since been thrown on Shakspeare's history it is here reprinted with very few alterations. *C.*

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POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua. Ovid.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

EV'N as the Sun with purple colour'd face
Had ta'n his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

"Thrice fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses,
And, being set, I 'll smother thee with kisses.

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this, she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She, red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens, (O how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

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He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He says, she is immodest, blames her 'miss;
What follows more, she smothers with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, the cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger, ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and, being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a di-dapper peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So suffers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet in fire must burn:
" Oh pity," 'gan she cry, " flint-hearted boy;
'T is but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

" I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shall have.

" Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

" Thus him that over-rul'd, I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mast'ring her that foil'd the god of fight.

" Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red)
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

" Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there be but twain,
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

" The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be tasted;
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

" Were I hard favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then migh'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

" Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

" Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

" Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

" Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
Narcissus so, himself himself forsook,
And dy'd to kiss his shadow in the brook.

" Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breadeth beauty;
Thou wert begot—to get it is thy duty.

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'Upon the Earth's increase why should'st thou feed,
Unless the Earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of Nature thou art born to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
And so in spite of death thou do'st survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie! no more of love;
The Sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ah me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind!
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending Sun;
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

"The Sun that shines from Heaven, shines but warm,
And lo, I lie between that Sun and thee;
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly Sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth;
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 't is to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

"What am I, that thou should'st contemn me thus?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms enfold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers, one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be the park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be bury'd in a tomb so simple;
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round-enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:
"Pity," she cries; "some favour—some remorse—"
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girts he breaks asunder,
The bearing Earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like Heaven's thun-
The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth, [der;
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which glisters scornfully like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who would say, "Lo! thus my strength is
And thus I do to captivate the eye [try'd;
Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his *Stand, I say?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

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Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares,
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whêr he run, or fly, they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy male-content,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent;
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick love by pleading may be bless'd;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
(Even as a dying coal revives with wind)
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels:
His tender cheeks receive her soft hands' print,
As apt as new fallen snow takes any dint.

O what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a jail of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like to silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
"O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he, "why dost thou feel it?"
"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt have it;
O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And, being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 't is your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

"How like a jade he stood, tied to a tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

"Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
O learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And, once made perfect, never lost again.

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"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will I know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it:
'T is much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that 's back'd and burthen'd being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk," quoth she, "hast thou a tongue?
O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Earth's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling [ing.
Comes breath perfum'd, that breatheth love by smell-

"But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast should ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door?
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast."

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gust and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth.
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;
And in amaze brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard;
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd;
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair Sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright Sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye,

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the Moon, in water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she, "in Earth or Heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

"O thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
Oh, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,
Set thy seal-manual, on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years;
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plumb doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or, being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

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"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 't is very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
The coal-black clouds that shadow Heaven's light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say good night, and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good night," quoth she; and ere he says adieu,
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glew'd) fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught her yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blind-fold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that 's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant, still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have pricks? yet is it [pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I 'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the [match?"
He tells her, no; to morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw:
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She 's love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
"Fie, fie!" he says, "you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me, thou would'st hunt the [boar.
O be advis'd; thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes, never-sheath'd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas! he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eye pays tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O! let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends.
When thou did'st name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Did'st thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

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"For where love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself affection's centinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill!*
Distemp'ring gentle love with his desire,
As air and water doth abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissensious Jealousy, [bring,
That sometimes true news, sometimes false doth
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That trembling at th' imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed?
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,
Or at a roe, which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch to overshut his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among the flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer;
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore-sick, that hears the passing bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And, being low, never reliev'd by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike thyself, thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave?"—"No matter where," quoth [he;
"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends;
The night is spent." "Why, what of that?" quoth she;
"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends,
And now 't is dark, and going I shall fall."—
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The Earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make rich men thieves; so do thy [lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

"Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from Heaven that were divine,
Wherein she fram'd thee in high Heaven's despite,
To shame the Sun by day, and her by night.

"And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of sad mischances and much misery;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, impostumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute's sight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day Sun.

"Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the Earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in their obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or their's, whose desperate hands themselves do [slay,
Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that 's put to use, more gold begets.

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"Nay then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in my ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

"Call it not love, for Love to Heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on Earth usurps his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth, like sun-shine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawns runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amas'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled: [woe!"
"Ah, me!" she cries, and twenty times, "woe,
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men [dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds, resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters, answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She said, "'t is so:" they answer all, "'t is so:"
And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The Sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good morrow:
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth bor-
row
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shud-
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds [der:
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

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This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
  Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
  With cold pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
  Till, cheering up her senses sore-dismay'd,
She tells them, 't is a causeless fantasy,
  And childish errour that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more;—
And with that word she spy'd the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
  Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
  Which madly hurries her she knows not whither;
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
  She treads the paths that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
  Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
  And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
  'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another, sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks; and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
  Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice;
  Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed,
  At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
  Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
  Hateful divorce of love," thus chides she Death;
"Grim-grinning ghost, Earth's worm, what dost thou mean
  To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

"If he be dead—O no, it cannot be,
  Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
  But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
  And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
  They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower.
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
  What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
  Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
  She veil'd her eye-lids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
  In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
  Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals where they view'd each other's sorrow,
  Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
  As striving which should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
  That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla;
  A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
  This sound of hope doth labour to expell;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
  Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
  Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
  Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
  Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
With likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought;
  Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to naught;
  Now she adds honour to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperial supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;
  Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
  Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"'T is not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
  Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'T is he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
  I did but act, he 's author of thy slander;
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit."

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Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs; and stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond Love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As faulcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head,

Where they resign'd their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, Earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terrours doth men's mind con-
This mutiny each part doth so surprise, [found:
That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling sight
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly, [three;
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem
And then she reprehends her mangling eye, [be:
That makes more gashes where no breach should
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes, as fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

"Bonnet or veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor Sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The Sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you.
But when Adonis liv'd, Sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair;

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gawdy Sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep:
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

"To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him:
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave;
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"'T is true, 't is true; thus was Adonis slain;
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more I am accurs'd."
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if he heard the woeful words she told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies:

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Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, too high or low;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet, [sures.
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with trea-
It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving, when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
And set dissention 'twixt the son and fire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire;
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their love shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white;
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise,
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire)
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 't is thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right:
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute of an hour,
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus, weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

THE

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater: mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after pri-

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vily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

THE

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of *chaste* unhapp'ly set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars, as bright as Heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the Heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the Sun!
An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apology be made
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting [vain
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men shou
The golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that or with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white.
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never limb'd no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

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she that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
ld pick no meaning from their parling looks,
read the subtle-shining secresies
it in the glassy margents of such books;
touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
could she moralize his wanton sight,
re than his eyes were open'd to the light.

stories to her ears her husband's fame,
n in the fields of fruitful Italy;
d decks with praises Collatine's high name,
ide glorious by his manly chivalry,
th bruised arms and wreaths of victory:
r joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
d, wordless, so greets Heaven for his success.

r from the purpose of his coming thither,
makes excuses for his being there.
cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
th yet in his fair welkin once appear;
ll sable Night, mother of dread and fear,
on the world dim darkness doth display,
d in her vaulty prison stows the day.

r then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
tending weariness with heavy spright;
or, after supper, long he questioned
ith modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
ow leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
nd every one to rest himself betakes, [wakes.
ave thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that

s one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
he sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
et ever to obtain his will resolving,
hough weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
espair to gain, doth traffic oft for gaining;
nd when great treasure is the meed proposed,
hough death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

hose that much covet, are with gain so fond,
hat what they have not (that which they possess)
hey scatter and unloose it from their bond,
nd so, by hoping more, they have but less;
r, gaining more, the profit of excess
s but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
hat they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

he aim of all is but to nurse the life
ith honour, wealth, and ease, in waining age;
nd in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
hat one for all, or all for one we gage;
s life for honour, in fell battles' rage;
onour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
he death of all, and all together lost.

o that in vent'ring ill, we leave to be
he things we are, for that which we expect;
nd this ambitious foul infirmity,
having much, torments us with defect
f that we have: so then we do neglect
he thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
ake something nothing, by augmenting it.

uch hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
awning his honour to obtain his lust;
nd for himself, himself he must forsake:
hen where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
hen shall he think to find a stranger just,
hen he himself himself confounds, betrays
o slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries:
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
The one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
"As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here, pale with fear, he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine!
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine!
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me, how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy:
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?
Or sells eternity, to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

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"O what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake?
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But, coward-like, with trembling terrour die.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife;
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

"*Shameful it is;*—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:
I 'll beg her love;—*but she is not her own:*
The worst is but denial, and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

"And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

"Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

"Then childish fear avaunt! debating die!
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?"

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which, once corrupted, takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandring weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies;
And griping it, the neeld his finger pricks:
As who should say, "This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haste;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste."

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing;
Pain pays the income of each precious thing; [sands,
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber door
That shuts him from the Heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the Heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Ev'n there he starts:—quoth he, "I must deflower;
The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

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"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of Heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide:
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch;
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside;
But she, found sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver Moon.

Look as the fair and firy-pointed Sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill!
Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality.
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and control'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking;
What terrour 't is! but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terrour true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!)
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

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Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace)
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort; the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which like a faulcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under the insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fear, as fowl hear faulcons' bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I 'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shall have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

"Then for thy husband's and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot:
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are Nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause,
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

Look, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that ev'n in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining;
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratary adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By Heaven and Earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended:
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me.
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me:
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans;

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of Heaven I complain me, [name.
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

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"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king?
O be remember'd, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

"And wilt thou be the school where lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will 'prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he; "my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king;
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hersed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—
"No more," quoth he, "by Heaven I will not hear
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate, [thee:
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries,
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again.
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her fore-sight could not fore-stall their will.

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Even in his thought, through the dark night he
A captive victor, that hath lost in gain; [stealeth,
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He, like a theevish dog, creeps sadly thence,
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scouls, and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays exclaiming on the direful night,
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd, delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
She there remains a hopeless cast-away:
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day:
"For day," quoth she, "night-scapes doth open lay;
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloke offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secresy of night.

"O comfort-killing Night, image of Hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

"O hateful, vaporous and foggy Night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time!
Or if thou wilt permit the Sun to climb
His wonted height, yet, ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child)
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through night's black bosom should not peep again;
So should I have copartners in my pain:
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

"Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloke
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade!

"Make me not object to the tell-tale day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame:
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them, knows!

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

"Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue:—O unlook'd for evil,
When virtue is prophan'd in such a devil!

"Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

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" The aged man that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

" So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

" Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed opportunity
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

" O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'T is thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'T is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

" Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

" Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

" When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee?
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

" The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

" When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

" Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination:
An accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

" Mishapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, Sin's pack-horse, Virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.
O hear me then, injurious shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

" Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up errour by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

" Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and centinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

" To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel:

" To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

" Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends: [back,
O, this dread night, would'st thou one hour come
I could prevent this storm, and shun this wrack!

" Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

" Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

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"Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave;
And time to see one that by alms doth live,
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort:
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill! [spill:
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate;
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The Moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

"Out idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:
Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death.
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth
As smoke from Etna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

"O! that is gone, for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy;
Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

"I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly Hell; when lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping:
To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes, [ing;
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peep-
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping;
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what 's done by night."

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees,
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear him mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 't is mad, and too much talk affords.

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The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows:
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts!
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!
(My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woful hostess brooks not merry guests:)
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear:
For burthen-wise I 'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill.

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart,
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

"As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and Death Reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine.
Whose love of either to myself were nearer?
When both were kept for Heaven and Collatine.
Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

"Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

"Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I 'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
And as his due, writ in my testament.

"My honour I 'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenge'd may'st be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

"This brief abridgement of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do you take;
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives, disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen, that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, *so be it.*
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when Sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For why? her face wore sorrow's livery;)
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the Sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by simpathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

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A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts:

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd!
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are rain-
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining, [ing?
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went,"—and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan—"Tarquin from hence?"
"Madam, ere I was up," reply'd the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself were stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."
"O peace!" quoth Lucrece; "if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a Hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say?—One of my husband's men,
Bid thou be ready, by-and-by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visit me:
So I commend me from our house in grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood hath stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs, and groans, and tears, may grace the [fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'T is but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord with more than haste:
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
Speed more than speed, but dull and slow she deems:
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain curt'sies to her low;
And blushing on her, with a stedfast eye
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with bashfull innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When, silly groom, God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

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But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As Heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of Nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble, [ble.
That one would swear he saw them quake and trem-

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice:
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all blown and [red;
Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besiged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to [field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That, through their light joy, seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strond of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and then
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomis'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was, no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
I 'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong.
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

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"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds;
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow; [row.
She lends them words, and she their looks doth bor-

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content:
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill;
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill;
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,
That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile
(She would have said) "*can lurk in such a look*;"
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, *can lurk* from *cannot* took;
It cannot be she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

"For ev'n as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless Hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er; [sore."
"Fool! fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rain-bows in the sky.
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sad in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares,
But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrows fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

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And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending: [best
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say:—
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cry'd, 'Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"'For some hard-favour'd groom of thine,' quoth
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will, [he,
I 'll murder straight, and then I 'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfill
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.'

"With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word:
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

"O teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice dam'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so:
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste;
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling painful: let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece—now attend me;
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you, fair lords," quoth she,
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine)
"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 't is a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful arms: [harms."
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies'

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. "O speak," quoth she,
"How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

"What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?"

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.
"No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break, [says,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "*He, he,*" she
But more than *he* her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this: "He, he, fair lords, 't is he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Ev'n here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

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And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood unstained still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
"That life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death, by time outworn;
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If they surcease to be, that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive;
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!"

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk: but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, "She 's mine:" "O mine she is,"
Replies her husband: "Do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."
"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,
I owed her, and 't is mine that she hath kill'd."
My daughter and *my wife* with clamours fill'd
The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, *my daughter and my wife.*

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
For sporting words, and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise;
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

"Now by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By Heaven's fair Sun, that breeds the fat Earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show the bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

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SONNETS.

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER
OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,
MR. W. H.
ALL HAPPINESS AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED
BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET
WISHETH THE WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER
IN SETTING FORTH,

T. T.

SONNET I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

SONNET II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—"
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new-made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

SONNET III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

SONNET IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Natures bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, us'd, lives thy executor to be.

SONNET V.

Those bowers, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excell;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

SONNET VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial, treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That 's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then, what could death do if thou should'st depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

SONNET VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

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SONNET VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy,
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

SONNET IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

SONNET X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st, is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

SONNET XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st,
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look whom she best endow'd, she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish:
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.

SONNET XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

SONNET XIII.

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer your's, than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease,
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifts:—Dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

SONNET XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in Heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert:
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

SONNET XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge state presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd ev'n by the self-same sky;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

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SONNET XVI.

? wherefore do not you a mightier way
ke war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
l fortify yourself in your decay
th means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
w stand you on the top of happy hours;
d many maiden gardens yet unset,
ith virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
uch liker than your painted counterfeit:
should the lines of life that life repair,
hich this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
ither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
an make you live yourself in eyes of men.
o give away yourself, keeps yourself still;
nd you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

SONNET XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

SONNET XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of Heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

SONNET XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the Earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

SONNET XX.

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling, [eth.
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amaz-
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

SONNET XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who Heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With Sun and Moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That Heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in Heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

SONNET XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

SONNET XXIII.

As an imperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more ex-
O learn to read what silent love hath writ: [press'd.
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

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SONNET XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 't is held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the Sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

SONNET XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the Sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour rased quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

SONNET XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

SONNET XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work 's expired:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see.
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

SONNET XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still further off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the Heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

SONNET XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen Earth) sings hymns at Heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

SONNET XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancel'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not pay'd before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

SONNET XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd, I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

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SONNET XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I 'll read, his for his love.

SONNET XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my Sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when Heaven's Sun staineth.

SONNET XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'T is not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

SONNET XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both Moon and Sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate)
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from me.

SONNET XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

SONNET XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by Fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

SONNET XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
Oh, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight,
For who 's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine, which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

SONNET XXXIX.

O how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive)
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

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SONNET XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

SONNET XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman wooes, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;
Her's, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

SONNET XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here 's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

SONNET XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee, [me.
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee

SONNET XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the furthest earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

SONNET XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life being made of four, with two alone,
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight go sad.

SONNET XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

SONNET XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not further than my thoughts canst move
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

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SONNET XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That, to my use, it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

SONNET XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects,
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

SONNET L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

SONNET LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed;
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fi'ry race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
Towards thee I 'll run, and give him leave to go.

SONNET LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-bless'd,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

SONNET LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and foizon of the year;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear,
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

SONNET LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

SONNET LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the works of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

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SONNET LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to day by feeding is allay'd,
To morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more bless'd may be the view:
Or call it winter, which being full of care, [rare.
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more

SONNET LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watched the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make those:
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

SONNET LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
Oh, let me suffer (being at your beck)
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty,
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time:
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be Hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

SONNET LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which labouring for invention bear amiss
The second burden of a former child?
O that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the Sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

SONNET LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

SONNET LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

SONNET LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
'Bated and chopp'd with tan'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'T is thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

SONNET LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he 's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

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SONNET LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich proud cost of out-worn bury'd age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

SONNET LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O how shall Summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

SONNET LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trim'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

SONNET LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,
In days long since, before these last so bad.

SONNET LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

SONNET LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing further than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The solve is this,—that thou dost common grow.

SONNET LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in Heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st owe.

SONNET LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if, I say, you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

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SONNET LXXII.

O, LEST the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

SONNET LXXIII.

THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

SONNET LXXIV.

BUT be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that this is, and this with thee remains.

SONNET LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

SONNET LXXVI.

WHY is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the Sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

SONNET LXXVII.

THY glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind,
These offices, so soft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

SONNET LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee.
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

SONNET LXXIX.

WHILST I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say.
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

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SONNET LXXX.

O now I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-ty'd, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

SONNET LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die.
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

SONNET LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore may'st without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

SONNET LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set.
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
Their lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

SONNET LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your bounteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

SONNET LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts, while others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say, *'t is so, 't is true*,
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hind-most, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

SONNET LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence.
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

SONNET LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

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SONNET LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I 'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou, in losing me, shall win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

SONNET LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I 'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I 'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

SONNET XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of Fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

SONNET XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

SONNET XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what 's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?—
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not:

SONNET XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But Heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

SONNET XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,
And husband Nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed out-braves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

SONNET XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name?
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee!
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

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SONNET XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness,
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;
So are those errours that in thee are seen,
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
If thou would'st use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

SONNET XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen?
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

SONNET XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

SONNET XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide;— [smells,
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

SONNET C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

SONNET CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay:
But best is best, if never intermix'd?—
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

SONNET CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seem-
I love not less, though less the show appear: [ing;
That love is merchandis'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish ev'ry where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens ev'ry bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

SONNET CIII.

Alack! what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

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SONNET CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd,
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

SONNET CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idle show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to day, to morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

SONNET CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

SONNET CVII.

Nor mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal Moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since spite of him I 'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

SONNET CVIII.

What 's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What 's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

SONNET CIX.

O never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify,
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

SONNET CX.

Alas, 't is true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view, [dear,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my Heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

SONNET CXI.

O for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eyesell, 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

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SONNET CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

SONNET CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth lack;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

SONNET CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alcumy,
To make of monsters and things indigest,
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O 't is the first; 't is flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

SONNET CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, *now I love you best*,
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

SONNET CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark, [taken.
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be errour, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

SONNET CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me furthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errours down,
And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

SONNET CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

SONNET CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
Distil'd from limbecks foul as Hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errours hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

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SONNET CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by your's, you have pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosom fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransom your's, and your's must ransom me.

SONNET CXXI.

'T is better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No,—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badness reign.

SONNET CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or at the least so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

SONNET CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste:
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

SONNET CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd,
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic, [showers.
That it not grows with heat, nor drowns with
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

SONNET CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern thy outward honouring,
Or lay'd great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple favour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

SONNET CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st!
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

SONNET CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame.
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem
At such, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

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SONNET CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

SONNET CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the Heaven that leads men to this Hell.

SONNET CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the Sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground;
And yet, by Heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she bely'd with false compare.

SONNET CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the pow'r to make love groan:
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

SONNET CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning Sun of Heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

SONNET CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

SONNET CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myself I 'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

SONNET CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And will to boot, and will in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

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SONNET CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy will,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is Will.

SONNET CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd?
Why should my heart think that a several plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common [place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

SONNET CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies;
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtilties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
O love's best habit is in seeming trust.
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

SONNET CXXXIX.

O call not me to justify the wrong,
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside. [might
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

SONNET CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-ty'd patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
(As testy sick men, when their death be near,
No news but health from their physicians know:)
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd, [wide.
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go

SONNET CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errours note;
But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

SONNET CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;
Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pity'd be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be deny'd!

SONNET CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'st have thy Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

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SONNET CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to Hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's Hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

SONNET CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said, "I hate,"
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From Heaven to Hell is flown away.
I hate from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—"not you."

SONNET CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

SONNET CXLVII.

My love is like a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire his death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with ever-more unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as Hell, as dark as night.

SONNET CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight?
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view;
The Sun itself sees not, till Heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

SONNET CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay if thou lowr'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

SONNET CL.

O from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou should'st not abhor my state;
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

SONNET CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no further reason;
But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

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SONNET CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

SONNET CLIII.

Cupid lay'd by his brand, and fell asleep;
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And drew a seething bath which yet men prove,
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And hither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure; the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

SONNET CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou fair Sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour now; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart she touch'd him here and there:
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;
He rose and ran away; ah, fool, too froward!

III.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll constant prove;
Those thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing the Heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.

IV.

Scarce had the Sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark-naked on the brook's green brim;
The Sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him:
He spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;
"Oh, Jove," quoth she, "why was I not a flood?"

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A little pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fair, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oath of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her true protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

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She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth,
She burnt out love, as soon as straw out burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing,
She bad love last, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VII.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
* * * * * *
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;
"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore:"
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by Death's sharp sting!
Like a green plumb that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have,
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

IX.

Fair Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he felt to her, she felt to him. [me;"
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embrac'd
And then she clip'd Adonis in her arms: [me,"
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlac'd
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
"Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

X.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defy thee;
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that 's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever 's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XII.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share;
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
And daft me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay. [row;"
"Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to mor-
Farewell I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
May be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
May be, again to make me wander thither:
Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XIII.

Lord how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark.

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sor-
row;
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to morrow.

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Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems an hour;
Yet not for me, shine, Sun, to succour flowers! [row;
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now bor-
Short, Night, to night, and length thyself to morrow.

XIV.

It was a lordling's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye
Her fancy fell a turning. [could see,
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love
did fight, [knight:
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant
To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to
gain, [disdain:
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
Alas, she could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XV.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air,
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the Heaven's breath;
"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom even Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

XVI.

"My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see,
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

"In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
(O cruel speeding!)
Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wethers' bell rings dolefull knell;
My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
With sighs so deep,
Procures to weep,
In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!
Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth; they die:
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully.
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for love is dead.
Farewell, sweet love,
Thy like ne'er was
For sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Coridon,
Must live alone,
Other help for him I see that there is none."

XVII.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial might:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell;
(A cripple soon can find a halt:)
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set her person forth to sale.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
"Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

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Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to thrive with men,
To sin, and never for to saint:
There is no Heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attaint.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft; enough,—too much I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song;
She 'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVIII.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry,
"Teru, Teru," by and by:

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead:
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing,
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.

If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call:
And with such like flattering,
"*Pity but he were a king.*"

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

XIX.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XX.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:—
Love and constancy is dead;
Phenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

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So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phenix' sight:
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together;
To themselves yet either-neither,
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, "how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain."

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love;
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—
'T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;
Truth and beauty bury'd be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

A

LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I lay to list the sad-tun'd tale:
Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a plaited hive of straw,
Which fortify'd her visage from the Sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of Heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are ty'd
To the orbed earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set,—
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries *some*, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly pen'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secresy.

These often bath'd she in her luxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cry'd, "O false blood! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear! [here!"
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man, that grass'd his cattle nigh,
(Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours) observed as they flew;
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught apply'd
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'T is promis'd in the charity of age.

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"Father," she says, "though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

"But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by Nature's outwards so commended,
That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

"His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What 's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phenix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to wear;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best 't were as it was, or best without.

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth,
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

"Well could he ride, and often men would say,
'That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!'
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

"But quickly on this side the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill;
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

"That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey

"Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, their's in thought assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

"So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part)
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

"But ah! who ever shun'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry *it is thy last*.

"For further I could say, *this man 's untrue*,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were guiled in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

"And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That 's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

"'All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errours of the blood, none of the mind:
Love made them not; with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

"'Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much a warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

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" ' Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood; [me,
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me,
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white, and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terrour and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

" ' And lo! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

" ' The diamond; why 't was beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifoid; each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

" ' Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender:
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

" ' O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similies to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

" ' Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

" ' But O, my sweet, what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves:
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

" ' O pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be enmur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

" ' How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

" ' My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
Who disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when I the assail began,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

" ' When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

" ' Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And suppliant their sighs to you extend,
And leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.'

" This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

" O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

" For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

" In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Apply'd to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows.

" That not a heart which in his level came,
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair Nature is both kind and tame;
And veil'd in them, would win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burnt in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

" Thus merely with the garment of a grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

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"O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spungy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrowed motion, seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!"

SONGS

FROM HIS PLAYS.

SONG.

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

Blow, blow thou winter-wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude!
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing heigh, ho! unto the green holly,
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot!
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! &c. &c.

SONNET.

IN ENGLAND'S HELICON, AND LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is [1] ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen 'gan passage find,
That the lover[2], sick to death,
Wish'd himself the Heaven's breath.
"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;—
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack! [3] my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet;
Do [4] not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee:

[1] "Was." Eng. Hel.
[2] "Shepherd." Eng. Hel.
[3] "Alas my hand hath." Eng. Hel.
[4] These two lines wanting in Eng. Hel.

Thou, for whom [e'en] Jove would swear
Juno but an Æthiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy [5] love."

SPRING.

A SONG.

AT THE END OF LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds, of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then on ev'ry tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckoo then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

A SONG.

AT THE END OF LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit! tu-whoo! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit! tu-whoo! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SONG OF FAIRIES.

BY PUCK IN MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the Moon,
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task foredone.

[5] "My." Eng. Hel.

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Now the wasted brands do glow;
  Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
  In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
  That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spite,
  In the churchway paths to glide;
And we Fairies, that do run
  By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the Sun,
  Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before
To sweep the dust behind the door.

SONG.

IN MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
  Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
  To one thing constant never:
    Then sigh not so,
    But let them go,
  And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
  Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
  Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
  Since summer first was leavy.
    Then sigh not so, &c.

SONG.

IN THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Tell me, where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?—

REPLY.

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring Fancy's knell:
I 'll begin it.—Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

ARIEL'S SONG.

IN THE TEMPEST.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily;
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SONG.

IN TWELFTH NIGHT.

Come away, come away, death,
  And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
  I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
  O prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
  Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet
  On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
  My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
  Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
  To weep there!

SONG.

FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

"Who is Silvia? what is she,
  "That all our swains commend her?"
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
  The Heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

"Is she kind as she is fair?
  "For beauty lives with kindness:"
Love doth to her eyes repair,
  To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
  That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
  Upon the dull Earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

SONG.

IN CYMBELINE.

Fear no more the heat o' th' Sun,
  Nor the furious Winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat,
  To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
  Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash,
  Thou hast finished joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

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No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
From it consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave!

SONG.

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

Under the green-wood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun;
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather

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THE

POEMS

OF

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

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THE

LIFE OF DAVIES,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS poet was the third son of John Davies, of Tisbury, in Wiltshire, not a tanner, as Anthony Wood asserts, but a gentleman, formerly of New Inn, and afterwards a practitioner of law in his native place. His mother was Mary, the daughter of Mr. Bennett, of Pitt-house, in the same county.

When not fifteen years of age he was sent to Oxford, in Michaelmas-term, 1585, where he was admitted a commoner of Queen's College, and prosecuted his studies with perseverance and success. About the beginning of the year 1588 he removed to the Middle Temple, but returned to Oxford in 1590, and took the degree of bachelor of arts. At the Temple, while he did not neglect the study of the law, he rendered himself obnoxious to the discipline of the place by various youthful irregularities, and after being fined was at last removed from commons. Notwithstanding this, he was called to the bar in 1595, but was again so indiscreet as to forfeit his privileges by a quarrel with Mr. Richard Martin, whom he beat in the Temple Hall. For this offence he was, in February 1597-8, expelled by the unanimous sentence of the society. Martin was, like himself, a wit and a poet, and had once been expelled for improper behaviour. Both, however, outlived their follies, and rose to considerable eminence in their profession. Martin became reader of the society, recorder of London, and member of parliament, and enjoyed the esteem of Selden, Ben Jonson, and other men of learning and genius, who lamented his premature death in 1618.

After this affair our poet returned to Oxford, where he is supposed to have written his poem on The Immortality of the Soul. There is some mistake among his biographers as to the time of its publication, or even of its being written. If, as they all say, he wrote it at Oxford in 1598, and published it in 1599, how is either of these facts to be reconciled with the Dedication to Queen Elizabeth, which is dated July 11, 1592? Mr. Park, whose accuracy and zeal for literary history induced him to put this question to the readers of The Biographia Britannica, has not attempted a solution; and it must remain in this state, unless an edition of the Nosce Teipsum can be found, of a prior date, or any ground for supposing that the date of the Dedication was a typographical error.

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His poem, however, procured to him, as he deserved, a very high distinction among the writers of his time, whom, in harmony of versification, he has far surpassed. Whether Elizabeth bestowed any marks of her favour, does not appear. He knew, however, her love of flattery, and wrote twenty-six acrostic hymns on the words Elizabetha regina, which are certainly the best of their kind.

It is probable that these complimentary trifles made him known to the courtiers, for when the queen was to be entertained by Mr. Secretary Cecil, our poet, by desire, contributed his share in A Conference between a Gentleman Usher and a Post, a dramatic entertainment, which does not add much to his reputation. A copy exists in the British Museum, Harl. MS. No. 286. His progress from being the terræ filius of a court to a seat in parliament is not known, but we find that he was chosen a member in the last parliament of Elizabeth, which met on the 27th of October 1601. He appears to have commenced his political career with spirit and intelligence, by opposing monopolies, which were at that time too frequently granted, and strenuously supporting the privileges of the house, for which the queen had not the greatest respect.

In consequence of the figure he now made, and after suitable apologies to the judges, he was restored, in Trinity-term 1601, to his former rank in the Temple. Lord Chancellor Ellesmere appears to have stood his friend on this occasion, and Davies continued to advance in his profession, until the accession of James I. opened new prospects. Having gone with lord Hunsdon to Scotland to congratulate the new king, the latter finding that he was the author of Nosce Teipsum, graciously embraced him, as a mark of his friendship, and certainly no inconsiderable proof of his taste.

In 1603 he was sent as solicitor-general to Ireland, and immediately rose to be attorney-general. Being afterwards appointed one of the judges of assize, he conducted himself with so much prudence and humanity on the circuits as greatly to contribute to allay the ferments which existed in that country, and received the praises of his superiors, "as a painful and well-deserving servant of his majesty." In Trinity-term 1606, he was called to the degree of serjeant at law, and received the honour of knighthood, on the 11th of February 1607. His biographer attributes these promotions to the patronage of lord Ellesmere and the earl of Salisbury, with whom he corresponded, and to whom he sent a very interesting account of a circuit he performed with the lord deputy in July 1607. Such was Ireland then that a guard of "six or seven-score foot and fifty or three-score horse" was thought a necessary protection against a peasantry *recovering* from their wildness.

In 1608 he was sent to England, with the chief justice, in order to represent to king James the effects which the establishment of public peace, and these progresses of the law, had produced, since the commencement of his majesty's reign. His reception on such an occasion could not but be favourable. As his residence in Ireland afforded him many opportunities to study the history and genius of that people, he published the result of his inquiries in 1612, under the title of A Discovery of the true Causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued till the Beginning of his Majesty's Reign. This has been reprinted four times, and has always been considered as a most valuable document for political inquirers. Soon after the publication of it, he was appointed the king's serjeant, and a parliament having been called in Ireland in the same year, he was elected representative for the county of Fermanagh, the first it had ever chosen; and after a violent struggle between the Roman Catholic and Protestant members, he was chosen speaker of the house of commons. In 1614 he interested himself in the revival

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of the society of antiquaries, which had been instituted in 1590, but afterwards discontinued, and was now again attempted to be revived by sir James Ley; at this period it could enumerate among its members the names of Cotton, Hackwell, Camden, Stow, Spelman, and Whitlock.

In 1615 he published Reports of Cases adjudged in the King's Courts in Ireland. These, says his biographer, were the first reports of Irish judgments which had ever been made public, during the four hundred years that the laws of England had existed in that kingdom. To the Reports is annexed a preface, addressed to lord chancellor Ellesmere, "which vies with Coke in solidity and learning, and equals Blackstone in classical illustration and elegant language."

In 1616 he returned from Ireland, and found that a change had taken place in the English administration.. He continued however, as king's serjeant, in the practice of the law, and was often associated as one of the judges of assize. Some of his charges on the circuits are still extant in the Museum. In 1620 we find him sitting in the English parliament for Newcastle-under-line, where he distinguished himself chiefly in debates on the affairs of Ireland, maintaining, against Coke and other very high authorities, that England cannot make laws to bind Ireland, which had an independent parliament.

Amidst these employments he found leisure to republish his Nosce Teipsum in 1622, along with his Acrostics, and Orchestra, a poem on the antiquity and excellency of dancing, dedicated to Charles, prince of Wales, originally published in 1596. But this first edition has escaped the researches of modern collectors, and the poem, as we now find it, is imperfect. Whether it was not so in the first edition may be doubted. His biographer thinks it was there perfect, but why afterwards mutilated cannot be ascertained.

Sir John Davies lived four years after this publication, employed probably in the duties of his profession; and at the time when higher honours were within his reach, he died suddenly of an apoplexy in the night of the 7th of December 1626, and in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He had previously supped with the lord keeper Coventry, who gave him assurances of being chief justice of England. He was buried in St. Martin's Church in the Fields, where a monument was erected to his memory, which appears to have been destroyed when the old church was pulled down.

He married, while in Ireland, Eleanor, the third daughter of lord Audley, by whom he had one son, who was an idiot and died young, and a daughter, Lucy, who was married to Ferdinando, lord Hastings, afterwards earl of Huntingdon. Sir John's lady appears to have been an enthusiast; a volume of her prophecies was published in 1649, 4to. Anthony Wood informs us that she foretold the death of her husband, who turned the matter off with a jest. She was harshly treated during the republic, for her officious prophecies, and is said to have been confined several years in Bethlehem-hospital and in the Tower of London, where she suffered all the rigour that could be inflicted by those who would tolerate no impostures but their own. She died in 1652, and was interred near her husband in St. Martin's church. The late earl of Huntingdon informed lord Mountmorres, the historian of the Irish parliament, that sir John Davies did not appear to have acquired any landed property in Ireland, from his great employments.

The character of sir John Davies as a lawyer is that of great ability and learning. As a politician he stands unimpeached of corruption or servility, and his Tracts are valued as the result of profound knowledge and investigation. They were republished with some originals in 1786, by Mr. George Chalmers, who prefixed a Life of the Author, to which the present sketch is greatly indebted.

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As a poet, he was one of the first of his day, but has been unaccountably neglected, although his style approaches the refinement of modern times. The best arbiters of poetical merit, however, seem to be agreed that his Nosce Teipsum is a noble monument of learning, acuteness, command of language, and facility of versification. It has none, indeed, of the sublimer flights which seem adapted to philosophical poetry, but he is particularly happy in his images, which strike by their novelty and elegance. As to his versification, he has anticipated the harmony which the modern ear requires more successfully than any of his contemporaries.

His Orchestra, if we consider the nature of the subject, is a wonderful instance of what a man of genius may elicit from trifles. Whether Soame Jenyns be indebted to him in his poem on the same subject, the reader has now an opportunity of examining. His Acrostics are considered as the best ever written, but that praise is surely not very great. It is amusing, however, to contemplate him gravely endeavouring to overcome the difficulties he had created, and seeking with great care to exchange an intruding word for one better suited to his favourite initials.

According to Wood, he wrote a version of some of the Psalms, which is probably lost. It is more certain that he wrote epigrams, which were added to Marlow's translation of Ovid's Epistles, printed at Middleburgh in 1596. Mr. Ellis has given two of them among his Specimens, which do not excite much curiosity for the rest. Marlow's volume is exceedingly scarce, which may be accounted for by the following information. In 1599, the hall of the stationers underwent as great a purgation as was carried on in Don Quixote's library. Marston's Pygmalion, Marlow's Ovid, the Satires of Hall and Marston, the *Epigrams of Davies*, &c. were ordered for immediate conflagration by the prelates Whitgift and Bancroft[1]. There are other pieces frequently ascribed to sir John Davies, which, Mr. Ritson thinks, belong to John Davies of Hereford; but as our author superintended the edition of his poems printed about four years before his death, he included all that he thought proper to acknowledge, and probably, if we except the Epigrams, nearly all that he had written.

The lord Dorset recommended an edition of his works to Tate, who published the Nosce Teipsum, with the preface now annexed. In 1773, another edition was published by Mr. Thomas Davies, from a copy corrected by Mr. William Thomson, the poet, including the Acrostics and Orchestra.

[1] Warton's History of Poetry, vol. iii. p. 488. *C.*

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POEMS

OF

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

ON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL,

PUBLISHED IN 1[illegible]9.

THE PREFACE.

THERE is a natural love and fondness in Englishmen for whatever was done in the reign of queen Elizabeth; we look upon her time as our golden age; and the great men who lived in it, as our chiefest heroes of virtue, and greatest examples of wisdom, courage, integrity, and learning.

Among many others, the author of this poem merits a lasting honour; for, as he was a most eloquent lawyer, so, in the composition of this piece, we admire him for a good poet, and exact philosopher. It is not rhyming that makes a poet, but the true and impartial representing of virtue and vice, so as to instruct mankind in matters of greatest importance. And this observation has been made of our countrymen, that sir John Suckling wrote in the most coprtly and gentleman-like style; Waller in the most sweet and flowing numbers; Denham with the most accurate judgment and correctness; Cowley with pleasing softness, and plenty of imagination: none ever uttered more divine thought than Mr. Herbert; none more philosophical than sir John Davies. His thoughts are moulded into easy and significant words; his rhymes never mislead the sense, but are led and governed by it: so that in reading such useful performances, the wit of mankind may be refined from its dross, their memories furnished with the best notions, their judgments strengthened, and their conceptions enlarged, by which means the mind will be raised to the most perfect ideas it is capable of in this degenerate state.

But as others have laboured to carry out our thoughts, and to entertain them with all manner of delights abroad; it is the peculiar character of this author, that he has taught us (with Antoninus) to meditate upon ourselves; that he has disclosed to us greater secrets at home; self-reflection being the only way to valuable and true knowledge, which consists in that rare science of a man's self, which the moral philosopher loses in a crowd of definitions, divisions, and distinctions: the historian cannot find it amongst all his musty records, being far better acquainted with the transactions of a thousand years past, than with the present age, or with himself: the writer of fables and romances wanders from it, in following the delusions of a wild fancy, chimeras and fictions that do not only exceed the works, but also the possibility of nature. Whereas the resemblance of truth is the utmost limit of poetical liberty, which our author has very religiously observed; for he has not only placed and connected together the most amiable images of all those powers that are in our souls, but he has furnished and squared his matter like a true philosopher; that is, he has made both body and soul, colour and shadow of his poem out of the storehouse of his own mind, which gives the whole work a real and natural beauty; when that which is borrowed out of books, (the boxes of counterfeit complexion) shows well or ill as it has more or less likeness to the natural. But our author is beholding to none but himself; and by knowing himself thoroughly, he has arrived to know much; which appears in his admirable variety of well-chosen metaphors and similitudes, that cannot be found within the compass of a narrow knowledge. For this reason the poem, on account of its intrinsic worth, would be as lasting as the Iliad, or the Æneid, if the language it is wrote in were as immutable as that of the Greeks and Romans.

Now it would be of great benefit to the beaux of our age to carry this glass in their pocket, whereby they might learn to think, rather than dress well: it would be of use also to the wits and virtuosoes to carry this antidote about them against the poison they have sucked in from Lucretius or Hobbs. This would acquaint them with some principles of religion; for in old times the poets were their divines, and exercised a kind of spiritual authority amongst the people. Verse in those days was the

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sacred style, the style of oracles and laws. The vows and thanks of the people were recommended to their gods in songs and hymns. Why may they not retain this privilege? for if prose should contend with verse, it would be upon unequal terms, and, as it were, on foot against the wings of Pegasus. With what delight are we touched in hearing the stories of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, and Æneas? Because in their characters we have wisdom, honour, fortitude, and justice, set before our eyes. It was Plato's opinion, that if a man could see virtue, he would be strangely enamoured on her person. Which is the reason why Horace and Virgil have continued so long in reputation, because they have drawn her in all the charms of poetry. No man is so senseless of rational impressions, as not to be wonderfully affected with the pastorals of the ancients, when under the stories of wolves and sheep, they describe the misery of people under hard masters, and their happiness under good. So the bitter but wholesome iambic was wont to make villany blush; the satire incited men to laugh at folly; the comedian chastised the common errours of life; and the tragedian made kings afraid to be tyrants, and tyrants to be their own tormentors.

Wherefore, as sir Philip Sidney said of Chaucer, that he knew not which he should most wonder at, either that he in his dark time should see so distinctly, or that we in this clear age should go so stumblingly after him; so may we marvel at and bewail the low condition of poetry now, when in our plays scarce any one rule of decorum is observed, but in the space of two hours and an half we pass through all the fits of Bedlam; in one scene we are all in mirth, in the next we are sunk into sadness; whilst even the most laboured parts are commonly starved for want of thought; a confused heap of words, and empty sound of rhyme.

This very consideration should advance the esteem of the following poem, wherein are represented the various movements of the mind; at which we are as much transported as with the most excellent scenes of passion in Shakspeare, or Fletcher: for in this, as in a mirrour (that will not flatter) we see how the soul arbitrates in the understanding upon the various reports of sense, and all the changes of imagination: how compliant the will is to her dictates, and obeys her as a queen does her king. At the same time acknowledging a subjection, and yet retaining a majesty. How the passions move at her command, like a well disciplined army; from which regular composure of the faculties, all operating in their proper time and place, there arises a complacency upon the whole soul, that infinitely transcends all other pleasures.

What deep philosophy is this! to discover the process of God's art in fashioning the soul of man after his own image; by remarking how one part moves another, and how those motions are varied by several positions of each part, from the first springs and plummets, to the very hand that points out the visible and last effects. What eloquence and force of wit to convey these profound speculations in the easiest language, expressed in words so vulgarly received, that they are understood by the meanest capacities!

For the poet takes care in every line to satisfy the understandings of mankind: he follows step by step the workings of the mind from the first strokes of sense, then of fancy, afterwards of judgment, into the principles both of natural and supernatural motives: hereby the soul is made intelligible, which comprehends all things besides; the boundless tracks of sea and land, and the vaster spaces of Heaven; that vital principle of action, which has always been busied in inquiries abroad, is now made known to itself; insomuch that we may find out what we ourselves are, from whence we came, and whither we must go; we may perceive what noble guests those are, which we lodge in our bosoms, which are nearer to us than all other things, and yet nothing further from our acquaintance.

But here all the labyrinths and windings of the human frame are laid open: it is seen by what pullies and wheels the work is carried on, as plainly as if a window were opened into our breast: for it is the work of God alone to create a mind.—The next to this is to show how its operations are performed.

N. TATE.

THE

AUTHOR'S DEDICATION

TO

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

To that clear majesty which in the north
Doth, like another Sun, in glory rise,
Which standeth fix'd, yet spreads her heav'nly worth;
Loadstone to hearts, and loadstar to all eyes.

Like Heav'n in all, like Earth to this alone,
That through great states by her support do stand;
Yet she herself supported is of none,
But by the finger of th' Almighty's hand.

To the divinest and the richest mind,
Both by Art's purchase, and by Nature's dow'r,
That ever was from Heaven to Earth confin'd,
To show the utmost of a creature's pow'r:

To that great spring, which doth great kingdoms move;
The sacred spring, whence right and honour streams,
Distilling virtue, shedding peace and love,
In every place, as Cynthia sheds her beams:

I offer up some sparkles of that fire,
Whereby we reason, live, and move and be,
These sparks by nature evermore aspire,
Which makes them now to such a highness flee.

Fair soul, since to the fairest body join'd,
You give such lively life, such quick'ning pow'r;
And influence of such celestial kind,
As keeps it still in youth's immortal flower:

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As where the Sun is present all the year,
And never doth retire his golden ray,
Needs must the spring be everlasting there,
And every season like the month of May.

O! many, many years may you remain
A happy angel to this happy land:
Long, long may you on Earth our empress reign,
Ere you in Heaven a glorious angel stand.

Stay long (sweet spirit) ere thou to Heaven depart,
Who mak'st each place a Heaven wherein thou art.

Her majesty's devoted subject
and servant,
JOHN DAVIES.

July 11, 1592.

THE

INTRODUCTION[1].

Why did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
Since the desire to know first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind;

For when God's hand had written in the hearts
Of the first parents, all the rules of good,
So that their skill infus'd, did pass all arts
That ever were, before, or since the flood;

And when their reason's eye was sharp and clear,
And (as an eagle can behold the Sun)
Could have approach'd th' eternal light as near
As th' intellectual angels could have done.

E'en then to them the spirit of lies suggests,
That they were blind, because they saw not ill,
And breath'd into their incorrupted breasts
A curious wish, which did corrupt their will.

For that same ill they straight desir'd to know;
Which ill, being naught but a defect of good,
In all God's works the Devil could not show,
While man their lord in his perfection stood.

So that themselves were first to do the ill,
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain,
Like him that knew not poison's power to kill,
Until (by tasting it) himself was slain.

E'en so by tasting of that fruit forbid,
Where they sought knowledge, they did errour find;
Ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did;
And to give passion eyes, made reason blind.

For then their minds did first in passion see
Those wretched shapes of misery and woe,
Of nakedness, of shame, of poverty,
Which then their own experience made them know.

But then grew reason dark, that she no more
Could the fair forms of good and truth discern;
Bats they became, that eagles were before;
And this they got by their desire to learn.

But we, their wretched offspring, what do we?
Do not we still taste of the fruit forbid?
Whilst with fond fruitless curiosity,
In books profane we seek for knowledge hid.

What is this knowledge? but the sky-stol'n fire,
For which the thief[2] still chain'd in ice doth sit?
And which the poor rude satyr[3] did admire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it.

What is it? but the cloud of empty rain,
Which when Jove's guest[4] embrac'd, he monsters got?
Or the false pails[5], which oft being fill'd with pain,
Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, what is it, but the fiery coach
Which the youth[6] sought, and sought his death withall?
Or the boy's[7] wings, which, when he did approach
The Sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas! when all our lamps are burn'd,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent;
When we have all the learned volumes turn'd
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament:

What can we know? or what can we discern?
When errour chokes the windows of the mind;
The divers forms of things how can we learn,
That have been ever from our birth-day blind?

When reason's lamp, which (like the Sun in sky)
Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct, and dead:

How can we hope, that through the eye and ear,
This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infus'd in the first minds by grace?

So might the heir, whose father hath in play
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day,
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that div'd most deep, and soar'd most high,
Seeking man's pow'rs, have found his weakness such:
"Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much."

For this the wisest of all moral men
Said, *he knew nought, but that he nought did know*,
And the great mocking-master mock'd not then,
When he said, *truth was buried deep below*.

[1] This poem was published by Mr. Tate, with the universal applause of the nation; and was without dispute, except Spenser's Fairy Queen, the best that was written in queen Elizabeth's, or even king James the First's time. *W. T.*

[2] Prometheus.
[3] See Æsop's Fables.
[4] Ixion.
[5] Danaides.
[6] Phaeton.
[7] Icarus.

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For how may we to other things attain,
When none of us his own soul understands?
For which the Devil mocks our curious brain,
When, "know thyself," his oracle commands.

For why should we the busy soul believe,
When boldly she concludes of that and this,
When of herself she can no judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is.

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know, and how therewith to do:
But that whereby we reason, live, and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods of Nile;
But of that clock within our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with every zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold each pole,
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own soul.

We study speech but others we persuade,
We leach-craft learn, but others cure with it,
We interpret laws, which other men have made,
But read not those which in our hearts are writ.

It is because the mind is like the eye,
Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;
Not seeing itself, when other things it sees?

No, doubtless; for the mind can backward cast
Upon herself, her understanding's light,
But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,
As her own image doth herself affright.

As is the fable of the lady fair,
Which for her lust was turn'd into a cow,
When thirsty to a stream she did repair,
And saw herself transform'd she wist not how:

At first she startles, then she stands amaz'd;
At last with terrour she from thence doth fly,
And loaths the wat'ry glass wherein she gaz'd,
And shuns it still, though she for thirst doth die:

E'en so man's soul which did God's image bear,
And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure,
Since with her sins her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all sights her own sight least endure:

For e'en at first reflection she espies,
Such strange chimeras, and such monsters there,
Such toys, such antics, and such vanities,
As she retires, and shrinks for shame and fear.

And as the man loves least at home to be,
That hath a sluttish house haunted with sprites;
So she, impatient her own faults to see,
Turns from herself, and in strange things delights.

For this few know themselves: for merchants broke
View their estate with discontent and pain,
And seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out the mind,
That with herself, the mind can never meet.

Yet if Affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feebler sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire:

As spiders touch'd, seek their web's inmost part;
As bees in storms back to their hives return;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, Affliction's looks,
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear;
Reform'd my will, and rectify'd my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air:
So working seas settle and purge the wine:
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair:
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go;
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body 's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill:
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 't is corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:
I know I 'm one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life 's a pain, and but a span,
I know my sense is mock'd in ev'ry thing,
And to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

OF

THE SOUL OF MAN,

AND

THE IMMORTALITY THEREOF.

The lights of Heav'n (which are the world's fair eyes)
Look down into the world, the world to see;
And as they turn, or wander in the skies,
Survey all things, that on this centre be.

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And yet the lights which in my tow'r do shine,
Mine eyes which view all objects, nigh and far,
Look not into this little world of mine,
Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are.

Since Nature fails us in no needful thing,
Why want I means my inward self to see?
Which sight the knowledge of myself might bring,
Which to true wisdom is the first degree.

That pow'r, which gave me eyes the world to view,
To view myself, infus'd an inward light,
Whereby my soul, as by a mirror true,
Of her own form may take a perfect sight.

But as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the sun-beams in the air do shine:
So the best soul, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself without some light divine.

O Light, which mak'st the light, which mak'st the day!
Which set'st the eye without, and mind within;
'Lighten my spirit with one clear heavenly ray,
Which now to view itself doth first begin.

For her true form how can my spark discern,
Which, dim by nature, art did never clear?
When the great wits, of whom all skill we learn,
Are ignorant both what she is, and where.

One thinks the soul is air; another, fire;
Another blood, diffus'd about the heart;
Another saith, the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.

Musicians think our souls are harmonies,
Physicians hold that they complexions be;
Epicures make them swarms of atomies,
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

Some think one gen'ral soul fills ev'ry brain,
As the bright Sun sheds light in every star;
And others think the name of soul is vain,
And that we only well-mix'd bodies are.

In judgment of her substance thus they vary,
And thus they vary in judgment of her seat;
For some her chair up to the brain do carry,
Some thrust it down into the stomach's heat.

Some place it in the root of life, the heart;
Some in the river, fountain of the veins,
Some say, she 's all in all, and all in every part:
Some say, she 's not contain'd, but all contains.

Thus these great clerks their little wisdom show,
While with their doctrines they at hazard play;
Tossing their light opinions to and fro,
To mock the lewd, as learn'd in this as they.

For no crar'd brain could ever yet propound,
Touching the soul, so vain and fond a thought;
But some among these masters have been found,
Which in their schools the self-same thing have taught.

God only wise, to punish pride of wit,
Among men's wits have this confusion wrought,
As the proud tow'r whose points the clouds did hit,
By tongues' confusion was to ruin brought.

But (thou) which didst man's soul of nothing make,
And when to nothing it was fallen again,
"To make it new, the form of man didst take;
And God with God, becam'st a man with men."

Thou that hast fashion'd twice this soul of ours,
So that she is by double title thine,
Thou only know'st her nature and her pow'rs;
Her subtle form thou only canst define.

To judge herself, she must herself transcend,
As greater circles comprehend the less:
But she wants pow'r, her own pow'rs to extend,
As fetter'd men cannot their strength express.

But thou, bright morning Star, thou rising Sun,
Which in these later times hast brought to light
Those mysteries, that, since the world begun,
Lay hid in darkness, and eternal night.

Thou (like the Sun) do'st with an equal ray
Into the palace and the cottage shine,
And show'st the soul, both to the clerk and lay,
By the clear lamp of oracle divine.

This lamp, through all the regions of my brain,
Where my soul sits, doth spread such beams of grace,
As now, methinks, I do distinguish plain,
Each subtle line of her immortal face.

The soul a substance and a spirit is,
Which God himself doth in the body make,
Which makes the man, for every man from this
The nature of a man and name doth take.

And though this spirit be to th' body knit,
As an apt means her pow'rs to exercise,
Which are life, motion, sense, and will, and wit,
Yet she survives, although the body dies.

SECTION I.

THAT THE SOUL IS A THING SUBSISTING BY ITSELF WITHOUT THE BODY.

SHE is a substance, and a real thing,
Which hath itself an actual working might,
Which neither from the senses' power doth spring,
Nor from the body's humours temper'd right.

She is a vine, which doth no propping need
To make her spread herself, or spring upright;
She is a star, whose beams do not proceed
From any sun, but from a native light.

For when she sorts things present with things past,
And thereby things to come doth oft foresee;
When she doth doubt at first, and choose at last,
These acts her own[1], without her body be.

When of the dew, which th' eye and ear do take
From flow'rs abroad, and bring into the brain,
She doth within both wax and honey make:
This work is her's, this is her proper pain.

When she from sundry acts one skill doth draw;
Gathering from divers fights one art of war;
From many cases, like one rule of law;
These her collections, not the senses are.

[1] That the soul hath a proper operation without the body.

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When in th' effects she doth the causes know,
And, seeing the stream, thinks where the spring doth rise;
And, seeing the branch, conceives the root below;
These things she views without the body's eyes.

When she, without a Pegasus, doth fly,
Swifter than lightning's fire from east to west;
About the centre, and above the sky,
She travels then, although the body rest.

When all her works she formeth first within,
Proportions them, and sees their perfect end;
Ere she in act doth any part begin,
What instruments doth then the body lend?

When without hands she doth thus castles build,
Sees without eyes, and without feet doth run;
When she digests the world, yet is not fill'd;
By her own pow'rs these miracles are done.

When she defines, argues, divides, compounds,
Considers virtue, vice, and general things:
And marrying divers principles and grounds,
Out of their match a true conclusion brings.

These actions in her closet, all alone,
(Retir'd within herself) she doth fulfil;
Use of her body's organs she hath none,
When she doth use the pow'rs of wit and will.

Yet in the body's prison so she lies,
As through the body's windows she must look,
Her divers powers of sense to exercise,
By gath'ring notes out of the world's great book.

Nor can herself discourse or judge of ought,
But what the sense collects, and home doth bring;
And yet the pow'rs of her discoursing thought,
From these collections is a diverse thing.

For though our eyes can nought but colours see,
Yet colours give them not their pow'r of sight:
So, though these fruits of sense her objects be,
Yet she discerns them by her proper light.

The workman on his stuff his skill doth show,
And yet the stuff gives not the man his skill:
Kings their affairs do by their servants know,
But order them by their own royal will.

So, though this cunning mistress, and this queen,
Doth, as her instruments, the senses use,
To know all things that are felt, heard, or seen;
Yet she herself doth only judge and choose.

E'en as a prudent emperor, that reigns
By sovereign title over sundry lands,
Borrows, in mean affairs, his subjects' pains,
Sees by their eyes, and writeth by their hands:

But things of weight and consequence indeed,
Himself doth in his chamber them debate;
Where all his counsellors he doth exceed,
As far in judgment, as he doth in state.

Or as the man whom princes do advance,
Upon their gracious mercy-seat to sit,
Doth common things, of course and circumstance,
To the reports of common men commit:

But when the cause itself must be decreed,
Himself in person, in his proper court,
To grave and solemn hearing doth proceed,
Of ev'ry proof, and ev'ry by-report.

Then, like God's angel, he pronounceth right,
And milk and honey from his tongue doth flow:
Happy are they that still are in his sight,
To reap the wisdom which his lips do sow.

Right so the soul, which is a lady free,
And doth the justice of her state maintain:
Because the senses ready servants be,
Attending nigh about her court, the brain:

By them the forms of outward things she learns,
For they return into the fantasie,
Whatever each of them abroad discerns;
And there enroll it for the mind to see.

But when she sits to judge the good and ill,
And to discern betwixt the false and true,
She is not guided by the senses' skill,
But doth each thing in her own mirror view.

Then she the senses checks, which oft do err,
And e'en against their false reports decrees;
And oft she doth condemn what they prefer;
For with a pow'r above the sense she sees.

Therefore no sense the precious joys conceives,
Which in her private contemplations be;
For then the ravish'd spirit th' senses leaves,
Hath her own pow'rs, and proper actions free.

Her harmonies are sweet, and full of skill,
When on the body's instruments she plays;
But the proportions of the wit and will,
Those sweet accords are even th' angels lays.

These tunes of reason are Amphion's lyre,
Wherewith he did the Theban city found:
These are the notes wherewith the heavenly choir
The praise of him which made the Heav'n doth sound.

Then her self-being nature shines in this,
That she performs her noblest works alone:
"The work, the touch-stone of the nature is;
And by their operations things are known."

SECTION II.

THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN A PERFECTION, OR REFLECTION OF THE SENSE.

ARE they not senseless then, that think the soul
Nought but a fine perfection of the sense,
Or of the forms which fancy doth enroll;
A quick resulting, and a consequence?

What is it then that doth the sense accuse,
Both of false judgment, and fond appetites?
What makes us do what sense doth most refuse,
Which oft in torment of the sense delights?

Sense thinks the planets' spheres not much asunder:
What tells us then the distance is so far?
Sense thinks the lightning born before the thunder:
What tells us then they both together are?

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When men seem crows far off upon a tow'r,
  Sense saith, they 're crows: what makes us think them men?
When we in agues think all sweet things sour,
  What makes us know our tongue's false judgment then?

What pow'r was that, whereby Medea saw,
  And well approv'd, and prais'd the better course;
When her rebellious sense did so withdraw
  Her feeble pow'rs, that she pursu'd the worse?

Did sense persuade Ulysses not to hear
  The mermaid's songs which so his men did please,
That they were all persuaded, through the ear,
  To quit the ship and leap into the seas?

Could any pow'r of sense the Roman move,
  To burn his own right hand with courage stout?
Could sense make Marius sit unbound, and prove
  The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtless, in man there is a nature found,
  Beside the senses, and above them far;
"Though most men being in sensual pleasures drown'd,
  It seems their souls but in their senses are."

If we had nought but sense, then only they
  Should have sound minds, which have their senses sound:
But wisdom grows, when senses do decay;
  And folly most in quickest sense is found.

If we had nought but sense, each living wight,
  Which we call brute, would be more sharp than we;
As having sense's apprehensive might
  In a more clear and excellent degree.

But they do want that quick discoursing pow'r,
  Which doth in us the erring sense correct;
Therefore the bee did suck the painted flow'r,
  And birds, of grapes, the cunning shadow peck'd.

Sense outsides knows, the soul through all things sees:
  Sense, circumstance; she doth the substance view:
Sense sees the bark; but she the life of trees:
  Sense hears the sounds; but she the concords true.

But why do I the soul and sense divide,
  When sense is but a pow'r, which she extends;
Which being in divers parts diversify'd,
  The divers forms of objects apprehends?

This power spreads outward, but the root doth grow
  In th' inward soul, which only doth perceive;
For th' eyes and ears no more their objects know,
  Than glasses know what faces they receive.

For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,
  Though our eyes open be, we cannot see:
And if one pow'r did not both see and hear,
  Our sights and sounds would always double be.

Then is the soul a nature, which contains
  The pow'r of sense, within a greater pow'r;
Which doth employ and use the sense's pains,
  But sits and rules within her private bow'r.

SECTION III.

THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN THE TEMPERATURE OF THE HUMOURS OF THE BODY.

If she doth then the subtle sense excel,
  How gross are they that drown her in the blood?
Or in the body's humours temper'd well;
  As if in them such high perfection stood?

As if most skill in that musician were,
  Which had the best, and best tun'd instrument?
As if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
  Had pow'r to make the painter excellent?

Why doth not beauty then refine the wit,
  And good complexion rectify the will?
Why doth not health bring wisdom still with it?
  Why doth not sickness make men brutish still.

Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
  Or air, or fire, or earth, or water find?
What alchymist can draw, with all his skill,
  The quintessence of these out of the mind?

If th' elements which have nor life, nor sense,
  Can breed in us so great a pow'r as this,
Why give they not themselves like excellence,
  Or other things wherein their mixture is?

If she were but the body's quality,
  Then she would be with it sick, maim'd, and blind:
But we perceive where these privations be,
  An healthy, perfect, and sharp-sighted mind.

If she the body's nature did partake,
  Her strength would with the body's strength decay:
But when the body's strongest sinews slake,
  Then is the soul most active, quick, and gay.

If she were but the body's accident,
  And her sole being did in it subsist,
As white in snow, she might herself absent,
  And in the body's substance not be miss'd.

But it on her, not she on it depends;
  For she the body doth sustain and cherish:
Such secret pow'rs of life to it she lends,
  That when they fail, then doth the body perish.

Since then the soul works by herself alone,
  Springs not from sense, nor humours well agreeing,
Her nature is peculiar, and her own;
  She is a substance, and a perfect being.

SECTION IV.

THAT THE SOUL IS A SPIRIT.

But though this substance be the root of sense,
  Sense knows her not, which doth but bodies know:
She is a spirit, and heav'nly influence,
  Which from th' fountain of God's spirit doth flow.

She is a spirit, yet not like air or wind;
  Nor like the spirits about the heart or brain;
Nor like those spirits which alchymists do find,
  When they in ev'ry thing seek gold in vain.

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For she all natures under Heav'n doth pass, [see,
Being like those spirits, which God's bright face do
Or like himself, whose image once she was,
Though now, alas! she scarce his shadow be.

For of all forms, she holds the first degree,
That are to gross material bodies knit;
Yet she herself is bodyless and free;
And, though confin'd, is almost infinite.

Were she a body[2], how could she remain
Within this body, which is less than she?
Or how could she the world's great shape contain,
And in our narrow breasts contained be?

All bodies are confin'd within some place,
But she all place within herself confines:
All bodies have their measure and their space;
But who can draw the soul's dimensive lines?

No body can at once two forms admit,
Except the one the other do deface;
But in the soul ten thousand forms do sit,
And none intrudes into her neighbour's place.

All bodies are with other bodies fill'd,
But she receives both Heav'n and Earth together:
Nor are their forms by rash encounter spill'd,
For there they stand, and neither toucheth either.

Nor can her wide embracements filled be;
For they that most and greatest things embrace,
Enlarge thereby their mind's capacity,
As streams enlarg'd, enlarge the channel's space.

All things receiv'd do such proportion take,
As those things have wherein they are receiv'd;
So little glasses little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames are weav'd.

Then what vast body must we make the mind,
Wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas, and [lands;
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
And each thing in the true proportion stands?

Doubtless, this could not be, but that she turns
Bodies to spirits, by sublimation strange;
As fire converts to fire the things it burns;
As we our meats into our nature change.

From their gross matter she abstracts the forms,
And draws a kind of quintessence from things;
Which to her proper nature she transforms,
To bear them light on her celestial wings.

This doth she, when, from things particular,
She doth abstract the universal kinds,
Which bodyless and immaterial are,
And can be only lodg'd within our minds.

And thus, from divers accidents and acts
Which do within her observation fall,
She goddesses and pow'rs divine abstracts;
As Nature, Fortune, and the Virtues all.

Again; how can she sev'ral bodies know,
If in herself a body's form she bear?
How can a mirror sundry faces show,
If from all shapes and forms it be not clear?

[2] That it cannot be a body.

Nor could we by our eyes all colours learn,
Except our eyes were of all colours void;
Nor sundry tastes can any tongue discern,
Which is with gross and bitter humours cloy'd.

Nor can a man of passions judge aright,
Except his mind be from all passions free:
Nor can a judge his office well acquit,
If he possess'd of either party be.

If, lastly, this quick pow'r a body were,
Were it as swift as is the wind or fire,
(Whose atoms do the one down side-ways bear,
And th' other make in pyramids aspire.)

Her nimble body yet in time must move,
And not in instants through all places slide:
But she is nigh and far, beneath, above,
In point of time, which thought cannot divide:

She 's sent as soon to China as to Spain;
And thence returns, as soon as she is sent:
She measures with one time, and with one pain,
An ell of silk, and Heav'n's wide spreading tent.

As then the soul a substance hath alone,
Besides the body in which she 's confin'd;
So hath she not a body of her own,
But is a spirit, and immaterial mind.

Since body and soul have such diversities,
Well might we muse, how first their match began;
But that we learn, that he that spread the skies,
And fix'd the Earth, first form'd the soul in man.

This true, Prometheus first made man of earth,
And shed in him a beam of heav'nly fire;
Now in their mother's wombs, before their birth,
Doth in all sons of men their souls inspire.

And as Minerva is in fables said,
From Jove, without a mother, to proceed;
So our true Jove, without a mother's aid,
Doth daily millions of Minervas breed.

SECTION V.

ERRONEOUS OPINIONS OF THE CREATION OF SOULS.

THEN neither from eternity before,
Nor from the time, when time's first point begun,
Made he all souls, which now he keeps in store;
Some in the Moon, and others in the Sun:

Nor in a secret cloister doth he keep
These virgin-spirits, till their marriage day;
Nor locks them up in chambers, where they sleep,
Till they awake within these beds of clay.

Nor did he first a certain number make,
Infusing part in beast and part in men;
And, as unwilling further pains to take,
Would make no more than those he framed then.

So that the widow soul, her body dying,
Unto the next born body married was;
And so by often changing, and supplying,
Men's souls to beasts, and beasts to men did pass.

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(These thoughts are fond; for since the bodies born
Be more in number far, than those that die,
Thousands must be abortive, and forlorn
Ere others' deaths to them their souls supply:)

But as God's handmaid, Nature, doth create
Bodies in time distinct, and order due;
So God gives souls the like successive date,
Which himself makes, in bodies formed new:

Which himself makes of no material thing;
For unto angels he no pow'r hath giv'n
Either to form the shape, or stuff to bring
From air or fire, or substance of the Heav'n.

Nor herein doth he Nature's service use;
For though from bodies she can bodies bring,
Yet could she never souls from souls traduce,
As fire from fire, or light from light doth spring.

SECTION VI.

THAT THE SOUL IS NOT EX TRADUCE.

ALAS! that some who were great lights of old,
And in their hands the lamp of God did bear!
Some rev'rend fathers did this errour hold,
Having their eyes dimm'd with religious fear.

OBJECTION.

For when, say they, by rule of faith we find,
That ev'ry soul unto her body knit,
Brings from the mother's womb the sin of kind,
The root of all the ill she doth commit.

How can we say that God the soul doth make,
But we must make him author of her sin?
Then from man's soul she doth beginning take,
Since in man's soul corruption did begin.

For if God make her first he makes her ill, [unto;)
(Which God forbid our thoughts should yield
Or makes the body her fair form to spill,
Which, of itself, it had not pow'r to do.

Not Adam's body, but his soul did sin,
And so herself unto corruption brought;
But our poor soul corrupted is within,
Ere she had sinn'd, either in act or thought:

And yet we see in her such pow'rs divine,
As we could gladly think, from God she came:
Fain would we make him author of the wine,
If for the dregs we could some other blame.

ANSWER.

Thus these good men with holy zeal were blind,
When on the other part the truth did shine;
Whereof we do clear demonstrations find,
By light of nature, and by light divine.

None are so gross as to contend for this,
That souls from bodies may traduced be;
Between whose natures no proportion is,
When root and branch in nature still agree.

But many subtle wits have justify'd,
That souls from souls spiritually may spring;
Which (if the nature of the soul be try'd)
Will e'en in nature prove as gross a thing.

SECTION VII.

REASONS DRAWN FROM NATURE.

For all things made, are either made of nought,
Or made of stuff that ready made doth stand:
Of nought no creature ever formed ought,
For that is proper to th' Almighty's hand.

If then the soul another soul do make,
Because her pow'r is kept within a bound,
She must some former stuff or matter take;
But in the soul there is no matter found.

Then if her heav'nly form do not agree
With any matter which the world contains,
Then she of nothing must created be;
And to create, to God alone pertains.

Again, if souls do other souls beget,
'T is by themselves, or by the body's pow'r:
If by themselves, what doth their working let,
But they might souls engender ev'ry hour?

If by the body, how can wit and will
Join with the body only in this act,
Since when they do their other works fulfil,
They from the body do themselves abstract.

Again, if souls of souls begotten were,
Into each other they should change and move:
And change and motion still corruption bear;
How shall we then the soul immortal prove?

If, lastly, souls do generation use,
Then should they spread incorruptible seed:
What then becomes of that which they do lose,
When th' act of generation do not speed?

And though the soul could cast spiritual seed,
Yet would she not, because she never dies;
For mortal things desire their like to breed,
That so they may their kind immortalize.

Therefore the angels sons of God are nam'd,
And marry not, nor are in marriage giv'n:
Their spirits and ours are of one substance fram'd,
And have one father, e'en the Lord of Heaven;

Who would at first, that in each other thing
The earth and water living souls should breed,
But that man's soul, whom he would make their king,
Should from himself immediately proceed.

And when he took the woman from man's side,
Doubtless himself inspir'd her soul alone:
For 't is not said, he did man's soul divide,
But took flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone.

Lastly, God being made man for man's own sake,
And being like man in all, except in sin,
His body from the virgin's womb did take;
But all agree, God form'd his soul within.

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Then is the soul from God; so Pagans say,
Which saw by Nature's light her heav'nly kind;
Naming her kin to God, and God's bright ray,
A citizen of Heav'n, to Earth confin'd.

But now I feel, they pluck me by the ear,
Whom my young Muse so boldly termed blind!
And crave more heav'nly light, that cloud to clear;
Which makes them think, God doth not make the mind.

SECTION VIII.

REASONS FROM DIVINITY.

God doubtless makes her, and doth make her good,
And grafts her in the body, there to spring;
Which, though it be corrupted flesh and blood,
Can no way to the soul corruption bring:

Yet is not God the author of her ill,
Though author of her being, and being there:
And if we dare to judge our Maker's will,
He can condemn us, and himself can clear.

First, God from infinite eternity
Decreed, what hath been, is, or shall be done;
And was resolv'd that ev'ry man should be,
And in his turn his race of life should run:

And so did purpose all the souls to make,
That ever have been made, or ever shall;
And that their being they should only take
In human bodies, or not be at all.

Was it then fit that such a weak event
(Weakness itself, the sin and fall of man)
His counsel's execution should prevent,
Decreed and fix'd before the world began?

Or that one penal law by Adam broke,
Should make God break his own eternal law;
The settled order of the world revoke,
And change all forms of things which he foresaw?

Could Eve's weak hand, extended to the tree,
In sunder rent that adamantine chain,
Whose golden links, effects and causes be;
And which to God's own chair doth fix'd remain?

O could we see how cause from cause doth spring!
How mutually they link'd and folded are!
And hear how oft one disagreeing string
The harmony doth rather make than mar!

And view at once, how death by sin is brought;
And how from death, a better life doth rise!
How this God's justice, and his mercy taught!
We this decree would praise, as right and wise.

But we that measure times by first and last,
The sight of things successively do take,
When God on all at once his view doth cast,
And of all times doth but one instant make.

All in himself, as in a glass, he sees;
For from him, by him, through him, all things be;
His sight is not discoursive, by degrees;
But seeing th' whole, each single part doth see.

He looks on Adam as a root or well;
And on his heirs as branches, and as streams:
He sees all men as one man, though they dwell
In sundry cities, and in sundry realms.

And as the root and branch are but one tree,
And well and stream do but one river make;
So, if the root and well corrupted be,
The stream and branch the same corruption take.

So, when the root and fountain of mankind
Did draw corruption, and God's curse, by sin;
This was a charge, that all his heirs did bind,
And all his offspring grew corrupt therein.

And as when th' hand doth strike, the man offends,
(For part from whole, law severs not in this)
So Adam's sin to the whole kind extends;
For all their natures are but part of his.

Therefore this sin of kind, not personal,
But real and hereditary was;
The guilt thereof, and punishment to all,
By course of nature and of law doth pass.

For as that easy law was giv'n to all,
To ancestor and heir, to first and last;
So was the first transgression general;
And all did pluck the fruit, and all did taste.

Of this we find some footsteps in our law,
Which doth her root from God and Nature take;
Ten thousand men she doth together draw,
And of them all one corporation make.

Yet these, and their successors, are but one;
And if they gain or lose their liberties,
They harm or profit not themselves alone,
But such as in succeeding times shall rise.

And so the ancestor, and all his heirs,
Though they in number pass the stars of Heav'n,
Are still but one; his forfeitures are theirs,
And unto them are his advancements giv'n:

His civil acts do bind and bar them all;
And as from Adam all corruption take,
So, if the father's crime be capital,
In all the blood, law doth corruption make.

Is it then just with us, to disinherit
Th' unborn nephews, for the father's fault;
And to advance again, for one man's merit,
A thousand heirs that have deserved nought?

And is not God's decree as just as ours,
If he, for Adam's sin, his sons deprive
Of all those native virtues, and those pow'rs,
Which he to him and to his race did give?

For what is this contagious sin of kind,
But a privation of that grace within,
And of that great rich dowry of the mind,
Which all had had, but for the first man's sin?

If then a man on light conditions gain
A great estate, to him and his, for ever;
If wilfully he forfeit it again,
Who doth bemoan his heir or blame the giver?

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So, though God make the soul good, rich, and fair,
Yet when her form is to the body knit,
Which makes the man, which man is Adam's heir,
Justly forthwith he takes his grace from it:

And then the soul, being first from nothing brought,
When God's grace fails her, doth to nothing fall;
And this declining proneness unto nought,
Is e'en that sin that we are born withal.

Yet not alone the first good qualities,
Which in the first soul were, deprived are;
But in their place the contrary do rise,
And real spots of sin her beauty mar.

Nor is it strange, that Adam's ill desert
Should be transferr'd unto his guilty race,
When Christ his grace and justice doth impart
To men unjust, and such as have no grace.

Lastly, the soul were better so to be
Born slave to sin, than not to be at all;
Since (if she do believe) one sets her free,
That makes her mount the higher for her fall.

Yet this the curious wits will not content;
They yet will know (since God foresaw this ill)
Why his high providence did not prevent
The declination of the first man's will.

If by his word he had the current stay'd
Of Adam's will, which was by nature free,
It had been one, as if his word had said,
I will henceforth that man no man shall be.

For what is man without a moving mind,
Which hath a judging wit, and choosing will?
Now, if God's pow'r should her election bind,
Her motions then would cease and stand all still.

And why did God in man this soul infuse,
But that he should his Maker know and love?
Now, if love be compell'd, and cannot choose,
How can it grateful or thank-worthy prove?

Love must free-hearted be, and voluntary;
And not enchanted, or by fate constrain'd:
Nor like that love, which did Ulysses carry
To Circe's isle, with mighty charms enchain'd.

Besides, were we unchangeable in will,
And of a wit that nothing could misdeem;
Equal to God, whose wisdom shineth still,
And never errs we might ourselves esteem.

So that if man would be unvariable,
He must be God, or like a rock or tree;
For e'en the perfect angels were not stable,
But had a fall more desperate than we.

Then let us praise that pow'r, which makes us be
Men as we are, and rest contented so;
And, knowing man's fall was curiosity,
Admire God's counsels, which we cannot know.

And let us know that God the maker is
Of all the souls, in all the men that be;
Yet their corruption is no fault of his,
But the first man's that broke God's first decree.

SECTION IX.

WHY THE SOUL IS UNITED TO THE BODY.

This substance, and this spirit of God's own making,
Is in the body plac'd, and planted here,
"That both of God, and of the world partaking,
Of all that is, man might the image bear."

God first made angels bodiless, pure minds;
Then other things, which mindless bodies be;
Last, he made man, th' horizon 'twixt both kinds,
In whom we do the world's abridgment see.

Besides, this world below did need one wight,
Which might thereof distinguish ev'ry part;
Make use thereof, and take therein delight;
And order things with industry and art:

Which also God might in his works admire,
And here beneath yield him both pray'r and praise;
As there, above, the holy angels choir
Doth spread his glory forth with spiritual lays.

Lastly, the brute, unreasonable wights,
Did want a visible king, o'er them to reign:
And God himself thus to the world unites,
That so the world might endless bliss obtain.

SECTION X.

IN WHAT MANNER THE SOUL IS UNITED TO THE BODY.

But how shall we this union well express?
Naught ties the soul, her subtlety is such;
She moves the body, which she doth possess;
Yet no part toucheth, but by virtue's touch.

Then dwells she not therein, as in a tent;
Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit;
Nor as the spider in his web is pent;
Nor as the wax retains the print in it;

Nor as a vessel water doth contain;
Nor as one liquor in another shed;
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain;
Nor as a voice throughout the air is spread:

But as the fair and cheerful morning light
Doth here and there her silver-beams impart,
And in an instant doth herself unite
To the transparent air, in all and ev'ry part:

Still resting whole, when blows the air divide;
Abiding pure, when th' air is most corrupted;
Throughout the air, her beams dispersing wide;
And when the air is toss'd, not interrupted:

So doth the piercing soul the body fill,
Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd;
Indivisible, incorruptible still;
Nor forc'd, encounter'd, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the Sun above the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the air below;
So from the eternal light the soul doth spring,
Though in the body she her pow'rs do show.

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SECTION XI.

HOW THE SOUL EXERCISES HER POWERS IN THE BODY.

But as the world's Sun doth effect beget
Diff'rent, in divers places ev'ry day;
Here autumn's temperature, there summer's heat;
Here flow'ry spring-tide, and there winter grey.

Here ev'n, there morn; here noon, there day, there night,
Melts wax, dries clay, makes flow'rs, some quick, [some dead;
Makes the Moor black, the European white;
Th' American tawny, and th' East Indian red:

So in our little world, this soul of ours
Being only one, and to one body ty'd,
Doth use, on divers objects, divers powers;
And so are her effects diversify'd.

SECTION XII.

THE VEGETATIVE POWER OF THE SOUL.

Her quick'ning power in ev'ry living part,
Doth as a nurse or as a mother serve;
And doth employ her economic art,
And busy care, her household to preserve.

Here she attracts, and there she doth retain;
There she decocts, and doth the food prepare;
There she distributes it to ev'ry vein,
There she expels what she may fitly spare.

This pow'r to Martha may compared be,
Who busy was, the household things to do:
Or to a Dryas, living in a tree:
For e'en to trees this pow'r is proper too.

And though the soul may not this pow'r extend
Out of the body, but still use it there;
She hath a pow'r which she abroad doth send,
Which views and searcheth all things ev'ry where.

SECTION XIII.

THE POWER OF SENSE.

This power is sense, which from abroad doth bring
The colour, taste, and touch, and scent, and sound,
The quantity and shape of ev'ry thing
Within Earth's centre, or Heav'n's circle found.

This pow'r, in parts made fit, fit objects takes;
Yet not the things, but forms of things receives;
As when a seal in wax impression makes,
The print therein, but not itself, it leaves.

And though things sensible be numberless,
But only five the sense's organs be;
And in those five, all things their forms express,
Which we can touch, taste, feel, or hear, or see.

These are the windows, through the which she views
The light of knowledge, which is life's load-star:
"And yet while she these spectacles doth use,
Oft worldly things seem greater than they are."

SECTION XIV.

SEEING.

First, the two eyes, which have the seeing pow'r,
Stand as one watchman, spy, or centinel,
Being plac'd aloft, within the head's high tow'r;
And though both see, yet both but one thing tell.

These mirrors take into their little space
The forms of Moon and Sun, and ev'ry star,
Of ev'ry body, and of ev'ry place,
Which with the world's wide arms embraced are:

Yet their best object, and their noblest use,
Hereafter in another world will be,
When God in them shall heav'nly light infuse,
That face to face they may their Maker see.

Here are they guides, which do the body lead,
Which else would stumble in eternal night:
Here in this world they do much knowledge read,
And are the casements which admit most light:

They are her furthest reaching instrument,
Yet they no beams unto their objects send;
But all the rays are from their objects sent,
And in the eyes with pointed angles end.

If th' objects be far off, the rays do meet
In a sharp point, and so things seem but small:
If they be near, their rays do spread and fleet,
And make broad points, that things seem great withal.

Lastly, nine things to sight required are;
The *pow'r* to see, the *light*, the *visible* thing,
Being not too *small*, too *thin*, too *nigh*, too *far*,
Clear space and *time*, the form distinct to bring.

Thus see we how the soul doth use the eyes,
As instruments of her quick pow'r of sight:
Hence doth th' arts' optic, and fair painting rise;
Painting, which doth all gentle minds delight.

SECTION XV.

HEARING.

Now let us hear how she the ears employs:
Their office is, the troubled air to take;
Which in their mazes forms a sound or noise,
Whereof herself doth true distinction make.

These wickets of the soul are plac'd on high,
Because all sounds do lightly mount aloft;
And that they may not pierce too violently,
They are delay'd with turns and windings oft.

For should the voice directly strike the brain,
It would astonish and confuse it much;
Therefore these plaits and folds the sound restrain,
That it the organ may more gently touch.

As streams, which with their winding banks do play,
Stopp'd by their creeks, run softly through the plain:
So in th' ear's labyrinth the voice doth stray,
And doth with easy motion touch the brain.

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This is the slowest, yet the daintiest sense;
For e'en the ears of such as have no skill,
Perceive a discord, and conceive offence;
And, knowing not what 's good, yet find the ill.

And though this sense first gentle music found,
Her proper object is the speech of men;
But that speech chiefly which God's heralds sound,
When their tongues utter what his spirit did pen.

Our eyes have lids, our ears still ope we see,
Quickly to hear how ev'ry tale is prov'd:
Our eyes still move, our ears unmoved be;
That though we hear quick, we be not quickly mov'd.

Thus by the organs of the eye and ear,
The soul with knowledge doth herself endue:
"Thus she her prison may with pleasure bear,
Having such prospects, all the world to view."

These conduit-pipes of knowledge feed the mind,
But th' other three attend the body still;
For by their services the soul doth find,
What things are to the body good or ill.

SECTION XVI.

TASTE.

THE body's life with meats and air is fed,
Therefore the soul doth use the tasting pow'r
In veins, which through the tongue and palate spread,
Distinguish ev'ry relish, sweet and sour.

This is the body's nurse; but since man's wit
Found th' art of cook'ry to delight his sense,
More bodies are consum'd and kill'd with it,
Than with the sword, famine, or pestilence.

SECTION XVII.

SMELLING.

NEXT, in the nostrils she doth use the smell:
As God the breath of life in them did give;
So makes he now this pow'r in them to dwell,
To judge all airs, whereby we breathe and live.

This sense is also mistress of an art,
Which to soft people sweet perfumes doth sell;
Though this dear art doth little good impart,
"Since they smell best, that do of nothing smell."

And yet good scents do purify the brain,
Awake the fancy, and the wits refine:
Hence old Devotion incense did ordain,
To make men's spirits apt for thoughts divine.

SECTION XVIII.

FEELING.

LASTLY, the feeling pow'r, which is life's root,
Through ev'ry living part itself doth shed
By sinews, which extend from head to foot;
And, like a net, all o'er the body spread.

Much like a subtle spider [3], which doth sit
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on ev'ry side.

By touch, the first pure qualities we learn,
Which quicken all things, hot, cold, moist, and dry:
By touch, hard, soft, rough, smooth, we do discerne
By touch, sweet pleasure and sharp pain we try.

SECTION XIX.

OF THE IMAGINATION, OR COMMON SENSE.

THESE are the outward instruments of sense;
These are the guards which ev'ry thing must pass,
Ere it approach the mind's intelligence,
Or touch the fantasy, wit's looking-glass.

And yet these porters, which all things admit,
Themselves perceive not, nor discern the things:
One common pow'r doth in the forehead sit,
Which all their proper forms together brings.

For all those nerves, which spirits of sense do bear,
And to those outward organs spreading go,
United are, as in a centre, there; [know.
And there this pow'r those sundry forms doth

Those outward organs present things receive,
This inward sense doth absent things retain;
Yet straight transmits all forms she doth perceive,
Unto an higher region of the brain.

SECTION XX.

FANTASY.

WHERE fantasy, near hand-maid to the mind,
Sits, and beholds, and doth discern them all;
Compounds in one, things diff'rent in their kind;
Compares the black and white, the great and small.

Besides, those single forms she doth esteem,
And in her balance doth their values try;
Where some things good, and some things ill do seem,
And neutral some, in her fantastic eye.

This busy pow'r is working day and night;
For when the outward senses rest do take,
A thousand dreams, fantastical and light,
With flutt'ring wings do keep her still awake.

SECTION XXI.

SENSITIVE MEMORY.

YET always all may not afore her be;
Successively she this and that intends;
Therefore such forms as she doth cease to see,
To memory's large volume she commends.

[3] The spider's touch how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.
Pope's Essay on Man.

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This ledger-book lies in the brain behind,
Like Janus' eye, which in his pol! was set:
The layman's tables, storehouse of the mind;
Which doth remember much, and much forget.

Here sense's apprehension end doth take;
As when a stone is into water cast,
One circle doth another circle make,
Till the last circle touch the bank at last.

SECTION XXII.

THE PASSION OF THE SENSE.

But though the apprehensive pow'r do pause,
The motive virtue then begins to move;
Which in the heart below doth passions cause,
Joy, grief, and fear, and hope, and hate, and love.

These passions have a free commanding might,
And divers actions in our life do breed;
For all acts done without true reason's light,
Do from the passion of the sense proceed.

But since the brain doth lodge the pow'rs of sense,
How makes it in the heart those passions spring?
The mutual love, the kind intelligence
'Twixt heart and brain, this sympathy doth bring.

From the kind heat, which in the heart doth reign,
The spirits of life do their beginning take;
These spirits of life ascending to the brain, [make.
When they come there, the spirits of sense do

These spirits of sense, in fantasy's high court,
Judge of the forms of objects, ill or well;
And so they send a good or ill report
Down to the heart, where all affections dwell.

If the report be good, it causeth love,
And longing hope, and well assured joy:
If it be ill, then doth it hatred move,
And trembling fear, and vexing griefs annoy.

Yet were these natural affections good,
(For they which want them, blocks or devils be)
If reason in her first perfection stood,
That she might Nature's passions rectify.

SECTION XXIII.

LOCAL MOTION.

Besides, another motive-power doth 'rise
Out of the heart, from whose pure blood do spring
The vital spirits; which, born in arteries,
Continual motion to all parts do bring.

This makes the pulses beat, and lungs respire;
This holds the sinews like a bridle's reins;
And makes the body to advance, retire,
To turn, or stop, as she them slacks or strains.

Thus the soul tunes the body's instruments,
These harmonies she makes with life and sense;
The organs fit are by the body lent,
But th' actions flow from the soul's influence.

SECTION XXIV.

THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS OF THE SOUL.

But now I have a will, yet want a wit,
T' express the working of the wit and will;
Which, though their root be to the body knit,
Use not the body, when they use their skill.

These pow'rs the nature of the soul declare,
For to man's soul these only proper be;
For on the Earth no other wights there are
That have these heavenly powers, but only we.

SECTION XXV.

WIT, REASON, UNDERSTANDING, OPINION, JUDGMENT, WISDOM.

The wit, the pupil of the soul's clear eye,
And in man's world the only shining star,
Looks in the mirrour of the fantasy,
Where all the gath'rings of the senses are.

From thence this pow'r the shapes of things abstracts,
And them within her passive part receives,
Which are enlight'ned by that part which acts;
And so the forms of single things perceives.

But after, by discoursing to and fro,
Anticipating and comparing things,
She doth all universal natures know,
And all effects into their causes brings.

When she rates things, and moves from ground to ground,
The name of reason she obtains by this:
But when by reason she the truth hath found,
And standeth fix'd, she understanding is.

When her assent she lightly doth incline
To either part, she is opinion's light:
But when she doth by principles define
A certain truth, she hath true judgment's sight.

And as from senses, reason's work doth spring,
So many reasons understanding gain;
And many understandings, knowledge bring,
And by much knowledge, wisdom we obtain.

So, many stairs we must ascend upright
Ere we attain to wisdom's high degree:
So doth this Earth eclipse our reason's light,
Which else (in instants) would like angels see.

SECTION XXVI.

INNATE IDEAS IN THE SOUL.

Yet hath the soul a dowry natural,
And sparks of light, some common things to see;
Not being a blank where naught is writ at all,
But what the writer will, may written be.

For Nature in man's heart her laws doth pen,
Prescribing truth to wit, and good to will;
Which do accuse, or else excuse all men,
For ev'ry thought or practice, good or ill:

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And yet these sparks grow almost infinite,
Making the world, and all therein, their food;
As fire so spreads, as no place holdeth it,
Being nourish'd still with new supplies of wood.

And though these sparks were almost quench'd with sin,
Yet they whom that just One hath justify'd,
Have them increas'd with heav'nly light within;
And like the widow's oil, still multiply'd.

SECTION XXVII.

THE POWER OF WILL, AND RELATION BETWEEN THE WIT AND WILL.

And as this wit should goodness truly know,
We have a will, which that true good should choose,
Though will do oft (when wit false forms doth show)
Take ill for good, and good for ill refuse.

Will puts in practice what the wit deviseth:
Will ever acts, and wit contemplates still:
And as from wit the pow'r of wisdom riseth,
All other virtues daughters are of will.

Will is the prince, and wit the counsellor,
Which doth for common good in council sit;
And when wit is resolv'd, will lends her pow'r
To execute what is advis'd by wit.

Wit is the mind's chief judge, which doth control
Of fancy's court the judgments false and vain:
Will holds the royal sceptre in the soul,
And on the passions of the heart doth reign.

Will is as free as any emperor,
Naught can restrain her gentle liberty:
No tyrant, nor no torment hath the pow'r
To make us will, when we unwilling be.

SECTION XXVIII.

THE INTELLECTUAL MEMORY.

To these high pow'rs a store-house doth pertain,
Where they all arts and gen'ral reasons lay;
Which in the soul, e'en after death, remain,
And no Lethean flood can wash away.

SECTION XXIX.

THE DEPENDENCY OF THE SOUL'S FACULTIES UPON EACH OTHER.

This is the soul, and these her virtues be;
Which, though they have their sundry proper ends,
And one exceeds another in degree,
Yet each on other mutually depends.

Our wit is giv'n Almighty God to know;
Our will is giv'n to love him, being known:
But God could not be known to us below,
But by his works, which through the sense are shown.

And as the wit doth reap the fruits of sense,
So doth the quick'ning pow'r the senses feed:
Thus while they do their sundry gifts dispense,
"The best the service of the least doth need."

Ev'n so the king his magistrates do serve,
Yet commons feed both magistrates and king:
The common's peace the magistrates preserve,
By borrow'd pow'r, which from the prince doth spring.

The quick'ning power would be, and so would rest;
The sense would not be only, but be well:
But wit's ambition longeth to the best,
For it desires in endless bliss to dwell.

And these three pow'rs three sorts of men do make;
For some, like plants, their veins do only fill;
And some, like beasts, their senses' pleasure take;
And some, like angels, do contemplate still.

Therefore the fables turn'd some men to flow'rs,
And others did with brutish forms invest;
And did of others make celestial pow'rs,
Like angels, which still travel, yet still rest.

Yet these three pow'rs are not three souls, but one;
As one and two are both contain'd in three;
Three being one number by itself alone,
A shadow of the blessed Trinity.

Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind!
That thou to him so great respect dost bear!
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer!

Oh! what a lively life, what heav'nly pow'r,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dow'r
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine;
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ:
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except (like thee) it should be infinite!

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
God hath rais'd man, since God a man became:
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonish'd when they view the same.

Nor hath he giv'n these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend:
The soul, though made in time, survives for ay;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

SECTION XXX.

THAT THE SOUL IS IMMORTAL, PROVED BY SEVERAL REASONS.

Her only end is never-ending bliss,
Which is, the eternal face of God to see;
Who, last of ends, and first of causes is:
And, to do this, she must eternal be.

How senseless then and dead a soul hath he,
Which thinks his soul doth with his body die:
Or thinks not so, but so would have it be,
That he might sin with more security?

For though these light and vicious persons say,
Our soul is but a smoke, or airy blast,
Which, during life, doth in our nostrils play,
And when we die doth turn to wind at last:

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Although they say, "Come let us eat and drink;
Our life is but a spark, which quickly dies:"
Though thus they say, they know not what to think;
But in their minds ten thousand doubts arise.

Therefore no heretics desire to spread
Their light opinions, like these epicures;
For so their stagg'ring thoughts are comforted,
And other men's assent their doubt assures.

Yet though these men against their conscience strive,
There are some sparkles in their flinty breasts,
Which cannot be extinct, but still revive;
That though they would, they cannot quite be beasts.

But whoso makes a mirror of his mind,
And doth with patience view himself therein,
His soul's eternity shall clearly find,
Though th' other beauties be defac'd with sin.

REASON I.

Drawn from the desire of knowledge.

First, in man's mind we find an appetite
To learn and know the truth of ev'ry thing,
Which is co-natural, and born with it,
And from the essence of the soul doth spring.

With this desire, she hath a native might
To find out ev'ry truth, if she had time;
Th' innumerable effects to sort aright,
And by degrees, from cause to cause to climb.

But since our life so fast away doth slide,
As doth a hungry eagle through the wind;
Or as a ship transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leave no print behind.

Of which swift little time so much we spend,
While some few things we through the sense do strain,
That our short race of life is at an end,
Ere we the principles of skill attain.

Or God (who to vain ends hath nothing done)
In vain this appetite and pow'r hath giv'n;
Or else our knowledge, which is here begun,
Hereafter must be perfected in Heav'n.

God never gave a pow'r to one whole kind,
But most part of that kind did use the same:
Most eyes have perfect sight, though some be blind;
Most legs can nimbly run, though some be lame.

But in this life, no soul the truth can know
So perfectly, as it hath pow'r to do:
If then perfection be not found below,
An higher place must make her mount thereto.

REASON II.

Drawn from the motion of the soul.

AGAIN, how can she but immortal be,
When, with the motions of both will and wit,
She still aspireth to eternity,
And never rests, till she attain to it?

Water in conduit-pipes can rise no higher
Than the well-head, from whence it first doth spring:
Then since to eternal God she doth aspire,
She cannot be but an eternal thing.

"All moving things to other things do move,
Of the same kind which shows their nature such:"
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins [4],
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a lymph along the grassy plains:

Long doth she stay, as loath to leave the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make:
She tastes all places, turns to ev'ry hand,
Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake:

Yet Nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
Within whose watry bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which in this earthly mould
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views:

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

Yet under Heav'n she cannot light on aught
That with her heav'nly nature doth agree:
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health?
Or, having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre fresh and gay;
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all;
But, pleas'd with none, doth rise, and soar away:

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

Wit, seeking truth, from cause to cause ascends,
And never rests till it the first attain:
Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends;
But never stays till it the last do gain.

Now God the truth and first of causes is;
God is the last good end, which lasteth still;
Being alpha and omega nam'd for this;
Alpha to wit, omega to the will.

Since then her heav'nly kind she doth display,
In that to God she doth directly move;
And on no mortal thing can make her stay,
She cannot be from hence, but from above.

[4] The soul compared to a river.

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And yet this first true cause, and last good end,
She cannot here so well and truly see;
For this perfection she must yet attend,
Till to her Maker she espoused be.

As a king's daughter, being in person sought
Of divers princes, who do neighbour near,
On none of them can fix a constant thought,
Though she to all do lend a gentle ear:

Yet she can love a foreign emperor,
Whom of great worth and pow'r she hears to be,
If she be woo'd but by ambassador,
Or but his letters or his pictures see:

For well she knows, that when she shall be brought
Into the kingdom where her spouse doth reign;
Her eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in thought,
Himself, his state, his glory, and his train.

So while the virgin soul on Earth doth stay,
She woo'd and tempted in ten thousand ways,
By these great pow'rs, which on the Earth bear sway;
The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise:

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
These do by fits her fantasy possess;
But she distastes them all within awhile,
And in the sweetest finds a tediousness.

But if upon the world's Almighty King,
She once doth fix her humble loving thought,
Who by his picture drawn in ev'ry thing,
And sacred messages, her love hath sought;

Of him she thinks she cannot think too much;
This honey tasted still is ever sweet;
The pleasure of her ravish'd thought is such,
As almost here she with her bliss doth meet:

But when in Heav'n she shall his essence see,
This is her sov'reign good, and perfect bliss;
Her longing, wishings, hopes, all finish'd be;
Her joys are full, her motions rest in this:

There is she crown'd with garlands of content;
There doth she manna eat, and nectar drink:
That presence doth such high delights present,
As never tongue could speak, nor heart could think.

REASON III.

From contempt of death in the better sort of spirits.

For this, the better souls do oft despise
The body's death, and do it oft desire;
For when on ground the burthen'd balance lies,
The empty part is lifted up the higher:

But if the body's death the soul should kill,
Then death must needs against her nature be;
And were it so, all souls would fly it still,
For nature hates and shuns her contrary.

For all things else, which Nature makes to be,
Their being to preserve, are chiefly taught;
And though some things desire a change to see,
Yet never thing did long to turn to naught.

If then by death the soul were quenched quite,
She could not thus against her nature run;
Since ev'ry senseless thing, by Nature's light,
Doth preservation seek, destruction shun.

Nor could the world's best spirits so much err,
If Death took all, that they should all agree,
Before this life their honour to prefer:
For what is praise to things that nothing be?

Again, if by the body's prop she stand;
If on the body's life, her life depend,
As Meleager's on the fatal brand,
The body's good she only would intend:

We should not find her half so brave and bold,
To lead it to the wars, and to the seas,
To make it suffer watchings, hunger, cold,
When it might feed with plenty, rest with ease.

Doubtless, all souls have a surviving thought,
Therefore of death we think with quiet mind;
But if we think of being turn'd to naught,
A trembling horrour in our souls we find.

REASON IV.

From the fear of death in the wicked souls.

And as the better spirit, when she doth bear
A scorn of death, doth show she cannot die;
So when the wicked soul Death's face doth fear,
E'en then she proves her own eternity.

For when Death's form appears, she feareth not
An utter quenching or extinguishment;
She would be glad to meet with such a lot,
That so she might all future ill prevent:

But she doth doubt what after may befall;
For Nature's law accuseth her within,
And saith, "'T is true what is affirm'd by all,
That after death there is a pain for sin."

Then she who hath been hoodwink'd from her birth,
Doth first herself within Death's mirror see;
And when her body doth return to earth,
She first takes care, how she alone shall be.

Who ever sees these irreligious men,
With burthen of a sickness weak and faint,
But hears them talking of religion then,
And vowing of their souls to ev'ry saint?

When was there ever cursed atheist brought
Unto the gibbet, but he did adore
That blessed pow'r, which he had set at naught,
Scorn'd and blasphem'd all his life before?

These light vain persons still are drunk and mad,
With surfeitings and pleasures of their youth;
But at their death they are fresh, sober, sad;
Then they discern, and then they speak the truth.

If then all souls, both good and bad, do teach,
With gen'ral voice, that souls can never die;
'T is not man's flatt'ring gloss, but Nature's speech,
Which, like God's oracles, can never lie.

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REASON V.

From the general desire of immortality.

Hence springs that universal strong desire,
Which all men have of immortality:
Not some few spirits unto this thought aspire,
But all men's minds in this united be.

Then this desire of Nature is not vain,
"She covets not impossibilities;
Fond thoughts may fall into some idle brain,
But one assent of all is ever wise."

From hence that gen'ral care and study springs,
That launching and progression of the mind,
Which all men have so much of future things,
That they no joy do in the present find.

From this desire, that main desire proceeds,
Which all men have surviving fame to gain,
By tombs, by books, by memorable deeds;
For she that this desires, doth still remain.

Hence, lastly, springs care of posterities,
For things their kind would everlasting make:
Hence is it, that old men do plant young trees,
The fruit whereof another age shall take.

If we these rules unto ourselves apply,
And view them by reflection of the mind,
All these true notes of immortality
In our heart's tables we shall written find.

REASON VI.

From the very doubt and disputation of immortality.

And though some impious wits do questions move,
And doubt if souls immortal be, or no;
That doubt their immortality doth prove,
Because they seem immortal things to know.

For he who reasons on both parts doth bring,
Doth some things mortal, some immortal call;
Now, if himself were but a mortal thing,
He could not judge immortal things at all.

For when we judge, our minds we mirrors make;
And as those glasses which material be,
Forms of material things do only take;
For thoughts or minds in them we cannot see:

So when we God and angels do conceive,
And think of truth, which is eternal too;
Then do our minds immortal forms receive,
Which if they mortal were, they could not do.

And as if beasts conceiv'd what reason were,
And that conception should distinctly show,
They should the name of reasonable bear;
For without reason, none could reason know:

So when the soul mounts with so high a wing,
As of eternal things she doubts can move;
She proofs of her eternity doth bring,
E'en when she strives the contrary to prove.

For, e'en the thought of immortality,
Being an act done without the body's aid,
Shows, that herself alone could move and be,
Although the body in the grave were laid.

SECTION XXXI.

THAT THE SOUL CANNOT BE DESTROYED.

And if herself she can so lively move,
And never need a foreign help to take;
Then must her motion everlasting prove,
"Because herself she never can forsake."

But though corruption cannot touch the mind,
By any cause[5] that from itself may spring,
Some outward cause fate hath perhaps design'd,
Which to the soul may utter quenching bring.

Perhaps her cause may cease[6], and she may die:
God is her cause, his word her maker was;
Which shall stand fix'd for all eternity,
When Heav'n and Earth shall like a shadow pass.

Perhaps some thing repugnant to her kind,
By strong antipathy, the soul may kill:
But what can be contrary to the mind,
Which holds all contraries in concord still?

She lodgeth heat, and cold, and moist, and dry,
And life and death, and peace and war together;
Ten thousand fighting things in her do lie,
Yet neither troubleth or disturbeth either.

Perhaps for want of food, the soul may pine[7];
But that were strange, since all things bad and good;
Since all God's creatures, mortal and divine;
Since God himself is her eternal food.

Bodies are fed with things of mortal kind,
And so are subject to mortality:
But truth, which is eternal, feeds the mind;
The tree of life, which will not let her die.

Yet violence, perhaps, the soul destroys[8],
As lightning, or the sun-beams, dim the sight;
Or as a thunder clap, or cannon's noise,
The pow'r of hearing doth astonish quite;

But high perfection to the soul it brings,
T' encounter things most excellect and high;
For, when she views the best and greatest things,
They do not hurt, but rather clear the eye.

Besides, as Homer's gods 'gainst armies stand,
Her subtle form can through all dangers slide:
Bodies are captive, minds endure no band;
"And will is free, and can no force abide."

But, lastly, time perhaps at last hath pow'r[9]
To spend her lively pow'rs, and quench her light;
But old god Saturn, which doth all devour,
Doth cherish her, and still augment her might.

[5] Her cause ceaseth not.
[6] She hath no contrary.
[7] She cannot die for want of food.
[8] Violence cannot destroy her.
[9] Time cannot destroy her.

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Heav'n waxeth old, and all the spheres above
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay;
And time itself, in time shall cease to move;
Only the soul survives, and lives for ay.

"Our bodies, ev'ry footstep that they make,
March towards death, until at last they die:
Whether we work or play, or sleep or wake,
Our life doth pass, and with Time's wings doth fly:"

But to the soul, time doth perfection give,
And adds fresh lustre to her beauty still;
And makes her in eternal youth to live,
Like her which nectar to the gods doth fill.

The more she lives, the more she feeds on truth;
The more she feeds, her strength doth more increase:
And what is strength, but an effect of youth,
Which if time nurse, how can it ever cease?

SECTION XXXII.

OBJECTIONS AGAINST THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE ANSWERS.

But now these Epicures begin to smile,
And say, my doctrine is more safe than true;
And that I fondly do myself beguile,
While these receiv'd opinions I ensue.

OBJECTION I.

For, what, say they? doth not the soul wax old?
How comes it then that aged men do dote;
And that their brains grow sottish, dull and cold,
Which were in youth the only spirits of note?

What? are not souls within themselves corrupted?
How can their idiots then by nature be?
How is it that some wits are interrupted,
That now they dazzled are, now clearly see?

ANSWER.

These questions make a subtil argument
To such as think both sense and reason one;
To whom nor agent, from the instrument,
Nor pow'r of working, from the work is known.

But they that know that wit can show no skill,
But when she things in sense's glass doth view,
Do know, if accident this glass do spill,
It nothing sees, or sees the false for true.

For, if that region of the tender brain,
Where th' inward sense of fantasy should sit,
And th' outward senses, gath'rings should retain;
By nature, or by chance, become unfit:

Either at first uncapable it is,
And so few things, or none at all receives;
Or marr'd by accident, which haps amiss:
And so amiss it ev'ry thing perceives.

Then, as a cunning prince that useth spies,
If they return no news, doth nothing know;
But if they make advertisement of lies,
The prince's counsels all awry do go:

Ev'n so the soul to such a body knit,
Whose inward senses undisposed be;
And to receive the forms of things unfit,
Where nothing is brought in, can nothing see.

This makes the idiot, which hath yet a mind,
Able to know the truth, and choose the good;
If she such figures in the brain did find,
As might be found, if it in temper stood.

But if a phrensy do possess the brain,
It so disturbs and blots the forms of things,
As fantasy proves altogether vain,
And to the wit no true relation brings.

Then doth the wit, admitting all for true,
Build fond conclusions on those idle grounds:
Then doth it fly the good, and ill pursue;
Believing all that this false spy propounds.

But purge the humours, and the rage appease,
Which this distemper in the fancy wrought;
Then shall the wit, which never had disease,
Discourse, and judge discreetly, as it ought.

So, though the clouds eclipse the Sun's fair light,
Yet from his face they do not take one beam;
So have our eyes their perfect pow'r of sight,
Ev'n when they look into a troubled stream.

Then these defects in sense's organs be,
Not in the soul, or in her working might:
She cannot lose her perfect pow'r to see,
Though mists and clouds do choke her window light.

These imperfections then we must impute,
Not to the agent, but the instrument:
We must not blame Apollo, but his lute,
If false accords from her false strings be sent.

The soul in all hath one intelligence;
Though too much moisture in an infant's brain,
And too much dryness in an old man's sense,
Cannot the prints of outward things retain:

Then doth the soul want work, and idle sit,
And this we childishness and dotage call;
Yet hath she then a quick and active wit,
If she had stuff and tools to work withal:

For, give her organs fit, and objects fair;
Give but the aged man the young man's sense;
Let but Medea Æson's youth repair,
And straight she shows her wonted excellence.

As a good harper stricken far in years,
Into whose cunning hands the gout doth fall,
All his old crotchets in his brain he bears,
But on his harp plays ill, or not at all.

But if Apollo takes his gout away,
That he his nimble fingers may apply;
Apollo's self will envy at his play,
And all the world applaud his minstrelsy.

Then dotage is no weakness of the mind,
But of the sense; for if the mind did waste,
In all old men we should this wasting find,
When they some certain term of years had pass'd;

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But most of them, e'en to their dying hour,
Retain a mind more lively, quick, and strong;
And better use their understanding pow'r,
Than when their brains were warm, and limbs were young.

For, though the body wasted be and weak,
And though the leaden form of earth it bears;
Yet when we hear that half dead body speak,
We oft are ravish'd to the heav'nly spheres.

OBJECTION II.

Yet say these men, if all her organs die,
Then hath the soul no pow'r her pow'rs to use.:
So, in a sort, her pow'rs extinct do lie,
When unto act she cannot them reduce.

And if her pow'rs be dead, then what is she?
For since from ev'ry thing some pow'rs do spring;
And from those pow'rs, some acts proceeding be;
Then kill both pow'r and act, and kill the thing.

ANSWER.

Doubtless, the body's death, when once it dies,
The instruments of sense and life doth kill;
So that she cannot use those faculties,
Although their root rest in her substance still.

But (as the body living) wit and will
Can judge and choose, without the body's aid;
Though on such objects they are working still,
As through the body's organs are convey'd:

So, when the body serves her turn no more,
And all her senses are extinct and gone,
She can discourse of what she learn'd before,
In heav'nly contemplations, all alone.

So, if one man well on the lute doth play,
And have good horsemanship, and learning's skill,
Though both his lute and horse we take away,
Doth he not keep his former learning still?

He keeps it, doubtless, and can use it too;
And doth both th' other skills in pow'r retain;
And can of both the proper actions do,
If with his lute or horse he meet again.

So though the instruments (by which we live,
And view the world) the body's death do kill;
Yet with the body they shall all revive,
And all their wonted offices fulfil.

OBJECTION III.

But how, till then, shall she herself employ?
Her spies are dead, which brought home news before:
What she hath got, and keeps, she may enjoy,
But she hath means to understand no more.

Then what do those poor souls, which nothing get?
Or what do those which get, and cannot keep?
Like bucklers bottomless, which all out-let;
Those souls, for want of exercise, must sleep.

ANSWER.

See how man's soul against itself doth strive:
Why should we not have other means to know?
As children, while within the womb they live,
Feed by the navel: here they feed not so.

These children, if they had some use of sense,
And should by chance their mother's talking hear,
That in short time they shall come forth from thence,
Would fear their birth, more than our death we fear.

They would cry out, "If we this place shall leave,
Then shall we break our tender navel strings:
How shall we then our nourishment receive,
Since our sweet food no other conduit brings?"

And if a man should to these babes reply,
That into this fair world they shall be brought,
Where they shall view the earth, the sea, the sky,
The glorious Sun, and all that God hath wrought:

That there ten thousand dainties they shall meet,
Which by their mouths they shall with pleasure take;
Which shall be cordial too as well as sweet;
And of their little limbs tall bodies make:

This world they'd think a fable, e'en as we
Do think the story of the golden age;
Or as some sensual spirits 'mongst us be,
Which hold the world to come, a feigned stage:

Yet shall these infants after find all true,
Though then thereof they nothing could conceive:
As soon as they are born, the world they view,
And with their mouths, the nurses' milk receive.

So when the soul is born (for death is naught
But the soul's birth, and so we should it call)
Ten thousand things she sees beyond her thought;
And in an unknown manner, knows them all.

Then doth she see by spectacles no more,
She hears not by report of double spies;
Herself in instants doth all things explore;
For each thing's present, and before her lies.

OBJECTION IV.

But still this crew with questions me pursues:
If souls deceas'd (say they) still living be,
Why do they not return, to bring us news [see?
Of that strange world, where they such wonders

ANSWER.

Fond men! if we believe that man do live
Under the zenith of both frozen poles,
Though none come thence, advertisement to give,
Why bear we not the like faith of our souls?

The soul hath here on Earth no more to do,
Than we have business in our mother's womb:
What child doth covet to return thereto,
Although all children first from thence do come?

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But as Noah's pigeon, which return'd no more,
Did show, she footing found, for all the flood;
So when good souls, departed through Death's door,
Come not again, it shows their dwelling good.

And doubtless, such a soul as up doth mount,
And doth appear before her Maker's face,
Holds this vile world in such a base account,
As she looks down and scorns this wretched place.

But such as are detruded down to Hell,
Either for shame, they still themselves retire;
Or ty'd in chains, they in close prison dwell,
And cannot come, although they much desire.

OBJECTION V.

Well, well, say these vain spirits, though vain it is
To think our souls to Heav'n or Hell do go;
Politic men have thought it not amiss,
To spread this lie, to make man virtuous so.

ANSWER.

Do you then think this moral virtue good?
I think you do, ev'n for your private gain;
For commonwealths by virtue ever stood,
And common good the private doth contain.

If then this virtue you do love so well,
Have you no means, her practice to maintain;
But you this lie must to the people tell,
That good souls live in joy, and ill in pain?

Must virtue be preserved by a lie?
Virtue and truth do ever best agree;
By this it seems to be a verity,
Since the effects so good and virtuous be.

For, as the Devil the father is of lies,
So vice and mischief do his lies ensue:
Then this good doctrine did not he devise;
But made this lie, which saith, it is not true.

For, how can that be false, which ev'ry tongue
Of ev'ry mortal man affirms for true?
Which truth hath in all ages been so strong,
As, load-stone like, all hearts it ever drew.

For, not the Christian, or the Jew alone,
The Persian, or the Turk, acknowledge this;
This mystery to the wild Indian known,
And to the cannibal and Tartar is.

This rich Assyrian drug grows ev'ry where;
As common in the north as in the east:
This doctrine doth not enter by the ear,
But of itself is native in the breast.

None that acknowledge God, or providence,
Their soul's eternity did ever doubt;
For all religion taketh root from hence,
Which no poor naked nation lives without.

For since the world for man created was,
(For only man the use thereof doth know)
If man do perish like a wither'd grass,
How doth God's wisdom order things below?

And if that wisdom still wise ends propound,
Why made he man, of other creatures, king;
When (if he perish here) there is not found
In all the world so poor and vile a thing?

If death do quench us quite, we have great wrong,
Since for our service all things else were wrought;
That daws, and trees, and rocks should last so long,
When we must in an instant pass to naught.

But bless'd be that Great Pow'r, that hath us bless'd
With longer life than Heav'n or Earth can have;
Which hath infus'd into our mortal breast
Immortal pow'rs not subject to the grave.

For though the soul do seem her grave to bear,
And in this world is almost bury'd quick,
We have no cause the body's death to fear;
For when the shell is broke, out comes a chick.

SECTION XXXIII.

THREE KINDS OF LIFE ANSWERABLE TO THREE POWERS OF THE SOUL.

For as the soul's essential pow'rs are three;
The quick'ning pow'r, the pow'r of sense and reason;
Three kinds of life to her designed be,
Which perfect these three pow'rs in their due season.

The first life in the mother's womb is spent,
Where she the nursing pow'r doth only use;
Where, when she finds defect of nourishment,
Sh' expels her body, and this world she views.

This we call birth; but if the child could speak,
He death would call it; and of nature plain,
That she would thrust him out naked and weak,
And in his passage pinch him with such pain.

Yet out he comes, and in this world is plac'd,
Where all his senses in perfection be;
Where he finds flow'rs to smell, and fruits to taste,
And sounds to hear, and sundry forms to see.

When he hath pass'd some time upon the stage,
His reason then a little seems to wake;
Which though she spring when sense doth fade with age,
Yet can she here no perfect practice make.

Then doth aspiring soul the body leave,
Which we call death; but were it known to all,
What life our souls do by this death receive,
Men would it birth or jail-deliv'ry call.

In this third life, reason will be so bright,
As that her spark will like the sun-beams shine,
And shall of God enjoy the real sight,
Being still increas'd by influence divine.

SECTION XXXIV.

THE CONCLUSION.

O IGNORANT poor man! what dost thou bear?
Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast?
What jewels, and what riches hast thou there?
What heav'nly treasure in so weak a chest?

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Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood:
Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
This worthy mind should worthy things embrace:
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her quick'ning pow'r with surfeitings:
Mar not her sense with sensuality:
Cast not her wit on idle things:
Make not her free will slave to vanity.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,
Think not that death against her nature is;
Think it a birth: and when thou go'st to die,
Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see;
Now I have brought thee torch-light, fear no more;
Now when thou dy'st, thou canst not hood-wink'd be.

And thou, my soul, which turn'st with curious eye,
To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of over-weening, and compare
Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train:
Study the best and highest things that are,
But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
The glory of thy Maker's sacred name:
Use all thy pow'rs, that blessed pow'r to praise,
Which gives thee pow'r to be, and use the same.

HYMNS OF ASTREA,

IN ACROSTIC VERSE.

HYMN I.

OF ASTREA.

E ARLY before the day doth spring;
L et us awake my Muse and sing,
I t is no time to slumber,
S o many joys this time doth bring,
A s time will fail to number.

B ut whereunto shall we bend our lays?
E 'en up to Heaven, again to raise
T he maid which thence descended;
H ath brought again the golden days,
A nd all the world amended.

R udeness itself she doth refine,
E 'en like an alchymist divine,
G ross times of iron turning
I nto the purest form of gold;
N ot to corrupt, till Heaven wax old,
A nd be refin'd with burning.

HYMN II.

TO ASTREA.

E TERNAL virgin, goddess true,
L et me presume to sing to you.
I ove, e'en great Jove hath leisure
S ometimes to hear the vulgar crew,
A nd hears them oft with pleasure.

B lessed Astrea, I in part
E njoy the blessings you impart,
T he peace, the milk, and honey,
H umanity, and civil art,
A richer dow'r than money.

R ight glad am I that now I live,
E 'en in these days whereto you give
G reat happiness and glory;
I f after you I should be born,
N o doubt I should my birth-day scorn,
A dmiring your sweet story.

HYMN III.

TO THE SPRING.

E ARTH now is green, and Heaven is blue,
L ively Spring which makes all new,
I olly Spring doth enter;
S weet young sun-beams do subdue
A ngry, aged Winter.

B lasts are mild, and seas are calm,
E very meadow flows with balm,
T he earth wears all her riches;
H armonious birds sing such a psalm,
A s ear and heart bewitches.

R eserve (sweet Spring) this nymph of ours,
E ternal garlands of thy flow'rs,
G reen garlands never wasting;
I n her shall last our state's fair spring,
N ow and for ever flourishing,
A s long as Heav'n is lasting.

HYMN IV.

TO THE MONTH OF MAY.

E ACH day of thine, sweet month of May,
L ove makes a solemn holy-day.
I will perform like duty,
S ith thou resemblest every way
A strea, queen of beauty.

B oth your fresh beauties do partake,
E ither's aspect doth summer make,
T houghts of young love awaking;
H earts you both do cause to ache,
A nd yet be pleas'd with aching.

R ight dear art thou, and so is she,
E 'en like attracting sympathy,
G ains unto both like dearness;
I ween this made antiquity,
N ame thee, sweet May of majesty,
A s being both like in clearness.

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HYMN V.

TO THE LARK.

Early cheerful mounting lark;
Light's gentle usher, morning's clark,
In merry notes delighting:
Stint awhile thy song, and hark,
And learn my new inditing.

Bear up this hymn, to Heav'n it bear,
E'en up to Heav'n, and sing it there,
To Heav'n each morning bear it;
Have it set to some sweet sphere,
And let the angels hear it.

Renown'd Astrea, that great name,
Exceeding great in worth and fame,
Great worth hath so renown'd it,
It is Astrea's name I praise,
Now then, sweet lark, do thou it raise,
And in high Heaven resound it.

HYMN VI.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Ev'ry night from ev'n to morn,
Love's chorister amid the thorn
Is now so sweet a singer,
So sweet, as for her song I scorn
Apollo's voice and finger.

But nightingale, sith you delight
Ever to watch the starry night,
Tell all the stars of Heaven,
Heaven never had a star so bright,
As now to Earth is given.

Royal Astrea makes our day
Eternal with her beams, nor may
Gross darkness overcome her;
I now perceive why some do write,
No country hath so short a night,
As England hath in summer.

HYMN VII.

TO THE ROSE.

Eye of the garden, queen of flow'rs
Love's cup wherein lie nectar's pow'rs,
Ingender'd first of nectar:
Sweet nurse-child of the spring's young hours,
And beauty's fair character.

Blem'd jewel that the Earth doth wear,
E'en when the brave young Sun draws near,
To her hot love pretending;
Himself likewise like form doth bear,
At rising and descending.

Rose of the queen of love belov'd;
England's great kings divinely mov'd,
Gave roses in their banner;
It show'd that beauty's rose indeed,
Now in this age should them succeed,
And reign in more sweet manner.

HYMN VIII.

TO ALL THE PRINCES OF EUROPE.

Europe, the Earth's sweet paradise:
Let all thy kings that would be wise,
In politic devotion,
Sail hither to observe her eyes,
And mark her heav'nly motion.

Brave princess of this civil age,
Enter into this pilgrimage:
This saint's tongue's an oracle,
Her eye hath made a prince a page,
And works each day a miracle.

Raise but your looks to her, and see
E'en the true beams of majesty,
Great princes, mark her duly;
If all the world you do survey,
No forehead spreads so bright a ray,
And notes a prince so truly.

HYMN IX.

TO FLORA.

Empress of flow'rs, tell where away
Lies your sweet court this May,
In Greenwich garden alleys:
Since there the heav'nly pow'rs do play
And haunt no other valleys.

Beauty, Virtue, Majesty,
Eloquent Muses, three times three,
The new fresh Hours, and Graces,
Have pleasure in this place to be,
Above all other places.

Roses and lilies did them draw,
Ere they divine Astrea saw,
Gay flow'rs they sought for pleasure:
Instead of gath'ring crowns of flow'rs,
Now gather they Astrea's dowers,
And bear to Heav'n that treasure.

HYMN X.

TO THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

Each month hath praise in some degree;
Let May to others seem to be
In sense the sweetest season;
September thou art best to me,
And best doth please my reason.

But neither for thy corn nor wine
Extol I those mild days of thine,
Though corn and wine might praise thee,
Heav'n gives thee honour more divine,
And higher fortunes raise thee.

Renown'd art thou (sweet month) for this,
Among thy days her birth-day is,
Grace, Plenty, Peace, and Honour,
In one fair hour with her were born,
Now since they still her crown adorn,
And still attend upon her.

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HYMN XI.

TO THE SUN.

E ye of the world, fountain of light,
L ife of day, and death of night,
I humbly seek thy kindness:
S weet, dazzle not my feeble sight,
A nd strike me not with blindness.

B ehold me mildly from that face,
E 'en where thou now dost run thy race,
T he sphere where now thou turnest;
H aving like Phaeton chang'd thy place,
A nd yet hearts only burnest.

R ed in her right cheek thou dost rise,
E xalted after in her eyes,
G reat glory there thou showest:
I n th' other cheek when thou descendest,
N ew redness unto it thou lendest,
A nd so thy round thou goest.

HYMN XII.

TO HER PICTURE.

E xtreme was his audacity,
L ittle his skill that finish'd thee;
I am asham'd and sorry,
S o dull her counterfeit should be,
A nd she so full of glory.

B ut here are colours red and white,
E ach line and each proportion right;
T hese lines, this red and whiteness,
H ave wanting yet a life and light,
A majesty, and brightness.

R ude counterfeit, I then did err,
E 'en now when I would needs infer
G reat boldness in thy maker:
I did mistake, he was not bold,
N or durst his eyes her eyes behold,
A nd this made him mistake her.

HYMN XIII.

OF HER MIND.

E arth, now adieu, my ravish'd thought,
L ifted to Heav'n sets thee at naught;
I nfinite is my longing,
S ecrets of angels to be taught,
A nd things to Heav'n belonging.

B rought down from Heav'n of angels kind,
E v'n now I do admire her mind,
T his is my contemplation,
H er clear sweet spirit which is refin'd,
A bove human creation.

R ich sun-beam of th' eternal light,
E xcellent soul, how shall I write;
G ood angels make me able;
I cannot see but by your eye,
N or, but by your tongue, signify
A thing so admirable.

HYMN XIV.

OF THE SUN-BEAMS OF HER MIND.

E xceeding glorious is this star,
L et us behold her beams afar
I n a side line reflected;
S ight bears them not, when near they are,
A nd in right lines directed.

B ehold her in her virtue's beams,
E xtending sun-like to all realms;
T he Sun none views too nearly:
H er well of goodness in these streams,
A ppears right well and clearly.

R adiant virtues, if your light
E nfeeble the best judgment's sight,
G reat splendour above measure
I s in the mind, from whence you flow:
N o wit may have access to know,
A nd view so bright a treasure.

HYMN XV.

OF HER WIT.

E ye of that mind most quick and clear,
L ike Heaven's eye which from his sphere
I nto all things pryeth,
S ees through all things ev'ry where,
A nd all their natures trieth.

B right image of an angel's wit,
E xceeding sharp and swift like it,
T hings instantly discerning:
H aving a nature infinite,
A nd yet increas'd by learning.

R ebound upon thyself thy light,
E njoy thine own sweet precious sight
G ive us but some reflection;
I t is enough for us if we,
N ow in her speech, now policy,
A dmire thine high perfection.

HYMN XVI.

OF HER WILL.

E ver well affected will,
L oving goodness, loathing ill,
I nestimable treasure!
S ince such a power hath power to spill,
A nd save us at her pleasure.

B e thou our law, sweet will, and say,
E v'n what thou wilt, we will obey
T his law; if I could read it,
H erein would I spend night and day,
A nd study still to plead it.

R oyal free-will, and only free,
E ach other will is slave to thee;
G lad is each will to serve thee:
I n thee such princely pow'rs is seen,
N o spirit but takes thee for her queen,
A nd thinks she must observe thee.

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HYMN XVII.

OF HER MEMORY.

E xcellent jewels would you see,
L ovely ladies come with me,
I will (for love I owe you)
S how you as rich a treasury,
A s east or west can show you.

B ehold, if you can judge of it,
E v'n that great store-house of her wit,
T hat beautiful large table,
H er memory, wherein is writ
A ll knowledge admirable.

R ead this fair book, and you shall learn
E xquisite skill; if you discern,
G ain Heav'n by this discerning;
I n such a memory divine,
N ature did form the Muses nine,
A nd Pallas, queen of learning.

HYMN XVIII.

OF HER FANCY.

E xquisite curiosity,
L ook on thyself with judging eye,
I f aught be faulty, leave it:
S o delicate a fantasy
A s this, will straight perceive it.

B ecause her temper is so fine,
E ndow'd with harmonies divine;
T herefore if discord strike it,
H er true proportions do repine,
A nd sadly do mislike it.

R ight otherwise a pleasure sweet,
E 'er she takes in actions meet,
G racing with smiles such meetness;
I n her fair forehead beams appear,
N o summer's day is half so clear,
A dorn'd with half that sweetness.

HYMN XIX.

OF THE ORGANS OF HER MIND.

E clipt'd she is, and her bright rays
L ie under veils, yet many ways
I s her fair form revealed;
S he diversely herself conveys,
A nd cannot be concealed.

B y instruments her pow'rs appear
E xceedingly well tun'd and clear:
T his lute is still in measure,
H olds still in tune, e'en like a sphere,
A nd yields the world sweet pleasure.

R esolve me, Muse, how this thing is,
E re a body like to this
G ave Heav'n to earthly creature?
I am but fond this doubt to make,
N o doubt the angels bodies take,
A bove our common nature.

HYMN XX.

OF THE PASSIONS OF HER HEART.

E xamine not th' inscrutable heart,
L ight Muse of her, though she in part
I mpart it to the subject;
S earch not, although from Heav'n thou art,
A nd this an heav'nly object.

B ut since she hath a heart, we know,
E re some passions thence do flow,
T hough ever ruled with honour;
H er judgment reigns, they wait below,
A nd fix their eyes upon her.

R ectify'd so, they in their kind
E ncrease each virtue of her mind,
G overn'd with mild tranquillity;
I n all the regions under Heav'n,
N o state doth bear itself so even,
A nd with so sweet facility.

HYMN XXI.

OF THE INNUMERABLE VIRTUES OF HER MIND.

E ar thou proceed in these sweet pains
L earn, Muse, how many drops it rains
I n cold and moist December;
S um up May flow'rs, and August's grains,
A nd grapes of mild September.

B ear the sea's sand in memory,
E arth's grass, and the stars in the sky,
T he little moats which mounted,
H ang in the beams of Phœbus' eye,
A nd never can be counted.

R ecount these numbers numberless,
E re thou her virtue can express,
G reat wits this count will cumber.
I nstruct thyself in numb'ring schools;
N ow courtiers use to beg for fools,
A ll such as cannot number.

HYMN XXII.

OF HER WISDOM.

E agle-ey'd Wisdom, life's load-star,
L ooking near on things afar;
I ove's best belov'd daughter,
S hows to her spirit all that are,
A s Jove himself hath taught her.

B y this straight rule she rectifies
E ach thought that in her heart doth rise:
T his is her clear true mirror,
H er looking-glass, wherein she spies
A ll forms of truth and errour.

R ight princely virtue fit to reign,
E nthroniz'd in her spirit remain,
G uiding our fortunes ever;
I f we this star once cease to see,
N o doubt our state will shipwreck'd be,
A nd torn and sunk for ever.

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HYMN XXIII.

OF HER JUSTICE.

E xil'd Astrea's come again,
L o here she doth all things maintain
I n number, weight, and measure:
S he rules us with delightful pain,
A nd we obey with pleasure.

B y love she rules more than by law,
E 'en her great mercy breedeth awe;
T his is her sword and sceptre;
H erewith she hearts did ever draw,
A nd this guard ever kept her.

R eward doth sit in her right hand,
E ach virtue thence takes her garland
G ather'd in honour's garden:
I n her left hand (wherein should be
N aught but the sword) sits clemency,
A nd conquers vice with pardon.

HYMN XXIV.

OF HER MAGNANIMITY.

E v'n as her state, so is her mind,
L ifted above the vulgar kind,
I t treads proud Fortune under;
S un-like it sits above the wind,
A bove the storms and thunder.

B rave spirit, large heart, admiring nought,
E steeming each thing as it ought,
T hat swelleth not, nor shrinketh:
H onour is always in her thought,
A nd of great things she thinketh.

R ocks, pillars, and Heaven's axle-tree,
E xemplify her constancy;
G reat changes never change her:
I n her sex fears are wont to rise,
N ature permits, virtue denies,
A nd scorns the face of danger,

HYMN XXV.

OF HER MODERATION.

E mpress of kingdoms though she be,
L arger is her sov'reignty,
I f she herself do govern;
S ubject unto herself is she,
A nd of herself true sovereign.

B eauty's crown though she do wear,
E xalted into Fortune's chair,
T hron'd like the queen of pleasure:
H er virtues still possess her ear,
A nd counsel her to measure.

R eason, if she incarnate were,
E v'n Reason's self could never bear
G reatness with moderation;
I n her one temper still is seen,
N o liberty claims she as queen,
A nd shows no alteration.

HYMN XXVI.

TO ENVY.

E nvy, go weep; my Muse and I
L augh thee to scorn, thy feeble eye
I s dazzled with the glory
S hining in this gay poesy,
A nd little golden story.

B ehold how my proud quill doth shed
E ternal nectar on her head:
T he pomp of coronation
H ath not such pow'r her fame to spread,
A s this my admiration.

R espect my pen as free and frank,
E xpecting not reward nor thank,
G reat wonder only moves it;
I never made it mercenary,
N or should my Muse this burthen carry
A s hir'd but that she loves it.

ORCHESTRA;

OR,

A POEM EXPRESSING THE ANTIQUITY AND EXCELLENCY OF DANCING.

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN PENELOPE AND ONE OF HER WOOERS.

Not finished.

TO

THE PRINCE.

Sir, whatsoever you are pleas'd to do,
It is your special praise, that you are bent,
And sadly set your princely mind thereto:
Which makes you in each thing so excellent.

Hence is it, that you came so soon to be
A man at arms, in ev'ry point aright;
The fairest flow'r of noble chivalry;
And of saint George's band, the bravest knight.

And hence it is, that all your youthful train
In activeness, and grace, you do excel,
When you do courtly dancings entertain,
Then dancing's praise may be presented well.

To you, whose action adds more praise thereto,
Than all the Muses with their pens can do.

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ORCHESTRA;

OR,

A POEM ON DANCING[1].

Where lives the man that never yet did hear
Of chaste Penelope, Ulysses' queen?
Who kept her faith unspotted twenty year,
Till he return'd that far away had been,
And many men, and many towns had seen:
Ten year at siege of Troy he ling'ring lay,
And ten year in the midland sea did stray.

Homer, to whom the Muses did carouse
A great deep cup with heav'nly nectar fill'd,
The greatest, deepest cup in Jove's great house,
(For Jove himself had so expressly will'd)
He drank off all, nor let one drop be spill'd;
Since when, his brain that had before been dry,
Became the well-spring of all poetry.

Homer doth tell in his abundant verse,
The long laborious travels of the man,
And of his lady too he doth rehearse,
How she illudes with all the art she can,
Th' ungrateful love which other lords began:
For of her lord, false fame had long since sworn,
That Neptune's monsters had his carcass torn.

All this he tells, but one thing he forgot,
One thing most worthy his eternal song,
But he was old, and blind, and saw it not,
Or else he thought he should Ulysses wrong,
To mingle it his tragic acts among:
Yet was there not in all the world of things,
A sweeter burthen for his Muse's wings.

The courtly love Antinous did make,
Antinous that fresh and jolly knight,
Which of the gallants that did undertake
To win the widow, had most wealth and might,
Wit to persuade, and beauty to delight.
The courtly love he made unto the queen,
Homer forgot as if it had not been.

Sing then Terpsichore, my light Muse sing
His gentle art, and cunning courtesy:
You, lady, can remember ev'ry thing,
For you are daughter of queen Memory;
But sing a plain and easy melody:
For the soft mean that warbleth but the ground,
To my rude ear doth yield the sweetest sound.

One only night's discourse I can report,
When the great torch-bearer of Heav'n was gone
Down in a mask unto the Ocean's court,
To revel it with Thetis all alone;
Antinous disguised and unknown,
Like to the spring in gaudy ornament,
Unto the castle of the princess went.

The sov'reign castle of the rocky isle,
Wherein Penelope the princess lay,
Shone with a thousand lamps, which did exile
The shadows dark, and turn'd the night to day,
Not Jove's blue tent, what time the sunny ray
Behind the bulwark of the Earth retires,
Is seen to sparkle with more twinkling fires.

That night the queen came forth from far within,
And in the presence of her court was seen;
For the sweet singer Phemius did begin
To praise the worthies that at Troy had been;
Somewhat of her Ulysses she did ween:
In his grave hymn the heav'nly man would sing,
Or of his wars, or of his wandering.

Pallas that hour with her sweet breath divine
Inspir'd immortal beauty in her eyes,
That with celestial glory she did shine,
Brighter than Venus when she doth arise
Out of the waters to adorn the skies;
The wooers all amazed do admire,
And check their own presumptuous desire.

Only Antinous, when at first he view'd
Her star-bright eyes that with new honour shin'd,
Was not dismay'd, but therewithal renew'd
The nobleness and splendour of his mind;
And as he did fit circumstances find,
Unto the throne he boldly did advance,
And with fair manners woo'd the queen to dance.

"Goddess of women, sith your heav'nliness
Hath now vouchsaf'd itself to represent
To our dim eyes, which though they see the less,
Yet are they bless'd in their astonishment,
Imitate Heaven, whose beauties excellent
Are in continual motion day and night,
And move thereby more wonder and delight.

"Let me the mover be, to turn about
Those glorious ornaments, that youth and love
Have fix'd in you, ev'ry part throughout,
Which if you will in timely measure move,
Not all those precious gems in Heav'n above
Shall yield a sight more pleasing to behold,
With all their turns and tracings manifold."

With this the modest princess blush'd and smil'd
Like to a clear and rosy eventide;
And softly did return this answer mild:
"Fair sir, you needs must fairly be deny'd,
Where your demand cannot be satisfy'd:
My feet which only nature taught to go,
Did never yet the art of footing know.

"But why persuade you me to this new rage?
(For all disorder and misrule is new)
For such misgovernment in former age
Our old divine forefathers never knew;
Who if they liv'd, and did the follies view
Which their fond nephews make their chief affairs,
Would hate themselves that had begot such heirs."

[1] Sir John Harrington has writ an epigram in commendation of this poem. See the 2d Book, Epig. 67, at the end of his Translation of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, folio.

It is a great pity, and to be lamented by the poetical world, that so very ingenious a poem should be left unfinished, or, what is more likely, that the imperfect part should be lost; for in all probability he completed it, being written in his youth, in queen Elizabeth's reign, as appears from the conclusion.

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"Sole heir of virtue and of beauty both,
Whence cometh it," Antinous replies,
"That your imperious virtue is so loth
To grant your beauty her chief exercise?
Or from what spring doth your opinion rise,
That dancing is a frenzy and a rage,
First known and us'd in this new-fangled age?

"Dancing[2] (bright lady) then began to be,
When the first seeds whereof the world did spring,
The fire, air, earth, and water did agree,
By Love's persuasion, Nature's mighty king,
To leave their first disorder'd combating;
And in a dance such measure to observe,
As all the world their motion should preserve.

"Since when they still are carried in a round,
And changing come one in another's place,
Yet do they neither mingle nor confound,
But ev'ry one doth keep the bounded space
Wherein the dance doth bid it turn or trace:
This woudrous miracle did Love devise,
For dancing is Love's proper exercise.

"Like this, he fram'd the gods' eternal bow'r,
And of a shapeless and confused mass,
By his through piercing and digesting pow'r,
The turning vault of Heaven formed was:
Whose starry wheels he hath so made to pass,
As that their movings do a music frame,
And they themselves still dance unto the same.

"Or if this (all) which round about we see,
(As idle Morpheus some sick brains have taught)
Of undivided motes compacted be,
How was this goodly architecture wrought?
Or by what means were they together brought?
They err, that say they did concur by chance,
Love made them meet in a well order'd dance.

"As when Amphion with his charming lyre
Begot so sweet a syren of the air,
That with her rhetoric made the stones conspire
The ruin of a city to repair,
(A work of wit and reason's wise affair:)
So Love's smooth tongue, the motes such measure taught
That they join'd hands, and so the world was wrought.

"How justly then is dancing termed new,
Which with the world in point of time begun;
Yea Time itself, (whose birth Jove never knew,
And which indeed is elder than the Sun)
Had not one moment of his age outrun,
When out leap'd Dancing from the heap of things,
And lightly rode upon his nimble wings.

"Reason hath both her pictures in her treasure,
Where time the measure of all moving is;
And dancing is a moving all in measure;
Now if you do resemble that to this,
And think both one, I think you think amiss:
But if you judge them twins, together got,
And Time first born, your judgment erreth not.

[2] The antiquity of dancing.

"Thus doth it equal age with age enjoy,
And yet in lusty youth for ever flow'rs,
Like Love his sire, whom painters make a boy,
Yet is he eldest of the heav'nly pow'rs;
Or like his brother Time, whose winged hours
Going and coming will not let him die,
But still preserve him in his infancy."

This said; the queen with her sweet lips, divine,
Gently began to move the subtle air,
Which gladly yielding, did itself incline
To take a shape between those rubies fair;
And being formed, softly did repair
With twenty doublings in the empty way,
Unto Antinous' ears, and thus did say:

"What eye doth see the Heav'n but doth admire
When it the movings of the Heav'ns doth see?
Myself, if I to Heav'n may once aspire,
If that be dancing, will a dancer be:
But as for this your frantic jollity,
How it began, or whence you did it learn,
I never could with reason's eye discern."

Antinous answer'd: "Jewel of the Earth,
Worthy you are that heav'nly dance to lead;
But for you think our Dancing base of birth,
And newly born but of a brain-sick head,
I will forthwith his antique gentry read;
And, for I love him, will his herald be,
And blaze his arms, and draw his pedigree.

"When Love had shap'd this world, this great fair wight,
That all wights else in this wide womb contains,
And had instructed it to dance aright[3],
A thousand measures with a thousand strains,
Which it should practise with delightful pains,
Until that fatal instant should revolve,
When all to nothing should again resolve.

"The comely order and proportion fair
On ev'ry side, did please his wand'ring eye,
Till glancing through the thin transparent air,
A rude disorder'd rout he did espy
Of men and women, that most spitefully
Did one another throng, and crowd so sore,
That his kind eye in pity wept therefore.

"And swifter than the lightning down he came,
Another shapeless chaos to digest,
He will begin another world to frame,
(For Love till all be well will never rest)
Then with such words as cannot be express'd,
He cuts the troops, that all asunder fling,
And ere they wist, he casts them in a ring.

"Then did he rarefy the element,
And in the centre of the ring appear,
The beams that from his forehead spreading went,
Begot an horrour and religious fear
In all the souls that round about him were;
Which in their ears attentiveness procures,
While he, with such like sounds, their minds allures.

[3] The original of dancing.

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"'How doth Confusion's mother, headlong Chance[4],
Put Reason's noble squadron to the rout?
Or how should you that have the governance
Of Nature's children, Heav'n and Earth throughout,
Prescribe them rules, and live yourselves without?
Why should your fellowship a trouble be,
Since man's chief pleasure is society?

"'If sense hath not yet taught you, learn of me
A comely moderation and discreet,
That your assemblies may well order'd be:
When my uniting pow'r shall make you meet,
With heav'nly tunes it shall be temper'd sweet;
And be the model of the world's great frame,
And you Earth's children, Dancing shall it name.

"'Behold the world how it is whirled round,
And for it is so whirl'd, is named so;
In whose large volume many rules are found
Of this new art, which it doth fairly show:
For your quick eyes in wand'ring to and fro
From east to west, on no one thing can glance,
But if you mark it well, it seems to dance.

"'First you see fix'd in this huge mirror blue
Of tumbling lights[5], a number numberless;
Fix'd they are nam'd, but with a name untrue,
For they all move, and in a dance express
That great long year that doth contain no less
Than threescore hundreds of those years in all,
Which the Sun makes with his course natural.

"'What if to you these sparks disorder'd seem,
As if by chance they had been scatter'd there?
The gods a solemn measure do it deem,
And see a just proportion ev'ry where,
And know the points whence first their movings were;
To which first points when all return again,
The axle-tree of Heav'n shall break in twain.

"'Under that spangled sky, five wand'ring flames[6],
Besides the king of day, and queen of night,
Are wheel'd around, all in their sundry frames,
And all in sundry measures do delight,
Yet altogether keep no measure right:
For by itself, each doth itself advance,
And by itself, each doth a galliard dance.

"'Venus, the mother of that bastard Love,
Which doth usurp the world's great marshal's name,
Just with the Sun her dainty feet doth move,
And unto him doth all the gestures frame:
Now after, now afore, the flatt'ring dame,
With divers cunning passages doth err,
Still him respecting that respects not her.

"'For that brave Sun the father of the day,
Doth love this Earth, the mother of the night,
And like a reveller in rich array
Doth dance his galliard in his leman's sight
Both back, and forth, and sideways passing light,
His princely grace doth so the gods amaze,
That all stand still and at his beauty gaze.

"'But see the Earth, when he approacheth near,
How she for joy doth spring, and sweetly smile;
But see again her sad and heavy cheer
When changing places he retires a while:
But those black clouds he shortly will exile,
And make them all before his presence fly,
As mists consum'd before his cheerful eye.

"'Who doth not see the measures of the Moon,
Which thirteen times she danceth ev'ry year?
And ends her pavin, thirteen times as soon
As doth her brother, of whose golden hair
She borroweth part and proudly doth it wear:
Then doth she coyly turn her face aside,
That half her cheek is scarce sometimes descry'd.

"Next her, the pure, subtle, and cleansing fire[7]
Is swiftly carried in a circle even:
Though Vulcan be pronounc'd by many a liar
The only halting god that dwells in Heav'n:
But that foul name may be more fitly giv'n
To your false fire, that far from Heav'n is fall,
And doth consume, waste, spoil, disorder all.

"'And now behold your tender nurse the air[8],
And common neighbour that aye runs around,
How many pictures and impressions fair
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your senses dancing do propound:
For what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds,
But dancings of the air in sundry kinds?

"'For when you breathe, the air in order moves,
Now in, now out, in time and measure true;
And when you speak, so well she dancing loves,
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thousand forms she doth herself endue:
For all the words that from your lips repair,
Are naught but tricks and turnings of the air.

"'Hence is her prattling daughter Echo born,
That dances to all voices she can hear:
There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn,
Nor any time wherein she will forbear
The airy pavement with her feet to wear:
And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
For after time she endeth ev'ry trick.

"'And thou, sweet music, dancing's only life,
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech,
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones can teach,
That when the air doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou born the gods' and men's sweet pleasure.

"'Lastly, where keep the winds their revelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hays?
But in the air's translucent gallery?
Where she herself is turn'd a hundred ways,
While with those maskers wantonly she plays;
Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
As two at once encumber not the place.

[4] The speech of Love, persuading men to learn dancing.
[5] By the orderly motion of the fixed stars.
[6] Of the planets.
[7] Of the fire.
[8] Of the air.

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"'If then fire, air, wand'ring and fixed lights
In ev'ry province of the imperial sky,
Yield perfect forms of dancing to your sights,
In vain I teach the ear, that which the eye
With certain view already doth descry.
But for your eyes perceive not all they see,
In this I will your senses master be.

"'For lo the Sea[9] that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand:
For his great crystal eye is always cast
Up to the Moon, and on her fixed fast:
And as she danceth in her pallid sphere,
So danceth he about the centre here.

"'Sometimes his proud green waves in order set,
One after other flow unto the shore,
Which when they have with many kisses wet,
They ebb away in order as before;
And to make known his courtly love the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-fork'd mace,
And with his arms the tim'rous Earth embrace.

"'Only the Earth doth stand for ever still,
Her rocks remove not, nor her mountains meet,
(Although some wits enrich'd with learning's skill
Say Heav'n stands firm, and that the Earth doth fleet,
And swiftly turneth underneath their feet)
Yet though the Earth is ever stedfast seen,
On her broad breast hath dancing ever been.

"'For those blue veins that through her body spread,
Those sapphire streams which from great hills do spring[10],
(The Earth's great dugs; for ev'ry wight is fed
With sweet fresh moisture from them issuing)
Observe a dance in their wild wand'ring:
And still their dance begets a murmur sweet,
And still the murmur with the dance doth meet.

"'Of all their ways I love Meander's path,
Which to the tune of dying swans doth dance,
Such winding slights, such turns and cricks he hath,
Such creaks, such wrenches, and such dalliance;
That whether it be hap or heedless chance,
In this indented course and wriggling play
He seems to dance a perfect cunning hay.

"'But wherefore do these streams for ever run?
To keep themselves for ever sweet and clear:
For let their everlasting course be done,
They straight corrupt and foul with mud appear.
O ye sweet nymphs that beauty's loss do fear,
Contemn the drugs that physic doth devise,
And learn of Love this dainty exercise.

"'See how those flow'rs that have sweet beauty too,
(The only jewels that the Earth doth wear[11],
When the young Sun in bravery her doth woo)
As oft as they the whistling wind do hear,
Do wave their tender bodies here and there;
And though their dance no perfect measure is,
Yet oftentimes their music makes them kiss.

"'What makes the vine about the elm to dance,
With turnings, windings, and embracements round
What makes the loadstone to the north advance
His subtle point, as if from thence he found
His chief attracting virtue to redound?
Kind Nature first doth cause all things to love,
Love makes them dance and in just order move.

"'Hark how the birds do sing, and mark then how
Jump with the modulation of their lays,
They lightly leap, and skip from bough to bough.
Yet do the cranes deserve a greater praise
Which keep such measure in their airy ways,
As when they all in order ranked are,
They make a perfect form triangular.

"'In the chief angle flies the watchful guide,
And all the followers their heads do lay
On their foregoers' backs, on either side;
But for the captain hath no rest to stay
His head forwearied with the windy way,
He back retires, and then the next behind,
As his lieutenant leads them through the wind.

"'But why relate I ev'ry singular?
Since all the world's great fortunes and affairs
Forward and backward rapp'd and whirled are,
According to the music of the spheres:
And Change herself, her nimble feet upbears
On a round slippery wheel that rolleth ay,
And turns all states with her imperious sway.

"'Learn then to dance, you that are princes born,
And lawful lords of earthly creatures all;
Imitate them, and therefore take no scorn,
For this new art to them is natural
And imitate the stars celestial:
For when pale Death your vital twist shall sever,
Your better parts must dance with them for ever.'

"Thus Love persuades, and all the crowd of men
That stands around doth make a murmuring:
As when the wind lose'd from his hollow den,
Among the trees a gentle base doth sing,
Or as a brook through pebbles wandering:
But in their looks they utter'd this plain speech,
'That they would learn to dance, if Love would teach[12].'

"Then first of all he doth demonstrate plain
The motions seven that are in nature found,
Upward and downward, forth, and back again,
To this side, and to that, and turning round[13];
Whereof a thousand brawls he doth compound,
Which he doth teach unto the multitude,
And ever with a turn they must conclude.

"As when a nymph, arising from the land,
Leadeth a dance with her long watery train,
Down to the sea, she wryes to every hand,
And every way doth cross the fertile plain:
But when at last she falls into the main,
Then all her traverses concluded are,
And with the sea, her course is circular.

[9] Of the sea.
[10] Of the rivers.
[11] Of other things upon the Earth.
[12] How Love taught men to dance.
[13] Rounds or country dances.

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Thus when at first Love had them marshalled,
erst he did the shapeless mass of things,
taught them rounds and winding hays to tread,
l about trees to cast themselves in rings:
the two Bears, whom the first mover flings
th a short turn about Heaven's axle-tree,
a round dance for ever wheeling be.

But after these, as men more civil grew,
did more grave and solemn measures frame [14],
ith such fair order and proportion true,
d correspondence ev'ry way the same,
at no fault-finding eye did ever blame.
r ev'ry eye was moved at the sight
ith sober wond'ring, and with sweet delight.

Not those young students of the heav'nly book,
las the great, Prometheus the wise,
hich on the stars did all their life-time look,
ould ever find such measure in the skies,
full of change and rare varieties;
t all the feet whereon these measures go,
e only spondees, solemn, grave, and slow.

But for more diverse and more pleasing show,
swift and wand'ring dance [15] she did invent,
ith passages uncertain to and fro,
et with a certain answer and consent
the quick music of the instrument.
ve was the number of the music's feet,
hich still the dance did with five paces meet.

A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray
spirit and a virtue masculine,
npatient that her house on Earth should stay
ince she herself is fiery and divine:
ft doth she make her body upward fine;
ith lofty turns and capriols in the air,
hich with the lusty tunes accordeth fair.

What shall I name those current traverses [16],
hat on a triple dactyl foot do run
lose by the ground with sliding passages,
herein that dancer greatest praise hath won
hich with best order can all orders shun:
or ev'ry where he wantonly must range,
nd turn, and wind, with unexpected change.

Yet is there one the most delightful kind,
lofty jumping, or a leaping round [17],
here arm in arm, two dancers are entwin'd,
nd whirl themselves with strict embracements bound,
And still their feet an anapest do sound:
An anapest is all their music's song,
Whose first two feet are short, and third is long.

"As the victorious twins of Leda and Jove,
That taught the Spartans dancing on the sands,
Of swift Eurotas, dance in Heav'n above,
Knit and united with eternal hands;
Among the stars their double image stands,
Where both are carried with an equal pace,
Together jumping in their turning race.

[14] Measures.
[15] Galliards.
[16] Courantoes.
[17] Lavoltees.

"This is the net wherein the Sun's bright eye
Venus and Mars entangled did behold,
For in this dance, their arms they so employ,
As each doth seem the other to enfold:
What if lewd wits another tale have told
Of jealous Vulcan, and of iron chains?
Yet this true sense that forged lie contains.

"These various forms of dancing Love did frame,
And besides these, a hundred millions more,
And as he did invent, he taught the same,
With goodly gesture, and with comely show,
Now keeping state, now humbly honouring low:
And ever for the persons and the place
He taught most fit, and best according grace [18].

"For Love, within his fertile working brain
Did then conceive those gracious virgins three,
Whose civil moderation does maintain
All decent order and conveniency,
And fair respect, and seemly modesty:
And then he thought it fit they should be born,
That their sweet presence dancing might adorn.

"Hence is it that these Graces painted are
With hand in hand dancing an endless round:
And with regarding eyes, that still beware
That there be no disgrace amongst them found;
With equal foot they beat the flow'ry ground,
Laughing, or singing, as their passions will,
Yet nothing that they do becomes them ill.

"Thus Love taught men, and men thus learn'd of Love
Sweet music's sound with feet to counterfeit,
Which was long time before high thund'ring Jove
Was lifted up to Heaven's imperial seat:
For though by birth he were the prince of Crete,
Nor Crete, nor Heav'n, should the young prince have seen
If dancers with their timbrels had not been.

"Since when all ceremonious mysteries,
All sacred orgies, and religious rights,
All pomps, and triumphs, and solemnities,
All funerals, nuptials, and like public sights,
All parliaments of peace, and warlike fights,
All learned arts, and every great affair
A lively shape of dancing seems to bear [19].

"For what did he who with his ten-tongu'd lute
Gave beasts and blocks an understanding ear?
Or rather into bestial minds and brute
Shed and infus'd the beams of reason clear?
Doubtless for men that rude and savage were
A civil form of dancing he devis'd,
Wherewith unto their gods they sacrific'd.

"So did Musæus, so Amphion did,
And Linus with his sweet enchanting song,
And he whose hand the Earth of monsters rid,
And had men's ears fast chained to his tongue:
And Theseus to his wood-born slaves among,
Us'd dancing as the finest policy
To plant religion and society.

[18] Grace in dancing.
[19] The use and forms of dancing in sundry affairs of man's life.

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"And therefore now the Thracian Orpheus' lyre
And Hercules himself are stellify'd;
And in high Heaven, amidst the starry quire,
Dancing their parts continually do slide:
So on the zodiac Ganymede doth ride,
And so is Hebe with the Muses nine,
For pleasing Jove with dancing, made divine.

"Wherefore was Proteus said himself to change
Into a stream, a lion, and a tree,
And many other forms fantastic strange,
As in his fickle thought he wish'd to be?
But that he danc'd with such facility,
As like a lion he could pace with pride,
Ply like a plant, and like a river slide.

"And how was Cæneus made at first a man,
And then a woman, then a man again,
But in a dance? which when he first began
He the man's part in measure did sustain:
But when he chang'd into a second strain,
He danc'd the woman's part another space,
And then return'd into his former place.

"Hence sprung the fable of Tiresias,
That he the pleasure of both sexes try'd:
For in a dance he man and woman was,
By often change of place from side to side:
But for the woman easily did slide,
And smoothly swim with cunning hidden art,
He took more pleasure in a woman's part.

"So to a fish Venus herself did change,
And swimming through the soft and yielding wave,
With gentle motions did so smoothly range
As none might see where she the water drave:
But this plain truth that falsed fable gave,
That she did dance with sliding easiness,
Pliant and quick in wand'ring passages.

"And merry Bacchus practis'd dancing too,
And to the Lydian numbers rounds did make:
The like he did in th' Eastern India do,
And taught them all when Phebus did awake,
And when at night he did his couch forsake,
To honour Heav'n, and Heaven's great rolling eye
With turning dances, and with melody.

"Thus they who first did found a common-weal,
And they who first religion did ordain,
By dancing first the people's hearts did steal,
Of whom we now a thousand tales do feign:
Yet do we now their perfect rules retain,
And use them still in such devises new,
As in the world long since their withering grew.

"For after towns and kingdoms founded were,
Between great states arose well-order'd war;
Wherein most perfect measure doth appear,
Whether their well-set ranks respected are
In quadrant form or semicircular:
Or else the march, when all the troops advance,
And to the drum in gallant order dance.

"And after wars, when white-wing'd Victory
Is with a glorious triumph beautify'd,
And ev'ry one doth *Io Io* cry,
Whilst all in gold the conqueror doth ride;
The solemn pomp that fills the city wide
Observes such rank and measure every where,
As if they altogether dancing were.

"The like just order mourners do observe,
(But with unlike affection and attire)
When some great man that nobly did deserve,
And whom his friends impatiently desire,
Is brought with honour to his latest fire:
The dead corpse too in that sad dance is mov'd
As if both dead and living dancing lov'd.

"A diverse cause, but like solemnity
Unto the temple leads the bashful bride,
Which blusheth like the Indian ivory
Which is with dip of Tyrian purple dy'd:
A golden troop doth pass on ev'ry side
Of flourishing young men and virgins gay,
Which keep fair measure all the flow'ry way.

"And not alone the general multitude,
But those choice Nestors which in council grave
Of cities and of kingdoms do conclude,
Most comely order in their sessions have:
Wherefore the wise Thessalians ever gave
The name of leader of their country's dance
To him that had their country's governance.

"And those great masters of their liberal arts
In all their several schools do dancing teach,
For humble grammar first doth set the parts
Of congruent and well according speech:
Which rhetoric, whose state the clouds doth reac
And heav'nly poetry do forward lead,
And diverse measure diversely do tread.

"For rhetoric clothing speech in rich array,
In looser numbers teacheth her to range,
With twenty tropes, and turnings ev'ry way,
And various figures, and licentious change;
But poetry with rule and order strange
So curiously doth move each single pace,
As all is marr'd if she one foot misplace.

"These arts of speech the guides and marshals ar
But logic leadeth reason in a dance,
Reason the connoisseur and bright load-star,
In this world's sea t' avoid the rock of chance,
For with close following and continuance
One reason doth another so ensue,
As in conclusion still the dance is true.

"So Music to her own sweet tunes doth trip,
With tricks of three, five, eight, fifteen, and mor
So doth the art of numb'ring seem to skip
From even to odd, in her proportion'd score:
So do those skills, whose quick eyes do explore
The just dimension both of Earth and Heaven,
In all their rules observe a measure even.

"Lo this is Dancing's true nobility:
Dancing the child of Music and of Love;
Dancing itself both love and harmony,
Where all agree, and all in order move;
Dancing the art that all arts do approve:
The fair character of the world's consent,
The Heav'n's true figure, and th' Earth's ornament.

The queen, whose dainty ears had borne too long
The tedious praise of that she did despise,
Adding once more the music of the tongue
To the sweet speech of her alluring eyes,
Began to answer in such winning wise,
As that forthwith Antinous' tongue was ty'd,
His eyes fast fix'd, his ears were open wide.

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"Forsooth," quoth she, "great glory you have won,
To your trim minion dancing all this while,
By blazing him Love's first-begotten son;
Of ev'ry ill the hateful father vile
That doth the world with sorceries beguile:
Cunningly mad, religiously profane,
Wit's monster, reason's canker, sense's bane.

"Love taught the mother that unkind desire
To wash her hands in her own infant's blood;
Love taught the daughter to betray her sire
Into most base and worthy servitude;
Love taught the brother to prepare such food
To feast his brother, that the all-seeing Sun,
Wrapp'd in a cloud, that wicked sight did shun.

"And ev'n this self same Love hath dancing taught,
An art that showeth th' idea of his mind
With vainness, frenzy, and misorder fraught;
Sometimes with blood and cruelties unkind:
For in a dance, Tereus' mad wife did find
Fit time and place, by murder of her son,
T' avenge the wrong his traitorous sire had done.

"What mean the mermaids, when they dance and sing,
But certain death unto the mariner?
What tidings do the dancing dolphins bring,
But that some dangerous storm approacheth near?
Then sith both Love and Dancing liveries bear
Of such ill hap, unhappy may I prove,
If sitting free I either dance or love."

Yet once again Antinous did reply;
"Great queen, condemn not Love[20] the innocent,
For this mischievous lust, which traitorously
Usurps his name, and steals his ornament:
For that true Love which dancing did invent,
Is he that turn'd the world's whole harmony,
And link'd all men in sweet society.

"He first extracted from th' earth-mingled mind
That heav'nly fire, or quintessence divine,
Which doth such sympathy in beauty find,
As is between the elm and fruitful vine,
And so to beauty ever doth incline:
Life's life in us, and cordial to the heart,
And of our better part the better part.

"This is true Love, by that true Cupid got,
Which danceth galliards in your am'rous eyes,
But to your frozen heart approacheth not,
Only your heart he dares not enterprise;
And yet through every other part he flies,
And every where he nimbly danceth now,
That in yourself, yourself perceive not how.

"For your sweet beauty daintily transfus'd
With due proportion throughout ev'ry part,
What is it but a dance, where Love hath us'd
His finer cunning, and more curious art;
Where all the elements themselves impart,
And turn, and wind, and mingle with such measure,
That th' eye that sees it, surfeits with the pleasure?

"Love in the twinkling of your eyelids danceth,
Love danceth in your pulses and your veins,
Love when you sow, your needle's point advanceth,
And makes it dance a thousand curious strains
Of winding rounds, whereof the form remains:
To show, that your fair hands can dance the hay,
Which your fine feet would learn as well as they.

"And when your ivory fingers touch the strings
Of any silver sounding instrument,
Love makes them dance to those sweet murmurings,
With busy skill, and cunning excellent:
O that your feet those tunes would represent
With artificial motions to and fro,
That Love this art in ev'ry part might show!

"Yet your fair soul, which came from Heav'n above
To rule this house, another Heav'n below,
With divers powers in harmony doth move,
And all the virtues that from her do flow,
In a round measure hand in hand do go:
Could I now see, as I conceive this dance,
Wonder and love would cast me in a trance.

"The richest jewel in all the heav'nly treasure
That ever yet unto the Earth was shown,
Is perfect concord, the only perfect pleasure
That wretched earth-born men have ever known;
For many hearts it doth compound in one:
That what so one doth will, or speak, or do,
With one consent they all agree thereto.

"Concord's true picture shineth in this art,
Where divers men and women ranked be,
And every one doth dance a several part,
Yet all as one, in measure do agree,
Observing perfect uniformity:
All turn together, all together trace,
And all together honour and embrace.

"If they whom sacred love hath link'd in one,
Do, as they dance, in all their course of life;
Never shall burning grief nor bitter moan,
Nor factious difference, nor unkind strife,
Arise betwixt the husband and the wife:
For whether forth, or back, or round he go,
As the man doth, so must the woman do.

"What if by often interchange of place
Sometime the woman gets the upper hand?
That is but done for more delightful grace,
For on that part she doth not ever stand:
But, as the measure's law doth her command,
She wheels about, and ere the dance doth end,
Into her former place she doth transcend.

"But not alone this correspondence meet
And uniform consent doth dancing praise,
For comeliness the child of order sweet
Enamels it with her eye-pleasing rays:
Fair comeliness, ten hundred thousand ways,
Through dancing sheds itself, and makes it shine,
With glorious beauty, and with grace divine.

"For comeliness is a disposing fair
Of things and actions in fit time and place;
Which doth in dancing show itself most clear,
When troops confus'd, which here and there do trace
Without distinguishment or bounded space,
By dancing rule into such ranks are brought,
As glads the eye, as ravisheth the thought.

"Then why should reason judge that reasonless
Which is wit's offspring, and the work of art,
Image of concord and of comeliness?
Who sees a clock moving in every part,
A sailing pinnace, or a wheeling cart,
But thinks that reason, ere it came to pass,
The first impulsive cause and mover was?

[20] True Love inventor of dancing.

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"Who sees an army all in rank advance,
But deems a wise commander is in place
Which leadeth on that brave victorious dance?
Much more in dancing's art, in dancing's grace
Blindness itself may reason's footsteps trace:
For of Love's maze it is the curious plot,
And of man's fellowship the true-love knot.

"But if these eyes of yours (load-stars of love,
Showing the world's great dance to your mind's eye)
Cannot with all their demonstrations move
Kind apprehension in your fantasy
Of dancing's virtue, and nobility:
How can my barbarous tongue win you thereto,
Which Heav'n and Earth's fair speech could never do?

"O Love, my king; if all my wit and power
Have done you all the service that they can,
O be you present in this present hour,
And help your servant and your true liege-man,
End that persuasion which I erst began:
For who in praise of dancing can persuade
With such sweet forceas Love, which dancing made?"

Love heard his pray'r, and swifter than the wind
Like to a page, in habit, face, and speech,
He came, and stood Antinous behind [21],
And many secrets to his thoughts did teach:
At last a crystal mirror he did reach
Unto his hands, that he with one rash view,
All forms therein by Love's revealing knew.

And humbly honouring, gave it to the queen
With this fair speech: "See fairest queen," quoth he,
"The fairest sight that ever shall be seen,
And th' only wonder of posterity,
The richest work in Nature's treasury;
Which she disdains to show on this world's stage,
And thinks it far too good for our rude age.

"But in another world divided far,
In the great, fortunate, triangled isle,
Thrice twelve degrees remov'd from the north star,
She will this glorious workmanship compile,
Which she hath been conceiving all this while
Since the world's birth, and will bring forth at last,
When six and twenty hundred years are past."

Penelope, the queen, when she had view'd
The strange eye-dazzling admirable sight,
Fain would have prais'd the state and pulchritude,
But she was stricken dumb with wonder quite,
Yet her sweet mind retain'd her thinking might:
Her ravish'd mind in heav'nly thoughts did dwell,
But what she thought, no mortal tongue can tell.

You, lady Muse, whom Jove the counsellor
Begot of Memory, Wisdom's treasuress,
To your divining tongue is given a power
Of uttering secrets large and limitless:
You can Penelope's strange thoughts express
Which she conceiv'd, and then would fain have told,
When she the wondrous crystal did behold.

Her winged thoughts bore up her mind so high,
As that she ween'd she saw the glorious throne
Where the bright Moon doth sit in majesty,
A thousand sparkling stars about her shone;
But she herself did sparkle more alone
Than all those thousand beauties would have done
If they had been confounded all in one.

[21] A passage to the description of dancing in that age.

And yet she thought those stars mov'd in such measure,
To do their sovereign honour and delight,
As sooth'd her mind with sweet enchanting pleasure,
Although the various change amaz'd her sight,
And her weak judgment did entangle quite:
Beside, their moving made them shine more clear,
As diamonds mov'd, more sparkling do appear.

This was the picture of her wondrous thought;
But who can wonder that her thought was so,
Sith Vulcan, king of fire, that mirror wrought,
(Who things to come, present, and past, doth know)
As there did represent in lively show
Our glorious English court's divine image,
As it should be in this our golden age?

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Here are wanting some stanzas describing queen Elizabeth. Then follow these:

Her brighter dazzling beams of majesty
Were laid aside, for she vouchsaf'd awhile
With gracious, cheerful, and familiar eye
Upon the revels of her court to smile;
For so time's journies she doth oft beguile:
Like sight no mortal eye might elsewhere see
So full of state, art, and variety.

For of her barons brave, and ladies fair,
(Who had they been elsewhere most fair had been)
Many an incomparable lovely pair,
With hand in hand were interlinked seen,
Making fair honour to their sovereign queen;
Forward they pac'd, and did their pace apply
To a most sweet and solemn melody.

So subtle and so curious was the measure,
With so unlook'd for change in ev'ry strain;
As that Penelope wrapp'd with sweet pleasure,
When she beheld the true proportion plain
Of her own web, weav'd and unweav'd again;
But that her art was somewhat less she thought,
And on a mere ignoble subject wrought.

For here, like to the silk-worm's industry,
Beauty itself out of itself did weave
So rare a work, and of such subtlety,
As did all eyes entangle and deceive,
And in all minds a strange impression leave:
In this sweet labyrinth did Cupid stray,
And never had the power to pass away.

As when the Indians, neighbours of the morning,
In honour of the cheerful rising Sun,
With pearl and painted plumes themselves adorning,
A solemn stately measure have begun;
The god, well pleas'd with that fair honour done,
Sheds forth his beams, and doth their faces kiss
With that immortal glorious face of his.

So, &c. &c. .....

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THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN DONNE, D. D.

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THE

LIFE OF DONNE,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

DR. DONNE was born in the city of London in 1573. His father was descended from a very ancient family in Wales, and his mother was distantly related to sir Thomas More, the celebrated and unfortunate lord chancellor, and to judge Rastall, whose father, one of the earliest English printers, married Elizabeth, the chancellor's sister. Ben Jonson seems to think that he inherited a poetical turn from Haywood, the epigrammatist, who was also a distant relation by the mother's side.

Of his father's station in life we have no account, but he must have been a man of considerable opulence, as he bequeathed to him three thousand pounds, a large sum in those days. Young Donne received the rudiments of education at home under a private tutor, and his proficiency was such, that he was sent to the university at the early, and perhaps unprecedented, age of eleven years. At this time, we are told, he understood the French and Latin languages, and had in other respects so far exceeded the usual attainments of boyhood, as to be compared to Picus Mirandula, one that was "rather born, than made wise by study." He was entered of Hart Hall, now Hertford College, where at the usual time he might have taken his first degree with honour, but having been educated in the Roman Catholic persuasion, he submitted to the advice of his friends, who were averse to the oath usually administered on that occasion. About his fourteenth year, he was removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he prosecuted his studies for three years with uncommon perseverance and applause; but here likewise his religious scruples prevented his taking any degree.

In his seventeenth year, he repaired to London, and was admitted into Lincoln's Inn, with an intention to study law; but what progress he made we are not told, except that he continued to give proofs of accumulated knowledge in general science. Upon his father's death, which happened before he could have been regularly admitted into the society of Lincoln's Inn, he retired upon the fortune which his father left to him, and had nearly dissipated the whole before he made choice of any plan of life. At this time, however, he was so young and so submissive as to be under the guardianship of his mother and friends, who provided him with tutors in the mathematics, and such other branches of knowledge as formed the accomplishments of that age; and his love of learning, which was ardent and discursive, greatly facilitated their labours, and furnished

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his mind with such intellectual stores as gained him considerable distinction. It is not improbable also that his poetical attempts contributed to make him more known.

It was about the age of eighteen that he began to study the controversy between the protestants and papists. His tutors had been instructed to take every opportunity of confirming him in popery, the religion of his family, and he confesses that his mother's persuasions had much weight. She was a woman of great piety, and her son, in all the relations of life, evinced a most affectionate heart. Amidst these allurements, however, he entered on the inquiry with much impartiality, and with the honest intention to give way to such convictions only as should be founded in established truth. He has recorded, in his preface to Pseudo-Martyr, the struggles of his mind, which he says he overcame by frequent prayer, and an indifferent affection to both parties. The result was a firm, and, as it afterwards proved, a serious adherence to the doctrines of the reformed church.

This inquiry, which terminated probably to the grief of his surviving parent and his friends of the Romish persuasion, appears to have occupied a considerable space of time, as we hear no more of him until he began his travels in his twenty-first year. He accompanied the earl of Essex in his expedition in 1596, when Cadiz was taken, and again in 1597, but did not return to England until he had travelled for some time in Italy, from whence he meant to have penetrated into the Holy Land, and visited Jerusalem and the holy sepulchre. But the inconveniences and dangers of the road in those parts appeared so insuperable that he gave up this design, although with a reluctance which he often repeated. The time, however, which he had dedicated to visit the Holy Land, he passed in Spain, and both there and in Italy studied the language, manners, and government of the country, allusions to which are scattered throughout his poems and prose works.

Not long after his return to England, he obtained the patronage of sir Thomas Egerton, lord Ellesmere, lord chancellor of England, and the friend and predecessor of the illustrious Bacon. This nobleman appears to have been struck with his accomplishments, now heightened by the polish of foreign travel, and appointed him to be his chief secretary, as an introduction to some more important employment in the state, for which he is said to have pronounced him very fit. The conversation of Donne, at this period, was probably enriched by observation, and enlivened by that wit which sparkles so frequently in his works. The chancellor, it is certain, conceived so highly of him, as to make him an inmate in his house, and a constant guest at his table, where he had an opportunity of mixing with the most eminent characters of the age, and of obtaining that notice, which, if not abused, generally leads to preferment.

In this honourable employment he passed five years, probably the most agreeable of his life. But a young man of a disposition inclined to gaiety, and in the enjoyment of the most elegant pleasures of society, could not be long a stranger to love. Donne's favourite object was the daughter of sir George Moor, or More, of Loxly Farm in the county of Surrey, and niece to lady Ellesmere. This young lady resided in the house of the chancellor, and the lovers had consequently many opportunities to indulge the tenderness of an attachment which appears to have been mutual. Before the family, however, they were probably not very cautious. In one of his elegies he speaks of spies and rivals, and her father either suspected, or from them had some intimation of a connection which he chose to consider as degrading, and therefore removed his daughter to his own house at Loxly. But this measure was adopted

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too late, as the parties, perhaps dreading the event, had been for some time privately married.

This unwelcome news, when it could be no longer concealed, was imparted to sir George Moor, by Henry, earl of Northumberland, a nobleman who, notwithstanding this friendly interference, was afterwards guilty of that rigour towards his youngest daughter, which he now wished to soften in the breast of sir George Moor. Sir George's rage, however, transported him beyond the bounds of reason. He not only insisted on Donne's being dismissed from the lord chancellor's service, but caused him to be imprisoned, along with Samuel Brook, afterwards master of Trinity College, and his brother Christopher Brook, who were present at the marriage, the one acting as father to the lady, the other as witness.

Their imprisonment appears to have been an act of arbitrary power, for we hear of no trial being instituted, or punishment inflicted, on the parties. Mr. Donne was first released [1], and soon procured the enlargement of his companions; and, probably at no great distance of time, sir George Moor began to relent. The excellent character of his son-in-law was so often represented to him, that he could no longer resist the intended consequences of such applications. He condescended therefore to permit the young couple to live together, and solicited the lord chancellor to restore Mr. Donne to his former situation. This, however, the chancellor refused, and in such a manner as to show the opinion he entertained of sir George's conduct. His lordship owned that "he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had done, yet it was inconsistent with his place and credit to discharge and re-admit servants at the request of passionate petitioners." Lady Ellesmere also probably felt the severity of this remark, as her unwearied solicitations had induced the chancellor to adopt a measure which he supposed the world would pronounce capricious and inconsistent with his character.

Whatever allowance is to be made for the privileges of a parent, the conduct of sir George Moor, on this occasion, seems entitled to no indulgence. He neither felt as a father, nor acted as a wise man. His object in requesting his son-in-law to be restored to the chancellor's service, was obviously that he might be released from the expense of maintaining him and his wife, for, when disappointed in this, he refused them any assistance. This harshness reduced Mr. Donne to a situation the most distressing. His estate, the three thousand pounds before mentioned, had been nearly expended on his education and during his travels; and he had now no employment that could enable him to support a wife, accustomed to ease and respect, with even the decent necessaries of life. These sorrows, however, were considerably lessened by the friendship of sir Francis Wooley, son to lady Ellesmere by her first husband, sir John Wooley of Pitford in Surrey, knight. In this gentleman's house Mr. and Mrs. Donne resided for many years, and were treated with an ease and kindness which moderated the sense of dependence, and which they repaid with attentions, that appear to have gratified and secured the affection of their benevolent relation.

It has already been noticed that, in his early years, he had examined the state of the controversy between the popish and protestant churches, the result of which was his firm

[1] He dates a letter to sir H. Goodere, June 13, 1607, in which he expresses some hopes of obtaining a place at court in the queen's household. This may have been soon after his release, but his biographer, Walton, gives few dates, and takes no notice of this circumstance. Donne's Letters, p. 81. In another letter he makes interest for the place of one of his majesty's secretaries in Ireland, but this has no date. Ibid, p. 145. *C.*

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attachment to the latter. But this was not the only consequence of a course of reading in which the principles of religion were necessarily to be traced to their purer sources. He appears to have contracted a pious turn of mind, which, although occasionally interrupted by the intrusions of gay life, and an intercourse with foreign nations and foreign pleasures, became habitual, and was probably increased by the distresses brought on his family in consequence of his imprudent marriage. That this was the case, appears from an interesting part of his history, during his residence with sir Francis Wooley, when he was solicited to take orders. Among the friends whom his talents procured him was the learned Dr. Morton, afterwards bishop of Durham, who first made this proposal, but with a reserve which does him much honour, and proves the truest regard for the interests of the church. The circumstance is so remarkable, that I hope I shall be pardoned for giving it in the words of his biographer.

The bishop "sent to Mr. Donne, and intreated to borrow an hour of his time for a conference the next day. After their meeting, there was not many minutes passed before he spoke to Mr. Donne to this purpose:—'Mr. Donne, the occasion of sending for you is to propose to you what I have often revolved in my own thought since I saw you last; which, nevertheless, I will not declare but upon this condition—that you shall not return me a present answer, but forbear three days, and bestow some part of that time in fasting and prayer; and after a serious consideration of what I shall propose, then return to me with your answer. Deny me not, Mr. Donne, for it is the effect of a true love, which I would gladly pay as a debt due for yours to me.' This request being granted, the doctor expressed himself thus: 'Mr. Donne, I know your education and abilities: I know your expectation of a state employment, and I know your fitness for it; and I know too the many delays and contingencies that attend court promises; and let me tell you, that my love, begot by our long friendship, and your merits, hath prompted me to such an inquisition after your present temporal estate, as makes me no stranger to your necessities, which I know to be such as your generous spirit could not bear if it were not supported with a pious patience. You know I have formerly persuaded you to wave your court-hopes and enter into holy orders: which I now again persuade you to embrace, with this reason added to my former request: the king hath yesterday made me dean of Gloucester; and I am also possessed of a benefice, the profits of which are equal to those of my deanery. I will think my deanery enough for my maintenance, (who am and resolve to die a single man) and will quit my benefice, and estate you in it (which the patron is willing I shall do) if God shall incline your heart to embrace this motion. Remember, Mr. Donne, no man's education, or parts, make him too good for this employment, which is to be an ambassador for the God of glory; that God who, by a vile death, opened the gates of life to mankind. Make me no present answer, but remember your promise, and return to me the third day with your resolution.'

"At hearing of this, Mr. Donne's faint breath and perplexed countenance gave a visible testimony of an inward conflict; but he performed his promise, and departed without returning an answer till the third day, and then his answer was to this effect: 'My most worthy and most dear friend, since I saw you I have been faithful to my promise, and have also meditated much of your great kindness, which hath been such as would exceed even my gratitude; but that it cannot do, and more I cannot return you; and that I do with an heart full of humility and thanks, though I may not accept of your offer. But, sir, my refusal is not for that I think myself too good for that calling, for

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which kings, if they think so, are not good enough; nor for that my education and learning, though not eminent, may not, being assisted with God's grace and humility, render me in some measure fit for it; but I dare make so dear a friend as you are my confessor. Some irregularities of my life have been so visible to some men, that though I have, I thank God, made my peace with him by penitential resolutions against them, and by the assistance of his grace banished them my affections, yet this, which God knows to be so, is not so visible to man as to free me from their censures, and it may be that sacred calling from a dishonour. And besides, whereas it is determined by the best of casuists, that God's glory should be the first end, and a maintenance the second motive to embrace that calling; and though each man may propose to himself both together, yet the first may not be put last, without a violation of my conscience, which he that searches the heart will judge. And truely my present condition is such, that if I ask my own conscience whether it be reconcileable to that rule, it is at this time so perplexed about it, that I can neither give myself nor you an answer. You know, sir, who says, happy is that man whose conscience doth not accuse him for that thing which he does. To these I might add other reasons that dissuade me; but I crave your favour that I may forbear to express them, and thankfully decline your offer."

This transaction, which, according to the date of Dr. Morton's promotion to the deanery of Gloucester, happened in 1607, when our poet was in his thirty-fourth year, is not unimportant, as it displays that character for nice honour and integrity which distinguished Donne in all his future life, and was accompanied with a heroic generosity of feeling and action which is, perhaps, rarely to be met with, unless in men whose principles have the foundation which he appears to have now laid.

Donne and his family remained with sir Francis Wooley until the death of this excellent friend, whose last act of kindness was to effect some degree of reconciliation between sir George Moor and his son and daughter. Sir George agreed, by a bond, to pay Mr. Donne eight hundred pounds on a certain day, as a portion with his wife, or twenty pounds quarterly, for their maintenance, until the principal sum should be discharged. With this sum, so inferior to what he once possessed, and to what he might have expected, he took a house at Mitcham for his wife and family, and lodgings for himself in London, which he often visited, and enjoyed the society and esteem of many persons distinguished for rank and talents. It appears, however, by his letters, that his income was far from adequate to the wants of an increasing family, of whom he frequently writes in a style of melancholy and despondence which appear to have affected his health. He still had no offer of employment, and no fixed plan of study. During his residence with sir Francis Wooley, he read much on the civil and canon law, and probably might have excelled in any of the literary professions which offered encouragement, but he confesses that he was diverted from them by a general desire of learning, or what he calls, in one of his poems, "the sacred hunger of science."

In this desultory course of reading, which improved his mind at the expense of his fortune, he spent two years at Mitcham, whence sir Robert Drury insisted on his bringing his family to live with him, in his spacious house in Drury Lane; and, sir Robert afterwards intending to go on an embassy, with lord Hay, to the court of France, he persuaded Donne to accompany him. Mrs. Donne was at this time in a bad state of health, and near the end of her pregnancy; and she remonstrated against his leaving her, as she foreboded "some ill in his absence." Her affectionate husband determined, on this account, to abandon all thoughts of his journey, and intimated his resolution to sir Robert, who,

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for whatever reason, became the more solicitous for his company. This brought on a generous conflict between Donne and his wife. He urged that he could not refuse a man to whom he was so much indebted, and she complied, although with some reluctance, from a congenial sense of obligation. It was on this occasion, probably, that he addressed to his wife the verses, "By our first strange and fatal interview, &c." She had formed, if this conjecture be allowed, the romantic design of accompanying him in the disguise of a page, from which it was the purpose of these verses to dissuade her.

Mr. Donne accordingly went abroad with the embassy; and two days after their arrival at Paris, had that extraordinary vision which has been minutely detailed by all his biographers. He saw, or fancied he saw, his wife pass through the room in which he was sitting alone, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. This story he often repeated, and with so much confidence and anxiety, that sir Robert sent a messenger to Drury House, who brought back intelligence, that he found Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in bed, and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child, which event happened on the day and hour that Mr. Donne saw the vision. Walton has recorded the story on the authority of an anonymous informant; and has endeavoured to render it credible, not only by the corresponding instances of Samuel and Saul, of Bildad, and of St. Peter, but those of Julius Cæsar and Brutus, St. Austin and Monica. The whole may be safely left to the judgment of the reader.

From the dates of some of Donne's letters, it appears that he was at Paris with sir Robert Drury in 1612[2]; and one is dated from the Spa, in the same year; but at what time he returned is not certain. After his return, however, his friends became more seriously anxious to fix him in some honourable and lucrative employment at court. Before this period he had become known to king James, and was one of those learned persons with whom that sovereign delighted to converse at his table. On one of those occasions, about the year 1610, the conversation turned on a question respecting the obligation on Roman Catholics to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy; and Donne appeared to so much advantage in the dispute, that his majesty requested he would commit his sentiments in writing, and bring them to him. Donne readily complied, and presented the king with the treatise published in that year, under the title of Pseudo-Martyr. This obtained him much reputation, and the university of Oxford conferred on him the degree of master of arts, which he had previously received from Cambridge.

The Pseudo-Martyr contains very strong arguments against the pope's supremacy, and has been highly praised by his biographers. Warburton, however, speaks of it in less favourable terms. It must be confessed that the author has not availed himself of the writings of the judicious Hooker, and that in this, as well as in all his prose-writings, are many of those far-fetched conceits which, however agreeable to the taste of the age, have placed him at the head of a class of very indifferent poets.

At this period of our history, it was deemed expedient to select such men for high offices in the church as promised, by their abilities and zeal, to vindicate the reformed religion. King James, who was no incompetent judge of such merit, though perhaps too apt to measure the talents of others by his own standard, conceived, from a perusal of

[2] It may be necessary to mention, that the dates of some of his letters do not correspond with Walton's narrative, and it is now too late to attempt to reconcile them. *C.*

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ie Pseudo-Martyr, that Donne would prove an ornament and bulwark to the church, nd, therefore, not only endeavoured to persuade him to take orders, but resisted every pplication to exert the royal favour towards him in any other direction. When the fa- ourite earl of Somerset requested that Mr. Donne might have the place of one of the lerks of the council, then vacant, the king replied, "I know Mr. Donne is a learned nan, has the abilities of a learned divine, and will prove a powerful preacher; and my lesire is to prefer him that way, and in that way I will deny you nothing for him."

Such an intimation must have made a powerful impression; yet there is no reason to conclude, from any part of Mr. Donne's character, that he would have been induced to enter the church merely by the persuasion of his sovereign, however flattering. To him, however, at this time, the transition was not difficult. He had relinquished the follies of youth, and had nearly outlived the remembrance of them by others. His studies had long inclined to theology, and his frame of mind was adapted to support the character expected from him. His old friend, Dr. Morton, probably embraced this opportunity to second the king's wishes, and remove Mr. Donne's personal scruples; and Dr. King, bishop of London, who had been chaplain to the chancellor when Donne was his secretary, and consequently knew his character, heard of his intention with much satisfaction. By this prelate he was ordained deacon, and afterwards priest; and the king, although not uniformly punctual in his promises of patronage, immediately made him his chaplain in ordinary, and gave him hopes of higher preferment.

Those who had been the occasion of Mr. Donne's entering into orders, were anxious to see him exhibit in a new character, with the abilities which had been so much admired in the scholar and the man of the world. But at first, we are told, he confined his public services to the churches in the vicinity of London; and it was not until his majesty required his attendance at Whitehall on an appointed day, that he appeared before an auditory capable of appreciating his talents. Their report is stated to have been highly favourable. His biographer, indeed, seems to be at a loss for words to express the pathos, dignity, and effect of his preaching; but in what he has advanced, he no doubt spoke the sentiments of Donne's learned contemporaries. Still the excellence of the pulpit oratory of that age will not bear the test of modern criticism; and those who now consult Mr. Donne's sermons, if they expect gratification, must be more attentive to the matter than the manner. That he was a popular and useful preacher is universally acknowledged; and he performed the more private duties of his function with humility, kindness, zeal, and assiduity.

The same month, which appears to have been March 1614, in which he entered into orders, and preached at Whitehall, the king happened to be entertained, during one of his progresses, at Cambridge, and recommended Mr. Donne to be made doctor in divinity. Walton informs us, that the university gave their assent as soon as Dr. Harsnet, the vice-chancellor, made the proposal. According, however, to two letters from Mr. Chamberlain to sir Dudley Carlton, it appears that there was some opposition to the degree, in consequence of a report that Mr. Donne had obtained the reversion of the deanery of Canterbury. Even the vice-chancellor is mentioned among those who opposed him. It is not very easy to reconcile these accounts, unless by a conjecture that the opposition was withdrawn when the report respecting the deanery of Canterbury was proved to be untrue. And there is some probability this was the case, for that deanery became vacant in the following year, and was given to Dr. Fotherby, a man of much less fame and interest.

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But whatever was the cause of this temporary opposition at Cambridge, it is certain that Dr. Donne became so highly esteemed as a preacher, that within the first year of his ministry, he had the offer of fourteen different livings, all of which he declined, and for the same reason, namely, that they were situated at a distance from London, to which, in common with all men of intellectual curiosity, he appears to have been warmly attached.

In 1617 his wife died, leaving him seven children. This affliction sunk so deep into his heart that he retired from the world and from his friends, to indulge a sorrow which could not be restrained, and which for some time interrupted his public services. From this he was at length diverted by the gentlemen of Lincoln's Inn, who requested him to accept their lecture, and prevailed. Their high regard for him contributed to render this situation agreeable, and adequate to the maintenance of his family. The connection subsisted about two years, greatly to the satisfaction of both parties, and of the people at large, who had now frequent opportunities of hearing their favourite preacher. But on lord Hay being appointed on an embassy to Germany, Dr. Donne was requested to attend him. He was at this time in a state of health which required relaxation and change of air, and after an absence of fourteen months he returned to his duty in Lincoln's Inn, much improved in health and spirits, and about a year after, in 1620, the king conferred upon him the deanery of St. Paul's.

This promotion, like all the leading events of his life, tended to the advancement of his character. While it amply supplied his wants, it enabled him at the same time to exhibit the heroism of a liberal and generous mind, in the case of his father-in-law, sir George Moor. This man had never acted the part of a kind and forgiving parent, although he continued to pay the annual sum agreed upon by bond, in lieu of his daughter's portion. The time was now come when Dr. Donne could repay his hardiness by convincing him how unworthily it had been exerted. The quarter after his appointment to the deanery, when sir George came to pay him the stipulated sum, Dr. Donne refused it, and after acknowledging more kindness than he had received, added, "I know your present condition is such as not to abound, and I hope mine is such as not to need it. I will therefore receive no more from you upon that contract," which he immediately gave up.

To his deanery was now added the vicarage of St. Dunstan in the West, and another ecclesiastical endowment not specified by Walton. These, according to his letters, (p. 318) he owed to the friendship of Richard Sackville, earl of Dorset, and of the earl of Kent. From all this he derived the pleasing prospect of making a decent provision for his children, as well as of indulging to a greater extent his liberal and humane disposition. In 1624, he was chosen prolocutor to the convocation, on which occasion he delivered a Latin oration, which is printed in the London edition of his poems, 1719.

While in this full tide of popularity, he had the misfortune to fall under the displeasure of the king, who had been informed that in his public discourses he had meddled with some of those points respecting popery which were more usually handled by the puritans. Such an accusation might have had very serious consequences, if the king had implicitly confided in those who brought it forward. But Dr. Donne was too great a favourite to be condemned unheard, and accordingly his majesty sent for him and represented what he had heard, and Dr. Donne so completely satisfied him as to his principles in church and state, that the king, in the hearing of his council, bestowed high praise on him, and declared that he rejoiced in the recollection that it was by his persuasion Dr. Donne had become a divine.

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About four years after he received the deanery of St. Paul's, and when he had arrived at his fifty-fourth year, his constitution, naturally feeble, was attacked by a disorder which had every appearance of being fatal. In this extremity he gave another proof of that tenderness of conscience, so transcendently superior to all modern notions of honour, which had always marked his character. When there was little hope of his life, he was required to renew some prebendal leases, the fines for which were very considerable, and might have enriched his family. But this he peremptorily refused, considering such a measure, in his situation, as a species of sacrilege. "I dare not," he added, "now upon my sick bed, when Almighty God hath made me useless to the service of the church, make any advantages out of it."

This illness, however, he survived about five years, when his tendency to a consumption again returned, and terminated his life on the 31st day of March 1631. He was buried in St. Paul's, where a monument was erected to his memory. His figure may yet be seen in the vaults of St. Faith's under St. Paul's. It stands erect in a window, without its niche, and deprived of the urn in which the feet were placed. His picture was drawn sometime before his death, when he dressed himself in his winding sheet, and the figure in St. Faith's was carved from this painting by Nicholas Stone. The fragments of his tomb are on the other side of the church. Walton mentions many other paintings of him executed at different periods of his life, which are not now known.

Of his character some judgment may be formed from the preceding sketch, taken principally from Zouch's much improved edition of Walton's Lives. His early years, there is reason to think, although disgraced by no flagrant turpitude, were not exempt from folly and dissipation. In some of his poems we meet with the language and sentiments of men whose morals are not very strict. After his marriage, however, he appears to have become of a serious and thoughtful disposition, his mind alternately exhausted by study, or softened by affliction. His reading was very extensive, and we find allusions to almost every science in his poems, although unfortunately they only contribute to produce distorted images and wild conceits.

His prose works are numerous, but, except the Pseudo-Martyr and a small volume of devotions, none of them were published during his life. A list of the whole may be seen in Wood's Athenæ and in Zouch's edition of Walton. His sermons have not a little of the character of his poems. They are not, indeed, so rugged in style, but they abound with quaint allusions, which now appear ludicrous, although they probably produced no such effect in his days. With this exception, they contain much good sense, much acquaintance with human nature, many striking thoughts, and some very just biblical criticism.

One of his prose writings requires more particular notice. Every admirer of his character will wish it expunged from the collection. It is entitled Biathanatos, a Declaration of that Paradox, or Thesis, that Self-homicide is not so naturally Sin, that it may never be otherwise. If it be asked what could induce a man of Dr. Donne's piety to write such a treatise, we may answer in his own words, that "it is a book written by Jack Donne and not by Dr. Donne." It was written in his youth, as a trial of skill on a singular topic, in which he thought proper to exercise his talent against the generally received opinion. But if it be asked why, instead of sending one or two copies to friends with an injunction not to print it, he did not put this out of their power by destroying the manuscript, the answer is not so easy. He is even so inconsistent as to desire one of his correspondents neither to burn it, nor publish it. It was at length

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published by his son in 1644, who certainly did not consult the reputation of his father; and if the reports of his character be just, was not a man likely to give himself much uneasiness about that or any other consequence.

Dr. Donne's reputation as a poet was higher in his own time than it has been since. Dryden fixed his character with his usual judgment; as "the greatest wit, though not the best poet, of our nation." He says afterwards[1], that "he affects the metaphysics, not only in his Satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign, and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softnesses of love." Dryden has also pronounced that if his Satires were to be translated into numbers, they would yet be wanting in diguity of expression. The reader has now an opportunity of comparing the originals and translations in Pope's works, and will probably think that Pope has made them so much his own as to throw very little light on Donne's powers. He every where elevates the expression, and in very few instances retains a whole line.

Pope, in his classification of poets, places Donne at the head of a school, that school from which Dr. Johnson has given so many remarkable specimens of absurdity, in his life of Cowley, and which, following Dryden, he terms the metaphysical school. Gray, in the sketch he sent to Mr. Warton, considers it as a third Italian school, full of conceit, begun in queen Elizabeth's reign, continued under James and Charles I. by Donne, Crashaw, Cleveland, carried to its height by Cowley, and ending perhaps in Sprat.

Donne's numbers, if they may be so called, are certainly the most rugged and uncouth of any of our poets. He appears either to have had no ear, or to have been utterly regardless of harmony. Yet Spenser preceded him, and Drummond, the first polished versifier, was his contemporary; but it must be allowed that before Drummond appeared, Donne had relinquished his pursuit of the Muses, nor would it be just to include the whole of his poetry under the general censure which has been usually passed. Dr. Warton seems to think that if he had taken pains he might not have proved so inferior to his contemporaries; but what inducement could he have to take pains, as he published nothing, and seems not desirous of public fame? He was certainly not ignorant or unskilled in the higher attributes of style, for he wrote elegantly in Latin, and displays considerable taste in some of his smaller pieces and epigrams.

At what time he wrote his poems has not been ascertained; but of a few the dates may be recovered by the corresponding events of his life. Ben Jonson affirmed that he wrote all his best pieces before he was twenty-five years of age. His Satires, in which there are some strokes levelled at the Reformation, must have been written very early, as he was but a young man when he renounced the errors of popery. His poems were first published in 4to. 1633, and 12mo. 1635, 1651, 1669, and 1719. His son was the editor of the early editions.

[1] On the Origin and Progress of Satire. C.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM LORD CRAVEN,

BARON OF HAMSTED-MARSHAM.

MY LORD,

MANY of these poems have, for several impressions, wandered up and down, trusting (as well as they might) upon the author's reputation: neither do they now complain of any injury, but what may proceed either from the kindness of the printer, or the courtesy of the reader; the one, by adding something too much, lest any spark of this sacred fire might perish undiscerned; the other, by putting such an estimation upon the wit and fancy they find here, that they are content to use it as their own; as if a man should dig out the stones of a royal amphitheatre, to build a stage for a country show. Amongst all the monsters this unlucky age has teemed with, I find none so prodigious as the poets of these later times, wherein men, as if they would level understandings too, as well as estates, acknowledging no inequality of parts and judgments, pretend as indifferently to the chair of wit as to the pulpit, and conceive themselves no less inspired with the spirit of poetry, than with that of religion: so it is not only the noise of drums and trumpets which have drowned the Muse's harmony, or the fear that the church's ruin will destroy the priests' likewise, that now frights them from this country, where they have been so ingeniously received; but these rude pretenders to excellencies they unjustly own, who, profanely rushing into Minerva's temple, with noisome airs blast the laurel, which thunder cannot hurt. In this sad condition, these learned sisters are fled over to beg your lordship's protection, who have been so certain a patron both to arts and arms, and who, in this general confusion, have so entirely preserved your honour, that in your lordship we may still read a most perfect character of what England was in all her pomp and greatness. So that although these poems were formerly written upon several occasions to several persons, they now unite themselves, and are become one pyramid to set your lordship's statue upon; where you may stand, like armed Apollo, the defender of the Muses, encouraging the poets now alive to celebrate your great acts, by affording your countenance to his poems, that wanted only so noble a subject.

My Lord,

your most humble servant,

JOHN DONNE.

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HEXASTICON BIBLIOPOLÆ.

I see in his last preach'd and printed book,
His picture in a sheet; in Paul's I look,
And see his statue in a sheet of stone;
And sure his body in the grave hath one:
Those sheets present him dead, these if you buy,
You have him living to eternity.

JO. MAR.

HEXASTICON AD BIBLIOPOLAM.

INCERTI.

In thy impression of Donne's poems rare,
For his eternity thou hast ta'en care:
'T was well and pious; and for ever may
He live: yet I show thee a better way;
Print but his sermons, and if those we buy,
He, we, and thou, shall live t' eternity.

TO JOHN DONNE.

Donne, the delight of Phœbus, and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other brains refuse;
Whose ev'ry work of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remain so yet:
Longer a knowing, than most wits do live;
And which no' affection praise enough can give!
To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and yet I would;
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

BEN JONSON.

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POEMS

OF

JOHN DONNE, D. D.

THE FLEA.

MARK but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that, which thou deny'st me, is;
Me it suck'd first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea our two bloods mingled be;
Confess it. This cannot be said
A sin, or shame, or loss of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys, before it woo,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas! is more than we could do.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, nay more than marry'd are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed and marriage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, w' are met,
And cloister'd in these living walls of jet.
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that self-murder added be,
And sacrilege, three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that blood, which it suck'd from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself nor me the weaker now;
'T is true; then learn how false fears be:
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to mee,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

THE GOOD-MORROW.

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we lov'd? were we not wean'd till then,
But suck'd on childish pleasures sillily?
Or slumbred we in the seven-sleepers den?
'T was so; but as all pleasures fancies be,
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desir'd, and got, 't was but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an every-where.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to other worlds our world have shown,
Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two fitter hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining west?
Whatever dies, was not mix'd equally;
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love just alike in all, none of these loves can die.

SONG.

Go, and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all times past are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot.
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find,
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible go see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee.
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders, that befell thee,
And swear,
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not, I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.

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Though she were true when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

Now thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
To morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?
Or say, that now
We are not just those persons, which we were?
Or, that oaths, made in reverential fear
Of Love and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose?
Or, your own end to justify
For having purpos'd change and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vain lunatic, against these scapes I could
Dispute, and conquer, if I would;
Which I abstain to doe,
For by to morrow I may think so too.

THE UNDERTAKING.

I have done one braver thing,
Than all the worthies did;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now t' impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he, which can have learn'd the art
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,
Others (because no more
Such stuff, to work upon, there is)
Would love but as before.

Be he, who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes;
For he, who colour loves and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
Virtue in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the he and she;

And if this love, though placed so,
From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they do, deride:

Then you have done a braver thing,
Than all the worthies did,
And a braver thence will spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

THE SUN RISING.

Busy old fool, unruly Sun,
Why dost thou thus,
Through windows and through curtains, look on us?
Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?
Saucy pedantic wretch, go, chide
Late school-boys, or sour 'prentices,
Go tell court-huntsmen, that the king will ride,
Call country ants to harvest offices;
Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams, so reverend and strong,
Dost thou not think
I could eclipse, and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not lose her sight so long?
If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and to morrow late tell me,
Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine
Be where thou left them, or lie here with me;
Ask for those kings, whom thou saw'st yesterday,
And thou shalt hear, All here in one bed lay.

She 's all states, and all princes I,
Nothing else is.
Princes do but play us; compar'd to this,
All honour 's mimic; all wealth alchymy;
Thou Sun art half as happy' as we,
In that the world 's contracted thus.
Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be
To warm the world, that 's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
This bed thy centre is, these walls thy sphere.

THE INDIFFERENT.

"I can love both fair and brown;
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want betrays; [plays;
Her who loves loneness best, and her who sports and
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the town;
Her who believes, and her who tries;
Her who still weeps with spungy eyes,
And her who is dry cork, and never cries;
I can love her, and her, and you, and you,
I can love any, so she be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not serve your turn to do, as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices worn, and now would find out others?
Or doth a fear, that men are true, torment you?
Oh, we are not, be not you so;
Let me; and do you twenty know.
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go;
Must I, who came to travail thorough you,
Grow your fix'd subject, because you are true?"

Venus heard me sing this song,
And by love's sweetest sweet, variety, she swore,
She heard not this till now; it should be so no more.
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
And said, "Alas! some two or three
Poor heretics in love there be,
Which think to stablish dangerous constancy,
But I have told them, since you will be true,
You shall be true to them, who 're false to you."

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LOVE'S USURY.

For every hour that thou wilt spare me now,
I will allow,
Usurious god of love, twenty to thee,
When with my brown my grey hairs equal be;
Till then, Love, let my body range, and let
Me travail, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last years' relict: think that yet
We' had never met.

Let me think any rival's letter mine,
And at next nine
Keep midnight's promise; mistake by the way
The maid, and tell the lady of that delay,
Only let me love none, no not the sport,
From country grass to comfitures of court,
Or city's quelque-choses, let not report
My mind transport.

This bargain's good; if, when I' am old, I be
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine own honour, or my shame, or pain,
Thou covet most, at that age thou shalt gain;
Do thy will then, then subject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love, I submit to thee;
Spare me till then, I 'll bear it, though she be
One that loves me.

CANONIZATION.

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palsy, or my gout,
My five grey hairs, or ruin'd fortunes flout;
With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve,
Take you a course, get you a place,
Observe his honour or his grace,
Or the king's real or his stampted face
Contemplate; what you will, approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas, alas! who 's injur'd by my love?
What merchant's ships have my sighs drown'd?
Who says my tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward spring remove?
When did the heats, which my reins fill,
Add one more to the plaguy bill?
Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still
Litigious men, whom quarrels move,
Though she and I do love.

Call 's what you will, we are made such by love;
Call her one, me another fly;
W' are tapers too, and at our own cost die;
And we in us find th' eagle and the dove;
The phenix riddle hath more wit
By us, we two being one, are it:
So to one neutral thing both sexes fit.
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

We can die by it, if not live by love.
And if unfit for tomb or hearse
Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We 'll build in sonnets pretty rooms.
As well a well-wrought urn becomes
The greatest ashes, as half-acre tombs;
And by those hymns all shall approve
Us canoniz'd for love:

And thus invoke us, you whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove
Into the glasses of your eyes,
So made such mirrors, and such spies,
That they did all to you epitomize;
Countries, towns, courts, beg from above
A pattern of our love.

THE TRIPLE FOOL.

I am two fools, I know,
For loving, and for saying so
In whining poetry;
But where 's that wise man, that would not be I,
If she would not deny?
Then as th' Earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea water's fretful salt away,
I thought, if I could draw my pains
Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.
Grief brought to number cannot be so fierce,
For he tames it, that fetters it in verse.
But when I have done so,
Some man, his art or voice to show,
Doth set and sing my pain,
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which verse did restrain.
To love and grief tribute of verse belongs,
But not of such as pleases, when 't is read,
Both are increased by such songs:
For both their triumphs so are published,
And I, which was two fools, do so grow three:
Who are a little wise, the best fools be.

LOVER'S INFINITENESS.

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all,
I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move;
Nor can entreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent;
Yet no more can be due to me,
Than at the bargain made was meant:
If then thy gift of love was partial,
That some for me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have it all.

Or, if then thou giv'st me all,
All was but all, which thou hadst then:
But if in thy heart since there be, or shall
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, in letters outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vow'd by thee.
And yet it was thy gift being general;
The ground, thy heart, is mine, whatever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

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Yet, I would not have all yet,
He that hath all can have no more,
And since my love doth every day admit [store;
New growth, thou should'st have new rewards in
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canst give it, then thou never gav'st it:
Lovers riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing sav'st it:
But we will love a way more liberal,
Than changing hearts, to join us, so we shall
Be one, and one another's all.

SONG.

Sweetest love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I
Must die at last, 't is best,
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned death to die;

Yesternight the Sun went hence,
And yet is here to day,
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Hastier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall!
But come, bad chance,
And we join to 't our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us t' advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st no wind,
But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st;
If in thine my life thou waste,
That art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil;
But think that we
Are but laid aside to sleep:
They, who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be.

THE LEGACY.

When last I dy'd (and, dear, I die
As often as from thee I go,
Though it be but an hour ago,
And lovers' hours be full eternity)
I can remember yet, that I
Something did say, and something did bestow;
Though I be dead, which sent me, I might be
Mine own executor, and legacy.

I heard me say, tell her anon,
That myself, that is you, not I,
Did kill me, and when I felt me die,
I bid me send my heart, when I was gone,
But I, alas! could find there none. [lie,
When I had ripp'd, and search'd where hearts should
It kill'd me again, that I, who still was true
In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
For colours it and corners had,
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was entire to none, and few had part:
As good, as could be made by art,
It seem'd, and therefore for our loss be sad,
I meant to send that heart instead of mine,
But oh! no man could hold it, for 't was thine.

A FEVER.

Oh do not die, for I shall hate
All women so, when thou art gone,
That thee I shall not celebrate,
When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know;
To leave this world behind is death;
But when thou from this world wilt go,
The whole world vapours in thy breath.

Or if, when thou, the world's soul, goest,
It stay, 't is but thy carcass then,
The fairest woman, but thy ghost;
But corrupt worms, the worthiest men.

O wrangling schools, that search what fire
Shall burn this world, had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aspire,
That this her fever might be it!

And yet she cannot waste by this,
Nor long endure this torturing wrong,
For more corruption needful is,
To fuel such a fever long.

These burning fits but meteors be,
Whose matter in thee soon is spent.
Thy beauty, and all parts, which are thee,
Are an unchangeable firmament.

Yet 't was of my mind, seizing thee,
Though it in thee cannot persever;
For I had rather owner be
Of thee one hour, than all else ever.

AIR AND ANGELS.

Twice or thrice had I lov'd thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame,
Angels affect us oft, and worship'd be:
Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing did I see;

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But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
More subtile than the parent is,
Love must not be, but take a body too;
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid love ask, and now,
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fix itself in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love, I thought,
And so more steadily t' have gone,
With wares which would sink admiration
I saw, I had Love's pinnace overfraught;
Thy every hair for love to work upon
Is much too much, some fitter must be sought;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and scattering bright, can love inhere;
Then as an angel face, and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my love's sphere;
Just such disparity
As is 'twixt air and angel's purity,
'Twixt women's love, and men's will ever be.

BREAK OF DAY.

Stay, O sweet, and do not rise,
The light, that shines, comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.

'T is true, 't is day; what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise, because 't is light?
Did we lie down, because 't was night?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well, I fain would stay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour so,
That I would not from her, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
Oh, that 's the worst disease of love;
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

All kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The Sun itself (which makes times, as they pass)
Is elder by a year now, than it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things to their destruction draw;
Only our love hath no decay:
This no to morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first-last-everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and my corse:
If one might, death were no divorce,
Alas! as well as other princes, we,
(Who prince enough in one another be)
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears:
But souls where nothing dwells but love;
(All other thoughts being inmates) then shall prove
This, or a love increased there above, [remove.
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves

And then we shall be throughly bless'd:
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon Earth we' are kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be;
Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
True and false fears let us refrain:
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore, this is the second of our reign.

A VALEDICTION OF MY NAME,

IN THE WINDOW.

My name engrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmness to this glass,
Which ever since that charm hath been
As hard as that, which grav'd it, was;
Thine eye will give it price enough, to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

'T is much that glass should be
As all confessing and through-shine as I,
'T is more that it shows thee to thee,
And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all such rules love's magic can undo,
Here you see me, and I see you.

As no one point nor dash,
Which are but accessaries to this name,
The show'rs and tempests can outwash,
So shall all times find me the same;
You this entireness better may fulfil,
Who have the pattern with you still.

Or if too hard and deep
This learning be, for a scratch'd name to teach,
It as a given death's-head keep,
Lovers' mortality to preach;
Or think this ragged bony name to be
My ruinous anatomy.

Then as all my souls be
Emparadis'd in you (in whom alone
I understand, and grow, and see)
The rafters of my body, bone,
Being still with you, the muscle, sinew, and vein,
Which tile this house, will come again.

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Till my return, repair
And recompact my scatter'd body so,
As all the virtuous powers, which are
Fix'd in the stars, are said to flow
Into such characters as graved be,
When those stars had supremacy.

So since this name was cut,
When love and grief their exaltation had,
No door 'gainst this name's influence shut;
As much more loving, as more sad,
'T will make thee; and thou should'st, till I return,
Since I die daily, daily mourn.

When thy inconsiderate hand
Flings ope this casement, with my trembling name,
To look on one, whose wit or land
New battery to thy heart may frame,
Then think this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offend'st my genius.

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy lover's gold or page,
His letter at thy pillow hath laid,
Dispute thou it, and tame thy rage.
If thou to him begin'st to thaw for this,
May my name step in, and hide his.

And if this treason go
To an overt act, and that thou write again;
In superscribing, my name flow
Into thy fancy from the pen,
So in forgetting thou remembrest right,
And unaware to me shalt write.

But glass and lines must be
No means our firm substantial love to keep;
Near death inflicts this lethargy,
And thus I murmur in my sleep;
Impute this idle talk to that I go,
For dying men talk often so.

TWICKNAM GARDEN.

Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with tears,
Hither I come to seek the spring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine ears
Receive such balm as else cures every thing:
But O, self-traitor, I do bring
The spider love, which transubstantiates all,
And can convert manna to gall,
And that this place may thoroughly be thought
True Paradise, I have the serpent brought.

'T were wholesomer for me, that winter did
Benight the glory of this place,
And that a grave frost did forbid
These trees to laugh, and mock me to my face;
But since I cannot this disgrace
Endure, nor leave this garden, Love, let me
Some senseless piece of this place be;
Make me a mandrake, so I may grow here,
Or a stone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with crystal phials, lovers, come,
And take my tears, which are love's wine,
And try your mistress' tears at home,
For all are false, that taste not just like mine;
Alas! hearts do not in eyes shine,
Nor can you more judge woman's thoughts by tears,
Than by her shadow, what she wears.
O perverse sex, where none is true but she,
Who 's therefore true, because her truth kills me.

VALEDICTION TO HIS BOOK.

I 'll tell thee now (dear love) what thou shalt do
To anger destiny, as she doth us;
How I shall stay, though she eloigne me thus,
And how posterity shall know it too;
How thine may out-endure
Sibyl's glory, and obscure
Her, who from Pindar could allure,
And her, through whose help Lucan is not lame,
And her, whose book (they say) Homer did find
and name.

Study our manuscripts, those myriads
Of letters, which have past 'twixt thee and me,
Thence write our annals, and in them will be
To all, whom love's subliming fire invades,
Rule and example found;
There, the faith of any ground
No schismatic will dare to wound,
That sees, how love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to use, to be, these his records.

This book, as long liv'd as the elements,
Or as the world's form, this all-graved tomb,
In cipher writ, or new made idiom;
We for love's clergy only' are instruments;
When this book is made thus,
Should again the ravenous
Vandals and Goths invade us,
Learning were safe in this our universe, [verse.
Schools might learn sciences, spheres music, angels

Here love's divine (since all divinity
Is love or wonder) may find all they seek,
Whether abstracted spiritual love they like,
Their souls exhal'd with what they do not see;
Or loath so to amuse
Faith's infirmities, they chuse
Something, which they may see and use;
For though mind be the Heaven, where love doth
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it. [sit,

Here more than in their books may lawyers find,
Both by what titles mistresses are ours,
And how prerogative these states devours,
Transferr'd from Love himself to womankind:
Who, though from heart and eyes
They exact great subsidies,
Forsake him, who on them relies,
And for the cause honour or conscience give;
Chimeras, vain as they, or their prerogative.

Here statesmen, (or of them they which can read)
May of their occupation find the grounds,
Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to consider, what 't is, one proceed,
In both they do excel,
Who the present governs well,
Whose weakness none doth or dares tell;
In this thy book such will there something see,
As in the Bible some can find out alchymy.

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Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I 'll study thee,
As he removes far off, that great heights takes:
How great love is, presence best trial makes,
But absence tries, how long this love will be;
To take a latitude,
Sun, or stars, are fitliest view'd
At their brightest; but to conclude
Of longitudes, what other way have we,
But to mark when and where the dark eclipses be?

COMMUNITY.

Good we must love, and must hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good still;
But there are things indifferent,
Which we may neither hate nor love,
But one, and then another prove,
As we shall find out fancy bent.

If then at first wise Nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then some we might hate, and some chuse,
But since she did them so create,
That we may neither love nor hate,
Only this rests, all all may use.

If they were good, it would be seen,
Good is as visible as green,
And to all eyes itself betrays:
If they were bad, they could not last,
Bad doth itself and others waste,
So they deserve nor blame nor praise.

But they are ours, as fruits are ours,
He that but tastes, he that devours,
And he that leaves all, doth as well;
Chang'd loves are but chang'd sorts of meat;
And when he hath the kernel eat,
Who doth not fling away the shell?

LOVE'S GROWTH.

I scarce believe my love to be so pure
As I had thought it was,
Because it doth endure
Vicissitude and season, as the grass;
Methinks I lied all winter, when I swore
My love was infinite, if spring make 't more.

But if this medicine love, which cures all sorrow
With more, not only be no quintessence,
But mix'd of all stuffs, vexing soul or sense,
And of the Sun his active vigour borrow,
Love's not so pure an abstract, as they use
To say, which have no mistress but their Muse;
But, as all else, being elemented too,
Love sometimes would contemplate, sometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the spring is grown;
As in the firmament
Stars by the Sun are not enlarg'd, but shown.
Gentle love-deeds, as blossoms on a bough,
From love's awakened root do bud out now.

If, as in water stirr'd more circles be
Produc'd by one, love such additions take,
Those, like so many spheres, but one Heaven make,
For they are all concentric unto thee;
And though each spring do add to love new heat,
As princes do in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter shall abate this spring's increase.

LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

Love, any devil else but you
Would for a giv'n soul give something too;
At court your fellows every day
Give th' art of rhyming, huntmanship, or play,
For them, which were their own before;
Only I 've nothing, which gave more,
But am, alas! by being lowly lower.

I ask no dispensation now
To falsify a tear, a sigh, a vow,
I do not sue from thee to draw
A *non obstante* on Nature's law;
These are prerogatives, they inhere
In thee and thine; none should forswear,
Except that he Love's minion were.

Give me thy weakness, make me blind
Both ways, as thou, and thine, in eyes and mind:
Love! let me never know that this
Is love, or that love childish is.
Let me not know that others know
That she knows my pains, lest that so
A tender shame make me mine own new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou 'rt just,
Because I would not thy first motions trust:
Small towns which stand stiff, till great shot
Enforce them, by war's law condition not;
Such in love's warfare is my case,
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at last to show this face.

This face, by which he could command
And change th' idolatry of any land;
This face, which, wheresoe'er it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloisters, dead from tombs,
And melt both poles at once, and store
Deserts with cities, and make more
Mines in the earth, than quarries were before.

For this Love is enrag'd with me,
Yet kills not; if I must example be
To future rebels; if th' unborn
Must learn, by my being cut up and torn;
Kill and dissect me, Love! for this
Torture against thine own end is,
Rack'd carcasses make ill anatomies.

CONFINED LOVE.

Some man, unworthy to be possessor,
Of old or new love, himself being false or weak,
Thought his pain and shame would be lesser
If on womankind he might his anger wreak,

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And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know;
But are other creatures so?

Are Sun, Moon, or stars, by law forbidden
To smile where they list, or lend away their light?
Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad all night?
Beasts do no jointures lose,
Though they new lovers choose,
But we are made worse than those.

Whoe'er rigg'd fair ships to lie in harbours,
And not to seek lands, or not to deal with all?
Or build fair houses, set trees and arbours,
Only to look up, or else to let them fall?
Good is not good, unless
A thousand it possess,
But doth waste with greediness.

THE DREAM.

Dear love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream,
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for fantasy.
Therefore thou wak'dst me wisely; yet
My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it:
Thou art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreams truth, and fables histories;
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise, wak'd me;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lov'st truth) an angel at first sight,
But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, then thou knew'st when
Excess of joy would wake me, and cam'st then;
I must confess, it could not choose but be
Profane to think thee any thing but thee.

Coming and staying show'd thee thee,
But rising makes me doubt, that now
Thou art not thou.
That love is weak, where fear's as strong as he;
'T is not all spirit, pure and brave,
If mixture it of fear, shame, honour, have,
Perchance as torches, which must ready be,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me,
Thou cam'st to kindle, goest to come: then I
Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

A VALEDICTION OF WEEPING.

Let me pour forth
My tears before thy face, whilst I stay here,
For thy face coins them, and thy stamp they bear:
And by this mintage they are something worth,
For thus they be
Pregnant of thee;
Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more,
When a tear falls, that thou fall'st, which it bore;
So thou and I are nothing then, when on a divers shore.

On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afric, and an Asia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, all:
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea world, by that impression grow,
Till thy tears mix'd with mine do overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee, my Heav'n dissolved so.

O more than Moon,
Draw not up seas to drown me in thy sphere;
Weep me not dead in thine arms, but forbear
To teach the sea, what it may do too soon;
Let not the wind
Example find
To do me more harm than it purposeth:
Since thou and I sigh one another's breath,
Whoe'er sighs most, is cruelest, and hastes the other's death.

LOVE'S ALCHYMY.

Some that have deeper digg'd Love's mine than I,
Say, where his centric happiness doth lie:
I 've lov'd, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not find that hidden mystery;
Oh, 't is imposture all:
And as no chymic yet th' elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summer's night.

Our ease, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
Shall we for this vain bubble's shadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man
Can be as happy as I; if he can
Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play?
That loving wretch that swears,
'T is not the bodies marry, but the minds,
Which he in her angelic finds,
Would swear as justly, that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres.
Hope not for mind in women; at their best
Sweetness and wit, they 're but mummy possest.

THE CURSE.

Whoever guesses, thinks, or dreams he knows
Who is my mistress, wither by this curse;
Him only for his purse
May some dull whore to love dispose,
And then yield unto all that are his foes;
May he be scorn'd by one, whom all else scorn,
Forswear to others, what to her h' hath sworn,
With fear of missing, shame of getting torn.

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Madness his sorrow, gout his cramp may he
Make, by but thinking who hath made them such:
And may he feel no touch
Of conscience, but of fame, and be
Anguish'd, not that 't was sin, but that 't was she:
Or may he for her virtue reverence
One, that hates him only for impotence,
And equal traitors be she and his sense.

May he dream treason, and believe that he
Meant to perform it, and confess, and die,
And no record tell why:
His sons, which none of his may be,
Inherit nothing but his infamy:
Or may he so long parasites have fed,
That he would fain be theirs, whom he hath bred,
And at the last be circumcis'd for bread.

The venom of all step-dames, gamester's gall,
What tyrants and their subjects interwish,
What plants, mine, beasts, fowl, fish,
Can contribute, all ill, which all
Prophets or poets spake; and all, which shall
B' annex'd in schedules unto this by me,
Fall on that man; for if it be a she,
Nature before hand hath out-cursed me.

THE MESSAGE.

Send home my long-stray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if they there have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it still, 't is none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy, when thou
Art in anguish,
And dost languish
For some one,
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou dost now.

NOCTURNAL UPON ST. LUCIE'S DAY,

BEING THE SHORTEST DAY.

'T is the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
Lucie's, who scarce seven hours herself unmasks;
The Sun is spent, and now his flasks
Send forth light squibs, no constant rays;
The world's whole sap is sunk:
The general balm th' hydroptic earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the bed's-feet, life is shrunk,
Dead and interr'd; yet all these seem to laugh,
Compar'd with me, who am their epitaph.

Study me then, you who shall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next spring:
For I am a very dead thing,
In whom love wrought new alchymy.
For his art did express
A quintessence even from nothingness,
From dull privations, and lean emptiness:
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
Of absence, darkness, death; things which art not.

All others from all things draw all that's good,
Life, soul, form, spirit, whence they being have;
I, by love's limbec, am the grave
Of all, that 's nothing. Oft a flood
Have we two wept, and so
Drown'd the whole world, us two; oft did we grow
To be two chaoses, when he did show
Care to aught else; and often absences
Withdrew our souls, and made us carcasses.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
Of the first nothing the elixir grown;
Were I a man, that I were one
I needs must know; I should prefer,
If I were any beast,
Some ends, some means; yea plants, yea stones detest,
And love, all, all some properties invest.
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As shadow, a light, and body must be here.

But I am none; nor will my sun renew!
You lovers, for whose sake the lesser Sun
At this time to the Goat is run
To fetch new lust, and give it you,
Enjoy your summer all,
Since she enjoys her long night's festival,
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This hour her vigil and her eve, since this
Both the year's and the day's deep midnight is.

WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE.

I FIX mine eye on thine, and there
Pity my picture burning in thine eye,
My picture drown'd in a transparent tear,
When I look lower, I espy;
Hadst thou the wicked skill,
By pictures made and marr'd, to kill;
How many ways might'st thou perform thy will!

But now I 've drunk thy sweet salt tears,
And though thou pour more, I 'll depart:
My picture vanished, vanish all fears,
That I can be endamag'd by that art:
Though thou retain of me
One picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

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THE BAIT.

Come, live with me, and be my love,
nd we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
Warm'd by thine eyes more than the Sun:
And there th' enamour'd fish will play,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seen art loath
By Sun or Moon, thou darken'st both;
And if myself have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds,
Or treacherously poor fish beset,
With strangling snare, or winding net:

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors sleave silk flies,
Bewitch poor fishes' wand'ring eyes:

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait;
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas! is wiser far than I.

THE APPARITION.

When by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead,
And thou shalt think thee free
Of all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee feign'd vestal in worse arms shall see;
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art, being tir'd before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'st for more,
And in a false sleep even from thee shrink.
And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie
A verier ghost than I;
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee: and since my love is spent,
I 'd rather thou should'st painfully repent,
Than by my threatnings rest still innocent.

THE BROKEN HEART.

He is stark mad, whoever says
That he hath been in love an hour,
Yet not that love so soon decays,
But that it can ten in less space devour;
Who will believe me, if I swear
That I have had the plague a year?
Who would not laugh at me, if I should say,
I saw a flash of powder burn a day?

Ah! what a trifle is a heart,
If once into Love's hands it come!
All other griefs allow a part
To other griefs, and ask themselves but some.
They come to us, but us Love draws,
He swallows us and never chaws:
By him, as by chain'd shot, whole ranks do die;
He is the tyrant pike, and we the fry.

If 't were not so, what did become
Of my heart, when I first saw thee?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room I carried none with me:
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to show
More pity unto me: but Love, alas,
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breast hath all
Those pieces still, though they do not unite:
And now as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces, so
My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love can love no more.

A VALEDICTION

FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
"Now his breath goes," and some say, "No;"

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,
'T were profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' Earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But we by a love so far refin'd,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands, to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

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If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two,
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run,
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

THE

ECSTASY.

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
The violet's declining head,
Sat we on one another's breast.
Our hands were firmly cemented
By a fast balm, which thence did spring,
Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double string:
So to engraft our hands as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.
As 'twixt two equal armies fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls (which, to advance our state,
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me.
And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay,
All day the same our postures were,
And we said nothing all the day.
If any, so by love refin'd,
That he souls' language understood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient distance stood,
He (though he knew not which soul spake,
Because both meant, both spake, the same)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.
This ecstasy doth unperplex
(We said) and tell us what we love,
We see by this, it was not sex,
We see, we saw not what did move:
But as all several souls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love these mix'd souls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.
A single violet transplant,
The strength, the colour, and the size
(All which before was poor and scant)
Redoubles still and multiplies.
When love with one another so
Interanimates two souls,
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of loveliness controls.
We then, who are this new soul, know,
Of what we are compos'd and made:
For the atoms, of which we grow,
Are soul, whom no change can invade.
But, O, alas! so long, so far
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, though not we, we are
Th' intelligences, they the spheres,
We owe them thanks because they thus
Did us to us at first convey,
Yielded their sense's force to us,
Nor are dross to us, but allay.
On man Heaven's influence works not so,
But that it first imprints the air,
For soul into the soul may flow,
Though it to body first repair.
As our blood labours to beget
Spirits, as like souls as it can,
Because such fingers need to knit
That subtle knot, which makes us man;
So must pure lovers' souls descend
T' affections and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies;
T' our bodies turn we then, and so
Weak men on love reveal'd may look;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is the book;
And if some lover, such as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him still mark us, he shall see
Small change, when we 're to bodies grown.

LOVE'S DEITY.

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who dy'd before the god of love was born:
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd most,
Sunk so low, as to love one which did scorn.
But since this god produc'd a destiny,
And that vice-nature custom lets it be;
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure they, which made him god, meant not so much,
Nor he in his young godhead practis'd it.
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives, correspondency
Only his subject was; it cannot be
Love, till I love her that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove,
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlieu of the god of love.
Oh, were we waken'd by this tyranny
T' ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I
As though I felt the worst that Love could do?
Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
Which, since she loves before, I 'm loath to see;
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be,
If she whom I love should love me.

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LOVE'S DIET.

To what a cumbersome unwieldiness
And burthenous corpulence my love had grown;
But that I did, to make it less,
And keep it in proportion,
Give it a diet, made it feed upon,
That which love worst endures, discretion.

Above one sigh a-day I allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune and my faults had part;
And if sometimes by stealth he got
A she-sigh from my mistress' heart,
And thought to feast on that, I let him see
'T was neither very sound, nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a tear, I brin'd it so
With scorn or shame, that him it nourish'd not;
If he suck'd her's, I let him know
'T was not a tear which he had got.
His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
Her eyes, which roll towards all, weep not, but sweat.

Whatever she would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters, which she writ to me;
And if that favour made him fat,
I said, "If any title be
Convey'd by this, ah! what doth it avail
To be the fortieth man in an entail?"

Thus I reclaim'd my buzzard love to fly
At what, and when, and how, and where I chose;
Now negligent of sport I lie,
And now, as other falc'ners use,
I spring a mistress, swear, write, sigh, and weep,
And the game kill'd, or lost, go talk or sleep.

THE WILL.

Before I sign my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies; I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; t' ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me love her who 'd twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence t' any who abroad have been;
My money to a capuchin.
Thou, Love, taugh'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an university:
My modesty I give to soldiers bare.
My patience let gamesters share.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her, that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes:
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my company my wit.
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I do but restore.

To him, for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give:
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; to them, which pass among
All foreigners, mine English tongue.
Thou, Love, by making me love one,
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I 'll give no more, but I 'll undo
The world by dying; because Love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth;
And all your graces no more use shall have,
Than a sun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her, who doth neglect both me and thee,
T' invent and practise this one way, t' annihilate all three.

THE FUNERAL.

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair about mine arm;
The mystery, the sign, you must not touch,
For 't is my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which unto Heav'n being gone,
Will leave this to control,
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part,
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all;
Those hairs, which upward grow, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do 't: except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacl'd, when they 're condemn'd to die.

Whate'er she meant by 't, bury it with me,
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
If into other hands these relics came.
As 't was humility
T' afford to it all that a soul can do;
So 't is some bravery,
That, since you would have none of me, I bury some of you.

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THE BLOSSOM.

Little think'st thou, poor flower,
Whom I have watch'd six or seven days,
And seen thy birth, and seen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this height to raise,
And now dost laugh and triumph on this bough,
Little think'st thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I shall
To morrow find thee fall'n, or not at all.

Little think'st thou (poor heart,
That labourest yet to nestle thee,
And think'st by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'st her stiffness by long siege to bow:)
Little think'st thou,
That thou to morrow, ere the Sun doth wake,
Must with this Sun and me a journey take.

But thou, which lov'st to be
Subtle to plague thyself, will say,
"Alas! if you must go, what 's that to me?
Here lies my business, and here I will stay:
You go to friends, whose love and means present
Various content
To your eyes, ears, and taste, and every part,
If then your body go, what need your heart?"

Well, then, stay here: but know,
When thou hast staid and done thy most,
A naked thinking heart, that makes no show,
Is to a woman but a kind of ghost;
How shall she know my heart; or, having none,
Know thee for one?
Practice may make her know some other part,
But, take my word, she doth not know a heart.

Meet me at London then
Twenty days hence, and thou shalt see
Me fresher and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had staid still with her and thee.
For God's sake, if you can, be you so too:
I will give you
There to another friend, whom you shall find
As glad to have my body as my mind.

THE PRIMROSE;

BEING AT MOUNTGOMERY CASTLE, UPON THE HILL ON WHICH IT IS SITUATE.

Upon this primrose hill,
(Where, if Heav'n would distill
A shower of rain, each several drop might go
To his own primrose, and grow manná so;
And where their form and their infinitie
Make a terrestrial gallaxie,
As the small stars do in the sky)
I walk to find a true love; and I see
That 't is not a mere woman, that is she,
But must or more or less than woman be.

Yet know I not, which flower
I wish, a six, or four;
For should my true-love less than woman be,
She were scarce any thing; and then should she
Be more than woman, she would get above
All thought of sex, and think to move
My heart to study her, and not to love;
Both these were monsters; since there must reside
Falsehood in woman, I could more abide,
She were by art than Nature falsify'd.

Live, primrose, then, and thrive
With thy true number five;
And women, whom this flower doth represent,
With this mysterious number be content;
Ten is the furthest number, if half ten
Belongs unto each woman, then
Each woman may take half us men:
Or if this will not serve their turn, since all
Numbers are odd or even, since they fall
First into five, women may take us all.

THE RELIQUE.

When my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head,
To be to more than one a bed)
And he that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies?
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls, at the last busy day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where mass-devotion doth command,
Then he that digs us up, will bring
Us to the bishop, or the king,
To make us reliques; then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men;
And since at such time miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why;
Diff'rence of sex we never knew,
No more than guardian angels do;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiss, but yet between those meals
Our hands ne'er touch'd the seals,
Which Nature, injur'd by late law, set free:
These miracles we did; but now, alas!
All measure and all language I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

THE DAMP.

When I am dead, and doctors know not why,
And my friends' curiosity
Will have me cut up, to survey each part,
And they shall find your picture in mine heart;
You think a sudden damp of love
Will through all their senses move,
And work on them as me, and so prefer
Your murder to the name of massacre.

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Poor victories! but if you dare be brave,
And pleasure in the conquest have,
First kill th' enormous giant, your Disdain,
And let th' enchantress Honour next be slain;
And like a Goth or Vandal rise,
Deface records and histories
Of your own acts and triumphs over men:
And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up, as well as you,
My giants and my witches too,
Which are vast Constancy, and Secretness,
But these I neither look for nor profess.
Kill me as woman; let me die
As a mere man; do you but try
Your passive valour, and you shall find then
Naked you 've odds enough of any man.

THE DISSOLUTION.

She 's dead, and all, which die,
To their first elements resolve;
And we were mutual elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth her's involve,
And those things, whereof I consist, hereby
In me abundant grow and burthenous,
And nourish not, but smother.
My fire of passion, sighs of air,
Water of tears, and earthy sad despair,
Which my materials be,
(But near worn out by love's security)
She, to my loss, doth by her death repair;
And I might live long wretched so,
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.
Now as those active kings,
Whose foreign conquest treasure brings,
Receive more, and spend more, and soonest break,
This (which I 'm amas'd that I can speak)
This death hath with my store
My use increas'd.
And so my soul, more earnestly releas'd,
Will outstrip her's: as bullets flown before
A later bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

A

JET RING SENT.

Thou art not so black as my heart,
Nor half so brittle as her heart thou art;
What would'st thou say? shall both our properties
by thee be spoke?
Nothing more endless, nothing sooner broke.

Marriage rings are not of this stuff;
Oh! why should aught less precious, or less tough,
Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have
bid it say, [m' away."
" I 'm cheap, and nought but fashion, fling

Yet stay with me, since thou art come,
Circle this finger's top, which did'st her thumb:
Be justly proud, and gladly safe, that thou dost
dwell with me; [thee.
She that, oh! broke her faith, would soon break

NEGATIVE LOVE.

I never stoop'd so low as they,
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldom to them, which soar no higher
Than virtue or the mind t' admire;
For sense and understanding may
Know what gives fuel to their fire:
My love, though silly, is more brave,
For may I miss, whene'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be simply perfectest,
Which can by no means be express'd
But negatives, my love is so.
To all which all love, I say No.
If any, who decipbers best,
What we know not (ourselves) can know,
Let him teach me that nothing. This
As yet my ease and comfort is,
Though I speed not, I cannot miss.

THE PROHIBITION.

Take heed of loving me,
At least remember, I forbad it thee;
Not that I shall repair my unthrifty waste
Of breath and blood, upon thy sighs and tears,
By being to thee then what to me thou wast;
But so great joy our life at once outwears:
Then lest thy love by my death frustrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
Or too much triumph in the victory;
Not that I shall be mine own officer,
And hate with hate again retaliate:
But thou wilt lose the style of conqueror,
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate:
Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too,
So these extremes shall ne'er their office do;
Love me, that I may die the gentler way:
Hate me, because thy love 's too great for me:
Or let these two themselves, not me, decay;
So shall I live thy stage, not triumph be:
Then lest thy love thou hate, and me undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

THE EXPIRATION.

So, go break off this last lamenting kiss,
Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away.
Turn thou, ghost, that way, and let me turn this,
And let ourselves benight our happiest day;
As ask none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any so cheap a death, as saying, Go;

Go; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
Ease me with death, by bidding me go too.
Or if it have, let my word work on me,
And a just office on a murd'rer do.
Except it be too late to kill me so,
Being double dead, going, and bidding, Go.

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THE COMPUTATION.

From my first twenty years, since yesterday,
I scarce believ'd thou could'st be gone away,
For forty more I fed on favours past, [last.
And forty on hopes, that thou would'st they might
Tears drown'd one hundred, and sighs blew out two;
A thousand I did neither think, nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you:
Or in a thousand more forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; but think, that I
Am, by being dead, immortal: can ghosts die?

THE PARADOX.

No lover saith, I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect lover;
He thinks that else none can or will agree,
That any loves but he:
I cannot say I lov'd, for who can say
He was kill'd yesterday:
Love with excess of heat more young than old;
Death kills with too much cold;
We die but once, and who lov'd last did die,
He that saith twice, doth lie:
For though he seem to move, and stir awhile,
It doth the sense beguile.
Such life is like the light, which bideth yet,
When the life's light is set;
Or like the heat, which fire in solid matter
Leaves behind two hours after.
Once I lov'd and dy'd; and am now become
Mine epitaph and tomb.
Here dead men speak their last, and so do I;
Love-slain, lo, here I die.

SONG.

Soul's joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
(Which cannot be,
Since I must leave myself with thee,
And carry thee with me)
Yet when unto our eyes
Absence denies
Each other's sight,
And makes to us a constant night,
When others change to light:
O give no way to grief,
But let belief
Of mutual love,
This wonder to the vulgar prove,
Our bodies, not we, move.

Let not thy wit bewcep
Words, but sense deep;
For when we miss
By distance our hopes-joining bliss,
Even then our souls shall kiss:
Fools have no means to meet,
But by their feet;
Why should our clay
Over our spirits so much sway,
To tie us to that way?
O give no way to grief, &c.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

Whilst yet to prove
I thought there was some deity in love,
So did I reverence, and gave
Worship, as atheists at their dying hour
Call, what they cannot name, an unknown power,
As ignorantly did I crave:
Thus when
Things not yet known are coveted by men,
Our desires give them fashion, and so,
As they wax lesser, fall, as they size grow.

But from late fair
His highness (sitting in a golden chair)
Is not less car'd for after three days
By children, than the thing, which lovers so
Blindly admire, and with such worship woo:
Being had, enjoying it decays;
And thence,
What before pleas'd them all, takes but one sense,
And that so lamely, as it leaves behind
A kind of sorrowing dullness to the mind.

Ah! cannot we,
As well as cocks and lions, jocund be
After such pleasures? unless wise
Nature decreed (since each such act, they say,
Diminisheth the length of life a day)
This; as she would man should despise
The sport,
Because that other curse of being short,
And only for a minute made to be
Eager, desires to raise posterity.

Since so, my mind
Shall not desire what no man else can find,
I 'll no more dote and run
To pursue things, which bad endamag'd me.
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men do, when the summer Sun
Grows great,
Though I admire their greatness, shun their heat;
Each place can afford shadows. If all fail,
'T is but applying worm-seed to the tail.

SONG.

Dear love, continue nice and chaste,
For if you yield, you do me wrong;
Let duller wits to love's end haste,
I have enough to woo thee long.

All pain and joy is in their way;
The things we fear bring less annoy
Than fear, and hope brings greater joy:
But in themselves they cannot stay.

Small favours will my prayers increase:
Granting my suit, you give me all;
And then my prayers must needs surcease,
For I have made your godhead fall.

Beasts cannot wit nor beauty see,
They man's affections only move:
Beasts other sports of love do prove,
With better feeling far than we.

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Then, Love, prolong my suit; for thus
By losing sport, I sport do win:
And that doth virtue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath been a sin.

My coming near may spy some ill,
And now the world is giv'n to scoff:
To keep my love (then) keep me off,
And so I shall admire thee still.

Say, I have made a perfect choice;
Satiety ourselves may kill:
Then give me but thy face and voice,
Mine eye and ear thou canst not fill.

To make me rich, oh! be not poor,
Give me not all, yet something lend;
So I shall still my suit commend,
And at your will do less or more.
But if to all you condescend,
My love, our sport, your godhead end.

A

LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW.

Stand still, and I will read to thee
A lecture, love, in love's philosophy.
These three hours, that we have spent
Walking here, to shadows went
Along with us, which we ourselves produc'd;
But now the Sun is just above our head,
We do those shadows tread:
And to brave clearness all things are reduc'd.
So whilst our infant loves did grow,
Disguises did and shadows flow
From us and our cares: but now 't is not so.

That love hath not attain'd the high'st degree,
Which is still diligent lest others see;
Except our loves at this noon stay,
We shall new shadows make the other-way.
As the first were made to blind
Others; these, which come behind,
Will work upon ourselves, and blind our eyes.
If our love's faint, and westwardly decline;
To me thou falsely thine,
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise.
The morning shadows wear away,
But these grow longer all the day:
But oh! love's day is short, if love decay.

Love is a growing, or full constant light;
And his short minute, after noon, is night.

EPIGRAMS.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Both robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground,
Both whom one fire had burnt, one water drown'd.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Two by themselves each other love and fear,
Slain, cruel friends by parting have join'd here.

NIOBE.

By children's birth and death I am become
So dry, that I am now mine own sad tomb.

A BURNT SHIP.

Out of a fired ship, which by no way
But drowning could be rescu'd from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Near the foe's ships, did by their shot decay:
So all were lost which in the ship were found,
They in the sea being burnt, they in the burnt ship drown'd.

FALL OF A WALL.

Under an under-min'd and shot-bruis'd wall,
A too bold captain perish'd by the fall,
Whose brave misfortune happiest men envy'd,
That had a tower for tomb his bones to hide.

A LAME BEGGAR.

"I am unable," yonder beggar cries,
"To stand or move;" if he say true, he *lies*.

A SELF-ACCUSER.

Your mistress, that you follow whores, still taxeth you;
'T is strange, that she should thus confess it, though 't be true.

A LICENTIOUS PERSON.

Thy sins and hairs may no man equal call;
For as thy sins increase, thy hairs do fall.

ANTIQUARY.

If in his study he hath so much care
To hang all old strange things, let his wife beware.

DISINHERITED.

Thy father all from thee, by his last will,
Gave to the poor; thou hast good title still.

PHRYNE.

Thy flattering picture, Phryne, 's like to thee
Only in this, that you both painted be.

AN OBSCURE WRITER.

Philo with twelve years study hath been griev'd
To b' understood, when will he be believ'd?

Klockius so deeply hath sworn ne'er more to come
In bawdy house, that he dares not go home.

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RADERUS.

Why this man gelded Martial, I amuse;
Except himself alone his tricks would use,
As Cath'rine, for the court's sake, put down stews.

MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS.

Like Esop's fellow-slaves, O Mercury,
Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
Like Esop's self, which nothing; I confess,
I should have had more faith, if thou hed'st less;
Thy credit lost thy credit: 't is sin to do,
In this case, as thou would'st be done unto,
To believe all: change thy name; thou art like
Mercury in stealing, but liest like a Greek.

Compassion in the world again is bred:
Ralphius is sick, the broker keeps his bed.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

JEALOUSY.

Fond woman, which would'st have thy husband die,
And yet complain'st of his great jealousy:
If swoln with poison he lay in 's last bed,
His body with a serecloth covered,
Drawing his breath, as thick and short as can
The nimblest crocheting musician,
Ready with loathsome vomiting to spew
His soul out of one Hell into a new,
Made deaf with his poor kindred's howling cries,
Begging with few feign'd tears great legacies,
Thou would'st not weep, but jolly and frolic be,
As a slave which to morrow should be free;
Yet weep'st thou, when thou seest him hungerly
Swallow his own death, heart's-bane jealousy.
O give him many thanks, he 's courteous,
That in suspecting kindly warneth us;
We must not, as we us'd, flout openly
In scoffing riddles his deformity:
Nor, at his board together being sat,
With words, nor touch, scarce looks adulterate.
Nor, when he swoln and pamper'd with high fare
Sits down and snorts, cag'd in his basket chair,
Must we usurp his own bed any more,
Nor kiss and play in his house, as before.
Now do I see my danger; for it is
His realm, his castle, and his diocese.
But if (as envious men, which would revile
Their prince, or coin his gold, themselves exile
Into another country, and do it there)
We play in another's house, what should we fear?
There will we scorn his household policies,
His silly plots and pensionary spies;
As the inhabitants of Thames' right side
Do London's mayor; or Germans the pope's pride.

ELEGY II.

THE ANAGRAM.

Marry, and love thy Flavia, for she
Hath all things, whereby others beauteous be;
For though her eyes be small, her mouth is great;
Though their's be ivory, yet her teeth be jet;
Though they be dim, yet she is light enough,
And though her harsh hair 's foul, her skin is rough;
What though her cheeks be yellow, her hair 's red,
Give her thine, and she hath a maidenhead.
These things are beauty's elements; where these
Meet in one, that one must, as perfect, please.
If red and white, and each good quality
Be in thy wench, ne'er ask where it doth lie.
In buying things perfum'd, we ask if there
Be musk and amber in it, but not where.
Though all her parts be not in th' usual place,
Sh' hath yet the anagrams of a good face.
If we might put the letters but one way,
In that lean dearth of words, what could we say?
When by the gamut some musicians make
A perfect song; others will undertake,
By the same gamut chang'd, to equal it.
Things simply good can never be unfit;
She 's fair as any, if all be like her;
And if none be, then she is singular.
All love is wonder; if we justly do
Account her wonderful, why not lovely too?
Love built on beauty, soon as beauty, dies;
Choose this face, chang'd by no deformities.
Women are all like angels; the fair be
Like those which fell to worse: but such as she,
Like to good angels, nothing can impair:
'T is less grief to be foul, than t' have been fair.
For one night's revel silk and gold we choose,
But in long journies cloth and leather use.
Beauty is barren oft; best husbands say,
There is best land, where there is foulest way.
Oh, what a sovereign plaster will she be,
If thy past sins have taught thee jealousy!
Here needs no spies nor eunuchs, her commit
Safe to thy foes, yea, to a marmosit.
Like Belgia's cities, when the country drowns,
That dirty foulness guards and arms the towns;
So doth her face guard her; and so for thee,
Who, forc'd by business, absent oft must be;
She, whose face, like clouds, turns the day to night,
Who, mightier than the sea, makes Mours seem white;
Whom, though seven years she in the stews had laid,
A nunnery durst receive, and think a maid;
And though in childbirth's labour she did lie,
Midwives would swear 't were but a tympany;
Whom, if she accuse herself, I credit less
Than witches, which impossibles confess.
One like none, and lik'd of none, fittest were;
For things in fashion every man will wear.

ELEGY III.

CHANGE.

Although thy hand and faith, and good works too,
Have seal'd thy love, which nothing should undo,
Yea though thou fall back, that apostasy
Confirms thy love; yet much, much I fear thee.
Women are like the arts, forc'd unto none,
Open to all searchers, unpriz'd if unknown.
If I have caught a bird, and let him fly,
Another fowler, using those means as I,
May catch the same bird; and as these things be,
Women are made for men, not him, nor me.

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Foxes, goats, and all beasts, change when they please,
Shall women, more hot, wily, wild, than these,
Be bound to one man, and bid Nature then
Idly make them apter t' endure than men?
They 're our clogs, not their own; if a man be
Chain'd to a galley, yet the galley 's free. [there,
Who hath a plough-land, casts all his seed-corn
And yet allows his ground more corn should bear;
Though Danuby into the sea must flow,
The sea receives the Rhine, Volga, and Po,
By Nature, which gave it this liberty.
Thou lov'st, but oh! can'st thou love it and me?
Likeness glues love; and if that thou so do,
To make us like and love, must I change too?
More than thy hate, I hate 't; rather let me
Allow her change, than change as oft as she;
And so not teach, but force my opinion,
To love not any one, nor every one.
To live in one land is captivity,
To run all countries a wild roguery;
Waters stink soon, if in one place they 'bide,
And in the vast sea are more putrify'd:
But when they kiss one bank, and leaving this
Never look back, but the next bank do kiss,
Then are they purest; change is the nursery
Of music, joy, life, and eternity.

ELEGY IV.

THE PERFUME.

Once, and but once, found in thy company,
All thy supposed 'scapes are laid on me;
And as a thief at bar is question'd there
By all the men that have been robb'd that year,
So am I (by this traitorous means surpris'd)
By the hydroptic father catechis'd.
Though he hath went to search with glazed eyes,
As though he came to kill a cockatrice;
Though he hath oft sworn, that he would remove
Thy beauty's beauty, and food of our love,
Hope of his goods, if I with thee were seen;
Yet close and secret, as our souls, we 've been.
Though thy immortal mother, which doth lie
Still buried in her bed, yet will not die,
Takes this advantage to sleep out day-light,
And watch thy entries and returns all night;
And, when she takes thy hand, and would seem kind,
Doth search what rings and armlets she can find;
And kissing notes the colour of thy face,
And fearing lest thou 'rt swoln, doth thee embrace;
And, to try if thou long, doth name strange meats,
And notes thy paleness, blushes, sighs, and sweats,
And politicly will to thee confess
The sins of her own youth's rank lustiness;
Yet love these sorc'ries did remove, and move
Thee to gull thine own mother for my love.
Thy little brethren, which like fairy sprites
Oft skipp'd into our chamber those sweet nights,
And kiss'd and dandled on thy father's knee,
Were brib'd next day; to tell what they did see:
The grim eight foot high iron-bound serving-man,
That oft names God in oaths, and only then,
He that, to bar the first gate, doth as wide
As the great Rhodian Colossus stride,
Which, if in Hell no other pains there were,
Makes me fear Hell, because he must be there:
Though by thy father he were hir'd to this,
Could never witness any touch or kiss.
But, oh! too common ill, I brought with me
That, which betray'd me to mine enemy:
A loud perfume, which at my entrance cry'd
E'en at thy father's nose, so were we spy'd.
When, like a tyrant king, that in his bed
Smelt gunpowder, the pale wretch shivered;
Had it been some bad smell, he would have thought
That his own feet or breath the smell had wrought.
But as we in our isle imprisoned,
Where cattle only, and divers dogs are bred,
The precious unicorns strange monsters call,
So thought he sweet strange, that had none at all.
I taught my silks their whistling to forbear,
E'en my oppress'd shoes dumb and speechless were:
Only, thou bitter sweet, whom I had laid
Next me, me traitorously hast betray'd,
And unsuspected hast invisibly
At once fled unto him, and stay'd with me.
Base excrement of earth, which dost confound
Sense from distinguishing the sick from sound;
By thee the silly amorous sucks his death,
By drawing in a leprous harlot's breath;
By thee the greatest stain to man's estate
Falls on us, to be call'd effeminate;
Though you be much lov'd in the prince's hall,
There things, that seem, exceed substantial.
Gods, when ye fum'd on altars, were pleas'd well,
Because you 're burnt, not that they lik'd your smell.
You 're loathsome all, being ta'en simply alone,
Shall we love ill things join'd, and hate each one?
If you were good, your good doth soon decay;
And you are rare, that takes the good away.
All my perfumes I give most willingly
T' embalm thy father's corse. What! will he die?

ELEGY V.

HIS PICTURE.

Here take my picture; though I bid farewell:
Thine in my heart, where my soul dwells, shall dwell,
'T is like me now, but, I dead, 't will be more,
When we are shadows both, than 't was before.
When weather-beaten I come back; my hand
Perhaps with rude oars torn, or sun-beams tann'd;
My face and breast of hair-cloth, and my head
With care's harsh sudden hoariness o'erspread;
My body a sack of bones, broken within,
And powder's blue stains scatter'd on my skin:
If rival fools tax thee t' have lov'd a man
So foul and coarse, as, oh! I may seem then,
This shall say what I was: and thou shalt say,
"Do his hurts reach me? doth my worth decay?
Or do they reach his judging mind, that he
Should now love less, what he did love to see?
That which in him was fair and delicate,
Was but the milk, which in love's childish state
Did nurse it: who now is grown strong enough
To feed on that, which to weak tastes seems tough."

ELEGY VI.

Oh! let me not serve so, as those men serve,
Whom honour's smokes at once flatter and starve:
Poorly enrich'd with great men's words or looks:
Nor so write my name in thy loving books;

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As those idolatrous flatterers, which still
Their prince's styles which many names fulfill,
Whence they no tribute have, and bear no sway.
Such services I offer as shall pay
Themselves, I hate dead names: oh, then let me
Favourite in ordinary, or no favourite be.
When my soul was in her own body sheath'd,
Nor yet by oaths betroth'd, nor kisses breath'd
Into my purgatory, faithless thee;
Thy heart seem'd wax, and steel thy constancy:
So careless flowers, strew'd on the water's face,
The curled whirlpools suck, smack, and embrace,
Yet drown them; so the taper's beamy eye,
Amorously twinkling, beckons the giddy fly,
Yet burns his wings; and such the Devil is,
Scarce visiting them who 're entirely his.
When I behold a stream, which from the spring
Doth, with doubtful melodious murmuring,
Or in a speechless slumber, calmly ride
Her wedded channel's bosom, and there chide,
And bend her brows, and swell, if any bough
Do but stoop down to kiss her utmost brow:
Yet if her often gnawing kisses win
The traitorous banks to gape and let her in,
She rusheth violently, and doth divorce
Her from her native and her long-kept course,
And roars and braves it, and in gallant scorn,
In flattering eddies promising return,
She flouts her channel, which thenceforth is dry;
Then say I, "that is she, and this am I."
Yet let not thy deep bitterness beget
Careless despair in me, for that will whet
My mind to scorn; and, oh! love dull'd with pain
Was ne'er so wise, nor well arm'd, as disdain.
Then with new eyes I shall survey and spy
Death in thy cheeks, and darkness in thine eye:
Though hope breed faith and love, thus taught I shall,
As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall;
My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
Am the recusant, in that resolute state
What hurts it me to be excommunicate?

ELEGY VII.

Nature's lay idiot, I taught thee to love,
And in that sophistry, oh! how thou dost prove
Too subtle! Fool, thou did'st not understand
The mystic language of the eye nor hand:
Nor could'st thou judge the difference of the air
Of sighs, and say, this lies, this sounds despair:
Nor by th' eye's water know a malady
Desperately hot, or changing feverously.
I had not taught thee then the alphabet
Of flowers, how they, devisefully being set
And bound up, might with speechless secresy
Deliver errands mutely and mutually?
Remember, since all thy words us'd to be
To every suitor, "I, if my friends agree;"
Since household charms thy husband's name to teach
Were all the love tricks that thy wit could reach:
And since an hour's discourse could scarce have made
One answer in thee, and that ill-array'd
In broken proverbs and torn sentences;
Thou art not by so many duties his,
(That, from the world's common having sever'd thee,
Inlaid thee, neither to be seen nor see)
As mine: who have with amorous delicacies
Refin'd thee into a blissful paradise.
Thy graces and good works my creatures be,
I planted knowledge and life's tree in thee:
Which, oh! shall strangers taste? Must I, alas!
Frame and enamel plate, and drink in glass?
Chafe wax for other's seals? break a colt's force,
And leave him then being made a ready horse?

ELEGY VIII.

THE COMPARISON.

As the sweet sweat of roses in a still,
As that, which from chaf'd muskat's pores doth trill,
As the almighty balm of the early east,
Such are the sweet drops of my mistress' breast;
And on her neck her skin such lustre sets,
They seem no sweat drops, but pearl coronets.
Rank sweaty froth thy mistress' brow defiles,
Like spermatic issue of ripe menstruous biles.
Or like the skum, which by need's lawless law
Enforc'd, Sanserra's starved men did draw
From parboil'd shoes and boots, and all the rest,
Which were with any sovereign fatness bless'd;
And like vile stones lying in saffron'd tin,
Or warts, or wheels, it hangs upon her skin.
Round as the world 's her head, on every side,
Like to the fatal ball which fell on Ide:
Or that, whereof God had such jealousy,
As for the ravishing thereof we die.
Thy head is like a rough-hewn statue of jet,
Where marks for eyes, nose, mouth, are yet scarce set:
Like the first Chaos, or flat seeming face
Of Cynthia, when the Earth's shadows her embrace.
Like Proserpine's white beauty-keeping chest,
Or Jove's best fortune's urn, is her fair breast.
Thine 's like worm-eaten trunks cloth'd in seal's skin,
Or grave, that 's dust without, and stink within.
And like that slender stalk, at whose end stands
The woodbine quivering, are her arms and hands.
Like rough-bark'd elm boughs, or the russet skin
Of men late scourg'd for madness, or for sin;
Like sun-parch'd quarters on the city gate,
Such is thy tann'd skin's lamentable state:
And like a bunch of ragged carrots stand
The short swoln fingers of thy mistress' hand.
Then like the chymic's masculine equal fire,
Which in the limbeck's warm womb doth inspire
Into th' earth's worthless dirt a soul of gold,
Such cherishing heat her best-lov'd part doth hold.
Thine 's like the dread mouth of a fired gun,
Or like hot liquid metals newly run
Into clay moulds, or like to that Etna,
Where round about the grass is burnt away.
Are not your kisses then as filthy and more,
As a worm sucking an envenom'd sore?
Doth not thy fearful hand in feeling quake,
As one which gathering flowers still fears a snake?
Is not your last act harsh and violent,
As when a plough a stony ground doth rent?
So kiss good turtles, so devoutly nice
A priest is in his handling sacrifice,
And nice in searching wounds the surgeon is,
As we, when we embrace, or touch, or kiss:
Leave her, and I will leave comparing thus,
She and comparisons are odious.

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ELEGY IX.

THE AUTUMNAL.

No spring, nor summer's beauty, hath such grace,
  As I have seen in one autumnal face.
Young beauties force our loves, and that 's a rape;
  This doth but counsel, yet you cannot 'scape.
If 't were a shame to love, here 't were no shame:
  Affections here take reverence's name.
Were her first years the golden age; that 's true.
  But now she 's gold oft try'd, and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time;
  This is her habitable tropic clime.
Fair eyes; who asks more heat than comes from [hence,
  He in a fever wishes pestilence.
Call not these wrinkles graves: if graves they were,
  They were Love's graves; or else he is no where.
Yet lies not Love dead here, but here doth sit
  Vow'd to this trench, like an anachorit.
And here, till her's, which must be his death, come,
  He doth not dig a grave, but build a tomb.
Here dwells he; though he sojourn ev'ry where
  In progress, yet his standing house is here.
Here, where still evening is, not noon nor night,
  Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
  You may at revels, you at councils sit.
This is Love's timber, youth his underwood;
  There he, as wine in June, enrages blood,
Which then comes seasonablest, when our taste
  And appetite to other things is past.
Xerxes' strange Lydian love, the platane tree,
  Was lov'd for age, none being so old as she,
Or else because, being young, nature did bless
  Her youth with age's glory—barrenness.
If we love things long sought; age is a thing,
  Which we are fifty years in compassing:
If transitory things, which soon decay,
  Age must be loveliest at the latest day.
But name not winter-faces, whose skin's slack;
  Lank, as an unthrift's purse, but a soul's sack:
Whose eyes seek light within; for all here's shade;
  Whose mouths are holes, rather worn out than made;
Whose every tooth to a several place is gone
  To vex the soul at resurrection;
Name not these living death-heads unto me,
  For these not ancient but antique be:
I hate extremes: yet I had rather stay
  With tombs than cradles, to wear out the day.
Since such Love's natural station is, may still
  My love descend, and journey down the hill;
Not panting after growing beauties; so
  I shall ebb on with them, who homeward go.

ELEGY X.

THE DREAM.

Image of her, whom I love more than she,
  Whose fair impression in my faithful heart
Makes me her medal, and makes her love me,
  As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
The value: go, and take my heart from hence,
  Which now is grown too great and good for me.
Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
  Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.
When you are gone, and reason gone with you,
  Then Fantasy is queen, and soul, and all;
She can present joys meaner than you do;
  Convenient, and more proportional.
So if I dream I have you, I have you:
  For all our joys are but fantastical.
And so I 'scape the pain, for pain is true;
  And sleep, which locks up sense, doth lock out all.
After such a fruition I shall wake,
  And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
And shall to love more thankful sonnets make,
  Than if more honour, tears, and pains were spent.
But, dearest heart, and, dearer image, stay,
  Alas! true joys at best are dreams enough;
Though you stay here, you pass too fast away:
  For even at first life's taper is a snuff.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
  Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

ELEGY XI.

DEATH.

Language, thou art too narrow, and too weak
To ease us now, great sorrows cannot speak.
If we could sigh out accents, and weep words,
Grief wears and lessens, that tear's breath affords.
Sad hearts, the less they seem, the more they are,
(So guiltiest men stand mutest at the bar)
Not that they know not, feel not their estate,
But extreme sense hath made them desperate;
Sorrow, to whom we owe all that we be,
Tyrant in th' fifth and greatest monarchy,
Was 't that she did possess all hearts before,
Thou hast kill'd her, to make thy empire more?
Knew'st thou some would, that knew her not, lament,
As in a deluge perish th' innocent?
Was 't not enough to have that palace won,
But thou must raze it too, that was undone?
Hadst thou stay'd there, and look'd out at her eyes,
All had ador'd thee, that now from thee flies;
For they let out more light than they took in,
They told not when, but did the day begin;
She was too saphirine and clear for thee;
Clay, flint, and jet now thy fit dwellings be:
Alas! she was too pure, but not too weak;
Who e'er saw crystal ordnance but would break?
And if we be thy conquest, by her fall
Th' hast lost thy end, in her we perish all:
Or if we live, we live but to rebel,
That know her better now, who knew her well.
If we should vapour out, and pine and die,
Since she first went, that were not misery:
She chang'd our world with her's: now she is gone,
Mirth and prosperity's oppression:
For of all moral virtues she was all,
That ethics speak of virtues cardinal.
Her soul was paradise: the cherubin
Set to keep it was Grace, that kept out Sin:
She had no more than let in Death, for we
All reap consumption from one fruitful tree:
God took her hence, lest some of us should lose
Her, like that plant, him and his laws above:
And when we tears, he mercy shed in this,
To raise our minds to Heav'n, where now she is:
Whom if her virtues would have let her stay,
We 'd had a saint, have now a holiday.
Her heart was that strange bush, where sacred fire,
Religion, did not consume, but inspire

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Such piety, so chaste use of God's day,
That what we turn to feast, she turn'd to pray,
And did prefigure here in devout taste
The rest of her high sabbath, which shall last.
Angels did hand her up, who next God dwell,
(For she was of that order whence most fell)
Her body's left with us, lest some had said,
She could not die, except they saw her dead;
For from less virtue and less beauteousness
The Gentiles fram'd them gods and goddesses;
The ravenous Earth, that now woos her to be
Earth too, will be a Lemnia; and the tree,
That wraps that crystal in a wooden tomb,
Shall be took up spruce, fill'd with diamond:
And we her sad glad friends all bear a part
Of grief, for all would break a stoic's heart.

ELEGY XII.

UPON THE

LOSS OF HIS MISTRESS'S CHAIN, FOR WHICH HE MADE SATISFACTION.

Nor, that in colour it was like thy hair,
Armlets of that thou may'st still let me wear:
Nor, that thy hand it oft embrac'd and kiss'd,
For so it had that good, which oft I miss'd:
Nor for that silly old morality,
That as these links were knit, our loves should be;
Mourn I, that I thy sevenfold chain have lost:
Nor for the luck's sake; but the bitter cost.
O! shall twelve righteous angels, which as yet
No leaven of vile solder did admit;
Nor yet by any way have stray'd or gone
From the first state of their creation;
Angels, which Heaven commanded to provide
All things to me, and be my faithful guide;
To gain new friends, t' appease old enemies;
To comfort my soul, when I lie or rise:
Shall these twelve innocents by thy severe
Sentence (dread judge) my sin's great burden bear?
Shall they be damn'd, and in the furnace thrown,
And punish'd for offences not their own?
They save not me, they do not ease my pains,
When in that Hell they 're burnt and ty'd in chains:
Were they but crowns of France, I cared not,
For most of them their natural country rot
I think possesseth, they come here to us,
So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous;
And howsoe'er French kings *most Christian* be,
Their crowns are circumcis'd most Jewishly;
Or were they Spanish stamps still travelling,
That are become as catholic as their king,
Those unlick'd bear-whelps, unfil'd pistolets,
That (more than cannon-shot) avails or lets,
Which, negligently left unrounded, look
Like many angled figures in the book
Of some dread conjurer, that would enforce
Nature, as these do justice, from her course.
Which, as the soul quickens head, feet, and heart,
As streams like veins run through th' Earth's ev'ry part,
Visit all countries, and have slily made
Gorgeous France ruin'd; ragged and decay'd
Scotland, which knew no state, proud in one day;
And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia:
Or were it such gold as that, wherewithall
Almighty chymics from each mineral
Having by subtle fire a soul out-pull'd,
Are dirtily and desperately gull'd:
I would not spit to quench the fire they 're in,
For they are guilty of much heinous sin.
But shall my harmless angels perish? Shall
I lose my guard, my ease, my food, my all?
Much hope, which they should nourish, will be dead
Much of my able youth, and lusty head
Will vanish, if thou, love, let them alone,
For thou wilt love me less, when they are gone;
And be content, that some lewd squeaking crier,
Well pleas'd with one lean thread-bare groat for hire,
May like a devil roar through every street,
And gall the finder's conscience, if they meet.
Or let me creep to some dread conjurer,
That with fantastic scenes fills full much paper;
Which hath divided Heaven in tenements,
And with whores, thieves, and murderers, stuff'd his rents
So full, that though he pass them all in sin,
He leaves himself no room to enter in.

But if, when all his art and time is spent,
He say 't will ne'er be found, yet be content;
Receive from him the doom ungrudgingly,
Because he is the mouth of Destiny.

Thou say'st, alas! the gold doth still remain,
Though it be chang'd, and put into a chain;
So in the first fall'n angels resteth still
Wisdom and knowledge, but 't is turn'd to ill:
As these should do good works, and should provide
Necessities; but now must nurse thy pride:
And they are still bad angels; mine are none:
For form gives being, and their form is gone:
Pity these angels yet: their dignities
Pass virtues, powers, and principalities.

But thou art resolute; thy will be done;
Yet with such anguish, as her only son
The mother in the hungry grave doth lay,
Unto the fire these martyrs I betray.
Good souls, (for you give life to every thing)
Good angels, (for good messages you bring)
Destin'd you might have been to such an one,
As would have lov'd and worshipp'd you alone:
One that would suffer hunger, nakedness,
Yea death, ere he would make your number less.
But I am guilty of your sad decay:
May your few fellows longer with me stay.

But oh, thou wretched finder, whom I hate
So, that I almost pity thy estate,
Gold being the heaviest metal amongst all,
May my most heavy curse upon thee fall:
Here fetter'd, manacled, and hang'd in chains,
First may'st thou be; then chain'd to hellish pains;
Or be with foreign gold brib'd to betray
Thy country, and fail both of it and thy pay.
May the next thing, thou stoop'st to reach, contain
Poison, whose nimble fume rot thy moist brain:
Or libels, or some interdicted thing,
Which, negligently kept, thy ruin bring.
Lust-bred diseases rot thee; and dwell with thee
Itching desire, and no ability.
May all the evils, that gold ever wrought;
All mischief, that all devils ever thought;
Want after plenty; poor and gouty age;
The plague of travailers, love and marriage,
Afflict thee; and at thy life's last moment
May thy swoln sins themselves to thee present.

But I forgive: repent, thou honest man:
Gold is restorative, restore it then:
But if that from it thou be'st loth to part,
Because 't is cordial, would 't were at thy heart,

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ELEGY XIII.

Come, Fates; I fear you not. All, whom I owe,
Are paid but you. Then 'rest me ere I go.
But chance from you all sovereignty hath got,
Love wounded none but those, whom Death dares not:
True if you were and just in equity,
I should have vanquish'd her, as you did me.
Else lovers should not brave death's pains, and live:
But 't is a rule, "death comes not to relieve."
Or pale and wan death's terrours, are they laid
So deep in lovers, they make death afraid?
Or (the least comfort) have I company?
Or can the Fates love death, as well as me?
Yes, Fates do silk unto her distaff pay
For ransom, which tax they on us do lay.
Love gives her youth, which is the reason why
Youths, for her sake, some wither and some die.
Poor Death can nothing give; yet for her sake,
Still in her turn, he doth a lover take.
And if Death should prove false, she fears him not,
Our Muses to redeem her she hath got.
That fatal night we last kiss'd, I thus pray'd,
(Or rather thus despair'd, I should have said)
Kisses, and yet despair. The forbid tree
Did promise (and deceive) no more than she.
Like lambs that see their teats, and must eat hay,
A food, whose taste hath made me pine away.
Dives, when thou saw'st bliss, and crav'dst to touch
A drop of water, thy great pains were such.
Here grief wants a fresh wit, for mine being spent,
And my sighs weary, groans are all my rent;
Unable longer to endure the pain,
They break like thunder, and do bring down rain.
Thus, till dry tears solder mine eyes, I weep:
And then I dream, how you securely sleep,
And in your dreams do laugh at me. I hate,
And pray Love all may: he pities my state,
But says, I therein no revenge shall find;
The Sun would shine, though all the world were blind.
Yet, to try my hate, Love show'd me your tear;
And I had dy'd, had not your smile been there.
Your frown undoes me; your smile is my wealth;
And as you please to look, I have my health.
Methought Love pitying me, when he saw this,
Gave me your hands, the backs and palms to kiss.
That cur'd me not, but to bear pain gave strength;
And what is lost in force, is took in length.
I call'd on Love again, who fear'd you so,
That his compassion still prov'd greater woe:
For then I dream'd I was in bed with you,
But durst not feel, for fear 't should not be true.
This merits not our anger, had it been;
The queen of chastity was naked seen:
And in bed not to feel the pain, I took,
Was more than for Actæon not to look.
And that breast, which lay ope, I did not know,
But for the clearness, from a lump of snow.

ELEGY XIV.

HIS PARTING FROM HER.

Since she must go, and I must mourn, come Night,
Environ me with darkness, whilst I write:
Shadow that Hell unto me, which alone
I am to suffer, when my love is gone.
Alas! the darkest magic cannot do it,
And that great Hell to boot are shadows to it.
Should Cynthia quit thee, Venus, and each star,
It would not form one thought dark as mine are;
I could lend them obscureness now, and say
Out of myself, there should be no more day.
Such is already my self-want of sight,
Did not the fire within me force a light.
Oh Love, that fire and darkness should be mix'd,
Or to thy triumphs such strange torments fix'd!
Is 't because thou thyself art blind, that we
Thy martyrs must no more each other see?
Or tak'st thou pride to break us on thy wheel,
And view old Chaos in the pains we feel?
Or have we left undone some mutual right,
That thus with parting thou seek'st us to spite?
No, no. The fault is mine, impute it to me,
Or rather to conspiring Destiny;
Which (since I lov'd) for me before decreed,
That I should suffer, when I lov'd indeed:
And therefore sooner now, than I can say
I saw the golden fruit, 't is wrapt away:
Or as I 'd watch'd one drop in the vast stream,
And I left wealthy only in a dream.
Yet, Love, thou 'rt blinder than thyself in this,
To vex my dove-like friend for my amiss:
And, where one sad truth may expiate
Thy wrath, to make her fortune run my fate.
So blinded Justice doth, when favourites fall,
Strike them, their house, their friends, their favourites all.
Was 't not enough that thou didst dart thy fires
Into our bloods, inflaming our desires,
And mad'st us sigh and blow, and pant, and burn,
And then thyself into our flames didst turn?
Was 't not enough, that thou didst hazard us
To paths in love so dark and dangerous:
And those so ambush'd round with houshold spies,
And over all thy husband's tow'ring eyes
Inflam'd with th' ugly sweat of jealousy,
Yet went we not still on in constancy?
Have we for this kept guards, like spy o'er spy?
Had correspondence, whilst the foe stood by?
Stoll'n (more to sweeten them) our many blisses
Of meetings, conference, embracements, kisses?
Shadow'd with negligence our best respects?
Varied our language through all dialects
Of becks, winks, looks, and often under boards
Spoke dialogues with our feet far from our words?
Have we prov'd all the secrets of our art,
Yea, thy pale inwards, and thy panting heart?
And after all this passed purgatory,
Must sad divorce make us the vulgar story?
First let our eyes be riveted quite through
Our turning brains, and both our lips grow to:
Let our arms clasp like ivy, and our fear
Freeze us together, that we may stick here;
Till Fortune, that would ruin us with the deed,
Strain his eyes open, and yet make them bleed.
For Love it cannot be, whom hitherto
I have accus'd, should such a mischief do.
Oh Fortune, thou 'rt not worth my least exclaim,
And plague enough thou hast in thy own name:
Do thy great worst, my friends and I have arms,
Though not against thy strokes, against thy harms.
Rend us in sunder, thou canst not divide
Our bodies so, but that our souls are ty'd,
And we can love by letters still, and gifts,
And thoughts, and dreams; love never wanteth shifts.

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I will not look upon the quick'ning Sun,
But straight her beauty to my sense shall run;
The air shall note her soft, the fire most pure;
Waters suggest her clear, and the earth sure;
Time shall not lose our passages; the spring,
How fresh our love was in the beginning;
The summer, how it enripen'd the year;
And autumn, what our golden harvests were.
The winter I 'll not think on to spite thee,
But count it a lost season, so shall she.
And, dearest friend, since we must part, drown night
With hope of day; burthens well borne are light.
The cold and darkness longer hang somewhere,
Yet Phœbus equally lights all the sphere.
And what we cannot in like portion pay,
The world enjoys in mass, and so we may.
Be ever then yourself, and let no woe
Win on your health, your youth, your beauty: so
Declare yourself base Fortune's enemy,
No less be your contempt than her inconstancy;
That I may grow enamour'd on your mind,
When my own thoughts I here neglected find.
And this to th' comfort of my dear I vow,
My deeds shall still be, what my deeds are now;
The poles shall move to teach me ere I start,
And when I change my love, I 'll change my heart;
Nay, if I wax but cold in my desire,
Think Heav'n hath motion lost, and the world fire:
Much more I could; but many words have made
That oft suspected, which men most persuade:
Take therefore all in this; I love so true,
As I will never look for less in you.

ELEGY XV.

JULIA.

Hark, news! O Envy, thou shalt hear descry'd
My Julia; who as yet was ne'er envy'd.
To vomit gall in slander, swell her veins
With calumny, that Hell itself disdains,
Is her continual practice, does her best,
To tear opinion ev'n out of the breast
Of dearest friends, and (which is worse than vile)
Sticks jealousy in wedlock; her own child
Scapes not the show'rs of envy: to repeat
The monstrous fashions, how, were alive to eat
Dear reputation. Would to God she were
But half so loth to act vice, as to hear
My mild reproof! Liv'd Mantuan now again,
That female mastix to limn with his pen
This she-Chimera, that hath eyes of fire,
Burning with anger, (anger feeds desire)
Tongu'd like the night-crow, whose ill-boding cries
Give out for nothing but new injuries.
Her breath like to the juice in Tenarus,
That blasts the springs, though ne'er so prosperous.
Her hands, I know not how, us'd more to spill
The food of others, than herself to fill.
But, oh! her mind, that Orcus, which includes
Legions of mischief, countless multitudes
Of former curses, projects unmade up,
Abuses yet unfashion'd, thoughts corrupt,
Misshapen cavils, palpable untruths,
Inevitable errours, self-accusing loaths:
These, like those atoms swarming in the sun,
Throng in her bosom for creation.
I blush to give her half her due; yet say,
No poison's half so bad as Julia.

ELEGY XVI.

A TALE OF A CITIZEN AND HIS WIFE.

I sing no harm, good sooth, to any wight,
To lord, to fool, cuckold, beggar, or knight,
To peace-teaching lawyer, proctor, or brave
Reformed or reduced captain, knave,
Officer, juggler, or justice of peace,
Juror or judge; I touch no fat sow's grease;
I am no libeller, nor will be any,
But (like a true man) say there are too many:
I fear not *ore tenus*, for my tale
Nor count nor counsellor will red or pale.
A citizen and his wife th' other day,
Both riding on one horse, upon the way
I overtook; the wench a pretty peat,
And (by her eye) well fitting for the feat:
I saw the lecherous citizen turn back
His head, and on his wife's lip steal a smack.
Whence apprehending that the man was kind,
Riding before to kiss his wife behind,
To get acquaintance with him I began,
And sort discourse fit for so fine a man;
I ask'd the number of the plaguy bill,
Ask'd if the custom-farmers held out still,
Of the Virginian plot, and whether Ward
The traffic of the midland seas had marr'd;
Whether the Britain Burse did fill apace,
And likely were to give th' Exchange disgrace;
Of new-built Aldgate, and the Moorfield crosses,
Of store of bankrupts and poor merchants' losses,
I urged him to speak; but he (as mute
As an old courtier worn to his last suit)
Replies with only yeas and nays; at last
(To fit his element) my theme I cast
On tradesmen's gains; that set his tongue a going,
"Alas, good sir," quoth he, "*there is no doing*
In court nor city now." She smil'd, and I,
And (in my conscience) both, gave him the lie
In one met thought. But he went on apace,
And at the present times with such a face
He rail'd, as fray'd me; for he gave no praise
To any but my lord of Essex' days:
Call'd those the age of action. "True," quoth he,
"There 's now as great an itch of bravery,
And heat of taking up, but cold lay down;
For put to push of pay, away they run:
Our only city-trades of hope now are
Bawds, tavern-keepers, whore, and scrivener;
The much of privileg'd kinsmen, and the store
Of fresh protections, make the rest all poor:
In the first state of their creation
Though many stoutly stand, yet proves not one
A righteous pay-master." Thus ran he on
In a continu'd rage: so void of reason
Seem'd his harsh talk, I sweat for fear of treason.
And (troth) how could I less? when in the prayer
For the protection of the wise lord mayor
And his wise brethren's worships, when one prayeth,
He swore that none could say amen with faith.
To get him off from what I glow'd to hear,
(In happy time) an angel did appear,
The bright sign of a lov'd and well-try'd inn,
Where many citizens with their wives had been
Well us'd and often: here I pray'd him stay,
To take some due refreshment by the way.
Look, how he look'd that hid his gold, his hope,
And at 's return found nothing but a rope;

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So he on me; refus'd and made away,
Though willing she pleaded a weary day:
I found my miss, struck hands, and pray'd him tell
(To hold acquaintance still) where he did dwell;
He barely nam'd the street, promis'd the wine;
But his kind wife gave me the very sign.

ELEGY XVII.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

To make the doubt clear, that no woman 's true,
Was it my fate to prove it strong in you?
Thought I, but one had breathed purest air,
And must she needs be false, because she 's fair?
Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,
Or your perfection not to study truth?
Or think you Heav'n is deaf, or hath no eyes,
Or those it hath smile at your perjuries?
Are vows so cheap with women, or the matter
Whereof they 're made, that they are writ in water,
And blown away with wind? Or doth their breath
(Both hot and cold) at once make life and death?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
Form'd into words, so many sighs should meet,
As from our hearts, so many oaths, and tears
Sprinkled among (all sweet'ned by our fears)
And the divine impression of stol'n kisses,
That seal'd the rest, should now prove empty blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? sign to break?
Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
He first desire you false, who 'ld wish you just?
O, I profane: though most of women be
This kind of beast, my thoughts shall except thee,
My dearest love; though froward jealousy
With circumstance might urge thy inconstancy,
Sooner I 'll think the Sun will cease to cheer
The teeming Earth, and that forget to bear:
Sooner that rivers will run back, or Thames
With ribs of ice in June will bind his streams;
Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours.
But oh! that treacherous breast, to whom weak you
Did trust our counsels, and we both may rue,
Having his falsehood found too late, 't was he
That made me cast you guilty, and you me;
Whilst he (black wretch) betray'd each simple word
We spake unto the cunning of a third.
Curs'd may he be, that so our love hath slain,
And wander on the Earth, wretched as Cain,
Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity;
In plaguing him let misery be witty.
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
Till he be noisome as his infamy;
May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his soul's price;
And after all self-torment, when he dies
May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes;
Swine eat his bowels; and his falser tongue,
That utter'd all, be to some raven flung;
And let his carrion-corse be a longer feast
To the king's dogs, than any other beast.
Now I have curs'd, let us our love revive;
In me the flame was never more alive;
I could begin again to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short days
Of my life's lease; like painters, that do take
Delight, not in made works, but whilst they make.
I could renew those times, when first I saw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd; and at masks and plays
Commend the self-same actors, the same ways;
Ask how you did, and often, with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent;
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtily catch'd, as a disease;
But being got it is a treasure sweet,
Which to defend is harder than to get:
And ought not be profan'd on either part,
For though 't is got by chance, 't is kept by art.

ELEGY XVIII.

Whoever loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he 's one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick:
Love is a bear-whelp born, if we o'er-lick
Our love, and force it new strong shapes to take,
We err, and of a lump a monster make.
Were not a calf a monster, that were grown
Fac'd like a man, though better than his own?
Perfection is in unity: prefer
One woman first, and then one thing in her.
I, when I value gold, may think upon
The ductilness, the application,
The wholesomness, the ingenuity,
From rust, from soil, from fire ever free:
But if I love it, 't is beause 't is made
By our new nature (use) the soul of trade.
All these in women we might think upon
(If women had them) and yet love but one.
Can men more injure women than to say
They love them for that, by which they 're not they?
Makes virtue woman? must I cool my blood
Till I both be, and find one, wise and good?
May barren angels love so. But if we
Make love to woman, virtue is not she:
As beauties, no, nor wealth: he that strays thus
From her to hers, is more adulterous
Than if he took her maid. Search every sphere
And firmament, our Cupid is not there:
He 's an infernal god, and under ground,
With Pluto dwells, where gold and fire abound;
Men to such gods their sacrificing coals
Did not on altars lay, but pits and holes:
Although we see celestial bodies move
Above the earth, the earth we till and love:
So we her airs contemplate, words and heart,
And virtues; but we love the centric part.
Nor is the soul more worthy, or more fit
For love, than this, as infinite as it.
But in attaining this desired place
How much they err, that set out at the face!
The hair a forest is of ambushes,
Of springs and snares, fetters and manacles:
The brow becalms us, when 't is smooth and plain;
And when 't is wrinkled, shipwrecks us again.
Smooth, 't is a paradise, where we would have
Immortal stay; but wrinkled, 't is a grave.
The nose (like to the sweet meridian) runs
Not 'twixt an east and west, but 'twixt two suns;
It leaves a cheek, a rosy hemisphere
On either side, and then directs us where
Upon the Islands Fortunate we fall,
Not faint Canaries, but ambrosial.
Unto her swelling lips when we are come,
We anchor there, and think ourselves at home,

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For they seem all: there syrens' songs, and there
Wise Delphic oracles do fill the ear;
Then in a creek, where chosen pearls do swell
The remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
These and (the glorious promontory) her chin
Being past the straits of Hellespont, between
The Sestos and Abydos of her breasts,
(Not of two lovers, but two loves the nests)
Succeeds a boundless sea, but yet thine eye
Some island moles may scatter'd there descry;
And sailing towards her India, in that way
Shall at her fair Atlantic navel stay;
Though there the current be the pilot made,
Yet ere thou be where thou should'st be embay'd,
Thou shalt upon another forest set,
Where many shipwreck and no further get.
When thou art there, consider what this chase
Misspent, by thy beginning at the face.
Rather set out below; practise my art;
Some symmetry the foot hath with that part
Which thou dost seek, and is thy map for that,
Lovely enough to stop, but not stay at:
Least subject to disguise and change it is;
Men say the Devil never can change his.
It is the emblem, that hath figured
Firmness; 't is the first part that comes to bed.
Civility we see refin'd: the kiss,
Which at the face began, transplanted is,
Since to the hand, since to th' imperial knee,
Now at the papal foot delights to be.
If kings think that the nearer way, and do
Rise from the foot, lovers may do so too:
For as free spheres move faster far than can
Birds, whom the air resists; so may that man,
Which goes this empty and ethereal way,
Than if at beauty's enemies he stay.
Rich Nature hath in women wisely made
Two purses, and their mouths awersely laid:
They then, which to the lower tribute owe,
That way, which that exchequer looks, must go:
He which doth not, his errour is as great,
As who by clyster gives the stomach meat.

ELEGY XIX.

TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED.

Come, madam, come, all rest my powers defy,
Until I labour, I in labour lie.
The foe oft-times having the foe in sight
Is tir'd with standing, though he never fight.
Off with that girdle, like Heaven's zone glittering,
But a far fairer world encompassing.
Unpin that spangled breast-plate, which you wear,
That th' eyes of busy fools may be stopp'd there.
Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime
Tells me from you, that now it is bed-time.
Off with that happy busk, which I envy,
That still can be, and still can stand, so nigh.
Your gown going off such beauteous state reveals,
As when through flow'ry meads th' hill's shadow steals.
Off with that wiry coronet, and show
The hairy diadem, which on your head doth grow:
Now off with those shoes, and then softly tread
In this Love's hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes Heaven's angels us'd to be
Reveal'd to men: thou angel bring'st with thee
A Heav'n like Mahomet's paradise; and though
Ill spirits walk in white, we eas'ly know
By this these angels from an evil sprite;
Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.
License my roving hands, and let them go
Before, behind, between, above, below.
O my America! my Newfoundland!
My kingdom's safest when with one man man'd.
My mine of precious stones: my empery,
How am I bless'd in thus discovering thee!
To enter in these bonds is to be free;
Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.
Full nakedness! all joys are due to thee;
As souls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd must be,
To taste whole joys. Gems, which you women use,
Are like Atlanta's ball, cast in men's views;
That when a fool's eye lighteth on a gem,
His earthly soul may court that, and not them:
Like pictures, or like books' gay coverings, made
For laymen, are all women thus array'd.
Themselves are only mystic books, which we
(Whom their imputed grace will dignify)
Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know;
As liberally as to thy midwife show
Thyself: cast all, yea, this white linen hence;
There is no penance due to innocence.
To teach thee, I am naked first; why, then,
What need'st thou have more covering than a man?

AN EPITHALAMIUM

ON

FREDERICK COUNT PALATINE OF THE RHYNE, AND THE LADY ELIZABETH,

BEING MARRIED ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Hail bishop Valentine, whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marry'st every year
The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love;
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon,
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather-bed.
This day more cheerfully than ever shine.
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine.

Till now thou warm'dst with multiplying loves
Two larks, two sparrows, or two doves;
All that is nothing unto this,
For thou this day couplest two phenixes.
Thou mak'st a taper see
What the Sun never saw, and what the ark
(Which was of fowl and beasts the cage and park)
Did not contain, one bed contains through thee
Two phenixes, whose joined breasts
Are unto one another mutual nests;
Where motion kindles such fires, as shall give
Young phenixes, and yet the old shall live:
Whose love and courage never shall decline,
But make the whole year through thy day, O Valentine.

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Up then, fair phœnix bride, frustrate the Sun;
  Thyself from thine affection
  Tak'st warmth enough, and from thine eye
All lesser birds will take their jollity.
    Up, up, fair bride, and call
Thy stars from out their several boxes, take
Thy rubies, pearls, and diamonds forth, and make
Thyself a constellation of them all:
  And by their blazing signify,
That a great princess falls, but doth not die:
Be thou a new star, that to us portends
Ends of much wonder; and be thou those ends.
Since thou dost this day in new glory shine,
May all men date records from this day, Valentine.

Come forth, come forth, and as one glorious flame,
  Meeting another, grows the same:
  So meet thy Frederick, and so
To an unseparable union go;
    Since separation
Falls not on such things as are infinite,
Nor things, which are but once, and disunite;
You 're twice inseparable, great, and one.
  Go then to where the bishop stays,
To make you one, his way, which divers ways
Must be effected; and when all is past,
And that y' are one, by hearts and hands made fast;
You two have one way left yourselves t' entwine,
Besides this bishop's knot, of bishop Valentine.

But oh! what ails the Sun, that hence he stays
  Longer to day than other days?
  Stays he new light from these to get?
And finding here such stars, is loath to set?
    And why do you two walk
So slowly pac'd in this procession?
Is all your care but to be look'd upon,
And be to others spectacle and talk?
  The feast with gluttonous delays
Is eaten, and too long their meat they praise.
The maskers come late, and I think will stay,
Like fairies, till the cock crow them away.
Alas! did not antiquity assign
A night as well as day to thee, old Valentine?

They did, and night is come: and yet we see
  Formalities retarding thee.
  What mean these ladies, which (as though
They were to take a clock in pieces) go
    So nicely about the bride?
A bride, before a good-night could be said,
Should vanish from her clothes into her bed;
As souls from bodies steal, and are not spy'd.
  But now she 's laid: what though she be?
Yet there are more delays; for where is he?
He comes and passeth through sphere after sphere;
First her sheets, then her arms, then any where.
Let not this day then, but this night be thine,
Thy day was but the eve to this, O Valentine.

Here lies a she Sun, and a he Moon there,
  She gives the best light to his sphere,
  Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe;
    And yet they do, but are
So just and rich in that coin which they pay,
That neither would, nor needs, forbear nor stay,
Neither desires to be spar'd, nor to spare:
    They quickly pay their debt, and then
Take no acquittances, but pay again;
They pay, they give, they lend, and so let fall
No occasion to be liberal.
More truth, more courage in these two do shine,
Than all thy turtles have and sparrows, Valentine.

And by this act of these two phenixes
  Nature again restored is;
  For since these two are two no more,
There 's but one phenix still, as was before.
    Rest now at last, and we
(As satyrs watch the Sun's uprise) will stay
Waiting when your eyes opened let out day,
Only desir'd, because your face we see;
  Others near you shall whispering speak,
And wagers lay, at which side day will break,
And win by observing then whose hand it is
That opens first a curtain, her's or his;
This will be tried to morrow after nine,
Till which hour we thy day enlarge, O Valentine.

ECLOGUE,

DECEMBER, 26, 1613.

ALLOPHANES FINDING IDIOS IN THE COUNTRY IN CHRISTMAS TIME, REPREHENDS HIS ABSENCE FROM COURT, AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE EARL OF SOMERSET; IDIOS GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF HIS PURPOSE THEREIN, AND OF HIS ACTIONS THERE.

ALLOPHANES.

Unseasonable man, statue of ice,
What could to country's solitude entice
Thee, in this year's cold and decrepid time?
Nature's instinct draws to the warmer clime
Ev'n smaller birds, who by that courage dare
In numerous fleets sail through their sea, the air.
What delicacy can in fields appear,
Whilst Flora herself doth a frize jerkin wear?
Whilst winds do all the trees and hedges strip
Of leaves, to furnish rods enough to whip
Thy madness from thee, and all springs by frost
Having tak'n cold, and their sweet murmurs lost?
If thou thy faults or fortunes would'st lament
With just solemnity, do it in Lent:
At court the spring already advanced is,
The Sun stays longer up; and yet not his
The glory is; far other, other fires:
First zeal to prince and state; then love's desires
Burn in one breast, and like Heav'n's two great lights,
The first doth govern days, the other nights.
And then that early light, which did appear
Before the Sun and Moon created were,
The prince's favour, is diffus'd o'er all,
From which all fortunes, names, and natures fall;
Then from those wombs of stars, the bride's bright eyes,
At every glance a constellation flies,
And sows the court with stars, and doth prevent
In light and power the all-ey'd firmament.
First her eyes kindle other ladies' eyes,
Then from their beams their jewels' lustres rise,
And from their jewels torches do take fire;
And all is warmth, and light, and good desire.
Most other courts, alas! are like to Hell,
Where in dark plots fire without light doth dwell:
Or but like stoves, for lust and envy get
Continual but artificial heat;

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Here zeal and love, grown one, all clouds digest,
And make our court an everlasting east.
And canst thou be from thence?

IDIOS.

..... No, I am there:
As Heav'n, to men dispos'd, is ev'ry where;
So are those courts, whose princes animate,
Not only all their house, but all their state.
Let no man think, because he 's full, h' hath all,
Kings (as their pattern, God) are liberal
Not only in fulness but capacity,
Enlarging narrow men to feel and see,
And comprehend the blessings they bestow.
So reclus'd hermits oftentimes do know
More of Heav'n's glory, than a worldling can.
As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book
Of creatures, and men need no further look;
So 's the country of courts, where sweet peace doth
As their own common soul, give life to both.
And am I then from court?

ALLOPHANES.

..... Dreamer, thou art.
Think'st thou, fantastic, that thou hast a part
In the Indian fleet, because thou hast
A little spice or amber in thy taste?
Because thou art not frozen, art thou warm?
Seest thou all good, because thou seest no harm?
The Earth doth in her inner bowels hold
Stuff well dispos'd, and which would fain be gold:
But never shall, except it chance to lie
So upward, that Heav'n gild it with his eye.
As for divine things, faith comes from above,
So, for best civil use, all tinctures move
From higher powers; from God religion springs;
Wisdom and honour from the use of kings:
Then unbeguile thyself, and know with me,
That angels, though on Earth employ'd they be,
Are still in Heav'n; so is he still at home
That doth abroad to honest actions come:
Chide thyself then, O fool, which yesterday
Might'st have read more than all thy books be-
Hast thou a history, which doth present [way:
A court, where all affections do assent
Unto the king's, and that, that kings are just?
And where it is no levity to trust,
Where there is no ambition but t' obey,
Where men need whisper nothing, and yet may;
Where the king's favours are so plac'd, that all
Find that the king therein is liberal
To them, in him, because his favours bend
To virtue, to the which they all pretend?
Thou hast no such; yet here was this, and more,
An earnest lover, wise then, and before.
Our little Cupid hath sued livery,
And is no more in his minority;
He is admitted now into that breast
Where the king's counsels and his secrets rest.
What hast thou lost, O ignorant man!

IDIOS.

..... I knew
All this, and only therefore I withdrew.
To know and feel all this, and not to have
Words to express it, makes a man a grave
Of his own thoughts; I would not therefore stay
At a great feast, having no grace to say.
And yet I 'scap'd not here; for being come
Full of the common joy, I utter'd some.
Read then this nuptial song, which was not made
Either the court or men's hearts to invade;
But since I am dead and buried, I could frame
No epitaph, which might advance my fame
So much as this poor song, which testifies
I did unto that day some sacrifice.

I. THE TIME OF THE MARRIAGE.

Thou art repriev'd, old Year, thou shalt not die,
Though thou upon thy death-bed lie,
And should'st within five days expire;
Yet thou art rescu'd from a mightier fire,
Than thy old soul, the Sun,
When he doth in his largest circle run.
The passage of the west or east would thaw,
And open wide their easy liquid jaw
To all our ships, could a Promethean art
Either unto the northern pole impart
The fire of these inflaming eyes, or of this loving heart.

II. EQUALITY OF PERSONS.

But, undiscerning Muse, which heart, which eyes,
In this new couple dost thou prize,
When his eye as inflaming is
As her's, and her heart loves as well as his?
Be tried by beauty, and then
The bridegroom is a maid, and not a man;
If by that manly courage they be try'd,
Which scorns unjust opinion; then the bride
Becomes a man: should chance on envy's art
Divide these two, whom Nature scarce did part,
Since both have the inflaming eye, and both the loving heart.

III. RAISING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Though it be some divorce to think of you
Single, so much one are you two,
Let me here contemplate thee
First, cheerful bridegroom, and first let me see
How thou prevent'st the Sun,
And his red foaming horses dost outrun;
How, having laid down in thy sovereign's breast
All businesses, from thence to reinvest
Them, when these triumphs cease, thou forward art
To show to her, who doth the like impart,
The fire of thy inflaming eyes, and of thy loving heart.

IV. RAISING OF THE BRIDE.

But now to thee, fair bride, it is some wrong,
To think thou wert in bed so long;
Since soon thou liest down first, 't is fit
Thou in first rising should allow for it.
Powder thy radiant hair,
Which if without such ashes thou would'st wear,
Thou who, to all which come to look upon,
Wert meant for Phœbus, would'st be Phaeton.
For our ease give thine eyes th' unusual part
Of joy, a tear; so quench'd, thou may'st impart,
To us that come, thy' inflaming eyes; to him, thy loving heart.

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V. HER APPARELLING.

Thus thou descend'st to our infirmity,
Who can the Sun in water see.
So dost thou, when in silk and gold
Thou cloud'st thyself; since we, which do behold,
Are dust and worms, 't is just
Our objects be the fruits of worms and dust.
Let every jewel be a glorious star;
Yet stars are not so pure as their spheres are.
And though thou stoop, t' appear to us in part,
Still in that picture thou entirely art, [ing heart.
Which thy inflaming eyes have made within his lov-

VI. GOING TO THE CHAPEL.

Now from your east you issue forth, and we,
As men, which through a cypress see
The rising Sun, do think it two;
So, as you go to church, do think of you:
But that vail being gone,
By the church rites you are from thenceforth one.
The church triumphant made this match before,
And now the militant doth strive no more.
Then, reverend priest, who God's recorder art,
Do from his dictates to these two impart
All blessings which are seen, or thought, by angel's eye or heart.

VII. THE BENEDICTION.

Bless'd pair of swans, oh may you interbring
Daily new joys, and never sing:
Live, till all grounds of wishes fail,
Till honour, yea till wisdom grow so stale,
That new great heights to try,
It must serve your ambition, to die,
Raise heirs, and may here to the world's end live
Heirs from this king to take thanks, you, to give.
Nature and grace do all, and nothing art;
May never age or errour overthwart [this heart.
With any west these radiant eyes, with any north

VIII. FEASTS AND REVELS.

But you are over-bless'd. Plenty this day
Injures; it causeth time to stay;
The tables groan, as though this feast
Would, as the flood, destroy all fowl and beast.
And were the doctrine new
That the Earth mov'd, this day would make it true;
For every part to dance and revel goes,
They tread the air, and fall not where they rose.
Though six hours since the Sun to bed did part,
The masks and banquets will not yet impart
A sun-set to these weary eyes, a centre to this heart.

IX. THE BRIDE'S GOING TO BED.

What mean'st thou, bride, this company to keep?
To sit up, till thou fain would sleep?
Thou may'st not, when thou 'rt laid, do so,
Thyself must to him a new banquet grow,
And you must entertain,
And do all this day's dances o'er again.
Know, that if Sun and Moon together do
Rise in one point, they do not set so too.
Therefore thou may'st, fair bride, to bed depart,
Thou art not gone being gone; where'er thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him thy loving heart.

X. THE BRIDEGROOM'S COMING.

As he that sees a star fall runs apace,
And finds a gelly in the place,
So doth the bridegroom haste as much,
Being told this star is fall'n, and finds her such.
And as friends may look strange
By a new fashion, or apparel's change:
Their souls, though long acquainted they had been,
These clothes, their bodies, never yet had seen.
Therefore at first she modestly might start,
But must forthwith surrender every part [or heart.
As freely, as each to each before gave either hand

XI. THE GOOD-NIGHT.

Now, as in Tullia's tomb one lamp burnt clear,
Unchang'd for fifteen hundred year,
May these love-lamps, we here enshrine,
In warmth, light, lasting, equal the divine.
Fire ever doth aspire,
And makes all like itself, turns all to fire,
But ends in ashes; which these cannot do,
For none of these is fuel, but fire too.
This is joy's bonfire then, where Love's strong arts
Make of so noble individual parts [hearts.
One fire of four inflaming eyes, and of two loving

IDIOT.

As I have brought this song, that I may do
A perfect sacrifice, I 'll burn it too.

ALLOPHANES.

No, sir, this paper I have justly got,
For in burnt incense the perfume is not
His only, that presents it, but of all;
Whatever celebrates this festival
Is common, since the joy thereof is so.
Nor may yourself be priest: but let me go
Back to the court, and I will lay 't upon
Such altars, as prize your devotion.

EPITHALAMIUM

MADE AT LINCOLN'S INN.

The sun-beams in the east are spread,
Leave, leave, fair bride, your solitary bed,
No more shall you return to it alone,
It nurseth sadness; and your body's print,
Like to a grave, the yielding down doth dint;
You and your other you meet there anon:
Put forth, put forth, that warm balm-breathing thigh, [smother,
Which when next time you in these sheets will
There it must meet another,
Which never was, but must be oft more nigh;
Come glad from thence, go gladder than you came,
To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Daughters of London, you which be
Our golden mines, and furnish'd treasury;
You which are angels, yet still bring with you
Thousands of angels on your marriage days,
Help with your presence, and devise to praise
These rites, which also unto you grow due;

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Conceitedly dress her, and be assign'd
By you fit place for every flower and jewel,
Make her for love fit fuel
As gay as Flora, and as rich as Inde;
So may she fair and rich, in nothing lame,
To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

And you, frolic patricians,
Sons of those senators, wealth's deep oceans,
Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others' wits,
Ye countrymen, who but your beasts love none,
Ye of those fellowships, whereof he 's one,
Of study and play made strange hermaphrodits,
Here shine; this bridegroom to the temple bring,
Lo, in yon path which store of strow'd flow'rs graceth,
The sober virgin paceth;
Except my sight fail, 't is no other thing.
Weep not, nor blush, here is no grief nor shame,
To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy two-leav'd gates, fair temple, unfold,
And these two in thy sacred bosom hold,
Till, mystically join'd, but one they be;
Then may thy lean and hunger-starved womb
Long time expect their bodies, and their tomb,
Long after their own parents fatten thee.
All elder claims, and all cold barrenness,
All yielding to new loves be far for ever,
Which might these two dissever,
Always all th' other may each one possess;
For the best bride, best worthy of praise and fame,
To day put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Winter days bring much delight,
Not for themselves, but for they soon bring night;
Other sweets wait thee than these diverse meats,
Other disports than dancing jollities,
Other love tricks than glancing with the eyes,
But that the Sun still in our half sphere sweats;
He flies in winter, but he now stands still,
Yet shadows turn; noon point he hath attain'd,
His steeds will be restrain'd,
But gallop lively down the western hill;
Thou shalt, when he hath run the Heav'ns' half frame,
To night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

The amorous evening star is rose,
Why then should not our amorous star enclose
Herself in her wish'd bed? release your strings,
Musicians, and dancers, take some truce
With these your pleasing labours, for great use
As much weariness as perfection brings.
You, and not only you, but all toil'd beast
Rest duly; at night all their toils are dispens'd;
But in their beds commence'd
Are other labours, and more dainty feasts.
She goes a maid, who, lest she turn the same,
To night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

Thy virgin's girdle now untie,
And in thy nuptial bed (Love's altar) lie
A pleasing sacrifice; now dispossess
Thee of these chains and robes, which were put on
T' adorn the day, not thee; for thou alone,
Like virtue and truth, art best in nakedness:
This bed is only to virginity
A grave, but to a better state a cradle;
Till now thou wast but able
To be what now thou art; then that by thee
No more be said, "I may be," but "I am,"
To night put on perfection, and a woman's name.

Ev'n like a faithful man, content,
That this life for a better should be spent;
So she a mother's rich style doth prefer,
And at the bridegroom's wish'd approach doth lie,
Like an appointed lamb, when tenderly
The priest comes on his knees t' embowel her.
Now sleep or watch with more joy; and, O light
Of Heav'n, to morrow rise thou hot and early,
This sun will love so dearly
Her rest, that long, long we shall want her sight.
Wonders are wrought; for she, which had no name,
To night puts on perfection, and a woman's name.

SATIRES.

SATIRE I.

Away, thou changeling motley humourist.
Leave me, and in this standing wooden chest,
Consorted with these few books, let me lie
In prison, and here be coffin'd, when I die:
Here are God's conduits, grave divines; and here
Is Nature's secretary, the philosopher;
And wily statesmen, which teach how to tie
The sinews of a city's mystic body;
Here gathering chroniclers, and by them stand
Giddy fantastic poets of each land.
Shall I leave all this constant company,
And follow headlong wild uncertain thee?
First swear by thy best love here, in earnest,
(If thou, which lov'st all, canst love any best)
Thou wilt not leave me in the middle street,
Though some more spruce companion thou dost meet;
Not though a captain do come in thy way
Bright parcel gilt, with forty dead men's pay;
Not though a brisk perfum'd pert courtier
Deign with a nod thy courtesy to answer;
Nor come a velvet justice with a long
Great train of blue-coats, twelve or fourteen strong,
Wilt thou grin or fawn on him, or prepare
A speech to court his beauteous son and heir?
For better or worse take me, or leave me:
To take and leave me is adultery.
Oh! monstrous, superstitious puritan
Of refin'd manners, yet ceremonial man,
That, when thou meet'st one, with inquiring eyes
Dost search, and, like a needy broker, prize
The silk and gold he wears, and to that race,
So high or low, dost raise thy formal hat;
That wilt consort none, till thou have known
What lands he hath in hope, or of his own;
As though all thy companions should make thee
Jointures, and marry thy dear company.
Why should'st thou (that dost not only approve,
But in rank itchy lust, desire and love,
The nakedness and barrenness t' enjoy
Of thy plump muddy whore, or prostitute boy;)
Hate Virtue, though she naked be and bare?
At birth and death our bodies naked are;
And, till our souls be unapparelled
Of bodies, they from bliss are banished:
Man's first bless'd state was naked; when by sin
He lost that, he was cloth'd but in beast's skin,
And in this coarse attire, which I now wear,
With God and with the Muses I confer.

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But since thou, like a contrite penitent,
Charitably warn'd of thy sins, dost repent
These vanities and giddinesses, lo
I shut my chamber door, and come, let 's go.
But sooner may a cheap whore, who hath been
Worn out by as many several men in sin,
As are black feathers, or musk-coloured hose,
Name her child's right true father 'mongst all those:
Sooner may one guess, who shall bear away
The infantry of London hence to India;
And sooner may a gulling weather-spy,
By drawing forth Heav'n's scheme, tell certainly
What fashion'd hats, or ruffs, or suits, next year
Our giddy-headed antic youth will wear,
Than thou, when thou depart'st from me, can show
Whither, why, when, or with whom, thou would'st go.
But how shall I be pardon'd my offence,
That thus have sinn'd against my conscience?
Now we are in the street; he first of all,
Improvidently proud, creeps to the wall;
And so imprison'd, and hemm'd in by me,
Sells for a little state his liberty;
Yet though he cannot skip forth now to greet
Every fine silken painted fool we meet,
He them to him with amorous smiles allures,
And grins, smacks, shrugs, and such an itch endures,
As 'prentices or school-boys, which do know
Of some gay sport abroad, yet dare not go.
And as fiddlers stoop lowest at highest sound,
So to the most brave stoops he nigh'st the ground.
But to a grave man he doth move no more
Than the wise politic horse would heretofore,
Or thou, O elephant, or ape, wilt do,
When any names the king of Spain to you.
Now leaps he upright, jogs me, and cries, "Do you see
Yonder well-favour'd youth?"—"Which?"—"Oh! 't is he
That dances so divinely."—"Oh," said I,
"Stand still, must you dance here for company?"
He droop'd; we went, till one (which did excel
Th' Indians in drinking his tobacco well)
Met us: they talk'd; I whisper'd, "Let us go,
'T may be you smell him not, truly I do."
He hears not me, but on the other side
A many-colour'd peacock having spy'd,
Leaves him and me; I for my lost sheep stay;
He follows, overtakes, goes on the way,
Saying, "Him, whom I last left, all repute
For his device, in handsoming a suit,
To judge of lace, pink, panes, print, cut, and plait,
Of all the court to have the best conceit."
"Our dull comedians want him, let him go;
But oh! God strengthen thee, why stoop'st thou so?"
"Why, he hath travail'd long; no, but to me
Which understood none, he doth seem to be
Perfect French and Italian." I reply'd,
"So is the pox." He answer'd not, but spy'd
More men of sort, of parts, and qualities;
At last his love he in a window spies,
And like light dew exhal'd he flings from me
Violently ravish'd to his lechery.
Many there were, he could command no more;
He quarrell'd, fought, bled; and, turn'd out of door,
Directly came to me, hanging the head,
And constantly awhile must keep his bed.

SATIRE II.

Sir, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town, yet there 's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards the rest.
Though poetry indeed be such a sin,
As I think that brings dearth and Spaniards in:
Though like the pestilence and old fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starv'd out, yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like papists, not worth hate:
One (like a wretch, which at bar judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him, which stands next, and cannot read,
And saves his life) gives idiot actors means,
(Starving himself) to live by 's labour'd scenes.
As in some organs puppets dance above
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms,
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms.
Rams and slings now are silly battery,
Pistolets are the best artillery.
And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
Th' excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worst, who (beggarly) doth chaw
Others wit 's fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spew,
As his own things; and they 're his own, 't is true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, th' excrement is his own.
But these do me no harm, nor they which use
* * * * * * * and out-usure Jews,
T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the litany,
Who with sin's all kinds as familiar be
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in Hell must make:
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receit they dwell.
But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus, only, breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer; which, alas! of late
But scarce a poet; jollier of this state,
Than are new benefic'd ministers, he throws
Like nets or lime-twigs, wheresoe'er he goes,
His title of barrister, on every wench,
And woos in language of the pleas and bench.
A motion, lady: speak, Coscus. "I have been
In love e'er since *tricesimo* of the queen.
Continual claims I 've made, injunctions got
To stay my rival's suit, that he should not
Proceed; spare me, in Hillary term I went;
You said, if I return'd next 'size in Lent,
I should be in remitter of your grace;
In th' interim my letters should take place
Of affidavits." Words, words, which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear
More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbies roar.
When sick with poetry, and possess'd with Muse
Thou wast and mad, I hop'd; but men, which choose
Law practice for mere gain, bold souls repute
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk
His hand still at a bill, now he must talk

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Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
That only suretyship hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lie in every thing,
Like a king's favourite, or like a king;
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the bar,
Bearing like asses, and, more shameless far
Than carted whores, lie to the grave judge: for
Bastardy abounds not in kings' titles, nor
Simony and sodomy in church-men's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as th' sea) he 'll compass all the land:
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover Strand,
And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins, as he.
For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuff,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuff
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
Relicly kept, perchance buys wedding cheer)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Assurance; big, as gloss'd civil laws,
So huge, that men (in our time's forwardness)
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
These he writes not; nor for these written pays,
Therefore spares no length, (as in those first days,
When Luther was profess'd, he did desire
Short *pater nosters*, saying as a friar
Each day his beads, but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer the power and glory clause:)
But when he sells or changes land, h' impairs
His writings, and, unwatch'd, leaves out *ses heires*,
And slily, as any commenter goes by
Hard words or sense; or in divinity
As controverters in vouch'd texts leave out [doubt.
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
Where are those spread woods, which cloth'd here-
tofore
Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
Where the old landlord's troops and alms? In halls
Carthusian fasts and fulsome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Mean's bless'd. In rich mens homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
None starve, none surfeit so. But, (oh!) w' allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of th' huge statute laws.

SATIRE III.

Kind pity checks my spleen; brave scorn forbids
Those tears to issue, which swell my eye-lids.
I must not laugh, nor weep sins, but be wise;
Can railing then cure these worn maladies?
Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
As worthy of our soul's devotion,
As virtue was to the first blinded age?
Are not Heaven's joys as valiant to assuage
Lusts, as Earth's honour was to them? Alas!
As we do them in means, shall they surpass
Us in the end? And shall thy father's spirit
Meet blind philosophers in Heav'n, whose merit
Of strict life may b' imputed faith, and hear
Thee, whom he taught so easy ways and near
To follow, damn'd? Oh, if thou dar'st, fear this:
This fear, great courage and high valour is.
Dar'st thou aid mutinous Dutch? and dar'st thou lay
Thee in ships' wooden sepulchres, a prey
To leader's rage, to storms, to shot, to dearth?
Dar'st thou dive seas, and dungeons of the earth?
Hast thou courageous fire to thaw the ice
Of frozen north discoveries, and thrice
Colder than salamanders? like divine
Children in th' oven, fires of Spain, and the line,
Whose countries limbecs to our bodies be,
Canst thou for gain bear? and must every he
Which cries not, "Goddess," to thy mistress, draw,
Or eat the poisonous words? courage of straw!
O desperate coward, wilt thou seem bold, and
To thy foes and his (who made thee to stand
Centinel in this world's garrison) thus yield,
And for forbid wars leave th' appointed field?
Know thy foes: the foul devil (he, whom thou
Striv'st to please) for hate, not love, would allow
The fain his whole realm to be quit; and as
The world's all parts wither away and pass,
So the world's self, thy other lov'd foe, is
In her decrepit wane, and thou loving this
Dost love a withered and worn strumpet; last,
Flesh (itself's death) and joys, which flesh can taste,
Thou lov'st; and thy fair goodly soul, which doth
Give this flesh power to taste joy, thou dost lothe.
Seek true religion: O where? Mirreus,
Thinking her unhous'd here, and fled from us,
Seeks her at Rome, there, because he doth know
That she was there a thousand years ago:
He loves the rags so, as we here obey
The state-cloth, where the prince sat yesterday.
Grants to such brave loves will not be enthrall'd,
But loves her only, who at Geneva is call'd
Religion, plain, simple, sullen, young,
Contemptuous yet unhandsome: as among
Lecherous humours, there is one that judges
No wenches wholsome, but course country drudges.
Grajus stays still at home here, and because
Some preachers, vile ambitious bawds, and lawd
Still new like fashions, bid him think that she
Which dwells with us, is only perfect; he
Embraceth her, whom his godfathers will
Tender to him, being tender; as wards still
Take such wives as their guardians offer, or
Pay values. Careless Phrygias doth abhor
All, because all cannot be good; as one,
Knowing some women whores, dares marry none.
Gracchus loves all as one, and thinks that so,
As women do in divers countries go
In divers habits, yet are still one kind;
So doth, so is religion; and this blind-
Ness too much light breeds. But unmoved thou
Of force must one, and forc'd but one allow,
And the right; ask thy father which is she,
Let him ask his. Though Truth and Falsehood be
Near twins, yet Truth a little elder is.
Be busy to seek her; believe me this,
He 's not of none, nor worst, that seeks the best.
T' adore, or scorn an image, or protest,
May all be bad. Doubt wisely, in strange way
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
To sleep or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragged and steep, Truth stands, and he, that will
Reach her, about must and about it go;
And what the hill's suddenness resists, win so.
Yet strive so, that before age, death's twilight,
Thy soul rest, for none can work in that night.
To will implies delay, therefore now do:
Hard deeds the body's pains; hard knowledge to
The mind's endeavours reach; and mysteries
Are like the Sun, dazzling, yet plain t' all eyes.

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Keep the truth, which thou hast found; men do not stand
In so ill case, that God hath with his hand
Sign'd kings blank-charters, to kill whom they hate,
Nor are thy vicars, but hangmen, to fate.
Fool and wretch, wilt thou let thy soul be ty'd
To man's laws, by which she shall not be try'd
At the last day? Or will it then boot thee
To say a Philip or a Gregory,
A Harry or a Martin taught me this?
Is not this excuse for mere contraries,
Equally strong? cannot both sides say so? [know;
That thou may'st rightly obey power, her bounds
Those past her nature and name's chang'd; to be
Then humble to her is idolatry.
As streams are, power is; those bless'd flowers, that dwell
At the rough stream's calm head, thrive and do well;
But having left their roots, and themselves given
To the stream's tyrannous rage, alas! are driven
Through mills, rocks, and woods, and at last, almost
Consum'd in going, in the sea are lost:
So perish souls, which more choose men's unjust
Power, from God claim'd, than God himself to trust.

SATIRE IV.

Well; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A purgatory, such as fear'd Hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor yet hath been
Poison'd with love to see, or to be seen;
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court; but as Glare, which did go
To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
The hundred marks, which is the statute's curse,
Before he scap'd; so 't pleas'd my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me
As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
Ful, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way
Therefore I suffer'd this: towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the Sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
Than Afric's monsters, Guiana's rarities,
Stranger than strangers: one, who for a Dane
In the Dane's massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
One, whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;
One, t' whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
"Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are."
His clothes were strange, though coarse; and black though bare;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 't was now (so much ground was seen)
Become tufftaffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash awhile, then nought at all.
The thing hath travell'd, and faith speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what t' all states belongs.
Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedant's motley tongue, soldiers bombast,
Mountebank's drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd compliment:
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
Out-flatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, "God!
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chooseth me." He saith, "Sir,
I love your judgment; whom do you prefer,
For the best linguist?" and I sillily
Said, that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
"Nay, but of men, most sweet sir?" Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd; here
He stopp'd me, and said: "Nay, your apostles were
Good pretty linguists, so Panurgus was;
Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass
By travel;" then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say, "If you had liv'd, sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tow'r had stood."
He adds, "If of court-life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness." I said, "Not alone
My loneness is; but Spartan's fashion,
To teach by painting drunkards, doth not last
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes' courts, though there be few
Better pictures of vice, teach me virtue." ["O, sir,
He, like to a high-stretch'd lute-string, squeak'd,
'T is sweet to talk of kings."—"At Westminster,"
Said I, "the man that keeps the abbey tombs,
And for his price doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only; the way to it is King's Street." [
He smack'd, and cry'd, "He 's base, mechanic coarse;
So 're all your English men in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat?" "Mine, as you see,
I have but one, sir, look, he follows me."
"Certes they 're neatly cloth'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram."
"Not so, sir, I have more." Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaf'd him: but as itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worse: so I, fool, found,
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress:
And asks, what news; I tell him of new plays,
He takes my hand, and as a still which stays
A semibrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As lothe to enrich me, so tells many a lie,
More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash he knows; he knows
When the queen frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what
A subtle statesman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion;
He knows who 'hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A licence old iron, boots, and shoes, and egg-
Shells to transport; shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter or blow point, but shall pay
Toil to some courtier; and, wiser than all us,
He knows, what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloys me. I belch, spew, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet

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He thrusts on more; and as he 'd undertook
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: so I sigh, and sweat
To hear this macaron talk in vain; for yet,
Either my honour or his own to fit,
He, like a privileg'd spy, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
He names a price for every office paid;
He saith, our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
That offices are entail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
As the last day; and that great officers
Do with the pirates share, and Dunkirkers.
Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse he notes;
Who loves whores, * * * * *
I, more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope his jaw
To suck me in, for hearing him; I found
That as burnt venomous leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: therefore I did show
All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
I must pay mine and my forefather's sin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear this cross; but th'
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring [hour
Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing, [lingly;"
And says, "Sir, can you spare me?" I said, "Wil-
"Nay, sir, can you spare me a crown?" Thank-
Gave it, as ransom; but as fiddlers still, [fully I
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jig upon you; so did he
With his long complemental thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown: scant
His thanks were ended when I (which did see
All the court fill'd with such strange things as he)
Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one,
Who fears more actions, doth haste from prison.
At home in wholesome solitariness
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he saw Hell, did advance
Itself o'er me: such men as he saw there
I saw at court, and worse, and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser. Then
Shall I, none's slave, of high born or rais'd men
Fear frowns? and, my mistress Truth, betray thee
To th' huffing, braggart, puff'd nobility?
No, no; thou, which since yesterday hast been
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O Sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
Think, he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us at London, flouts our courtiers, for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap nor
Taste have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the stocks are, their fruits bastard all.
'T is ten o'clock and past; all whom the Meuse,
Baloun, tennis, diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day in flocks are found
In the presence, and I, (God pardon me)
As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
The fields they sold to buy them. "For a king
Those hose are," cry the flatterers; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to sell.
Wants reach all states. Me seems they do as well
At stage, as court: all are players; whoe'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
Shall find their wardrobe's inventory. Now
The ladies come. As pirates, which do know
That there came weak ships fraught with cochineal,
The men board them; and praise (as they think) [bought:
well
Their beauties; they the men's wits; both are
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
This causes these men men's wits for speeches buy,
And women buy all reds, which scarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill laid, her hair loose set.
Would n't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
As if the presence were a Moschite; and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety,
As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters; and a lady, which owes
Him not so much as good will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests;
So much as at Rome would serve to 've thrown
Ten cardinals into the Inquisition;
And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a
Pursuivant would have ravish'd him away,
For saying our lady's psalter. But 't is fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious, that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough carelessness good fashion;
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him, he rushes in, as if, Arm, Arm,
He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
As theirs, which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse, he keeps all in awe;
Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.
Tir'd now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so,
As men from jails to execution go,
Go through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the seven deadly sins?) being among
Those Asksparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but queen's man, and fine
Living, barrels of beef, and flaggons of wine.
I shook like a spy'd spy. Preachers, which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare
Drown the sins of this place, for, for me,
Which am but a scant brook, it enough shall be
To wash the stains away: although I yet
(With Machabee, modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen: yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my wits canonical.

SATIRE V.

Thou shalt not laugh in this leaf, Muse, nor they,
Whom any pity warms. He which did lay

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Rules to make courtiers, he being understood
May make good courtiers, but who courtiers good?
Frees from the sting of jests, all, who in extreme
Are wretched or wicked, of these two a theme,
Charity and liberty, give me. What is he
Who officer's rage, and suitor's misery
Can write in jest? If all things be in all,
As I think; since all, which were, are, and shall
Be, be made of the same elements:
Each thing each thing implies or represents.
Then, man is a world; in which officers
Are the vast ravishing seas, and suitors
Springs, now full, now shallow, now dry, which to
That, which drowns them, run: these self reasons do
Prove the world a man, in which officers
Are the devouring stomach, and suitors
Th' excrements, which they void. All men are dust,
How much worse are suitors, who to men's lust
Are made preys? O worse than dust or worms' meat!
For they eat you now, whose selves worms shall eat.
They are the mills which grind you; yet you are
The wind which drives them; a wastful war
Is fought against you, and you fight it; they
Adulterate law, and you prepare the way,
Like wittals, th' issue your own ruin is.
Greatest and fairest empress, know you this?
Alas! no more than Thames' calm head doth know,
Whose meads her arms drown, or whose corn o'er-flow.
You, sir, whose righteousness she loves, whom I,
By having leave to serve, am most richly
For service paid authoriz'd, now begin
To know and weed out this enormous sin.
O age of rusty iron! Some better wit
Call it some worse name, if ought equal it.
Th' iron age was, when justice was sold; now
Injustice is sold dearer far; allow
All claim'd fees and duties, gamesters, anon
The money, which you sweat and swear for, 's gone
Into other hands: so controverted lands
Scape, like Angelica, the striver's hands.
If law be in the judge's heart, and he
Have no heart to resist letter or fee,
Where wilt thou appeal? power of the courts below
Flows from the first main head, and these can throw
Thee, if they suck thee in, to misery,
To fetters, halters, But if th' injury
Steel thee to dare complain, alas! thou go'st
Against the stream upwards, when thou art most
Heavy and most faint; and in these labours they,
'Gainst whom thou should'st complain, will in thy way
Become great seas, o'er which when thou shalt be
Forc'd to make golden bridges, thou shalt see
That all thy gold was drown'd in them before.
All things follow their like, only who have may have more.
Judges are gods; and he who made them so,
Meant not men should be forc'd to them to go
By means of angels. When supplications
We send to God, to dominations,
Powers, cherubins, and all Heaven's courts, if we
Should pay fees, as here, daily bread would be
Scarce to kings; so 't is. Would it not anger
A stoic, a coward, yea a martyr,
To see a pursuivant come in, and call
All his clothes, copes, books, primers, and all
His plate, chalices; and mistake them away,
And ask a fee for coming? Oh! ne'er may
Fair Law's white revend name be strumpeted,
To warrant thefts: she is established
Recorder to Destiny on Earth, and she
Speaks Fate's words, and tells who must be
Rich, who poor, who in chains, and who in jails;
She is all fair, but yet hath foul long nails,
With which she scratcheth suitors. In bodies
Of men, so in law, nails are extremities;
So officers stretch to more than law can do,
As our nails reach what no else part comes to.
Why bar'st thou to yon officer? Fool, hath he
Got those goods, for which erst men bar'd to thee?
Fool, twice, thrice, thou hast bought wrong, and now hungerly
Begg'st right, but that dole comes not till these die.
Thou had'st much, and Law's urim and thummim try
Thou would'st for more; and for all hast paper
Enough to clothe all the great Charrick's pepper.
Sell that, and by that thou much more shalt leese
Than Hammon, when he sold 's antiquities.
O, wretch! that thy fortunes should moralize
Esop's fables, and make tales prophecies.
Tou art the swimming dog, whom shadows cosened,
Which div'st, near drowning, for what vanished.

SATIRE VI.

Sleep next, society and true friendship,
Man's best contentment, doth securely slip.
His passions and the world's troubles rock me.
O sleep, wean'd from thy dear friend's company,
In a cradle free from dreams or thoughts, there
Where poor men lie, for kings asleep do fear.
Here Sleep's house by famous Ariosto,
By silver-tongu'd Ovid, and many moe,
Perhaps by golden-mouth'd Spencer, too pardy,
(Which builded was some dozen stories high)
I had repair'd, but that it was too rotten,
As Sleep awak'd by rats from thence was gotten:
And I will build no new, for by my will,
Thy father's house shall be the fairest still,
In Excester. Yet, methinks, for all their wit,
Those wits that say nothing, best describe it.
Without it there is no sense, only in this
Sleep is unlike a long parenthesis,
Not to save charges, but would I had slept
The time I spent in London, when I kept
Fighting and untrust gallants' company,
In which Natta, the new knight, seized on me,
And offered me the experience he had bought
With great expense. I found him throughly taught
In curing burns. His thing had had more scars
Than T..... himself; like Epps it often wars,
And still is hurt. For his body and state
The physic and counsel (which came too late
'Gainst whores and dice) he now on me bestows:
Most superficially he speaks of those.
I found, by him, least sound him who most knows.
He swears well, speaks ill, but best of clothes,
What fit summer, what what winter, what the spring.
He had living, but now these ways come in
His whole revenues. Where his whore now dwells,
And hath dwelt, since his father's death, he tells.
Yea he tells most cunningly each his cause
Why whores forsake their bawds. To these some laws
He knows of the duel, and on his skill
The least jot in that or these he quarrel will,
Though sober, but ne'er fought. I know
What made his valour undubb'd windmill go.

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Within a point at most: yet for all this
(Which is most strange) Natta thinks no man is
More honest than himself. Thus men may want
Conscience, whilst being brought up ignorant,
They use themselves to vice. And besides those
Illiberal arts forenam'd, no vicar knows,
Nor other captain less than he, his schools
Are ordinaries, where civil men seem fools,
Or are for being there; his best books, plays,
Where, meeting godly scenes, perhaps he prays.
His first set prayer was for his father's ill,
And sick, that he might die: that had, until
The lands were gone he troubled God no more;
And then ask'd him but his right, that the whore
Whom he had kept, might now keep him: she spent,
They left each other on even terms; she went
To Bridewell, he unto the wars, where want
Hath made him valiant, and a lieutenant
He is become: where, as they pass apace,
He steps aside, and for his captain's place
He prays again: tells God, he will confess
His sins, swear, drink, dice, and whore thenceforth
On this condition, that if his captain die [less,
And he succeed, but his prayer did not; they
Both cashier'd came home, and he is braver now
Than his captain: all men wonder, few know how,
Can he rob? No;—Cheat? No;—or doth he spend
His own? No. Fidus, he is thy dear friend,
That keeps him up. I would thou wert thine own,
Or thou had'st as good a friend as thou art one.
No present want nor future hope made me
Desire (as once I did) thy friend to be:
But he had cruelly possess'd thee then,
And as our neighbours the Low-Country men,
Being (whilst they were loyal, with tyranny
Oppress'd) broke loose, have since refus'd to be
Subject to good kings, I found even so
Wert thou well rid of him, thou 't have no moe.
Could'st thou but choose as well as love, to none
Thou should'st be second: turtle and demon
Should give the place in songs, and lovers sick
Should make thee only Love's hieroglyphic:
Thy impress should be the loving elm and vine,
Where now an ancient oak with ivy twine,
Destroy'd thy symbol is. O dire mischance!
And, O vile verse! And yet our Abraham France
Writes thus, and jests not. Good Fidus for this
Must pardon me: satires bite when they kiss.
But as for Natta, we have since fall'n out:
Here on his knees he pray'd, else we had fought.
And because God would not he should be winner,
Nor yet would have the death of such a sinner,
At his seeking, our quarrel is deferr'd,
I 'll leave him at his prayers, and as I heard,
His last; and, Fidus, you and I do know
I was his friend, and durst have been his foe,
And would be either yet; but he dares be
Neither yet. Sleep blots him out and takes in thee.
"The mind, you know, is like a table-book,
The old unwip'd new writing never took."
Hear how the husher's checks, euphoard and fire
I pass'd: (by which degrees young men aspire
In court) and how that idle and she-state
(When as my judgment clear'd) my soul did hate,
How I found there (if that my trifling pen
Durst take so hard a task) kings were but men,
And by their place more noted, if they err;
How they and their lords unworthy men prefer;
And, as unthrifts, had rather give away
Great sums to flatterers, than small debts pay;
So they their greatness hide, and greatness show,
By giving them that which to worth they owe:
What treason is, and what did Essex kill?
Not true treason, but treason handled ill:
And which of them stood for their country's good?
Or what might be the cause of so much blood?
He said she stunk, and men might not have said
That she was old before that she was dead.
His case was hard to do or suffer; loath
To do, he made it harder, and did both:
Too much preparing lost them all their lives,
Like some in plagues kill'd with preservatives.
Friends, like land-soldiers in a storm at sea,
Not knowing what to do, for him did pray.
They told it all the world; where was their wit?
Cuffs putting on a sword, might have told it.
And princes must fear favourites more than foes,
For still beyond revenge ambition goes.
How since her death, with sumpter horse that Scot
Hath rid, who, at his coming up, had not
A sumpter-dog. But till that I can write
Things worth thy tenth reading, dear Nick, good
night.

SATIRE VII.

Men write, that love and reason disagree,
But I ne'er saw 't express'd as 't is in thee.
Well, I may lead thee, God must make thee see;
But thine eyes blind too, there 's no hope for thee.
Thou say'st, she 's wise and witty, fair and free;
All these are reasons why she should scorn thee.
Thou dost protest thy love, and would'st it show
By matching her, as she would match her foe:
And would'st persuade her to a worse offence
Than that, whereof thou didst accuse her wench.
Reason there 's none for thee; but thou may'st vex
Her with example. Say, for fear her sex
Shun her, she needs must change; I do not see
How reason e'er can bring that *must* to thee.
Thou art a match a justice to rejoice,
Fit to be his, and not his daughter's choice.
Dry'd with his threats, she 'd scarcely stay with thee,
And would'st th' have this to choose, thee being free?
Go then and punish some soon gotten stuff;
For her dead husband this hath mourn'd enough,
In hating thee. Thou may'st one like this meet;
For spite take her, prove kind, make thy breath
sweet:
Let her see she 'th cause, and to bring to thee
Honest children, let her dishonest be.
If she be a widow, I 'll warrant her
She 'll thee before her first husband prefer;
And will wish thou had'st had her maidenhead;
(She 'll love thee so) for then thou had'st been dead.
But thou such strong love and weak reasons hast,
Thou must thrive there, or ever live disgrac'd.
Yet pause awhile, and thou may'st live to see
A time to come, wherein *she* may beg thee.
If thou 'lt not pause nor change, she 'll beg thee
now,
Do what she can, love for nothing allow.
Besides, here were too much gain and merchandise;
And when thou art rewarded, desert dies.
Now thou hast odds of him she loves, he may doubt
Her constancy, but none can put thee out.
Again, be thy love true, she 'll prove divine,
And in the end the good on 't will be thine:

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For though thou must ne'er think of other love,
And so wilt advance her as high above
Virtue, as cause above effect can be;
'T is virtue to be chaste, which she 'll make thee.

LETTERS
TO SEVERAL PERSONAGES.

TO MR. CHRISTOPHER BROOK, FROM THE ISLAND VOYAGE WITH THE EARL OF ESSEX.

THE STORM.

Thou, which art I, ('t is nothing to be so)
Thou, which art still thyself, by this shalt know
Part of our passage; and a hand, or eye,
By Hilliard drawn, is worth a history
By a worse painter made; and (without pride)
When by thy judgment they are dignify'd,
My lines are such. 'T is the pre-eminence
Of friendship only t' impute excellence.
England, to whom we owe what we be, and have,
Sad that her sons did seek a foreign grave,
(For Fate's or Fortune's drifts none can gainsay,
Honour and misery have one face, one way)
From out her pregnant entrails sigh'd a wind,
Which at th' air's middle marble room did find
Such strong resistance, that itself it threw
Downward again; and so when it did view
How in the port our fleet dear time did lease,
Withering like prisoners, which lie but for fees,
Mildly it kiss'd our sails, and fresh and sweet,
As to a stomach starv'd, whose insides meet,
Meat comes, it came; and swole our sails, when we
So joy'd, as Sarah her swelling joy'd to see:
But 't was but so kind, as our countrymen, [then.
Which bring friends one day's way, and leave them
Then like two mighty kings, which dwelling far
Asunder, meet against a third to war,
The south and west winds join'd, and, as they blew,
Waves like a rolling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line, did the gale,
Like shot not fear'd till felt, our sails assail;
And what at first was call'd a gust, the same
Hath now a storm's, anon a tempest's name.
Jonas, I pity thee, and curse those men,
Who, when the storm rag'd most, did wake thee
Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil [then:
All offices of death, except to kill.
But when I wak'd, I saw that I saw not.
I and the Sun, which should teach thee, had forgot
East, west, day, night; and I could only say,
Had the world lasted, that it had been day.
Thousands our noises were, yet we 'mongst all
Could none by his right name, but thunder call:
Lightning was all our light, and it rain'd more
Than if the Sun had drunk the sea before.
Some coffin'd in their cabins lie, equally
Griev'd that they are not dead, and yet must die:
And as sin-burden'd souls from graves will creep
At the last day, some forth their cabbins peep:
And trembling ask what news, and do hear so
As jealous husbands, what they would not know.
Some, sitting on the hatches, would seem there
With hideous gazing to fear away fear.
There note they the ship's sicknesses, the mast
Shak'd with an ague, and the hold and waste
With a salt dropsy clogg'd, and our tacklings
Snapping, like to too high-stretch'd treble strings.
And from our tatter'd sails rags drop down so,
As from one hang'd in chains a year ago.
Yea even our ordnance, plac'd for our defence,
Strives to break loose, and 'scape away from thence.
Pumping hath tir'd our men, and what 's the gain?
Seas into seas thrown we suck in again:
Hearing hath deaf'd our sailors, and if they
Knew how to hear, there 's none knows what to say.
Compar'd to these storms, death is but a qualm,
Hell somewhat lightsome, the Bermuda's calm.
Darkness, Light's eldest brother, his birth-right
Claims o'er the world, and to Heav'n hath chased light.
All things are one; and that one none can be,
Since all forms uniform deformity
Doth cover; so that we, except God say
Another fiat, shall have no more day,
So violent, yet long these furies be,
That though thine absence starve me, I wish not thee.

THE CALM.

Our storm is past, and that storm's tyrannous rage
A stupid calm, but nothing it doth swage.
The fable is inverted, and far more
A block afflicts now, than a stork before.
Storms chafe, and soon wear out themselves or us;
In calms, Heaven laughs to see us languish thus.
As steady as I could wish my thoughts were,
Smooth as thy mistress' glass, or what shines there,
The sea is now, and as the isles which we
Seek, when we can move, our ships rooted be.
As water did in storms, now pitch runs out;
As lead, when a fir'd church becomes one spout;
And all our beauty and our trim decays,
Like courts removing, or like ending plays.
The fighting place now seamens' rage supply;
And all the tackling is a frippery.
No use of lanthorns; and in one place lay
Feathers and dust, to day and yesterday.
Earth's hollownesses, which the world's lungs are,
Have no more wind than th' upper vault of air.
We can nor lost friends nor sought foes recover,
But, meteor-like, save that we move not, hover.
Only the calenture together draws
Dear friends, which meet dead in great fish's maws;
And on the hatches, as on altars, lies
Each one, his own priest, and own sacrifice.
Who live, that miracle do multiply,
Where walkers in hot ovens do not die.
If in despite of these we swim, that hath
No more refreshing than a brimstone bath;
But from the sea into the ship we turn,
Like parboyl'd wretches, on the coals to burn.
Like Bajazet encag'd, the shepherd's scoff;
Or like slack-sinew'd Sampson, his hair off,
Languish our ships. Now as a myriad
Of ants durst th' emperor's lov'd snake invade:
The crawling galleys, sea-gulls, fluny chips,
Might brave our pinnaces, our bed-rid ships:
Whether a rotten state and hope of gain,
Or so disease me from the queasy pain
Of being belov'd and loving, or the thirst
Of honour, or fair death, out-push'd me first;
I lose my end: for here as well as I
A desperate may live, and coward die.

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Stag, dog, and all, which from or towards flies,
Is paid with life or prey, or doing dies:
Fate grudges us all, and doth subtily lay
A scourge, 'gainst which we all forgot to pray.
He that at sea prays for more wind, as well
Under the poles may beg cold, heat in Hell.
What are we then? How little more, alas!
Is man now, than, before he was, he was?
Nothing; for us, we are for nothing fit;
Chance or ourselves still disproportion it;
We have no power, no will, no sense: I lie,
I should not then thus feel this misery.

TO SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

Sir, more than kisses, letters mingle souls,
For thus friends absent speak. This ease controls
The tediousness of my life: but for these,
I could invent nothing at all to please;
But I should wither in one day, and pass
To a lock of hay, that am a bottle of grass.
Life is a voyage, and in our life's ways,
Countries, courts, towns, are rocks or remoras;
They break or stop all ships, yet our state 's such
That (though than pitch they stain worse) we must touch.
If in the furnace of the even line,
Or under th' adverse icy pole thou pine,
Thou know'st, two temperate regions girded in
Dwell there: but, oh! what refuge can'st thou win
Parch'd in the court, and in the country frozen?
Shall cities built of both extremes be chosen?
Can dung or garlic be a perfume? Or can
A scorpion or torpedo cure a man?
Cities are worst of all three: of all three?
(O knotty riddle!) each is worst equally.
Cities are sepulchres; they who dwell there
Are carcases, as if none such there were.
And courts are theatres, where some men play
Princes, some slaves, and all end in one day.
The country is a desert, where the good
Gain'd inhabits not; born, 's not understood.
There men become beasts, and prone to all evils;
In cities, blocks; and in a lewd court, devils.
As in the first chaos confusedly
Each element's qualities were in th' other three:
So pride, lust, covetize, being several
To these three places, yet all are in all,
And mingled thus, their issue is incestuous:
Falsehood is denizon'd; virtue is barbarous.
Let no man say there, virtue's flinty wall
Shall look vice in me; I 'll do none, but know all.
Men are spunges, which, to pour out, receive:
Who know false play, rather than lose, deceive.
For in best understandings, sin began;
Angels sinn'd first, then devils, and then man.
Only perchance beasts sin not; wretched we
Are beasts in all, but white integrity.
I think if men, which in these places live,
Durst look in themselves, and themselves retrieve,
They would like strangers greet themselves, seeing
Utopian youth grown old Italian. [then
Be then thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
Inn any where; continuance maketh Hell.
And seeing the snail, which every where doth roam,
Carrying his own house still, still is at home:
Follow (for he 's easy pac'd) this snail,
Be thine own palace, or the world 's thy jail.
And in the world's sea do not like cork sleep
Upon the water's face, nor in the deep
Sink like a lead without a line: but as
Fishes glide, leaving no print where they pass,
Nor making sound: so closely thy course go,
Let men dispute whether thou breathe or no;
Only in this be no Galenist. To make
Court's hot ambitions wholesome, do not take
A dram of country's dullness; do not add
Correctives, but as chymics purge the bad.
But, sir, I advise not you, I rather do
Say o'er those lessons which I learn'd of you:
Whom, free from Germany's schisms, and lightness
Of France, and fair Italy's faithlessness,
Having from these suck'd all they had of worth,
And brought home that faith which you carry'd forth,
I throughly love: but if myself I 've won
To know my rules, I have, and you have Donne.

TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.

Who makes the last a pattern for next year,
Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads;
Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A palace, when 't is that which it should be,
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays;
But he which dwells there, is not so; for he
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,
And shall not better, her next change is night:
But her fair larger guest, t' whom Sun and Moon
Are sparks, and short liv'd, claims another right.

The noble soul by age grows lustier,
Her appetite and her digestion mend;
We must not starve, nor hope to pamper her
With woman's milk and pap unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet; you have seen
All libraries, which are schools, camps, and courts;
But ask your garners, if you have not been
In harvest too indulgent to your sports.

Would you redeem it? Then yourself transplant
A while from hence. Perchance outlandish ground
Bears no more wit than ours; but yet more scant
Are those diversions there which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit,
We can beginnings, but not habits choke.
Go. Whither? Hence. You get, if you forget;
New faults, till they prescribe to us, are smoke.

Our soul, whose country 's Heav'n, and God her father,
Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent;
Yet so much in her travail she doth gather,
That she returns home wiser than she went.

It pays you well, if it teach you to spare,
And make you asham'd to make your hawk's praise yours,
Which when herself she lessens in the air,
You then first say, that high enough she tow'rs.

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However, keep the lively taste you hold
Of God, love him now, but fear him more:
And in your afternoons think what you told
And promis'd him at morning prayer before.

Let falsehood like a discord anger you.
Else be not froward. But why do I touch
Things, of which none is in your practice new,
And tables and fruit-trenchers teach as much?

But thus I make you keep your promise, sir;
Riding I had you, though you still stay'd there,
And in these thoughts, although you never stir,
You came with me to Micham, and are here.

TO MR. ROWLAND WOODWARD.

Like one, who in her third widowhood doth profess
Herself a nun, ty'd to retiredness,
So affects my Muse now a chaste fallowness.

Since she to few, yet to too many, hath shown
How love-song weeds and satiric thorns are grown,
Where seeds of better arts are early sown!

Though to use and love poetry, to me,
Betroth'd to no one art, be no adultery;
Omissions of good, ill, as ill deeds, be.

For though to us it seem but light and thin,
Yet in those faithful scales, where God throws in
Men's works, vanity weighs as much as sin.

If our souls have stain'd their first white, yet we
May clothe them with faith and dear honesty,
Which God imputes as native purity.

There is no virtue but religion:
Wise, valiant, sober, just, are names which none
Want, which want not vice-covering discretion.

Seek we then ourselves in ourselves? for as
Men force the Sun with much more force to pass,
By gathering his beams with a crystal glass;

So we (if we into ourselves will turn,
Blowing our spark of virtue) may out-burn
The straw, which doth about our hearts sojourn.

You know, physicians, when they would infuse
Into any oil the souls of simples, use
Places, where they may lie still warm, to choose.

So works retiredness in us; to roam
Giddily, and be every where but at home,
Such freedom doth a banishment become.

We are but farmers of ourselves; yet may,
If we can stock ourselves and thrive, uplay
Much, much good treasure for the great rent day.

Manure thyself then, to thyself b' improv'd,
And with vain outward things be no more mov'd,
But to know that I love thee, and would be lov'd.

TO SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

Here 's no more news than virtue; I may as well
Tell you Calais, or Saint Michael's Mount, as tell
That vice doth here habitually dwell.

Yet as, to get stomachs, we walk up and down,
And toil to sweeten rest; so, may God frown,
If but to loath both, I haunt court and town.

For here no one is from th' extremity
Of vice by any other reason free,
But that the next to him still 's worse than he.

In this world's warfare they, whom rugged Fate,
(God's commissary) doth so throughly hate,
As in th' court's squadron to marshal their state;

If they stand arm'd with silly honesty,
With wishing, prayers, and neat integrity,
Like Indians 'gainst Spanish hosts they be.

Suspicious boldness to this place belongs,
And t' have as many ears as all have tongues;
Tender to know, tough to acknowledge wrongs.

Believe me, sir, in my youth's giddiest days,
When to be like the court was a player's praise,
Plays were not so like courts, as courts like plays.

Then let us at these mimic antics jest,
Whose deepest projects and egregious guests
Are but dull morals at a game at chess.

But 't is an incongruity to smile,
Therefore I end; and bid farewell awhile
At court, though from court were the better style.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

Reason is our souls' left hand, faith her right,
By these we reach divinity, that 's you:
Their loves, who have the blessing of your light,
Grew from their reason; mine from fair faith grew.

But as although a squint left-handedness
B' ungracious, yet we cannot want that hand:
So would I (not t' increase, but to express
My faith) as I believe, so understand.

Therefore I study you first in your saints,
Those friends, whom your election glorifies;
Then in your deeds, accesses, and restraints,
And what you read, and what yourself devise.

But soon, the reasons why you 're lov'd by all,
Grow infinite, and so pass reason's reach,
Then back again t' implicit faith I fall,
And rest on what the Catholic voice doth teach;

That you are good: and not one heretic
Denies it; if he did, yet you are so:
For rocks, which high do seem, deep-rooted stick,
Waves wash, not undermine, nor overthrow.

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In ev'ry thing there naturally grows
  A balsamum, to keep it fresh and new,
If 't were not injur'd by extrinsic blows;
  Your birth and beauty are this balm in you.

But you of learning and religion,
  And virtue, and such ingredients, have made
A mithridate, whose operation
  Keeps off, or cures, what can be done or said.

Yet this is not your physic, but your food,
  A diet fit for you; for you are here
The first good angel, since the world's frame stood,
  That ever did in woman's shape appear.

Since you are then God's masterpiece, and so
  His factor for our loves; do as you do,
Make your return home gracious; and bestow
  This life on that; so make one life of two.
For, so, God help me, I would not miss you there,
For all the good which you can do me here.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

You have refin'd me, and to worthiest things,
  Virtue, art, beauty, fortune, now I see
Rareness, or use, not nature, value brings;
  And such, as they are circumstanc'd, they be.
Two ills can ne'er perplex us, sin t' excuse,
But of two good things we may leave or choose.

Therefore at court, which is not virtue's clime,
  Where a transcendent height (as lowness me)
Makes her not see, or not show: all my rhyme
  Your virtues challenge, which there rarest be;
For as dark texts need notes; some there must be
To usher virtue, and say, This is she.

So in the country's beauty. To this place
  You are the season, madam, you the day,
'T is but a grave of spices, till your face
  Exhale them, and a thick close bud display.
Widow'd and reclus'd else, her sweets sh' cushrines;
As China, when the Sun at Brasil dines.

Out from your chariot morning breaks at night,
  And falsifies both computations so;
Since a new world doth rise here from your light,
  We your new creatures by new reck'nings go.
This shows that you from nature loathly stray,
That suffer not an artificial day.

In this you 've made the court th' antipodes,
  And will'd your delegate, the vulgar Sun,
To do profane autumnal offices,
  Whilst here to you we sacrifices run;
And whether priests or organs, you w' obey,
We sound your influence, and your dictates say.

Yet to that deity which dwells in you,
  Your virtuous soul, I now not sacrifice;
These are petitions, and not hymns; they sue
  But that I may survey the edifice.
In all religions, as much care hath been
Of temple's frames, and beauty, as rites within.

As all which go to Rome, do not thereby
  Esteem religions, and hold fast the best,
But serve discourse and curiosity
  With that, which doth religion but invest,
And shun th' entangling labyrinths of schools,
And make it wit to think the wiser fools:

So in this pilgrimage I would behold
  You as you 're Virtue's temple, not as she;
What walls of tender crystal her infold,
  What eyes, hands, bosom, her pure altars be,
And after this survey oppose to all
Builders of chapels, you, th' Escurial.

Yet not as consecrate, but merely as fair:
  On these I cast a lay and country eye.
Of past and future stories, which are rare,
  I find you all record and prophecy.
Purge but the book of Fate, that it admit
No sad nor guilty legends, you are it.

If good and lovely were not one, of both
  You were the transcript and original,
The elements, the parent, and the growth;
  And every piece of you is worth their all.
So entire are all your deeds and you, that you
Must do the same things still; you cannot two.

But these (as nicest school divinity
  Serves heresy to further or repress)
Taste of poetic rage, or flattery;
  And need not, where all hearts one truth profess;
Oft from new proofs and new phrase new doubts grow,
As strange attire aliens the men we know.

Leaving then busy praise, and all appeal
  To higher courts, sense's decree is true.
The mine, the magazine, the common-weal,
  The story of beauty, in Twicknam is and you.
Who hath seen one, would both; as who hath been
In Paradise, would seek the cherubin.

TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT,

SINCE LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY, BEING AT THE SIEGE OF JULYERS.

MAN is a lump, where all beasts needed be,
Wisdom makes him an ark where all agree;
The fool, in whom these beasts do live at jar,
Is sport to others, and a theatre.
Nor scapes he so, but is himself their prey;
All which was man in him, is eat away:
And now his beasts on one another feed,
Yet couple in anger, and new monsters breed:
How happy 's he, which hath due place assign'd
To his beasts; and disaforested his mind!
Empal'd himself to keep them out, not in;
Can sow, and dares trust corn, where they have been;
Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and ev'ry beast,
And is not ass himself to all the rest.
Else man not only is the herd of swine,
But he 's those devils too, which did incline
Them to an headlong rage, and made them worse:
For man can add weight to Heav'n's heaviest curse.
As souls, they say, by our first touch take in
The poisonous tincture of original sin;

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So to the punishments which God doth fling,
Our apprehension contributes the sting.
To us, as to his chickens, he doth cast
Hemlock; and we, as men, his hemlock taste:
We do infuse to what he meant for meat,
Corrosiveness, or intense cold or heat.
For God no such specific poison hath
As kills, men know not how; his fiercest wrath
Hath no antipathy, but may be good
At least for physic, if not for our food.
Thus man, that might be his pleasure, is his rod;
And is his devil, that might be his god.
Since then our business is to rectify
Nature, to what she was; we 're led awry
By them, who man to us in little show;
Greater than due, no form we can bestow
On him; for man into himself can draw
All; all his faith can swallow, or reason chaw;
All that is fill'd, and all that which doth fill,
All the round world, to man is but a pill;
In all it works not, but it is in all
Poisonous, or purgative, or cordial.
For knowledge kindles calentures in some,
And is to others icy opium.
As brave as true is that profession then,
Which you do use to make; that you know man.
This makes it credible, you 've dwelt upon
All worthy books; and now are such an one.
Actions are authors, and of those in you
Your friends find ev'ry day a mart of new.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

T' have written then, when you writ, seem'd to me
Worst of spiritual vices, simony:
And not t' have written then, seems little less
Than worst of civil vices, thanklessness.
In this my debt I seem'd loath to confess,
In that I seem'd to shun beholdenness:
But 't is not so. Nothings, as I am, may
Pay all they have, and yet have all to pay.
Such borrow in their payments, and owe more,
By having leave to write so, than before.
Yet since rich mines in barren grounds are shown,
May not I yield, not gold, but coal or stone?
Temples were not demolish'd, though profane:
Here Peter Jove's, there Paul hath Dina's fane.
So whether my hymns you admit or choose,
In me you 've hollow'd a Pagan Muse,
And denizon'd a stranger, who, mistaught
By blamers of the times they marr'd, hath sought
Virtues in corners, which now bravely do
Shine in the world's best part, or all it, you.
I have been told, that virtue in courtiers' hearts
Suffers an ostracism, and departs.
Profit, ease, fitness, plenty, bid it go,
But whither, only knowing you, I know;
Your, or you virtue, two vast uses serves,
It ransoms one sex, and one court preserves;
There 's nothing but your worth, which being true
Is known to any other, not to you:
And you can never know it; to admit
No knowledge of your worth, is some of it.
But since to you your praises discords be,
Stoop others' ills to meditate with me.
Oh, to confess we know not what we should,
Is half excuse, we know not what we would.
Lightness depresseth us, emptiness fills;
We sweat and faint, yet still go down the hills;
As new philosophy arrests the Sun,
And bids the passive Earth about it run;
So we have dull'd our mind, it hath no ends;
Only the body 's busy, and pretends.
As dead low Earth eclipses and controls
The quick high Moon: so doth the body souls.
In none but us are such mix'd engines found,
As hands of double office: for the ground
We till with them; and them to Heaven we raise;
Who prayer-less labours, or without these prays,
Doth but one half, that 's none; he which said,
"Plow,
And look not back," to look up doth allow.
Good seed degenerates, and oft obeys
The soil's disease, and into cockle strays:
Let the mind's thoughts be but transplanted so
Into the body, and bastardly they grow.
What hate could hurt our bodies like our love?
We, but no foreign tyrants, could remove
These, not engrav'd, but inborn dignities,
Caskets of souls; temples and palaces.
For bodies shall from death redeemed be
Souls but preserv'd, born naturally free;
As men to our prisons now, souls to us are sent,
Which learn vice there, and come in innocent.
First seeds of every creature are in us,
Whate'er the world hath bad, or precious,
Man's body can produce: hence hath it been,
That stones, worms, frogs, and snakes, in man are
seen:
But who e'er saw, though Nature can work so,
That pearl, or gold, or corn, in man did grow?
We 've added to the world Virginia, and sent
Two new stars lately to the firmament;
Why grudge we us (not Heaven) the dignity
T' increase with ours those fair souls' company?
But I must end this letter; though it do
Stand on two truths, neither is true to you.
Virtue hath some perverseness; for she will
Neither believe her good, nor other's ill.
Even in you, virtue's best paradise,
Virtue hath some, but wise degrees of vice.
Too many virtues, or too much of one,
Begets in you unjust suspicion.
And ignorance of vice makes virtue less,
Quenching compassion of our wretchedness.
But these are riddles: some aspersion
Of vice becomes well some complexion.
Statesmen purge vice with vice, and may corrode
The bad with bad, a spider with a toad.
For so ill thralls not them, but they tame ill,
And make her do much good against her will;
But in your common-wealth, or world in you,
Vice hath no office or good work to do.
Take then no vicious purge, but be content
With cordial virtue, your known nourishment.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

This twilight of two years, not past, nor next,
Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
Who, (meteor-like, of stuff and form perplex'd,
Whose what and where in disputation is)
If I should call me any thing, should miss.

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I sum the years and me, and find me not
Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to th' new:
That cannot say, my thanks I have forgot,
Nor trust I this with hopes, and yet scarce true:
This bravery 's since these times show'd me you.

In recompense I would show future times [such.
What you were, and teach them t' urge towards
Verse embalms virtue; and tombs or thrones of
Preserve frail transitory fame, as much [rhymes
As spice doth bodies from corrupt air's touch.

Mine are short-liv'd; the tincture of your name
Creates in them, but dissipates as fast
New spirits; for strong agents with the same
Force, that doth warm and cherish us, do waste;
Kept hot with strong extracts no bodies last.

So my verse, built of your just praise, might want
Reason and likelihood, the firmest base;
And made of miracle, now faith is scant,
Will vanish soon, and so possess no place;
And you and it too much grace might disgrace.

When all (as truth commands assent) confess
All truth of you, yet they will doubt how I
(One corn of one low ant-hill's dust, and less)
Should name, know, or express a thing so high,
And (not an inch) measure infinity.

I cannot tell them, nor myself, nor you,
But leave, lest truth b' endanger'd by my praise,
And turn to God, who knows I think this true,
And useth oft, when such a heart mis-says,
To make it good; for such a praiser prays.

He will best teach you, how you should lay out
His stock of beauty, learning, favour, blood;
He will perplex security with doubt, [you good,
And clear those doubts; hide from you, and show
And so increase your appetite and food.

He will teach you, that good and bad have not
One latitude in cloisters and in court;
Indifferent there the greatest space hath got,
Some pity's not good there, some vain disport,
On this side sin, with that place may comport.

Yet he, as he bounds seas, will fix your hours,
Which pleasure and delight may not ingress;
And though what none else lost, be truliest yours,
He will make you, what you did not, possess,
By using others' (not vice, but) weakness.

He will make you speak truths, and credibly,
And make you doubt that others do not so:
He will provide you keys and locks, to spy,
And 'scape spies, to good ends, and he will show
What you will not acknowledge, what not know.

For your own conscience he gives innocence,
But for your fame a discreet wariness,
And (though to 'scape than to revenge offence
Be better) he shows both, and to repress
Joy, when your state swells; sadness, when 't is less.

From need of tears he will defend your soul,
Or make a rebaptizing of one tear;
He cannot (that 's, he will not) disenroll
Your name; and when with active joy we hear
This private gospel, then 't is our new year.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

MADAM,

Man to God's image, Eve to man's was made,
Nor find we that God breath'd a soul in her;
Canons will not church-functions you invade,
Nor laws to civil office you prefer.

Who vagrant transitory comets sees,
Wonders, because they 're rare; but a new star,
Whose motion with the firmament agrees,
Is miracle; for there no new things are.

In women so perchance mild innocence
A seldom comet is, but active good
A miracle, which reason 'scapes and sense;
For art and nature this in them withstood.

As such a star the Magi led to view
The manger-cradled infant, God below:
By virtue's beams (by fame deriv'd from you)
May apt souls, and the worst may virtue know.

If the world's age and death be argued well
By the Sun's fall, which now towards Earth doth bend;
Then we might fear that Virtue, since she fell
So low as woman, should be near her end.

But she 's not stoop'd, but rais'd; exil'd by men
She fled to Heav'n, that 's heav'nly things, that 's [you;
She was in all men thinly scatter'd then.
But now a mass contracted in a few.

She gilded us, but you are gold; and she
Informed us, but transubstantiates you:
Soft dispositions, which ductile be,
Elixir-like, she makes not clean, but new.

Though you a wife's and mother's name retain,
'T is not as woman, for all are not so;
But Virtue, having made you virtue, 's fain
T' adhere in these names, her and you to show.

Else, being alike pure, we should neither see,
As water being into air rarefi'd,
Neither appear, till in one cloud they be;
So for our sakes you do low names abide;

Taught by great constellations, (which, being fram'd
Of the most stars, take low names Crab and Bull,
When single planets by the gods are nam'd)
You covet not great names, of great things full.

So you, as woman, one doth comprehend,
And in the vale of kindred others see;
To some you are reveal'd, as in a friend,
And as a virtuous prince far off, to me.

To whom, because from you all virtues flow,
And 't is not none to dare contemplate you,
I, which do so, as your true subject owe
Some tribute for that; so these lines are due.

If you can think these flatteries, they are,
For then your judgment is below my praise.
If they were so, oft flatteries work as far
As counsels, and as far th' endeavour raise.

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So my ill reaching you might there grow good,
  But I remain a poison'd fountain still;
And not your beauty, virtue, knowledge, blood,
  Are more above all flattery than my will.

And if I flatter any, 't is not you,
  But my own judgment, who did long ago
Pronounce, that all these praises should be true,
  And virtue should your beauty' and birth outgrow.

Now that my prophecies are all fulfill'd,
  Rather than God should not be honour'd too,
And all these gifts confess'd, which he instill'd,
  Yourself were bound to say that which I do.

So I but your recorder am in this,
  Or mouth, and speaker of the universe,
A ministerial notary; for 't is
  Not I, but you and fame, that make this verse.

I was your prophet in your younger days,
And now your chaplain, God in you to praise.

TO MR. J. W.

All hail, sweet poet! and full of more strong fire,
  Than hath or shall enkindle my dull spirit,
  I lov'd what Nature gave thee, but thy merit
Of wit and art I love not, but admire;
Who have before or shall write after thee,
Their works, though toughly laboured, will be
  Like infancy or age to man's firm stay,
  Or early and late twilights to mid-day.

Men say, and truly, that they better be,
  Which be envy'd than pity'd: therefore I,
  Because I wish the best, do thee envy:
O would'st thou by like reason pity me,
But care not for me, I, that ever was
In Nature's and in Fortune's gifts, alas!
  (But for thy grace got in the Muse's school)
  A monster and a beggar, am a fool.

Oh, how I grieve, that late-born modesty
  Hath got such root in easy waxen hearts, [parts
  That men may not themselves their own good
Extol, without suspect of surquedry;
For, but thyself, no subject can be found
Worthy thy quill, nor any quill resound
  Thy worth but thine: how good it were to see
  A poem in thy praise, and writ by thee!

Now if this song be too harsh for rhyme, yet as
  The painter's bad god made a good devil,
  'T will be good prose, although the verse be evil.
If thou forget the rhyme, as thou dost pass,
Then write, that I may follow, and so be
Thy echo, thy debtor, thy foil, thy zanee.
  I shall be thought (if mine like thine I shape)
  All the world's lion, though I be thy ape.

TO MR. T. W.

Haste thee, harsh verse, as fast as thy lame measure
Will give thee leave, to him; my pain and pleasure
I 've given thee, and yet thou art too weak,
Feet and a reasoning soul, and tongue to speak,
Tell him, all questions, which men have defended
Both of the place and pains of Hell, are ended;
And 't is decreed, our Hell is but privation
Of him, at least in this Earth's habitation:
And 't is where I am, where in every street
Infections follow, overtake, and meet.
Live I or die, by you my love is sent,
You are my pawns, or else my testament.

TO MR. T. W.

Pregnant again with th' old twins, Hope and Fear,
Oft have I ask'd for thee, both how and where
Thou wert, and what my hopes of letters were:

As in our streets sly beggars narrowly
Watch motions of the giver's hand or eye,
And evermore conceive some hope thereby.

And now thy alms is giv'n, the letter's read,
The body risen again, the which was dead,
And thy poor starveling bountifully fed.

After this banquet my soul doth say grace,
And praise thee for 't, and zealously embrace
Thy love; though I think thy love in this case
To be as gluttons', which say midst their meat,
They love that best, of which they most do eat.

INCERTO.

As once from hence my lines and I depart,
I to my soft still walks, they to my heart;
I to the nurse, they to the child of art.

Yet as a firm house, though the carpenter
Perish, doth stand: as an ambassador
Lies safe, howe'er his king be in danger:

So, though I languish, press'd with melancholy,
My verse, the strict map of my misery,
Shall live to see that, for whose want I die.

Therefore I envy them, and do repent,
That from unhappy me things happy are sent;
Yet as a picture, or bare sacrament,
Accept these lines, and if in them there be
Merit of love, bestow that love on me.

TO MR. C. B.

Thy friend, whom thy deserts to thee enchain,
  Urg'd by this inexcusable occasion,
  Thee and the saint of his affection
Leaving behind, doth of both wants complain;
And let the love, I bear to both, sustain
  No blot nor maim by this division;
  Strong is this love, which ties our hearts in one,
And strong that love pursu'd with amorous pain:
But though besides myself I leave behind
  Heaven's liberal and the thrice fair Sun,
  Going to where starv'd Winter aye doth woo;
Yet love's hot fires, which martyr my sad mind,
  Do send forth scalding sighs, which have the art
  To melt all ice, but that which walls her heart.

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TO MR. S. B.

O thou, which to search out the secret parts
  Of th' India, or rather Paradise
  Of knowledge, hast with courage and advice
Lately lanch'd into the vast sea of arts,
Disdain not in thy constant travelling
  To do as other voyagers, and make
  Some turns into less creeks, and wisely take
Fresh water at the Heliconian spring.
I sing not siren-like to tempt; for I
  Am harsh; nor as those schismatics with you,
  Which draw all wits of good hope to their crew;
But seeing in you bright sparks of poetry,
  I, though I brought no fuel, had desire
  With these articulate blasts to blow the fire.

TO MR. B. B.

Is not thy sacred hunger of science
  Yet satisfy'd? is not thy brain's rich hive
  Fulfill'd with honey, which thou dost derive
From the arts' spirits and their quintessence?
Then wean thyself at last, and thee withdraw
  From Cambridge, thy old nurse; and, as the rest,
  Here toughly chew and sturdily digest
Th' immense vast volumes of our common law;
And begin soon, lest my grief grieve thee too,
  Which is that that, which I should have begun
  In my youth's morning, now late must be done:
And I as giddy travellers must do,
  Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
  Light and strength, dark and tir'd must then ride post.

If thou unto thy Muse be married,
  Embrace her ever, ever multiply;
  Be far from me that strange adultery
To tempt thee, and procure her widowhood;
My nurse, (for I had one) because I 'm cold,
  Divorc'd herself; the cause being in me,
  That I can take no new in bigamy;
Not my will only, but pow'r doth withhold;
Hence comes it that these rhymes, which never had
  Mother, want matter; and they only have
  A little form, the which their father gave:
They are profane, imperfect, oh! too bad
  To be counted children of poetry,
  Except confirm'd and bishopped by thee.

TO MR. R. W.

If, as mine is, thy life a slumber be,
Seem, when thou read'st these lines, to dream of me;
Never did Morpheus, nor his brother, wear
Shapes so like those shapes, whom they would appear;
As this my letter is like me, for it
Hath my name, words, hand, feet, heart, mind, and wit;
It is my deed of gift of me to thee,
It is my will, myself the legacy.
So thy retirings I love, yea envy,
Bred in thee by a wise melancholy;
That I rejoice, that unto where thou art,
Though I stay here, I can thus send my heart;
As kindly as any enamour'd patient
His picture to his absent love hath sent.
All news I think sooner reach thee than me;
Havens are Heav'ns, and ships wing'd angels be,
The which both gospel and stern threatnings bring;
Guiana's harvest is nipt in the spring,
I fear; and with us (methinks) Fate deals so,
As with the Jew's guide God did; he did show
Him the rich land, but barr'd his entry in:
Our slowness is our punishment and sin.
Perchance, these Spanish businesses being done,
Which as the Earth between the Moon and Sun
Eclipse the light, which Guiana would give,
Our discontinued hopes we shall retrieve:
But if (as all th' all must) hopes smoke away,
Is not almighty Virtue an India?
  If men be worlds, there is in every one
Something to answer in some proportion
All the world's riches: and in good men this
Virtue our form's form, and our soul's soul is.

TO MR. J. L.

Or that short roll of friends writ in my heart,
Which with thy name begins, since their depart
Whether in th' English provinces they be,
Or drink of Po, Sequan, or Danuby,
There's none, that sometimes greets us not; and yet
Your Trent is Lethe', that past, us you forget.
You do not duties of societies,
If from th' embrace of a lov'd wife you rise,
View your fat beasts, stretch'd barns, and labour'd fields,
Eat, play, ride, take all joys, which all day yields,
And then again to your embracements go;
Some hours on us your friends, and some bestow
Upon your Muse; else both we shall repent,
I, that my love, she, that her gifts on you are spent.

TO MR. J. P.

Bless'd are your north parts, for all this long time
My Sun is with you, cold and dark's our clime.
Heaven's Sun, which stay'd so long from us this year,
Stay'd in your north (I think) for she was there,
And hither by kind Nature drawn from thence,
Here rages, chafes, and threatens pestilence;
Yet I, as long as she from hence doth stay,
Think this no south, no summer, nor no day.
With thee my kind and unkind heart is run,
There sacrifice it to that beauteous Sun:
So may thy pastures with their flowery feasts,
As suddenly as lard, fat thy lean beasts;
So may thy woods oft poll'd yet ever wear
A green, and (when she list) a golden hair;
So may all thy sheep bring forth twins; and so
In chase and race may thy horse all out-go;
So may thy love and courage ne'er be cold;
Thy son ne'er ward; thy lov'd wife ne'er seem old;
But may'st thou wish great things, and them attain,
As thou tell'st her, and none but her, my pain.

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TO E. OF D.

WITH SIX HOLY SONNETS.

Sez, sir, how as the Sun's hot mascaline flame
  Begets strange creatures on Nile's dirty slime,
  In me your fatherly yet lusty rhyme [same;
(For these songs are their fruits) have wrought the
But though th' engendring force, from whence they came,
  Be strong enough, and nature doth admit
  Sev'n to be born at once; I send as yet
But six; they say, the seventh hath still some maim:
  I choose your judgment, which the same degree
  Doth with her sister, your invention, hold,
As fire these drossy rhymes to purify,
  Or as elixir to change them to gold;
You are that alchymist, which always had
Wit, whose one spark could make good things of bad.

TO

SIR HENRY WOOTTON,

AT HIS GOING AMBASSADOR TO VENICE.

After those rev'rend papers, whose soul is [name,
  Our good and great king's lov'd hand and fear'd
By which to you he derives much of his,
  And (how he may) makes you almost the same,

A taper of his torch, a copy writ
  From his original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm and dazzling Sun, though it
  Must in another sphere his virtue stream;

After those learned papers, which your hand
  Hath stor'd with notes of use and pleasure too,
From which rich treasury you may command
  Fit matter, whether you will write or do;

After those loving papers, which friends send
  With glad grief to your sea-ward steps farewell,
Which thicken on you now, as pray'rs ascend
  To Heaven in troops at a good man's passing bell;

Admit this honest paper, and allow
  It such an audience as yourself would ask;
What you must say at Venice, this means now,
  And hath for nature, what you have for task.

To swear much love, not to be chang'd before
  Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune more,
  Than I have done your noble-wanting wit.

But 't is an easier load (though both oppress)
  To want than govern greatness; for we are
In that, our own and only business;
  In this, we must for others' vices care.

'T is therefore well your spirits now are plac'd
  In their last furnace, in activity; [past)
Which fits them (schools and courts and wars o'er-
  To touch and taste in any best degree.

For me, (if there be such a thing as I)
  Fortune (if there be such a thing as she)
Spies that I bear so well her tyranny,
  That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

But though she part us, to hear my oft prayers
  For your increase, God is as near me here;
And to send you what I shall beg, his stairs
  In length and ease are alike every where.

TO MRS. M. H.

Mad paper, stay, and grudge not here to burn
  With all those sons, whom thy brain did create;
At least lie hid with me, till thou return
  To rags again, which is thy native state.

What though thou have enough unworthiness
  To come unto great place as others do,
That 's much, emboldens, pulls, thrusts, I confess;
  But 't is not all, thou shouldst be wicked too.

And that thou canst not learn, or not of me,
  Yet thou wilt go; go, since thou goest to her,
Who lacks but faults to be a prince, for she
  Truth, whom they dare not pardon, dares prefer.

But when thou com'st to that perplexing eye,
  Which equally claims love and reverence,
Thou wilt not long dispute it, thou wilt die;
  And having little now, have then no sense.

Yet when her warm redeeming hand (which is
  A miracle, and made such to work more)
Doth touch thee (sapless leaf) thou grow'st by this
  Her creature, glorify'd more than before.

Then as a mother, which delights to hear
  Her early child misspeak half utter'd words,
Or, because majesty doth never fear
  Ill or bold speech, she audience affords.

And then, cold speechless wretch, thou diest again,
  And wisely; what discourse is left for thee?
From speech of ill and her thou must abstain?
  And is there any good which is not she?

Yet may'st thou praise her servants, though not her;
  And wit and virtue and honour her attend,
And since they 're but her clothes, thou shalt not err,
  If thou her shape and beauty and grace commend.

Who knows thy destiny? when thou hast done,
  Perchance her cabinet may harbour thee.
Whither all noble ambitious wits do run;
  A nest almost as full of good as she.

When thou art there, if any, whom we know,
  Were sav'd before, and did that Heaven partake,
When she revolves his papers, mark what show
  Of favour she, alone, to them doth make.

Mark if, to get them, she o'er-skip the rest,
  Mark if she read them twice, or kiss the name;
Mark if she do the same that they protest;
  Mark if she mark, whither her woman came.

Mark if slight things b' objected, and o'erblown,
  Mark if her oaths against him be not still
Reserv'd, and that she grieve she's not her own,
  And chides the doctrine that denies free-will.

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I bid thee not do this to be my spy,
Nor to make myself her familiar;
But so much I do love her choice, that I
Would fain love him, that shall be lov'd of her.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Honour is so sublime perfection,
And so refin'd; that when God was alone,
And creatureless at first, himself had none;

But as of th' elements these, which we tread,
Produce all things with which we 're joy'd or fed,
And these are barren both above our head;

So from low persons doth all honour flow;
Kings, whom they would have honour'd, to us show,
And but direct our honour, not bestow.

For when from herbs the pure part must be won
From grass by stilling, this is better done
By despis'd dung, than by the fire or Sun:

Care not then, madam, how low your praises lie;
In labourer's ballads oft more piety
God finds, than in te deum's melody.

And ordnance rais'd on tow'rs so many mile
Send not their voice, nor last so long a while,
As fires from th' Earth's low vaults in Sicil isle.

Should I say I liv'd darker than were true,
Your radiation can all clouds subdue,
But one: 't is best light to contemplate you.

You, for whose body God made better clay,
Or took soul's stuff, such as shall late decay,
Or such as needs small change at the last day.

This, as an amber drop enwraps a bee,
Covering discovers your quick soul; that we [see.
May in your through-shine front our heart's thoughts

You teach (though we learn not) a thing unknown
To our late times, the use of specular stone,
Through which all things within without were shown.

Of such were temples; so, and such you are;
Being and seeming is your equal care;
And virtues' whole sum is but know and dare.

Discretion is a wise man's soul, and so
Religion is a Christian's, and you know
How these are one; her yea is not her no.

But as our souls of growth and souls of sense
Have birthright of our reason's soul, yet hence
They fly not from that, nor seek precedence:

Nature's first lesson so discretion
Must not grudge zeal a place, nor yet keep none,
Not banish itself, nor religion.

Nor may we hope to solder still and knit
These two, and dare to break them; nor must wit
Be colleague to religion, but be it.

In those poor types of God (round circles) so
Religion's types the pieceless centres flow,
And are in all the lines which all ways go.

If either ever wrought in you alone,
Or principally, then religion
Wrought your ends, and your ways discretion.

Go thither still, go the same way you went;
Who so would change, doth covet or repent;
Neither can reach you, great and innocent.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

That unripe side of Earth, that heavy clime,
That gives us man up now, like Adam's time
Before he ate; man's shape, that would yet be
(Knew they not it, and fear'd beasts' company)
So naked at this day, as though man there
From Paradise so great a distance were,
As yet the news could not arrived be
Of Adam's tasting the forbidden tree;
Depriv'd of that free state which they were in,
And wanting the reward, yet bear the sin.
But, as from extreme heights who downward looks,
Sees men at children's shapes, rivers as brooks,
And loseth younger forms; so to your eye
These, madam, that without your distance lie,
Must either mist, or nothing seem to be,
Who are at home but wit 's mere atomy.
But I, who can behold them move and stay,
Have found myself to you just their midway;
And now must pity them: for as they do
Seem sick to me, just so must I to you;
Yet neither will I vex your eyes to see
A sighing ode, nor cross-arm'd elegy.
I come not to call pity from your heart,
Like some white-liver'd dotard, that would part
Else from his slippery soul with a faint groan,
And faithfully (without you smile) were gone.
I cannot feel the tempest of a frown,
I may be rais'd by love, but not thrown down;
Though I can pity those sigh twice a day,
I hate that thing whispers itself away.
Yet since all love is feverish, who to trees
Doth talk, yet doth in love's cold ague freeze.
'T is love, but with such fatal weakness made,
That it destroys itself with its own shade. [pain,
Who first look'd sad, griev'd, pin'd, and show'd his
Was he that first taught women to disdain.
As all things were but one nothing, dull and weak,
Until this raw disorder'd heap did break,
And several desires led parts away,
Water declin'd with earth, the air did stay,
Fire rose, and each from other but unty'd,
Themselves unprison'd were and purify'd:
So was love, first in vast confusion hid,
An unripe willingness which nothing did,
A thirst, an appetite which had no ease,
That found a want, but knew not what would please.
What pretty innocence in that day mov'd!
Man ignorantly walk'd by her he lov'd;
Both sigh'd and interchang'd a speaking eye,
Both trembled and were sick, yet knew not why.
That natural fearfulness, that struck man dumb,
Might well (those times consider'd) man become.

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As all discoverers, whose first essay
Finds but the place; after, the nearest way:
So passion is to woman's love, about,
Nay, further off, than when we first set out.
It is not love, that sues or doth contend;
Love either conquers, or but meets a friend.
Man's better part consists of purer fire,
And finds itself allow'd, ere it desire.
Love is wise here, keeps home, gives reason sway,
And journies not till it find summer-way.
A weather-beaten lover, but once known,
Is sport for every girl to practise on.
Who strives through woman's scorns women to know,
Is lost, and seeks his shadow to outgo;
It is mere sickness after one disdain,
Though he be call'd aloud, to look again.
Let others sin and grieve; one cunning sleight
Shall freeze my love to crystal in a night.
I can love first, and (if I win) love still;
And cannot be remov'd, unless she will.
It is her fault, if I unsure remain;
She only can unty, I bind again.
The honesties of love with ease I do,
But am no porter for a tedious woe.
But, madam, I now think on you; and here,
Where we are at our heights, you but appear;
We are but clouds, you rise from our noon-ray,
But a foul shadow, not your break of day.
You are at first-hand all that 's fair and right;
And others' good reflects but back your light.
You are a p[illegible]ectness, so curious hit,
That young[illegible] flatteries do scandal it;
For w[illegible]s m[illegible]re doth what you are restrain;
And th[illegible]h beyond, is down the hill again.
We ha[illegible]e no next way to you, we cross to 't;
You are the straight line, thing prais'd, attribute:
Each good in you 's a light; so many a shade
You make, and in them are your motions made.
These are your pictures to the life. From far
We see you move, and here your Zanis are:
So that no fountain good there is, doth grow
In you, but our dim actions faintly show:
Then find I, if man's noblest part be love,
Your purest lustre must that shadow move.
The soul with body is a Heav'n combin'd
With Earth, and for man's ease nearer join'd.
Where thoughts, the stars of soul, we understand,
We guess not their large natures, but command.
And love in you that bounty is of light,
That gives to all, and yet hath infinite:
Whose heat doth force us thither to intend,
But soul we find too earthly to ascend;
Till slow access hath made it wholly pure,
Able immortal clearness to endure.
Who dare aspire this journey with a stain,
Hath weight will force him headlong back again.
No more can impure man retain and move
In that pure region of a worthy love,
Than earthly substance can unforc'd aspire,
And leave his nature to converse with fire.
Such may have eye and hand; may sigh, may speak;
But, like swoln bubbles, when they 're highest, they break.
Though far removed northern isles scarce find
The Sun's comfort, yet some think him too kind.
There is an equal distance from her eye;
Men perish too far off, and burn too nigh.
But as air takes the Sun-beams equal bright
From the rays first, to his last opposite:
So happy man, bless'd with a virtuous love
Remote or near, or howsoe'er they move;
Their virtue breaks all clouds, that might annoy
There is no emptiness, but all is joy.
He much profanes (whom valiant heats do move)
To style his wandring rage of passion love.
Love, that imports in every thing delight,
Is fancied by the soul, not appetite;
Why love among the virtues is not known,
Is, that love is them all contract in one.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN SIR HENRY WOOTTON AND MR. DONNE.

If her disdain least change in you can move,
You do not love;
For when that hope gives fuel to the fire,
You sell desire.
Love is not love, but given free;
And so is mine, so should yours be.

Her heart, that melts to hear of other's moan,
To mine is stone;
Her eyes, that weep a stranger's eyes to see,
Joy to wound me:
Yet I so well affect each part,
As (caus'd by them) I love my smart.

Say her disdainings justly must be grac'd
With name of chaste;
And that she frowns, lest longing should exceed,
And raging breed;
So her disdains can ne'er offend;
Unless self-love take private end.

'T is love breeds love in me, and cold disdain
Kills that again;
As water causeth fire to fret and fume,
Till all consume.
Who can of love more rich gift make,
Than to love's self for love's own sake!

I 'll never dig in quarry of an heart,
To have no part;
Nor roast in fiery eyes, which always are
Canicular.
Who this way would a lover prove,
May show his patience, not his love.

A frown may be sometimes for physic good,
But not for food;
And for that raging humour there is sure
A gentler cure.
Why bar you love of private end,
Which never should to public tend?

TO THE

COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

BEGUN IN FRANCE, BUT NEVER PERFECTED.

Though I be dead and buried, yet I have
(Living in you) court enough in my grave;
As oft as there I think myself to be,
So many resurrections waken me;

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That thankfulness your favours have begot
In me, embalms me, that I do not rot:
This season, as 't is Easter, as 't is spring,
Must both to growth and to confession bring
My thoughts dispos'd unto your influence, so
These verses bud, so these confessions grow;
First I confess I have to others lent
Your stock, and over prodigally spent
Your treasure, for since I had never known
Virtue and beauty, but as they are grown
In you, I should not think or say they shine,
(So as I have) in any other mine;
Next I confess this my confession,
For 't is some fault thus much to touch upon
Your praise to you, where half rights seem too much,
And make your mind's sincere complexion blush.
Next I confess m' impenitence; for I
Can scarce repent my first fault, since thereby
Remote low spirits, which shall ne'er read you,
May in less lessons find enough to do,
By studying copies, not originals;

Desunt cætera.

A LETTER

TO THE LADY CAREY, AND MRS. ESSEX RICHE, FROM AMIENS.

MADAM,

Here, where by all all saints invoked are,
'T were too much schism to be singular,
And 'gainst a practice general to war.

Yet turning to saints should m' humility
To other saint than you directed be,
That were to make my schism heresy.

Nor would I be a convertite so cold,
As not to tell it; if this be too bold,
Pardons are in this market cheaply sold.

Where, because faith is in too low degree,
I thought it some apostleship in me
To speak things, which by faith alone I see.

That is, of you, who are a firmament
Of virtues, where no one is grown or spent;
They 're your materials, not your ornament.

Others, whom we call virtuous, are not so
In their whole substance; but their virtues grow
But in their humours, and at seasons show.

For when through tasteless flat humility
In dough-bak'd men some harmlessness we see,
'T is but his phlegm that 's virtuous, and not he:

So is the blood sometimes; whoever ran
To danger unimportun'd, he was then
No better than a sanguine-virtuous man.

So cloister'd men, who in pretence of fear
All contributions to this life forbear,
Have virtue in melancholy, and only there.

Spiritual choleric critic, which in all
Religious find faults, and forgive no fall,
Have through this zeal virtue but in their gall.

We 're thus but parcel guilt; to gold we 're grown,
When virtue is our soul's complexion:
Who knows his virtue's name or place, hath none.

Virtue 's but agueish, when 't is several,
By occasion wak'd and circumstantial;
True virtue's soul, always in all deeds all.

This virtue thinking to give dignity
To your soul, found there no infirmity,
For your soul was as good virtue as she.

She therefore wrought upon that part of you,
Which is scarce less than soul, as she could do,
And so hath made your beauty virtue too.

Hence comes it, that your beauty wounds not hearts
As others', with profane and sensual darts
But as an influence virtuous thoughts imparts.

But if such friends by th' honour of your sight
Grow capable of this so great a light,
As to partake your virtues, and their might:

What must I think that influence must do,
Where it finds simpathy and matter too,
Virtue and beauty, of the same stuff as you?

Which is your noble worthy sister; she,
Of whom if, what in this my ecstasy
And revelation of you both I see,
I should write here, as in short galleries
The master at the end large glasses ties,
So to present the room twice to our eyes:

So I should give this letter length, and say
That which I said of you; there is no way
From either, but to th' other, not to stray.

May therefore this b' enough to testify
My true devotion, free from flattery;
He that believes himself, doth never lie.

TO THE

COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

AUGUST, 1614.

Fair, great, and good, since seeing you we see
What Heav'n can do, what any earth can be:
Since now your beauty shines, now when the Sun,
Grown stale, is to so low a value run,
That his dishevel'd beams and scatter'd fires
Serve but for ladies' periwigs and tires
In lovers' sonnets: you come to repair
God's book of creatures, teaching what is fair.
Since now, when all is wither'd, shrunk, and dry'd,
All virtues ebb'd out to a dead low tide,
All the world's frame being crumbled into sand,
Where ev'ry man thinks by himself to stand,
Integrity, friendship, and confidence,
(Cements of greatness) being vapour'd hence,
And narrow man being fill'd with little shares,
Courts, city, church, are all shops of small-wares,
All having blown to sparks their noble fire,
And drawn their sound gold ingot into wire;

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All trying by a love of littleness
To make abridgments and to draw to less,
Even that nothing, which at first we were;
Since in these times your greatness doth appear,
And that we learn by it, that man, to get
Towards him that 's infinite, must first be great.
Since in an age so ill, as none is fit
So much as to accuse, much less mend it,
(For who can judge or witness of those times,
Where all alike are guilty of the crimes?)
Where he, that would be good, is thought by all
A monster, or at best fantastical:
Since now you durst be good, and that I do
Discern, by daring to contemplate you,
That there may be degrees of fair, great, good,
Through your light, largeness, virtue understood:
If in this sacrifice of mine be shown
Any small spark of these, call it your own:
And if things like these have been said by me
Of others; call not that idolatry.
For had God made man first, and man had seen
The third day's fruits and flowers, and various green,
He might have said the best that he could say
Of those fair creatures, which were made that day:
And when next day he had admir'd the birth
Of Sun, Moon, stars, fairer than late-prais'd Earth,
He might have said the best that he could say,
And not be chid for praising yesterday:
So though some things are not together true,
As, that another's worthiest, and, that you:
Yet to say so doth not condemn a man,
If, when he spoke them, they were both true then.
How fair a proof of this in our soul grows?
We first have souls of growth, and sense; and those,
When our last soul, our soul immortal, came,
Were swallow'd into it, and have no name:
Nor doth he injure those souls, which doth cast
The power and praise of both them on the last;
No more do I wrong any, if I adore
The same things now, which I ador'd before,
The subject chang'd, and measure; the same thing
In a low constable and in the king
I reverence; his power to work on me:
So did I humbly reverence each degree
Of fair, great, good; but more, now I am come
From having found their walks, to find their home.
And as I owe my first soul's thanks, that they
For my last soul did fit and mould my clay,
So am I debtor unto them, whose worth
Enabled me to profit, and take forth
This new great lesson, thus to study you;
Which none, not reading others first, could do.
Nor lack I light to read this book, though I
In a dark cave, yea, in a grave do lie;
For as your fellow angels, so you do
Illustrate them, who come to study you.
The first, whom we in histories do find
To have profess'd all arts, was one born blind:
He lack'd those eyes beasts have as well as we,
Not those, by which angels are seen and see;
So, though I 'm born without those eyes to live,
Which Fortune, who hath none herself, doth give,
Which are fit means to see bright courts and you,
Yet may I see you thus, as now I do;
I shall by that all goodness have discern'd,
And, though I burn my library, be learn'd.

TO THE LADY BEDFORD.

You that are she and you, that 's double she,
In her dead face half of yourself shall see;
She was the other part; for so they do,
Which build them friendships, become one of two;
So two, that but themselves no third can fit,
Which were to be so, when they were not yet
Twins, though their birth Cusco and Musco take,
As divers stars one constellation make;
Pair'd like two eyes, have equal motion, so
Both but one means to see, one way to go.
Had you dy'd first, a carcass she had been;
And we your rich tomb in her face had seen.
She like the soul is gone, and you here stay,
Not a live friend, but th' other half of clay;
And since you act that part, as men say, here
Lies such a prince, when but one part is there;
And do all honour and devotion due
Unto the whole, so we all reverence you;
For such a friendship who would not adore
In you, who are all what both were before?
Not all, as if some perished by this,
But so, as all in you contracted is;
As of this all though many parts decay,
The pure, which elemented them, shall stay,
And though diffus'd, and spread in infinite,
Shall re-collect, and in one all unite:
So madam, as her soul to Heav'n is fled,
Her flesh rests in the earth, as in the bed;
Her virtues do, as to their proper sphere,
Return to dwell with you, of whom they were:
As perfect motions are all circular;
So they to you, their sea, whence less streams are.
She was all spices, you all metals; so
In you two we did both rich Indias know.
And as no fire nor rust can spend or waste
One dram of gold, but what was first shall last;
Though it be forc'd in water, earth, salt, air,
Expans'd in infinite, none will impair;
So to yourself you may additions take,
But nothing can you less or changed make.
Seek not, in seeking new, to seem to doubt,
That you can match her, or not be without;
But let some faithful book in her room be,
Yet but of Judith no such book as she.

SAPPHO TO PHILŒNIS.

Where is that holy fire, which verse is said
To have? is that enchanting force decay'd?
Verse, that draws Nature's works from Nature's law,
Thee, her best work, to her work cannot draw.
Have my tears quench'd my old poetic fire;
Why quench'd they not as well that of desire?
Thoughts, my mind's creatures, often are with thee;
But I, their maker, want their liberty:
Only thine image in my heart doth sit;
But that is wax, and fires environ it.
My fires have driven, thine have drawn it hence;
And I am robb'd of picture, heart, and sense.
Dwells with me still mine irksome memory:
Which both to keep and lose grieves equally.
That tells how fair thou art: thou art so fair,
As gods, when gods to thee I do compare,
Are grac'd thereby; and to make blind men see,
What things gods are, I say they 're like to thee.

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For if we justly call each silly man
A little world, what shall we call thee then?
Thou art not soft, and clear, and straight, and fair,
As down, as stars, cedars, and lilies are;
But thy right hand, and cheek, and eye only
Are like thy other hand, and cheek, and eye.
Such was my Phao awhile, but shall be never
As thou wast, art, and oh! may'st thou be ever.
Here lovers swear in their idolatry,
That I am such; but grief discolours me:
And yet I grieve the less, lest grief remove
My beauty, and make m' unworthy of thy love.
Plays some soft boy with thee? oh! there wants yet
A mutual feeling, which should sweeten it.
His chin, a thorny hairy unevenness,
Doth threaten, and some daily change possess.
Thy body is a natural paradise,
In whose self, unmanur'd, all pleasure lies,
Nor needs perfection; why should'st thou then
Admit the tillage of a harsh rough man?
Men leave behind them that, which their sin shows,
And are as thieves trac'd, which rob when it snows;
But of our dalliance no more signs there are,
Than fishes leave in streams, or birds in air.
And between us all sweetness may be had;
All, all that nature yields, or art can add.
My two lips, eyes, thighs, differ from thy two,
But so, as thine from one another do:
And, oh! no more; the likeness being such,
Why should they not alike in all parts touch?
Hand to strange hand, lip to lip none denies;
Why should they breast to breast, or thighs to thighs?
Likeness begets such strange self-flattery,
That touching myself, all seems done to thee.
Myself I embrace, and mine own hands I kiss,
And amorously thank myself for this.
Me in my glass I call thee; but, alas!
When I would kiss, tears dim mine eyes and glass.
O cure this loving madness, and restore
Me to me; thee my half, my all, my more.
So may thy cheek's red outwear scarlet die,
And their white whiteness of the galaxy;
So may thy mighty amazing beauty move
Envy in all women, and in all men love;
And so be change and sickness far from thee,
As thou, by coming near, keep'st them from me.

TO BEN JONSON.

JAN. 6, 1603.

The state and men's affairs are the best plays
Next yours; 't is not more nor less than due praise:
Write, but touch not the much descending race
Of lords' houses, so settled in worth's place,
As but themselves none think them usurpers:
It is no fault in thee to suffer theirs.
If the queen mask, or king a hunting go,
Though all the court follow, let them. We know
Like them in goodness that court ne'er will be,
For that were virtue, and not flattery.
Forget we were thrust out. It is but thus
God threatens kings, kings lords, as lords do us.
Judge of strangers, trust and believe your friend,
And so me; and when I true friendship end,
With guilty conscience let me be worse stung
Than with Popham's sentence thieves, or Cook's tongue
Traitors are. Friends are ourselves. This I thee tell
As to my friend, and myself as counsel:
Let for awhile the time's unthrifty rout
Contemn learning, and all your studies flout:
Let them scorn Hell, they will a serjeant fear,
More than we them; that ere long God may forbear,
But creditors will not. Let them increase
In riot and excess, as their means cease;
Let them scorn him that made them, and still shun
His grace, but love the whore, who hath undone
Them and their souls. But, that they that allow
But one God, should have religions enow
For the queen's mask, and their husbands, for more
Than all the Gentiles knew or Atlas bore.
Well, let all pass, and trust him, who nor cracks
The bruised reed, nor quenchath smoking flax.

TO BEN JONSON.

NOV. 9, 1603.

If great men wrong me, I will spare myself;
If mean, I will spare them; I know, the pelf,
Which is ill got, the owner doth upbraid;
It may corrupt a judge, make me afraid
And a jury: but 't will revenge in this,
That, though himself be judge, he guilty is.
What care I though of weakness men tax me?
I 'd rather sufferer than doer be;
That I did trust it was my nature's praise,
For breach of word I knew but as a phrase.
That judgment is, that surely can comprise
The world in precepts, most happy and most wise.
What though? though less, yet some of both have
Who have learn'd it by use and misery. [we,
Poor I, whom every petty cross doth trouble,
Who apprehend each hurt, that 's done me, double,
Am of this (though it should think me) careless,
It would but force me t' a stricter goodness.
They have great gain of me, who gain do win
(If such gain be not loss) from every sin.
The standing of great men's lives would afford
A pretty sum, if God would sell his word.
He cannot; they can theirs, and break them too:
How unlike they are that they 're likened to?
Yet I conclude, they are amidst my evils,
If good, like gods; the naught are so like devils.

TO SIR THO. ROWE.

1603.

DEAR TOM.

Tell her, if she to hired servants show
Dislike, before they take their leave they go;
When nobler spirits start at no disgrace;
For who hath but one mind, hath but one face.
If then why I take not my leave she ask,
Ask her again why she did not unmask.
Was she or proud or cruel, or knew she
'T would make my loss more felt, and pity'd me?
Or did she fear one kiss might stay for moe?
Or else was she unwilling I should go?
I think the best, and love so faithfully,
I cannot choose but think that she loves me.
If this prove not my faith, then let her try
How in her service I would fructify.

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Ladies have boldly lov'd; bid her renew
That decay'd worth, and prove the times past true.
Then he, whose wit and verse grows now so lame,
With songs to her will the wild Irish tame.
Howe'er, I 'll wear the black and white ribband;
White for her fortunes, black for mine shall stand.
I do esteem her favour, not the stuff;
If what I have was given, I 've enough,
And all 's well, for had she lov'd, I had not had
All my friends' hate; for now departing sad
I feel not that: yet as the rack the gout
Cures, so hath this worse grief that quite put out:
My first disease nought but that worse cureth,
Which (I dare foresay) nothing cures but death.
Tell her all this before I am forgot,
That not too late she grieve she lov'd me not.
Burdened with this, I was to depart less
Willing than those which die, and not confess.

FUNERAL ELEGIES.

ANATOMY OF THE WORLD.

WHEREIN, BY OCCASION OF THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH DRURY, THE FRAILTY AND DECAY OF THE WHOLE IS REPRESENTED.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

To the praise of the dead, and the anatomy.

WELL dy'd the world, that we might live to see
This world of wit in his anatomy:
No evil wants his good; so wilder heirs
Bedew their father's tombs with forced tears,
Whose 'state requites their loss: while thus we gain,
Well may we walk in blacks, but not complain.
Yet how can I consent the world is dead,
While this Muse lives? which in his spirit's stead
Seems to inform a world, and bids it be,
In spite of loss or frail mortality?
And thou the subject of this well-born thought,
Thrice noble maid, couldst not have found nor sought
A fitter time to yield to thy sad fate,
Than while this spirit lives, that can relate
Thy worth so well to our last nephew's eyne,
That they shall wonder both at his and thine:
Admired match! where strives in mutual grace
The cunning pencil and the comely face;
A task, which thy fair goodness made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch:
Enough it is to praise them that praise thee,
And say, that but enough those praises be,
Which, hadst thou liv'd, had hid their fearful head
From th' angry checkings of thy modest red:
Death bars reward and shame; when envy's gone,
And gain, 't is safe to give the dead their own.
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay
More on their tombs than houses; these of clay,
But those of brass or marble were: so we
Give more unto thy ghost than unto thee.
Yet what we give to thee, thou gav'st to us,
And may'st but thank thyself, for being thus:
Yet what thou gav'st and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profess'd all due, where 't is repaid.
So these high songs, that to thee suited bin,
Serve but to sound thy maker's praise and thine;
Which thy dear soul as sweetly sings to him
Amid the choir of saints and seraphim,
As any angels' tongues can sing of thee;
The subjects differ, though the skill agree:
For as by infant years men judge of age,
Thy early love, thy virtues did presage
What high part thou bear'st in those best of songs,
Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on, thou virgin soul, whose lossful gain
Thy love-sick parents have bewail'd in vain;
Never may thy name be in songs forgot,
Till we shall sing thy ditty and thy note.

AN ANATOMY OF THE WORLD.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

WHEN that rich soul, which to her Heav'n is gone,
Whom all do celebrate, who know they 've one,
(For who is sure he hath a soul, unless
It see, and judge, and follow worthiness,
And by deeds praise it? he, who doth not this,
May lodge an inmate soul, but 't is not his)
When that queen ended here her progress time,
And as t' her standing house to Heav'n did climb;
Where, loath to make the saints attend her long,
She 's now a part both of the choir and song:
This world in that great earthquake languished;
For in a common bath of tears it bled,
Which drew the strongest vital spirits out:
But succour'd them with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did lose, or gain in this,
(Because since now no other way there is
But goodness, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endeavour to be good as she)
This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd;
And as men think that agues physic are,
And th' ague being spent, give over care:
So thou, sick world, mistak'st thyself to be
Well, when, alas! thou 'rt in a lethargy:
Her death did wound and tame thee then, and then
Thou might'st have better spar'd the Sun, or man.
That wound was deep; but 't is more misery,
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
'T was heavy then to hear thy voice of moan,
But this is worse, that thou art speechless grown.
Thou hast forgot thy name thou hadst; thou wast
Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'erpast.
For as a child kept from the fount, until
A prince, expected long, come to fulfil
The ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadst laid,
Had not her coming thee her palace made;
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee form and frame,
And thou forget'st to celebrate thy name.
Some months she hath been dead, (but being dead,
Measures of time are all determined)
But long sh' hath been away, long, long; yet none
Offers to tell us, who it is that 's gone.
But as in states doubtful of future heirs,
When sickness without remedy impairs
The present prince, they 're loath it should be said,
The prince doth languish, or the prince is dead:
So mankind, feeling now a general thaw,
A strong example gone, equal to law,

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The cement, which did faithfully compact
And give all virtues, now resolv'd and slack'd,
Thought it some blasphemy to say sh' was dead,
Or that our weakness was discovered
In that confession; therefore spoke no more,
Than tongues, the soul being gone, the loss deplore.
But though it be too late to succour thee,
Sick world, yea dead, yea putrified, since she,
Thy intrinsic balm and thy preservative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live;
I (since no man can make thee live) will try
What we may gain by thy anatomy.
Her death hath taught us dearly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortal in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the world itself being dead,
'T is labour lost to have discovered
The world's infirmities, since there is none
Alive to study this dissection;
For there 's a kind of world remaining still;
Though she, which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night
Her ghost doth walk, that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weak love of virtue, and of good
Reflects from her on them, which understood
Her worth; and though she have shut in all day,
The twilight of her memory doth stay;
Which, from the carcass of the old world free,
Creates a new world, and new creatures be
Produc'd: the matter and the stuff of this
Her virtue, and the form our practice is:
And though to be thus elemented arm
These creatures from home-born intrinsic harm,
(For all assum'd unto this dignity,
So many weedless paradises be,
Which of themselves produce no venomous sin,
Except some foreign serpent bring it in)
Yet because outward storms the strongest break,
And strength itself by confidence grows weak,
This new world may be safer, being told
The dangers and diseases of the old:
For with due temper men do then forego
Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
There is no health; physicians say that we
At best enjoy but a neutrality.
And can there be worse sickness than to know,
That we are never well, nor can be so?
We are born ruinous: poor mothers cry,
That children come not right nor orderly,
Except they headlong come and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruin, how importunate
Upon mankind! it labour'd to frustrate
Even God's purpose; and made woman, sent
For man's relief, cause of his languishment;
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessary, and principal in ill;
For that first marriage was our funeral:
One woman at one blow then kill'd us all,
And singly one by one they kill us now,
And we delightfully ourselves allow
To that consumption; and, profusely blind,
We kill ourselves to propagate our kind;
And yet we do not that; we are not men:
There is not now that mankind, which was then,
When as the Sun and man did seem to strive,
(Joint-tenants of the world) who should survive;
When stag and raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
Compar'd with man, dy'd in minority;
When, if a slow-pac'd star had stol'n away
From the observer's marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred years to see 't again,
And then make up his observation plain;
When as the age was long, the size was great;
Man's growth confess'd and recompens'd the meat;
So spacious and large, that every soul
Did a fair kingdom and large realm control;
And when the very stature thus erect
Did that soul a good way towards Heav'n direct:
Where is this mankind now? who lives to age,
Fit to be made Methusalem his page?
Alas! we scarce live long enough to try
Whether a true made clock run right or lie.
Old grandsires talk of yesterday with sorrow,
And for our children we reserve to morrow.
So short is life, that every peasant strives,
In a torn house, or field, to have three lives.
And as in lasting, so in length, is man,
Contracted to an inch, who was a span;
For had a man at first in forests stray'd
Or shipwreck'd in the sea, one would have laid
A wager, that an elephant or whale,
That met him, would not hastily assail
A thing so equal to him: now, alas!
The fairies and the pygmies well may pass
As credible; mankind decays so soon,
We 're scarce our father's shadows cast at noon:
Only death adds t' our length: nor are we grown
In stature to be men, till we are none.
But this were light, did our less volume hold
All the old text; or had we chang'd to gold
Their silver, or dispos'd into less glass
Spirits of virtue, which then scatter'd was:
But 't is not so: we 're not retir'd, but damp'd;
And as our bodies, so our minds are cramp'd:
'T is shrinking, not close weaving, that hath thus
In mind and body both bedwarfed us.
We seem ambitious God's whole work t' undo;
Of nothing he made us, and we strive too
To bring ourselves to nothing back; and we
Do what we can, to do 't as soon as he:
With new diseases on ourselves we war,
And with new physic, a worse engine far.
This man, this world's vice-emperor, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home;
And if in other creatures they appear,
They 're but man's ministers and legats there,
To work on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to civility and to man's use:
This man, whom God did woo, and, loth t' attend
Till man came up, did down to man descend:
This man so great, that all that is, is his,
Oh what a trifle and poor thing he is!
If man were any thing, he 's nothing now;
Help, or at least some time to waste allow
T' his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her, whom we lament, he lost his heart.
She, of whom th' ancients seem'd to prophesy,
When they call'd virtues by the name of she;
She, in whom virtue was so much refin'd,
That for allay unto so pure a mind
She took the weaker sex: she, that could drive
The poisonous tincture and the stain of Eve
Out of her thoughts and deeds, and purify
All by a true religious alchymy;
She, she is dead; she 's dead: when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how poor a trifling thing man is,
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
The heart being perish'd, no part can be free,
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The supernatural food, religion,

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Thy better growth grows withered and scant;
Be more than man, or thou 'rt less than an ant.
Then as mankind, so is the world's whole frame
Quite out of joint, almost created lame:
For before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption enter'd and deprav'd the best:
It seiz'd the angels, and then first of all
The world did in her cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her brains, and took a general maim,
Wronging each joint of th' universal frame.
The noblest part, man, felt it first; and then
Both beasts, and plants, curs'd in the curse of man;
So did the world from the first hour decay,
That evening was beginning of the day;
And now the springs and summers, which we see,
Like sons of women after fifty be.
And new philosophy calls all in doubt,
The element of fire is quite put out:
The Sun is lost, and th' Earth; and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it.
And freely men confess that this world 's spent,
When in the planets and the firmament
They seek so many new; they see that this
Is crumbled out again to his atomies.
'T is all in pieces, all coherence gone,
All just supply, and all relation:
Prince, subject, father, son, are things forget,
For every man alone thinks he hath got
To be a phenix, and that then can be
None of that kind, of which he is, but he.
This is the world's condition now, and now
She, that should all parts to reunion bow;
She, that had all magnetic force alone
To draw and fasten sunder'd parts in one;
She, whom wise Nature had invented then,
When she observ'd that every sort of men
Did in their voyage, in this world's sea, stray,
And needed a new compass for their way;
She, that was best and first original
Of all fair copies, and the general
Steward to Fate; she, whose rich eyes and breast
Gilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East,
Whose having breath'd in this world did bestow
Spice on those isles, and bad them still smell so;
And that rich India, which doth gold inter,
Is but as single money coin'd from her:
She, to whom this world must itself refer,
As suburbs, or the microcosm of her;
She, she is dead; she 's dead: when thou know'st this
Thou know'st how lame a cripple this world is,
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That this world's general sickness doth not lie
In any humour, or one certain part;
But as thou saw'st it rotten at the heart,
Thou seest a hectic fever hath got hold
Of the whole substance not to be control'd;
And that thou hast but one way not t' admit
The world's infection, to be none of it.
For the world's subtl'st immaterial parts
Feel this consuming wound, and age's darts.
For the world's beauty is decay'd or gone,
Beauty, that 's colour and proportion.
We think the Heav'ns enjoy their spherical,
Their round proportion embracing all,
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observ'd in divers ages, doth enforce
Men to find out so many eccentric parts,
Such divers down-right lines, such overthwarts,
As disproportion that pure form: it tears
The firmament in eight and forty shares,
And in these constellations then arise
New stars, and old do vanish from our eyes: [war,
As though Heav'n suffered earthquakes, peace or
When new tow'rs rise, and old demolish'd are.
They have impal'd within a zodiac
The free-born Sun, and keep twelve signs awake
To watch his steps; the Goat and Crab control
And fright him back, who else to either pole
(Did not these tropics fetter him) might run:
For his course is not round, nor can the Sun
Perfect a circle, or maintain his way
One inch direct, but where he rose to day
He comes no more, but with a cozening line,
Steals by that point, and so is serpentine:
And seeming weary of his reeling thus,
He means to sleep, being now fall'n nearer us.
So of the stars, which boast that they do run
In circle still, none ends where he begun:
All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swells;
For of meridians and parallels,
Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net thrown
Upon the Heav'ns; and now they are his own.
Loth to go up the hill, or labour thus
To go to Heav'n, we make Heav'n come to us.
We spur, we rein the stars, and in their race
They 're diversly content t' obey our pace.
But keeps the Earth her round proportion still?
Doth not a Tenarus or higher hill
Rise so high like a rock, that one might think
The floating Moon would shipwreck there and sink?
Seas are so deep, that whales being struck to day,
Perchance to morrow scarce at middle way
Of their wish'd journey's end, the bottom, die:
And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,
As one might justly think, that there would rise
At end thereof one of th' antipodes:
If under all a vault infernal be,
(Which sure is spacious, except that we
Invent another torment, that there must
Millions into a strait hot room be thrust)
Then solidness and roundness have no place:
Are these but warts and pockholes in the face
Of th' Earth? think so: but yet confess, in this
The world's proportion disfigur'd is;
That those two legs, whereon it doth rely,
Reward and punishment, are bent awry:
And, oh! it can no more be questioned,
That beauty's best proportion is dead,
Since even grief itself, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
She, by whose lines proportion should be
Examin'd, measure of all symmetry, [made
Whom had that ancient seen, who thought souls
Of harmony, he would at next have said
That Harmony was she, and thence infer
That souls were but resultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies go,
As to our eyes the forms from objects flow:
She, who, if those great doctors truly said,
That th' ark to man's proportion was made,
Had been a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both elements and passions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all civil war to cease:
She, after whom what form soe'er we see,
Is discord and rude incongruity;
She, she is dead, she 's dead! when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how ugly a monster this world is;
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That here is nothing to enamour thee:

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And that not only faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in our hearts,
Poisoning the fountains, whence our actions spring,
Endanger us; but that if every thing
Be not done fitly and in proportion,
To satisfy wise and good lookers on,
Since most men be such as most think they be,
They 're loathsome too by this deformity.
For good and well must in our actions meet;
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.
But beauty's other second element,
Colour and lustre, now is as near spent.
And had the world his just proportion,
Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone;
As a compassionate turcoise, which doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well:
As gold falls sick being stung with mercury,
All the world's parts of such complexion be.
When Nature was most busy, the first week
Swadling the new-born Earth, God seem'd to like
That she should sport herself sometimes and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day:
And then, as though she could not make enow,
Himself his various rainbow did allow.
Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
Yet sight hath only colour to feed on,
And colour is decay'd: Summer's robe grows
Dusky, and like an oft-dy'd garment shows.
Our blushing red, which us'd in cheeks to spread,
Is inward sunk, and only our souls are red.
Perchance the world might have recovered,
If she, whom we lament, had not been dead:
But she, in whom all white, and red, and blue
(Beauty's ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unver'd Paradise, from whom
Did all things' verdure and their lustre come,
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all diaphanous,
(For air and fire but thick gross bodies were,
And liveliest stones but drowsy and pale to her)
She, she is dead; she 's dead: when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how wan a ghost this our world is:
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That it should more affright than pleasure thee:
And that, since all fair colour then did sink,
'T is now but wicked vanity to think
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colours to illude men's sense.
Nor in aught more this world's decay appears,
Than that her influence the Heav'n forbears,
Or that the elements do not feel this,
The father or the mother barren is.
The clouds conceive not rain, or do not pour,
In the due birth-time, down the balmy shower;
Th' air doth not motherly sit on the earth,
To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth;
Spring-times were common cradles, but are tombs;
And false conceptions fill the general wombs;
Th' air shows such meteors, as none can see,
Not only what they mean, but what they be.
Earth such new worms, as would have troubled much
Th' Egyptian magi to have made more such.
What artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heav'n hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those stars may be
Imprison'd in a herb, or charm, or tree,
And do by touch all which those stars could do?
The art is lost, and correspondence too;
For Heav'n gives little, and the Earth takes less,
And man least knows their trade and purposes.
If this commerce 'twixt Heav'n and Earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this traffic quite forgot,
She, for whose loss we have lamented thus,
Would work more fully and pow'rfully on us:
Since herbs and roots by dying lose not all,
But they, yea ashes too, 're med'cinal,
Death could not quench her virtue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wonder'd at:
And all the world would be one dying swan,
To sing her funeral praise, and vanish then.
But as some serpent's poison hurteth not,
Except it be from the live serpent shot;
So doth her virtue need her here, to fit
That unto us; she working more than it.
But she, in whom to such maturity
Virtue was grown past growth, that it must die;
She, from whose influence all impression came,
But by receiver's impotences lame;
Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet gilded every state,
So that some princes have some temperance;
Some counsellors some purpose to advance
The common profit; and some people have
Some stay, no more than kings should give, to crave;
Some women have some taciturnity,
Some nunneries some grains of chastity.
She, that did thus much, and much more could do,
But that our age was iron, and rusty too;
She, she is dead; she's dead! when thou know'st this,
Thou know'st how dry a cinder this world is:
And learn'st thus much by our anatomy,
That 't is in vain to dew or mollify
It with thy tears, or sweat, or blood: nothing
Is worth our travail, grief, or perishing,
But those rich joys, which did possess her heart,
Of which she 's now partaker, and a part.
But as in cutting up a man that 's dead,
The body will not last out, to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
So the world's carcass would not last, if I
Were punctual in this anatomy;
Nor smells it well to hearers, if one tell [well.
Them their disease, who fain would think they 're
Here therefore be the end; and, blessed maid,
Of whom is meant whatever hath been said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue, [song,
Whose name refines coarse lines, and makes prose
Accept this tribute, and his first year's rent,
Who, till his dark short taper's end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widow'd Earth,
Will yearly celebrate thy second birth;
That is thy death; for though the soul of man
Be got when man is made, 't is born but then,
When man doth die; our body 's as the womb,
And, as a midwife, Death directs it home;
And you her creatures whom she works upon,
And have your last and best concoction
From her example and her virtue, if you
In reverence to her do think it due,
That no one should her praises thus rehearse;
As matter fit for chronicle, not verse:
Vouchsafe to call to mind that God did make
A last, and lasting'st piece, a song. He spake
To Moses to deliver unto all
That song, because he knew they would let fall
The law, the prophets, and the history,
But keep the song still in their memory:
Such an opinion, in due measure, made
Me this great office boldly to invade:

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Nor could incomprehensibleness deter
Me from thus trying to imprison her?
Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,
I saw not why verse might not do so too.
Verse hath a middle nature; Heav'n keeps souls,
The grave keeps bodies, verse the fame enrolls.

A FUNERAL ELEGY.

'T is loss to trust a tomb with such a guest,
Or to confine her in a marble chest,
Alas! what 's marble, jeat, or porphyry,
Priz'd with the chrysolite of either eye,
Or with those pearls and rubies which she was?
Join the two Indies in one tomb, 't is glass;
And so is all to her materials,
Though every inch were ten Escurials;
Yet she 's demolish'd: can we keep her then
In works of hands, or of the wits of men?
Can these memorials, rags of paper, give
Life to that name, by which name they must live?
Sickly, alas! short liv'd, abortive be
Those carcass verses, whose soul is not she;
And can she, who no longer would be she,
(Being such a tabernacle) stoop to be
In paper wrap'd; or when she would not lie
In such an house, dwell in an elegy?
But 't is no matter; we may well allow
Verse to live so long as the world will now,
For her death wounded it. The world contains
Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains;
Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more
The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor;
The officers for hands; merchants for feet,
By which remote and distant countries meet:
But those fine spirits, which do tune and set
This organ, are those pieces, which beget
Wonder and love; and these were she; and she
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit be:
For since death will proceed to triumph still,
He can find nothing after her to kill,
Except the world itself; so great was she,
Thus brave and confident may nature be,
Death cannot give her such another blow,
Because she cannot such another show.
But must we say she 's dead? may 't not be said,
That as a sundred clock is piecemeal laid,
Not to be lost, but by the maker's hand,
Repolish'd, without errour then to stand;
Or, as the Afric Niger stream enwombs
Itself into the earth, and after comes
(Having first made a natural bridge, to pass
For many leagues) far greater than it was,
May 't not be said, that her grave shall restore
Her greater, purer, firmer than before?
Heav'n may say this, and joy in 't; but can we,
Who live, and lack her here, this 'vantage see?
What is 't to us, alas! if there have been
An angel made a throne, or cherubin?
We lose by 't: and as aged men are glad,
Being tasteless grown, to joy in joys they had;
So now the sick-starv'd world must feed upon
This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.
Rejoice then, Nature and this world, that you,
Fearing the last fire's hast'ning to subdue
Your force and vigour, ere it were near gone,
Wisely bestow'd and laid it all on one;
One, whose clear body was so pure and thin,
Because it need disguise no thought within;
'T was but a through-light scarf her mind t' enroll;
Or exhalation breath'd out from her soul:
One, whom all men, who durst no more, admir'd:
And whom, whoe'er had worth enough, desir'd.
As, when a temple 's built, saints emulate
To which of them it shall be consecrate.
But as when Heav'n looks on us with new eyes,
Those new stars every artist exercise;
What place they should assign to them, they doubt,
Argue, and agree not, till those stars go out:
So the world study'd whose this piece should be,
Till she can be no body's else, nor she:
But like a lamp of balsamum, desir'd
Rather t' adorn than last, she soon expir'd,
Cloth'd in her virgin-white integrity;
For marriage, though it doth not stain, doth die.
To 'scape th' infirmities which wait upon
Woman, she went away before sh' was one;
And the world's busy noise to overcome,
Took so much death as serv'd for opium; —
For though she could not, nor could choose to die,
Sh' hath yielded to too long an ecstasy.
He which, not knowing her sad history,
Should come to read the book of Destiny,
How fair and chaste, humble and high, sh' had been,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fifteen,
And measuring future things by things before,
Should turn the leaf to read, and read no more,
Would think that either Destiny mistook,
Or that some leaves were torn out of the book;
But 't is not so: Fate did but usher her
To years of reason's use, and then infer
Her destiny to herself, which liberty
She took, but for thus much, thus much to die;
Her modesty not suffering her to be
Fellow-commissioner with Destiny,
She did no more but die; if after her
Any shall live, which dare true good prefer,
Every such person is her delegate,
T' accomplish that which should have been her fate.
They shall make up that book, and shall have thanks
Of fate and her, for filling up their blanks.
For future virtuous deeds are legacies,
Which from the gift of her example rise;
And 't is in Heav'n part of spiritual mirth,
To see how well the good play her on Earth.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

WHEREIN, BY OCCASION OF THE RELIGIOUS DEATH OF MRS. ELIZABETH DRURY, THE INCOMMODITIES OF THE SOUL IN THIS LIFE, AND HER EXALTATION IN THE NEXT, ARE CONTEMPLATED.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

The harbinger to the progress.

Two souls move here, and mine (a third) must move
Paces of admiration and of love.
Thy soul (dear virgin) whose this tribute is,
Mov'd from this mortal sphere to lively bliss;
And yet moves still, and still aspires to see
The world's last day, thy glory's full degree:
Like as those stars, which thou o'erlookest far,
Are in their place, and yet still moved are:

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No soul (whilst with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee half way;
Or see thy flight, which doth our thoughts outgo
So fast, as now the lightning moves but slow.
But now thou art as high in Heaven flown,
As Heav'n's from us; what soul besides thine own
Can tell thy joys, or say, he can relate
Thy glorious journals in that blessed state?
I envy thee (rich soul) I envy thee,
Although I cannot yet thy glory see:
And thou (great spirit) which hers follow'd hast
So fast, as none can follow thine so fast;
So far, as none can follow thine so far,
(And if this flesh did not the passage bar,
Hadst caught her) let me wonder at thy flight,
Which long agon hadst lost the vulgar sight,
And now mak'st proud the better eyes, that they
Can see thee lessen'd in thine airy way;
So while thou mak'st her soul by progress known,
Thou mak'st a noble progress of thine own;
From this world's carcass having mounted high
To that pure life of immortality;
Since thine aspiring thoughts themselves so raise,
That more may not beseem a creature's praise;
Yet still thou vow'st her more, and every year
Mak'st a new progress, whilst thou wand'rest here;
Still upward mount; and let thy maker's praise
Honour thy Laura, and adorn thy lays:
And since thy Muse her head in Heaven shrouds,
Oh let her never stoop below the clouds:
And if those glorious sainted souls may know
Or what we do, or what we sing below,
Those acts, those songs shall still content them best,
Which praise those awful pow'rs, that make them bless'd.

OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

Nothing could make me sooner to confess,
That this world had an everlastingness,
Than to consider that a year is run,
Since both this lower world's, and the Sun's sun,
The lustre and the vigour of this all
Did set; 't were blasphemy to say, did fall.
But as a ship, which hath struck'sail, doth run
By force of that force, which before it won:
Or as sometimes in a beheaded man,
Though at those two red seas, which freely ran,
One from the trunk, another from the head,
His soul be sail'd to her eternal bed,
His eyes will twinkle, and his tongue will roll,
As though he beck'ned and call'd back his soul,
He grasps his hands, and he pulls up his feet,
And seems to reach, and to step forth to meet
His soul; when all these motions, which we saw,
Are but as ice, which crackles at a thaw:
Or as a lute, which in moist weather rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of her strings;
So struggles this dead world, now she is gone:
For there is motion in corruption.
As some days are at the creation nam'd,
Before the Sun, the which fram'd days, was fram'd:
So after this Sun 's set some show appears,
And orderly vicissitude of years.
Yet a new deluge, and of Lethe flood,
Hath drown'd us all; all have forgot all good,
Forgetting her, the main reserve of all;
Yet in this deluge, gross and general,
Thou seest me strive for life; my life shall be
To be hereafter prais'd for praising thee,
Immortal maid, who though thou would'st refuse
The name of mother, be unto my Muse
A father, since her chaste ambition is
Yearly to bring forth such a child as this.
These hymns may work on future wits, and so
May great grand-children of thy praises grow;
And so, though not revive, embalm and spice
The world, which else would putrify with vice.
For thus man may extend thy progeny,
Until man do but vanish, and not die.
These hymns thy issue may increase so long,
As till God's great venite change the song.
Thirst for that time, O my insatiate soul,
And serve thy thirst with God's safe-sealing bowl.
Be thirsty still, and drink still, till thou go
To th' only health; to be hydroptic so,
Forget this rotten world; and unto thee
Let thine own times as an old story be;
Be not concern'd: study not why, or when;
Do not so much as not believe a man.
For though to err be worst, to try truths forth,
Is far more business than this world is worth.
The world is but a carcass; thou art fed
By it, but as a worm that carcass bred;
And why should'st thou, poor worm, consider more
When this world will grow better than before?
Than those thy fellow worms do think upon
That carcass's last resurrection?
Forget this world, and scarce think of it so,
As of old clothes cast off a year ago.
To be thus stupid is alacrity;
Men thus lethargic have best memory.
Look upward, that 's towards her, whose happy state
We now lament not, but congratulate
She, to whom all this world was but a stage,
Where all sat hark'ning how her youthful age
Should be employ'd, because in all she did
Some figure of the golden times was hid.
Who could not lack whate'er this world could give,
Because she was the form that made it live;
Nor could complain that this world was unfit
To be stay'd in then, when she was in it.
She, that first try'd indifferent desires
By virtue, and virtue by religious fires;
She, to whose person paradise adher'd;
As courts to princes: she, whose eyes enspher'd
Star-light enough, t' have made the south control
(Had she been there) the star-full northern pole;
She, she is gone; she 's gone: when thou know'st this,
What fragmentary rubbish this world is
Thou know'st, and that it is not worth a thought;
He honours it too much that thinks it nought.
Think then, my soul, that death is but a groom,
Which brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou spy'st first a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy sight:
For such approaches doth Heav'n make in death:
Think thyself labouring now with broken breath,
And think those broken and soft notes to be
Division, and thy happiest harmony.
Think thee laid on thy death-bed, loose and slack;
And think that but unbinding of a pack,
To take one precious thing, thy soul, from thence.
Think thyself parch'd with fever's violence,
Anger thine ague more, by calling it
Thy physic; chide the slackness of the fit.

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Think that thou hear'st thy knell, and think no more,
But that, as bells call'd thee to church before,
So this to the triumphant church calls thee.
Think Satan's serjeants round about thee be,
And think that but for legacies they thrust;
Give one thy pride, t' another give thy lust:
Give them those sins, which they gave thee before,
And trust th' immaculate blood to wash thy score.
Think thy friends weeping round, and think that they
Weep but because they go not yet thy way.
Think that they close thine eyes, and think in this,
That they confess much in the world amiss,
Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that,
Which they from God and angels cover not.
Think that they shroud thee up, and think from [thence,
They re-invest thee in white innocence.
Think that thy body rots, and (if so low,
Thy soul exalted so, thy thoughts can go)
Think thee a prince, who of themselves create
Worms, which insensibly devour their state:
Think that they bury thee, and think that right
Lays thee to sleep but a Saint Lucie's night.
Think these things cheerfully, and if thou be
Drowsy, or slack, remember then that she,
She, whose complexion was so even made,
That which of her ingredients should invade
The other three, no fear, no art could guess;
So far were all remov'd from more or less:
But as in mithridate, or just perfumes,
Where all good things being met, no one presumes
To govern, or to triumph on the rest,
Only because all were, no part was best;
And as, though all do know, that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from points arise,
None can these lines or quantities unjoint,
And say, this is a line, or this a point;
So though the elements and humours were
In her, one could not say, this governs there;
Whose even constitution might have won
Any disease to venture on the Sun,
Rather than her; and make a spirit fear,
That he too disuniting subject were;
To whose proportions if we would compare
Cubes, they 're unstable; circles, angular;
She, who was such a chain as Fate employs
To bring mankind all fortunes it enjoys,
So fast, so even wrought, as one would think
No accident could threaten any link;
She, she embrac'd a sickness, gave it meat,
The purest blood and breath that e'er it eat;
And hath taught us, that though a good man hath
Title to Heav'n, and plead it by his faith,
And though he may pretend a conquest, since
Heav'n was content to suffer violence;
Yea, though he plead a long possession too, [do)
(For they're in Heav'n on Earth, who Heav'n's works
Though he had right, and pow'r, and place before,
Yet Death must usher and unlock the door.
Think further on thyself, my soul, and think
How thou at first wast made but in a sink;
Think, that it argued some infirmity,
That those two souls, which then thou found'st in me,
Thou fed'st upon, and drew'st into thee both
My second soul of sense, and first of growth.
Think but how poor thou wast, how obnoxious,
Whom a small lump of flesh could poison thus.
This curdled milk, this poor unletter'd whelp,
My body, could, beyond escape or help,
Infect thee with original sin, and thou
Could'st neither then refuse, nor leave it now.
Think, that no stubborn sullen anchorit,
Which fix'd t' a pillar, or a grave, doth sit
Bedded, and bath'd in all his ordures, dwells
So foully, as our souls in their first-built cells:
Think in how poor a prison thou dost lie,
After enabled but to suck, and cry;
Think, when 't was grown to most, 't was a poor inn,
A province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
And that usurp'd, or threaten'd with a rage
Of sicknesses, or, their true mother, age:
But think that Death hath now enfranchis'd thee,
Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty.
Think, that a rusty piece discharg'd is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies: this to thy soul allow,
Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatch'd but now,
And think this slow-pac'd soul, which late did cleave
T' a body, and went but by the body's leave,
Twenty perchance or thirty miles a day,
Dispatches in a minute all the way
'Twixt Heav'n and Earth; she stays not in the air,
To look what meteors there themselves prepare;
She carries no desire to know, nor sense,
Whether th' air's middle region be intense;
For th' element of fire, she doth not know,
Whether she pass'd by such a place or no;
She baits not at the Moon, nor cares to try
Whether in that new world men live and die.
Venus retards her not, t' inquire how she
Can (being one star) Hesper and Vesper be;
He, that charm'd Argus' eyes, sweet Mercury,
Works not on her, who now is grown all eye;
Who, if she meet the body of the Sun,
Goes through, not staying till his course be run;
Who finds in Mars his camp no corps of guard,
Nor is by Jove, nor by his father, barr'd;
But ere she can consider how she went,
At once is at and through the firmament.
And as these stars were but so many beads
Strung on one string, speed undistinguish'd leads
Her through those spheres, as through those beads a string,
Whose quick succession makes it still one thing:
As doth the pith, which, lest our bodies slack,
Strings fast the little bones of neck and back;
So by the soul doth Death string Heav'n and Earth;
For when our soul enjoys this her third birth,
(Creation gave her one, a second grace)
Heaven is near and present to her face;
As colours are and objects in a room,
Where darkness was before, when tapers come.
This must, my soul, thy long-short progress be
T' advance these thoughts; remember then that she,
She, whose fair body no such prison was,
But that a soul might well be pleas'd to pass
An age in her; she, whose rich beauty lent
Mintage to other beauties, for they went
But for so much as they were like to her;
She, in whose body (if we dare prefer
This low world to so high a mark as she)
The western treasure, eastern spicery,
Europe, and Afric, and the unknown rest
Were easily found, or what in them was best;
And when we 've made this large discovery
Of all, in her some one part then will be
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty such worlds as this;
She, whom had they known, who did first betroth
The tutelar angels, and assigned one both

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To nations, cities, and to companies,
To functions, offices, and dignities,
And to each several man, to him and him,
They would have giv'n her one for every limb;
She, of whose soul if we may say, 't was gold,
Her body was th' electrum, and did hold
Many degrees of that; we understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought;
She, she thus richly and largely hence'd, is gone,
And chides us, slow-pac'd snails, who crawl upon
Our prison's prison, Earth, nor think us well,
Longer than whilst we bear our brittle shell.
But 't were but little to have chang'd our room,
If, as we were in this our living tomb
Oppress'd with ignorance, we still were so.
Poor soul, in this thy flesh what dost thou know?
Thou know'st thyself so little, as thou know'st not
How thou didst die, nor how thou wast begot.
Thou neither know'st how thou at first cam'st in,
Nor how thou took'st the poison of man's sin;
Nor dost thou (though thou know'st that thou art so)
By what way thou art made immortal, know.
Thou art too narrow, wretch, to comprehend
Even thyself, yea, though thou would'st but bend
To know thy body. Have not all souls thought
For many ages, that our body 's wrought
Of air, and fire, and other elements?
And now they think of new ingredients.
And one soul thinks one, and another way
Another thinks, and 't is an even lay.
Know'st thou but how the stone doth enter in
The bladder's cave, and never break the skin?
Know'st thou how blood, which to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to th' other go?
And for the putrid stuff which thou dost spit,
Know'st thou how thy lungs have attracted it?
There are no passages, so that there is
(For ought thou know'st) piercing of substances.
And of those many opinions, which men raise
Of nails and hairs, dost thou know which to praise?
What hope have we to know ourselves, when we
Know not the least things, which for our use be?
We see in authors, too stiff to recant,
An hundred controverses of an ant;
And yet one watches, starves, freezes, and sweats,
To know but catechisms and alphabets
Of unconcerning things, matters of fact;
How others on our stage their parts did act:
What Cæsar did, yea, or what Cicero said.
Why grass is green, or why our blood is red,
Are mysteries which none have reach'd unto;
In this low form, poor soul, what wilt then do?
Oh! when wilt thou shake off this pedantry,
Of being taught by sense and fantasy?
Thou look'st through spectacles; small things seem great
Below; but up unto the watch-tower get,
And see all things despoil'd of fallacies:
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
Nor hear through labyrinths of ears, nor learn
By circuit or collections to discern;
In Heav'n thou straight know'st all concerning it,
And what concerns it not, shall straight forget.
There thou (but in no other school) may'st be
Perchance as learned, and as full as she;
She, who all libraries had throughly read
At home in her own thoughts, and practised
So much good, as would make as many more:
She, whose example they must all implore,
Who would, or do, or think well, and confess
That all the virtuous actions they express,
Are but a new and worse edition
Of her some one thought, or one action:
She, who in th' art of knowing Heav'n was grown
Here upon Earth to such perfection,
That she hath, ever since to Heav'n she came,
(In a far fairer print) but read the same;
She, she not satisfy'd with all this weight,
(For so much knowledge, as would over-freight
Another, did but ballast her) is gone
As well t' enjoy as get perfection;
And calls us after her, in that she took
(Taking herself) our best and worthiest book.
Return not, my soul, from this ecstasy,
And meditation of what thou shalt be,
To earthly thoughts, till it to thee appear,
With whom thy conversation must be there.
With whom wilt thou converse? what stations
Canst thou choose out free from infection,
That will not give thee theirs, nor drink in thine?
Shalt thou not find a spungy slack divine
Drink and suck in th' instructions of great men,
And for the word of God vent them again?
Are there not some courts (and then no things be
So like as courts) which in this let us see,
That wits and tongues of libellers are weak,
Because they do more ill than those can speak?
The poison 's gone through all, poisons affect
Chiefly the chiefest parts; but some effect
In nails, and hairs, yea, excrements will show;
So lies the poison of sin in the most low.
Up, up, my drowsy soul, where thy new ear
Shall in the angels' songs no discord hear;
Where thou shalt see the blessed mother-maid
Joy in not being that which men have said;
Where she 's exalted more for being good,
Than for her interest of motherhood:
Up to those patriarchs, which did longer sit
Expecting Christ, than they 've enjoy'd him yet:
Up to those prophets, which now gladly see
Their prophecies grown to be history:
Up to th' apostles, who did bravely run
All the Sun's course, with more light than the Sun:
Up to those martyrs, who did calmly bleed
Oil to th' apostle's lamps, dew to their seed:
Up to those virgins, who thought, that almost
They made joint-tenants with the Holy Ghost,
If they to any should his temple give:
Up, up, for in that squadron there doth live
She, who hath carry'd thither new degrees
(As to their number) to their dignities:
She, who being to herself a state, enjoy'd
All royalties, which any state employ'd;
For she made wars, and triumph'd; reason still
Did not o'erthrow, but rectify her will:
And she made peace; for no peace is like this,
That beauty and chastity together kiss:
She did high justice, for she crucify'd
Ev'ry first motion of rebellion's pride:
And she gave pardons, and was liberal,
For, only herself except, she pardon'd all:
She coin'd, in this, that her impression gave
To all our actions all the worth they have:
She gave protections; the thoughts of her breast
Satan's rude officers could ne'er arrest.
As these prerogatives, being met in one,
Made her a sovereign state; religion

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Made her a church; and these two made her all.
She, who was all this all, and could not fall
To worse, by company, (for she was still
More antidote than all the world was ill)
She, she doth leave it, and by death survive
All this in Heav'n; whither who doth not strive
The more, because she 's there, he doth not know
That accidental joys in Heav'n do grow.
But pause, my soul; and study, ere thou fall
On accidental joys, th' essential.
Still before accessories do abide
A trial, must the principal be try'd.
And what essential joy canst thou expect
Here upon Earth? what permanent effect
Of transitory causes? Dost thou love
Beauty? (And beauty worthiest is to move)
Poor cozen'd cozener, *that* she, and *that* thou,
Which did begin to love, are neither now.
You are both fluid, chang'd since yesterday;
Next day repairs (but ill) last day's decay.
Nor are (although the river keep the name)
Yesterday's waters and to day's the same.
So flows her face, and thine eyes; neither now
That saint, nor pilgrim, which your loving vow
Concern'd, remains; but whilst you think you be
Constant, you 're hourly in inconstancy.
Honour may have pretence unto our love,
Because that God did live so long above
Without this honour, and then lov'd it so,
That he at last made creatures to bestow
Honour on him; not that he needed it,
But that to his hands man might grow more fit.
But since all honours from inferiors flow,
(For they do give it; princes do but show
Whom they would have so honour'd) and that this
On such opinions and capacities
Is built, as rise and fall, to more and less,
Alas! 't is but a casual happiness.
Hath ever any man t' himself assign'd
This or that happiness t' arrest his mind,
But that another man, which takes a worse,
Thinks him a fool for having ta'en that course?
They who did labour Babel's tow'r t' erect,
Might have consider'd, that for that effect
All this whole solid Earth could not allow,
Nor furnish forth materials enow;
And that his centre, to raise such a place,
Was far too little to have been the base:
No more affords this world foundation
T' erect true joy, were all the means in one.
But as the heathen made them several gods
Of all God's benefits, and all his rods,
(For as the wine, and corn, and onions are
Gods unto them, so agues be, and war)
And as by changing that whole precious gold
To such small copper coins, they lost the old,
And lost their only God, who ever must
Be sought alone, and not in such a thrust:
So much mankind true happiness mistakes;
No joy enjoys that man, that many makes.
Then, soul, to thy first pitch work up again;
Know that all lines, which circles do contain,
For once that they the centre touch, do touch
Twice the circumference; and be thou such,
Double on Heav'n thy thoughts, on Earth employ'd;
All will not serve; only who have enjoy'd
The sight of God in fulness, can think it;
For it is both the object and the wit.
This is essential joy, where neither he
Can suffer diminution, nor we;
'T is such a full, and such a filling good,
Had th' angels once look'd on him, they had stood.
To fill the place of one of them, or more,
She, whom we celebrate, is gone before:
She, who had here so much essential joy,
As no chance could distract, much less destroy;
Who with God's presence was acquainted so,
(Hearing, and speaking to him) as to know
His face in any natural stone or tree,
Better than when in images they be:
Who kept by diligent devotion
God's image in such reparation
Within her heart, that what decay was grown,
Was her first parents' fault, and not her own:
Who, being solicited to any act,
Still heard God pleading his safe pre-contract:
Who by a faithful confidence was here
Betroth'd to God, and now is married there;
Whose twilights were more clear than our mid-day;
Who dream'd devoutlier than most use to pray:
Who being here fill'd with grace, yet strove to be
Both where more grace and more capacity
At once is given: she to Heav'n is gone,
Who made this world in some proportion
A Heav'n, and here became unto us all,
Joy (as our joys admit) essential.
But could this low world joys essential touch,
Heav'n's accidental joys would pass them much.
How poor and lame must then our casual be?
If thy prince will his subjects to call thee
My lord, and this do swell thee, thou art then,
By being greater, grown to be less man.
When no physician of redress can speak,
A joyful casual violence may break
A dangerous apostem in thy breast;
And whilst thou joy'st in this, the dangerous rest,
The bag may rise up, and so strangle thee.
What e'er was casual, may ever be:
What should the nature change? or make the same
Certain, which was but casual when it came?
All casual joy doth loud and plainly say,
Only by coming, that it can away.
Only in Heav'n joy's strength is never spent,
And accidental things are permanent.
Joy of a soul's arrival ne'er decays;
(For that soul ever joys, and ever stays)
Joy, that their last great consummation
Approaches in the resurrection;
When earthly bodies more celestial
Shall be than angels were; for they could fall;
This kind of joy doth every day admit
Degrees of growth, but none of losing it.
In this fresh joy, 't is no small part that she,
She, in whose goodness he that names degree,
Doth injure her; ('t is loss to be call'd best,
There where the stuff is not such as the rest;)
She, who left such a body as even she
Only in Heav'n could learn, how it can be
Made better; for she rather was two souls,
Or like to full on both sides-written rolls,
Where minds might read upon the outward skin
As strong records for God, as minds within:
She, who, by making full perfection grow,
Pieces a circle, and still keeps it so,
Long'd for, and longing for 't, to Heav'n is gone,
Where she receives and gives addition.
Here in a place, where misdevotion frames
A thousand prayers to saints, whose very names
The ancient church knew not, Heav'n knows not yet,
And where what laws of poetry admit,

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Laws of religion have at least the same,
Immortal maid, I might invoke thy name.
Could any saint provoke that appetite,
Thou here should'st make me a French convertite.
But thou would'st not; nor would'st thou be content
To take this for my second year's true rent,
Did this coin bear any other stamp than his,
That gave thee power to do, me to say this:
Since his will is, that to posterity
Thou should'st for life and death a pattern be,
And that the world should notice have of this,
The purpose and th' authority is his.
Thou art the proclamation; and I am
The trumpet, at whose voice the people came.

EPICEDES AND OBSEQUIES

UPON

THE DEATHS OF SUNDRY PERSONAGES.

AN ELEGY

ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF THE INCOMPARABLE PRINCE HENRY.

Look on me, Faith, and look to my faith, God;
For both my centres feel this period.
Of weight one centre, one of greatness is;
And reason is that centre, faith is this;
For into our reason flow, and there do end
All, that this natural world doth comprehend;
Quotidian things, and equidistant hence,
Shut in, for man, in one circumference:
But for th' enormous greatnesses, which are
So disproportion'd, and so angular,
As is God's essence, place, and providence,
Where, how, when, what souls do, departed hence;
These things (eccentric else) on faith do strike:
Yet neither all, nor upon all alike.
For reason, put to her best extension,
Almost meets faith, and makes both centres one.
And nothing ever came so near to this,
As contemplation of that prince we miss.
For all that faith might credit, mankind could,
Reason still seconded, that this prince would.
If then least moving of the centre make
More, than if whole Hell belch'd, the world to shake,
What must this do, centres distracted so,
That we see not what to believe or know?
Was it not well believ'd till now, that he,
Whose reputation was an ecstasy,
On neighbour states, which knew not why to wake,
Till he discover'd what ways he would take;
For whom, what princes angled, when they try'd,
Met a torpedo, and were stupify'd;
And other's studies, how he would be bent;
Was his great father's greatest instrument,
And activ'st spirit, to convey and tie
This soul of peace unto Christianity?
Was it not well believ'd, that he would make
This general peace th' eternal overtake,
And that his times might have stretch'd out so far,
As to touch those of which they emblems are?
For to confirm this just belief, that now
The last days came, we saw Heav'n did allow,
That, but from his aspect and exercise,
In peaceful times rumours of wars should arise.
But now this faith is heresy: we must
Still stay, and vex our great grandmother, Dust.
Oh, is God prodigal? hath he spent his store
Of plagues on us; and only now, when more
Would ease us much, doth he grudge misery;
And will not let 's enjoy our curse, to die?
As for the Earth, thrown lowest down of all,
'T were an ambition to desire to fall;
So God, in our desire to die, doth know
Our plot for ease, in being wretched so:
Therefore we live, though such a life we have,
As but so many mandrakes on his grave.
What had his growth and generation done,
When, what we are, his putrefaction
Sustains in us, Earth, which griefs animate?
Nor hath our world now other soul than that.
And could grief get so high as Heav'n, that quire,
Forgetting this their new joy, would desire
(With grief to see him) he had stay'd below,
To rectify our errours they foreknow.
Is th' other centre, reason, faster then?
Where should we look for that, now we 're not men?
For if our reason be our connection
Of causes, now to us there can be none.
For, as if all the substances were spent,
'T were madness to inquire of accident;
So is 't to look for reason, he being gone,
The only subject reason wrought upon.
If fate have such a chain, whose divers links
Industrious man discerneth, as he thinks,
When miracle doth come, and so steal in
A new link, man knows not where to begin:
At a much deader fault must reason be,
Death having broke off such a link as he.
But now, for us with busy proof to come,
That we 've no reason, would prove we had some;
So would just lamentations: therefore we
May safelier say, that we are dead, than he.
So, if our griefs we do not well declare,
We 've double excuse; he 's not dead, we are.
Yet would not I die yet; for though I be
Too narrow to think him, as he is he,
(Our souls' best baiting and mid-period,
In her long journey of considering God)
Yet (no dishonour) I can reach him thus,
As he embrac'd the fires of love, with us.
Oh, may I (since I live) but see or hear,
That she-intelligence which mov'd this sphere,
I pardon Fate, my life; whoe'er thou be,
Which hast the noble conscience, thou art she:
I conjure thee by all the charms he spoke,
By th' oaths, which only you two never broke,
By all the souls ye sigh'd, that if you see
These lines, you wish, I knew your history.
So much, as you two mutual Heav'ns were here,
I were an angel, singing what you were.

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OBSEQUIES

ON

THE LORD HARRINGTON, &c.

TO

THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

MADAM,

I HAVE learned by those laws, wherein I am little conversant, that he which bestows any cost upon the dead, obliges him which is dead, but not his heir; I do not therefore send this paper to your ladyship, that you should thank me for it, or think that I thank you in it; your favours and benefits to me are so much above my merits, that they are even above my gratitude; if that were to be judged by words, which must express it. But, madam, since your noble brother's fortune being yours, the evidences also concerning it are yours: so his virtues being yours, the evidences concerning that belong also to you, of which by your acceptance this may be one piece; in which quality I humbly present it, and as a testimony how entirely your family possesseth

your ladyship's

most humble and thankful servant,

JOHN DONNE.

FAIR soul, which wast not only as all souls be,
Then when thou wast infused, harmony,
But did'st continue so; and now dost bear
A part in God's great organ, this whole sphere;
If looking up to God, or down to us,
Thou find that any way is pervious
'Twixt Heav'n and Earth, and that men's actions do
Come to your knowledge and affections too,
See, and with joy, me to that good degree
Of goodness grown, that I can study thee;
And by these meditations refin'd,
Can unapparel and enlarge my mind,
And so can make by this soft ecstasy,
This place a map of Heav'n, myself of thee.
Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest;
Time's dead-low water, when all minds divest
To morrow's business, when the labourers have
Such rest in bed, that their last church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this;
Now when the client, whose last hearing is
To morrow, sleeps; when the condemned man,
(Who when he opes his eyes must shut them then
Again by death) although sad watch he keep,
Doth practise dying by a little sleep;
Thou at this midnight seest me, and as soon
As that Sun rises to me, midnight 's noon;
All the world grows transparent, and I see
Through all, both church and state, in seeing thee;
And I discern by favour of this light
Myself, the hardest object of the sight.
God is the glass; as thou, when thou dost see
Him, who sees all, seest all concerning thee:
So, yet unglorified, I comprehend
All, in these mirrors of thy ways and end.
Though God be our true glass, through which we see
All, since the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive
Things in proportion, fit by perspective,
Deeds of good men: for by their being here,
Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near.
But where can I affirm or where arrest
My thoughts on his deeds? which shall I call best?
For fluid virtue cannot be look'd on,
Nor can endure a contemplation.
As bodies change, and as I do not wear
Those spirits, humours, blood, I did last year;
And as, if on a stream I fix mine eye,
That drop, which I look'd on, is presently
Push'd with more waters from my sight, and gone:
So in this sea of virtues, can no one
Be insisted on; virtues as rivers pass,
Yet still remains that virtuous man there was.
And as, if man feed on man's flesh, and so
Part of his body to another owe,
Yet at the last two perfect bodies rise,
Because God knows where every atom lies;
So if one knowledge were made of all those,
Who knew his minutes well, he might dispose
His virtues into names and ranks; but I
Should injure nature, virtue, and destiny,
Should I divide and discontinue so
Virtue, which did in one entireness grow.
For as he that should say, spirits are fram'd
Of all the purest parts that can be nam'd,
Honours not spirits half so much as he
Which says they have no parts, but simple be:
So is 't of virtue; for a point and one
Are much entirer than a million.
And had Fate meant t' have had his virtues told,
It would have let him live to have been old.
So then that virtue in season, and then this,
We might have seen, and said, that now he is
Witty, now wise, now temperate, now just:
In good short lives, virtues are fain to thrust,
And to be sure betimes to get a place,
When they would exercise, lack time, and space.
So was it in this person, forc'd to be,
For lack of time, his own epitome:
So to exhibit in few years as much,
As all the long-breath'd chroniclers can touch.
As when an angel down from Heav'n doth fly,
Our quick thought cannot keep him company;
We cannot think, now he is at the Sun, [run,
Now through the Moon, now through the air doth
Yet when he 's come, we know he did repair
To all 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, Sun, Moon, and air;
And as this angel in an instant knows;
And yet we know this sudden knowledge grows
By quick amassing several forms of things,
Which he successively to order brings;
When they, whose slow-pac'd lame thoughts cannot
So fast as he, think that he doth not so; [go
Just as a perfect reader doth not dwell
On every syllable, nor stay to spell,
Yet without doubt he doth distinctly see,
And lay together every A and B;

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So in short-liv'd good men is not understood
Each several virtue, but the compound good.
For they all virtue's paths in that pace tread,
As angels go, and know, and as men read.
O why should then these men, these lumps of balm,
Sent hither the world's tempest to becalm,
Before by deeds they are diffus'd and spread,
And to make us alive, themselves be dead?
O, soul! O, circle! why so quickly be
Thy ends, thy birth, and death clos'd up in thee?
Since one foot of thy compass still was plac'd
In Heav'n, the other might securely 've pac'd
In the most large extent through every path,
Which the whole world, or man, th' abridgment, hath.
Thou know'st, that though the tropic circles have
(Yea, and those small ones which the poles engrave)
All the same roundness, evenness, and all
The endlessness of th' equinoctial;
Yet when we come to measure distances,
How here, how there, the Sun affected is;
When he doth faintly work, and when prevail;
Only great circles then can be our scale:
So though thy circle to thyself express
All tending to thy endless happiness;
And we by our good use of it may try
Both how to live well (young) and how to die.
Yet since we must be old, and age endures
His torrid zone at court, and calentures
Of hot ambition, irreligion's ice,
Zeal's agues, and hydropic avarice,
(Infirmities, which need the scale of truth,
As well as lust and ignorance of youth;)
Why didst thou not for these give medicines too,
And by thy doing tell us what to do?
Though as small pocket-clocks, whose every wheel
Doth each mis-motion and distemper feel;
Whose hands gets shaking palsies; and whose string
(His sinews) slackens; and whose soul, the spring,
Expires or languishes; and whose pulse, the flee,
Either beats not, or beats unevenly;
Whose voice, the bell, doth rattle or grow dumb,
Or idle, as men which to their last hour come;
If these clocks be not wound, or be wound still,
Or be not set, or set at every will;
So youth is easiest to destruction,
If then we follow all, or follow none.
Yet as in great clocks, which in steeples chime,
Plac'd to inform whole towns, t' employ their time,
And errour doth more harm, being general,
When small clock's faults only on th' weaker fall:
So work the faults of age, on which the eye
Of children, servants, or the state rely;
Why would'st not thou then, which hadst such a soul,
A clock so true, as might the Sun control,
And daily hadst from him, who gave it thee,
Instructions, such, as it could never be
Disorder'd, stay here, as a general
And great sun-dial, to have set us all?
Oh, why would'st thou be an instrument
To this unnatural course? or why consent
To this, not miracle, but prodigy,
That when the ebbs longer than flowings be,
Virtue, whose flood did with thy youth begin,
Should so much faster ebb out than flow in?
Though her flood were blown in by thy first breath,
All is at once sunk in the whirl-pool, death.
Which word I would not name, but that I see
Death, else a desert, grown a court by thee.
Now I am sure that if a man would have
Good company, his entry is a grave.
Methinks all cities now but ant-hills be,
Where when the several labourers I see
For children, house, provision, taking pain, [grains
They 're all but ants, carrying eggs, straw, and
And church-yards are our cities, unto which
The most repair, that are in goodness rich;
There is the best concourse and confluence,
There are the holy suburbs, and from thence
Begins God's city, new Jerusalem,
Which doth extend her utmost gates to them:
At that gate then, triumphant soul, dost thou
Begin thy triumph. But since laws allow
That at the triumph-day the people may,
All that they will, 'gainst the triumpher say,
Let me here use that freedom, and express
My grief, though not to make thy triumph less.
By law to triumphs none admitted be,
Till they, as magistrates, get victory;
Though then to thy force all youth's foes did yield,
Yet till fit time had brought thee to that field,
To which thy rank in this state destin'd thee,
That there thy counsels might get victory,
And so in that capacity remove
All jealousies 'twixt prince and subject's love,
Thou could'st no title to this triumph have,
Thou didst intrude on Death, usurp a grave,
Then (though victoriously) thou hadst fought as yet
But with thine own affections, with the heat
Of youth's desires, and colds of ignorance,
But till thou should'st successfully advance
Thine arms 'gainst foreign enemies, which are
Both envy, and acclamations popular,
(For both these engines equally defeat,
Though by a divers mine, those which are great)
Till then thy war was but a civil war,
For which to triumph none admitted are;
No more are they, who, though with good success,
In a defensive war their power express.
Before men triumph, the dominion
Must be enlarg'd, and not preserv'd alone;
Why should'st thou then, whose battles were to win
Thyself from those straits Nature put thee in,
And to deliver up to God that state,
Of which he gave thee the vicariate,
(Which is thy soul and body) as entire
As he, who takes indentures, doth require;
But didst not stay, t' enlarge his kingdom too,
By making others, what thou didst, to do; [more
Why should'st thou triumph now, when Heav'n no
Hath got, by getting thee, than 't had before?
For Heav'n and thou, even when thou livedst here,
Of one another in possession were.
But this from triumph most disables thee,
That that place, which is conquered, must be
Left safe from present war, and likely doubt
Of imminent commotions to break out:
And hath he left us so? or can it be
This territory was no more than he?
No, we were all his charge; the diocese
Of every exemplar man the whole world is:
And he was joined in commission
With tutular angels, sent to every one.
But though this freedom to upbraid, and chide
Him who triumph'd, were lawful, it was ty'd
With this, that it might never reference have
Unto the senate, who this triumph gave;
Men might at Pompey jest, but they might not
At that authority, by which he got

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Leave to triumph, before by age he might;
So though, triumphant soul, I dare to write
Mov'd with a reverential anger, thus
That thou so early would'st abandon us;
Yet I am far from daring to dispute
With that great sovereignty, whose absolute
Prerogative hath thus dispens'd with thee
'Gainst Nature's laws, which just impugners be
Of early triumph: and I (though with pain)
Lessen our loss, to magnify thy gain
Of triumph, when I say it was more fit
That all men should lack thee, than thou lack it.
Though then in our times be not suffered
That testimony of love unto the dead,
To die with them, and in their graves be hid,
As Saxon wives, and French soldarii did;
And though in no degree I can express
Grief in great Alexander's great excess,
Who at his friend's death made whole towns divest
Their walls and bulwarks, which became them best:
Do not, fair soul, this sacrifice refuse,
That in thy grave I do inter my Muse;
Which by my grief, great as thy worth, being cast
Behind hand, yet hath spoke, and spoke her last.

ON

THE LADY MARKHAM.

Man is the world, and death the ocean,
To which God gives the lower parts of man.
This sea environs all, and though as yet
God hath set marks and bounds 'twixt us and it,
Yet doth it roar, and gnaw, and still pretend
To break our bank, whene'er it takes a friend:
Then our land-waters (tears of passion) vent;
Our waters then above our firmament,
(Tears, which our soul doth for our sins let fall)
Take all a brackish taste, and funeral.
And even those tears, which should wash sin, are sin.
We, after God, new drown our world again.
Nothing but man, of all envenom'd things,
Doth work upon itself with inborn stings.
Tears are false spectacles; we cannot see
Through passion's mist, what we are, or what she.
In her this sea of death hath made no breach;
But as the tide doth wash the slimy beach,
And leaves embroider'd works upon the sand,
So is her flesh refin'd by Death's cold hand.
As men of China, after an age's stay
Do take up porcelain, where they buried clay;
So at this grave, her limbec (which refines
The diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and mines,
Of which this flesh was) her soul shall inspire
Flesh of such stuff, as God, when his last fire
Annuls this world, to recompense, it shall
Make and name them th' elixir of this all.
They say, the sea, when it gains, loseth too;
If carnal Death (the younger brother) do
Usurp the body; our soul, which subject is
To th' elder Death by sin, is freed by this;
They perish both, when they attempt the just;
For graves our trophies are, and both Death's dust.
So, unobnoxious now, she hath buried both;
For none to death sins, that to sin is loath.
Nor do they die, which are not loath to die;
So hath she this and that virginity.
Grace was in her extremely diligent,
That kept her from sin, yet made her repent.
Of what small spots pure white complains! Alas,
How little poison cracks a crystal glass!
She sinn'd, but just enough to let us see
That God's word must be true, *all sinners be.*
So much did zeal her conscience rarify,
That extreme truth lack'd little of a lie;
Making omissions acts; laying the touch
Of sin on things, that sometime may be such.
As Moses' cherubins, whose natures do
Surpass all speed, by him are winged too:
So would her soul, already in Heav'n, seem then
To climb by tears, the common stairs of men.
How fit she was for God, I am content
To speak, that Death his vain haste may repent:
How fit for us, how even and how sweet,
How good in all her titles, and how meet
To have reform'd this forward heresy,
That women can no parts of friendship be;
How moral, how divine, shall not be told,
Lest they, that hear her virtues, think her old;
And lest we take Death's part, and make him glad
Of such a prey, and to his triumph add.

ON

MISTRESS BOULSTRED.

Death, I recant, and say, unsaid by me
Whate'er hath slipt, that might diminish thee:
Spiritual treason, atheism 't is, to say,
That any can thy summons disobey.
Th' Earth's face is but thy table; there are set
Plants, cattle, men, dishes for Death to eat.
In a rude hunger now he millions draws
Into his bloody, or plaguy, or starv'd jaws:
Now he will seem to spare, and doth more waste,
Eating the best first, well preserv'd to last:
Now wantonly he spoils, and eats us not,
But breaks off friends, and lets us piecemeal rot.
Nor will this earth serve him; he sinks the deep,
Where harmless fish monastic silence keep;
Who (were Death dead) the rows of living sand
Might spunge that element, and make it land.
He rounds the air, and breaks the hymnic notes
In birds', Heav'n's choristers, organic throats;
Which (if they did not die) might seem to be
A tenth rank in the Heavenly hierarchy.
O strong and long-liv'd Death, how cam'st thou in?
And how without creation didst begin?
Thou hast, and shalt see dead, before thou dy'st,
All the four monarchies, and antichrist.
How could I think thee nothing, that see now
In all this all, nothing else is, but thou?
Our births and lives, vices and virtues, be
Wasteful consumptions, and degrees of thee.
For we to live our bellows wear, and breath,
Nor are we mortal, dying, dead, but death.
And though thou beast (O mighty bird of prey)
So much reclaim'd by God, that thou must lay
All, that thou kill'st, at his feet; yet doth he
Reserve but few, and leaves the most for thee.
And of those few, now thou hast overthrown
One, whom thy blow makes not ours, nor thine own;
She was more stories high: hopeless to come
To her soul, thou hast offer'd at her lower room.
Her soul and body was a king and court:
But thou hast both of captain mine'd and fort.

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As houses fall not, though the kings remove;
Bodies of saints rest for their souls above.
Death gets 'twixt souls and bodies such a place
As sin insinuates 'twixt just men and grace;
Both work a separation, no divorce:
Her soul is gone to usher up her corse,
Which shall be almost another soul, for there
Bodies are purer than best souls are here.
Because in her her virtues did outgo
Her years, would'st thou, O emulous Death, do so,
And kill her young to thy loss? must the cost
Of beauty and wit, apt to do harm, be lost?
What though thou found'st her proof 'gainst sins of youth?
Oh, every age a diverse sin pursu'th.
Thou should'st have stay'd, and taken better hold;
Shortly ambitious; covetous, when old,
She might have prov'd; and such devotion
Might once have stray'd to superstition.
If all her virtues might have grown, yet might
Abundant virtue have bred a proud delight.
Had she persever'd just, there would have been
Some that would sin, mis-thinking she did sin.
Such as would call her friendship love, and feign
To sociableness a name profane;
Or sin by tempting, or, not daring that,
By wishing, though they never told her what.
Thus might'st thou 've slain more souls, had'st thou not cross'd
Thyself, and, to triumph, thine army lost.
Yet though these ways be lost, thou hast left one,
Which is, immoderate grief that she is gone:
But we may 'scape that sin, yet weep as much;
Our tears are due, because we are not such.
Some tears, that knot of friends, her death must cost,
Because the chain is broke; though no link lost.

ON HIS WIFE.

By our first strange and fatal interview,
By all desires, which thereof did ensue,
By our long striving hopes, by that remorse,
Which my words masculine persuasive force
Begot in thee, and by the memory
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threaten'd me,
I calmly beg. But by thy father's wrath,
By all pains, which want and divorcement hath,
I conjure thee; and all the oaths, which I
And thou have sworn to seal joint constancy,
I here unswear, and overswear them thus;
Thou shalt not love by means so dangerous.
Temper, O fair love! love's impetuous rage,
Be my true mistress, not my feigned page;
I 'll go, and, by thy kind leave, leave behind
Thee, only worthy to nurse in my mind,
Thirst to come back; O, if thou die before,
My soul from other lands to thee shall soar;
Thy (else almighty) beauty cannot move
Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love,
Nor tame wild Boreas' harshness; thou hast read
How roughly he in pieces shivered
Fair Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd.
Fall ill or good, 't is madness to have prov'd
Dangers unurg'd: feed on this flattery,
That absent lovers one in th' other be.
Dissemble nothing, not a boy, nor change
Thy body's habit, nor mind; be not strange
To thyself only. All will spy in thy face
A blushing womanly discovering grace.
Richly cloth'd apes, are call'd apes; and as soon
Eclips'd, as bright we call the Moon, the Moon,
Men of France, changeable chameleons,
Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,
Love's fuellers, and th' rightest company
Of players, which upon the world's stage be,
Will too too quickly know thee; and alas,
Th' indifferent Italian, as we pass
His warm land, well content to think thee page,
Will hunt thee with such lust and hideous rage,
As Lot's fair guests were vex'd. But none of these,
Nor spungy hydroptic Dutch, shall thee displease,
If thou stay here. O, stay here; for, for thee
England is only a worthy gallery,
To walk in expectation, till from thence
Our greatest king call thee to his presence.
When I am gone, dream me some happiness,
Nor let thy looks our long hid love confess;
Nor praise, nor dispraise me; nor bless, nor curse
Openly love's force; nor in bed fright thy nurse
With midnight's startings, crying out, "Oh! oh!
Nurse, O! my love is slain; I saw him go
O'er the white Alps alone; I saw him, I,
Assail'd, taken, fight, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die."
Augure me better chance, except dread Jove
Think it enough for me t' have had thy love.

ON HIMSELF.

My fortune and my choice this custom break,
When we are speechless grown to make stones speak:
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inside seest what thou art now:
Yet thou 'rt not yet so good; till Death us lay
To ripe and mellow here we 're stubborn clay.
Parents make us earth, and souls dignify
Us to be glass; here to grow gold we lie.
Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
Our souls become worm-eaten carcasses;
So we ourselves miraculously destroy,
Here bodies with less miracle enjoy
Such privileges, enabled here to scale
Heav'n, when the trumpet's air shall them exhale.
Hear this, and mend thyself, and thou mend'st me,
By making me, being dead, do good for thee;
And think me well compos'd, that I could now
A last-sick hour to syllables allow.

ELEGY.

MADAM,

That I might make your cabinet my tomb,
And for my fame, which I love next my soul,
Next to my soul provide the happiest room,
Admit to that place this last funeral scrowl.
Others by wills give legacies, but I
Dying of you do beg a legacy.

My fortune and my will this custom break,
When we are senseless grown, to make stones speak:
Though no stone tell thee what I was, yet thou
In my grave's inside see, what thou art now:

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Yet thou 'rt not yet so good; till us death lay
To ripe and mellow there, we 're stubborn clay,
Parents make us earth, and souls dignify
Us to be glass; here to grow gold we lie;
Whilst in our souls sin bred and pamper'd is,
Our souls become worm-eaten carcasses.

ON MISTRESS BOULSTRED.

Death, be not proud; thy hand gave not this blow,
Sin was her captive, whence thy power doth flow;
The executioner of wrath thou art,
But to destroy the just is not thy part.
Thy coming terrour, anguish, grief denounces;
Her happy state courage, ease, joy pronounces.
From out the crystal palace of her breast,
The clearer soul was call'd to endless rest,
(Not by the thund'ring voice, wherewith God threats,
But as with crowned saints in Heav'n he treats)
And, waited on by angels, home was brought,
To joy that it through many dangers sought;
The key of mercy gently did unlock
The door 'twixt Heav'n and it, when life did knock.
Nor boast, the fairest frame was made thy prey,
Because to mortal eyes it did decay;
A better witness than thou art assures,
That though dissolv'd, it yet a space endures;
No dram thereof shall want or loss sustain,
When her best soul inhabits it again.
Go then to people curs'd before they were,
Their souls in triumph to thy conquest bear.
Glory not thou thyself in these hot tears,
Which our face, not for her, but our harm wears:
The mourning livery giv'n by Grace, not thee,
Which wills our souls in these streams wash'd should
And on our hearts, her memory's best tomb, [be;
In this her epitaph doth write thy doom.
Blind were those eyes, saw not how bright did shine
Through flesh's misty veil those beams divine;
Deaf were the ears, not charm'd with that sweet sound,
Which did i' the spirit's instructed voice abound;
Of flint the conscience, did not yield and melt,
At what in her last act it saw and felt.
Weep not, nor grudge then, to have lost her sight,
Taught thus, our after-stay 's but a short night:
But by all souls, not by corruption choked,
Let in high rals'd notes that pow'r be invoked;
Calm the rough seas, by which she sails to rest,
From sorrows here t' a kingdom ever bless'd.
And teach this hymn of her with joy, and sing,
The grave no conquest gets, Death hath no sting.

ON THE LORD C.

Sorrow, that to this house scarce knew the way,
Is, oh! heir of it, our all is his pay.
This strange chance claims strange wonder, and to us
Nothing can be so strange, as to weep thus.
'T is well, his life's loud speaking works deserve,
And give praise too; our cold tongues could not serve:
'T is well, he kept tears from our eyes before,
That to fit this deep ill we might have store.
Oh, if a sweet-brier climb up by a tree,
If to a paradise that transplanted be,
Or fell'd, and burnt for holy sacrifice,
Yet, that must wither, which by it did rise;
As we for him dead: though no family
E'er rigg'd a soul for Heav'n's discovery,
With whom more venturers more boldly dare
Venture their 'states, with him in joy to share.
We lose, what all friends lov'd, him; he gains now
But life by death, which worst foes would allow;
If he could have foes, in whose practice grew
All virtues, whose name subtle school-men knew.
What ease can hope, that we shall see him, beget,
When we must die first, and cannot die yet?
His children are his pictures; oh! they be
Pictures of him dead, senseless, cold as he.
Here needs no marble tomb, since he is gone;
He, and about him his, are turn'd to stone.

UPON

MR. THOMAS CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

O to what height will love of greatness drive
Thy learned spirit, sesqui-superlative? [then
Venice' vast lake thou hast seen, and would'st seek
Some vaster thing, and found'st a courtezan.
That inland sea having discover'd well,
A cellar gulf, where one might sail to Hell
From Heydelberg, thou long'st to see: and thou
This book, greater than all, producest now.
Infinite work! which doth so far extend,
That none can study it to any end.
'T is no one thing, it is not fruit, nor root,
Nor poorly limited with head or foot.
If man be therefore man, because he can
Reason and laugh, thy book doth half make man.
One half being made, thy modesty was such,
That thou on th' other half would'st never touch.
When wilt thou be at full, great lunatic?
Not till thou exceed the world? Canst thou be like
A prosperous nose-born wen, which sometimes grows
To be far greater than the mother nose?
Go then, and as to thee, when thou didst go,
Munster did towns, and Gesner authors show;
Mount now to Gallo-belgicus; appear
As deep a statesman as a garretteer.
Homely and familiarly, when thou com'st back,
Talk of Will Conqueror, and Prester Jack.
Go, bashful man, lest here thou blush to look
Upon the progress of thy glorious book,
To which both Indies sacrifices send;
The West sent gold, which thou did'st freely spend,
Meaning to see 't no more upon the press:
The East sends hither her deliciousness; [hence,
And thy leaves must embrace what comes from
The myrrh, the pepper, and the frankincense.
This magnifies thy leaves; but if they stoop
To neighbour wares, when merchants do unhoop
Voluminous barrels; if thy leaves do then
Convey these wares in parcels unto men;
If for vast tuns of currants, and of figs,
Of med'cinal and aromatic twigs,
Thy leaves a better method do provide,
Divide to pounds, and ounces subdivide.
If they stoop lower yet, and vent our wares,
Home-manufactures to thick popular fairs,

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If omni-pregnant there, upon warm stalls
They hatch all wares, for which the buyer calls;
Then thus thy leaves we justly may compend,
That they all kind of matter comprehend.
Thus thou, by means, which th' ancients never took,
A pandect mak'st, and universal book.
The bravest heroes, for their country's good,
Scatter'd in divers lands their limbs and blood;
Worst malefactors, to whom men are prime,
Do public good, cut in anatomies;
So will thy book in pieces, for a lord,
Which eats at Portescue's, and all the board
Provide whole books; each leaf enough will be
For friends to pass time, and keep company.
Can all carouse up thee? no, thou must fit
Measures; and fill out for the half-pint wit.
Some shall wrap pills, and save a friend's life so;
Some shall stop muskets, and so kill a foe.
Thou shalt not ease the critics of next age
So much, as once their hunger to assuage:
Nor shall wit-pirates hope to find thee lie
All in one bottom, in one library.
Some leaves may paste strings there in other books,
And so one may, which on another looks,
Filler, alas! a little wit from you;
But hardly much; and yet I think this true.
As Sibil's was, your book is mystical,
For every piece is as much worth as all.
Therefore mine impotency I confess,
The healths, which my brain bears, must be far less:
Thy giant-wit o'erthrows me, I am gone;
And, rather than read all, I would read none.

I. D.

SONNET.

THE TOKEN.

Send me some tokens, that my hope may live,
Or that my ceaseless thoughts may sleep and rest;
Send me some honey, to make sweet my hive,
That in my passions I may hope the best.
I beg not ribband wrought with thy own hands,
To halt our loves in the fantastic strain
Of new-touch'd youth; nor ring, to show the stands
Of our affection, that, as that 's round and plain,
So should our loves meet in simplicity;
No, nor the corals, which thy wrist enfold,
Lac'd up together in congruity,
To show our thoughts should rest in the same hold;
No, nor thy picture, though most gracious,
And most desir'd, 'cause 't is like the best;
Nor witty lines, which are most copious,
Within the writings, which thou hast address'd.
Send me nor this, nor that, t' increase my score;
But swear thou think'st I love thee, and no more.

THE

PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16 AUGUSTI, 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

POEMA SATYRICON.

EPISTLE.

OTHERS at the porches and entries of their buildings set their arms; I, my picture; if any colours can deliver a mind so plain, and flat, and through-light as mine. Naturally at a new author I doubt, and stick, and do not say quickly, Good. I censure much, and tax; and this liberty costs me more than others. Yet I would not be so rebellious against myself, as not to do it, since I love it; nor so unjust to others, to do it sine talione. As long as I give them as good hold upon me, they must pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender, but him that, like the Trent council, forbids not books, but authors, damning whatever such a name hath or shall write. None write so ill, that he gives not something exemplary to follow, or fly. Now when I begin this book, I have no purpose to come into any man's debt; how my stock will hold out, I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use. If I do borrow any thing of antiquity, besides that I make account that I pay it to posterity, with as much, and as good, you shall still find me to acknowledge it, and to thank not him only, that hath digged out treasure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All, which I will bid you remember, (for I will have no such readers as I can teach) is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not only carry one soul from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also: and therefore you must not grudge to find the same soul in an emperor, in a post-horse, and in a maceron; since no unreadiness in the soul, but an indisposition in the organs, works this. And therefore, though this soul could not move when it was a melon, yet it may remember, and can now tell me, at what lascivious banquet it was served: and though it could not speak, when it was a spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poison to attain dignity. However the bodies have dulled her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her own; which makes me so seriously deliver you by her relation all her passages from her first making, when she was that apple which Eve eat, to this time when she is she, whose life you shall find in the end of this book.

FIRST SONG.

I sing the progress of a deathless soul,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not control,
Plac'd in most shapes; all times, before the law
Yok'd us, and when, and since, in this I sing;
And the great world t' his aged evening,
From infant morn, though manly noon I draw;
What the gold Chaldee, or silver Persian saw,

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Greek brass, or Roman iron, 'is in this one;
A work t' out-wear Seth's pillars, brick and stone,
And (holy writ excepted) made to yield to none.

Thee, eye of Heav'n, this great soul envies not;
By thy male force is all, we have begot.
In the first east thou now begin'st to shine,
Suck'st early balm, and island spices there;
And wilt anon in thy loose-rein'd career
At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danow dine,
And see at night thy western land of mine;
Yet hast thou not more nations seen than she,
That before thee one day began to be;
And, thy frail light being quench'd, shall long, long outlive thee.

Nor, holy Janus, in whose sovereign boat
The church, and all the monarchies did float;
That swimming college, and free hospital
Of all mankind, that cage and vivary
Of fowls and beasts, in whose womb Destiny
Us and our latest nepnews did install;
(From thence are all deriv'd, that fill this all)
Didst thou in that great stewardship embark
So divers shapes into that floating park, [spark.
As have been mov'd, and inform'd by this heav'nly

Great Destiny, the commissary of God,
That hast mark'd out a path and period
For every thing; who, where we offspring took,
Our ways and ends seest at one instant. Thou
Knot of all causes, thou, whose changeless brow
Ne'er smiles nor frowns, O vouchsafe thou to look,
And show my story, in thy eternal book.
That (if my prayer be fit) I may understand
So much myself, as to know with what hand,
How scant or liberal, this my life's race is spann'd.

To my six lustres, almost now out-wore,
Except thy book owe me so many more;
Except my legend be free from the lets
Of steep ambition, sleepy poverty,
Spirit-quenching sickness, dull captivity,
Distracting business, and from beauty's nets,
And all that calls from this and t' others whets;
O! let me not lanch out, but let me save
Th' expense of brain and spirit; that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwasted man, may have.

But if my days be long, and good enough,
In vain this sea shall enlarge or enrough
Itself; for I will through the wave and foam,
And hold in sad lone ways a lively sprite,
Make my dark heavy poem light, and light.
For, though through many straits and lands I roam,
I lanch at Paradise, and sail towards home:
The course, I there began, shall here be stay'd;
Sails hoisted there, struck here; and anchors laid
In Thames, which were at Tigris and Euphrates weigh'd.

For the great soul, which here amongst us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,
Which, as the Moon the sea, moves us; to hear
Whose story with long patience you will long;
(For 't is the crown, and last strain of my song)
This soul, to whom Luther and Mahomet were
Prisons of flesh; this soul, which oft did tear,
And mend the wrecks of th' empire, and late Rome,
And liv'd when every great change did come,
Had first in Paradise a low but fatal room.

Yet no low room, nor then the greatest, less,
If (as devout and sharp men fitly guess)
That cross, our joy and grief, (where nails did tie
That all, which always was all, every where;
Which could not sin, and yet all sins did bear;
Which could not die, yet could not choose but die;)
Stood in the self-same room in Calvary,
Where first grew the forbidden learned tree;
For on that tree hung in securitie [free.
This soul, made by the Maker's will from pulling

Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning morn,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as soon as born,
That apple grew, which this soul did enlive;
Till the then climbing serpent, that now creeps
For that offence, for which all mankind weeps,
Took it, and t' her, whom the first man did wive
(Whom, and her race, only forbiddings drive)
He gave it, she t' her husband; both did eat:
So perished the eaters and the meat; [sweat.
And we (for treason taints the blood) thence die and

Man all at once was there by woman slain;
And one by one we 're here slain o'er again
By them. The mother poison'd the well-head,
The daughters here corrupt us, rivulets;
No smallness 'scapes, no greatness breaks their nets:
She thrust us out, and by them we are led
Astray, from turning to whence we are fled.
Were prisoners judges, 't would seem rigorous;
She sinn'd, we bear; part of our pain is thus [us.
To love them, whose fault to this painful love yok'd

So fast in us doth this corruption grow,
That now we dare ask why we should be so;
Would God (disputes the curious rebel) make
A law, and would not have it kept? Or can
His creature's will cross his? Of every man,
For one, will God (and be just) vengeance take?
Who sinn'd? 't was not forbidden to the snake,
Nor her, who was not then made; nor is 't writ,
That Adam cropt, or knew the apple; yet
The worm, and she, and he, and we endure for it.

But snatch me, heav'nly spirit, from this vain
Reck'ning their vanity; less is their gain
Than hazard still to meditate on ill, [toys
Though with good mind; their reason's like those
Of glassy bubbles, which the gamesome boys
Stretch to so nice a thinness through a quill,
That they themselves break, and do themselves spill.
Arguing is heretic's game, and exercise,
As wrestlers, perfects them: not liberties [vices.
Of speech, but silence; hands, not tongues, end he-

Just in that instant, when the serpent's gripe
Broke the slight veins, and tender conduit pipe,
Through which this soul from the tree's root did draw
Life and growth to this apple, fled away
This loose soul, old, one and another day.
As lightning, which one scarce dare say he saw,
'T is so soon gone, (and better proof the law
Of sense, than faith requires) swiftly she flew
T' a dark and foggy plot; her, her fates threw
There through th' Earth's pores, and in a plant hous'd her anew.

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The plant, thus abled, to itself did force
A place, where no place was; by nature's course
As air from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies; by this rept throng'd so
His spungy confines gave him place to grow:
Just as in our streets, when the people stay
To see the prince, and so fill up the way, [near,
That weasels scarce could pass; when she comes
They throng, and cleave up, and a passage clear,
As if for that time their round bodies flatned were.

His right arm he thrust out towards the east,
Westward his left; th' ends did themselves digest
Into ten lesser strings; these fingers were:
And as a slumb'rer stretching on his bed,
This way he this, and that way scattered
His other leg, which feet with toes up bear;
Grew on his middle part, the first day, hair,
To show, that in love's bus'ness he should still
A dealer be, and be us'd, well or ill:
His apples kindle; his leaves force of conception kill.

A mouth, but dumb, he hath; blind eyes, deaf ears;
And to his shoulders dangle subtle hairs;
A young Colossus there he stands upright:
And, as that ground by him were conquered,
A leafy garland wears he on his head
Enchas'd with little fruits, so red and bright,
That for them you would call your love's lips white;
So of a lone unhaunted place possess'd,
Did this soul's second inn, built by the guest
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, rest.

No lustful woman came this plant to grieve,
But 't was, because there was none yet but Eve:
And she (with other purpose) kill'd it quite;
Her sin had now brought in infirmities,
And so her cradled child the moist-red eyes
Had never shut, nor slept, since it saw light;
Poppy she knew, she knew the mandrake's might,
And tore up both, and so cool'd her child's blood:
Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have stood;
But he 's short liv'd, that with his death can do most good.

To an unfetter'd soul's quick nimble haste
Are falling stars, and heart's thoughts, but slow pac'd:
Thinner than burnt air flies this soul, and she,
Whom four new coming, and four parting Suns
Had found, and left the mandrake's tenant, runs
Thoughtless of change, when her firm destiny
Confin'd, and engoal'd her, that seem'd so free,
Into a small blue shell; the which a poor
Warm bird o'erspread, and sat still evermore,
Till her enclos'd child kick'd, and pick'd itself a door.

Out crept a sparrow, this soul's moving inn,
On whose raw arms stiff feathers now begin,
As children's teeth through gums, to break with pain;
His flesh is jelly yet, and his bones threads;
All a new downy mantle overspreads.
A mouth he opes, which would as much contain
As his late house, and the first hour speaks plain,
And chirps aloud for meat. Meat fit for men
His father steals for him; and so feeds then
One, that within a month will beat him from his hen.

In this world's youth wise Nature did make haste,
Things ripen'd sooner, and did longer last;

Already this hot cock in bush and tree,
In field and tent o'erflutters his next hen;
He asks her not who did so taste, nor when;
Nor if his sister or his niece she be,
Nor doth she pule for his inconstancy,
If in her sight he change; nor doth refuse
The next, that calls; both liberty do use;
Where store is of both kinds, both kinds may freely choose.

Men, till they took laws, which made freedom less,
Their daughters and their sisters did ingress;
Till now unlawful, therefore ill, 't was *not*;
So jolly, that it can move this soul: is
The body so free of his kindnesses,
That self-preserving it hath now forgot,
And slack'neth not the soul's and body's knot,
Which temp'rance straitens? freely on his she-friends
He blood, and spirit, pith, and marrow spends,
Ill steward of himself, himself in three years ends.

Else might he long have liv'd; man did not know
Of gummy blood, which doth in holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive
With feign'd calls, his nets, or enwrapping snare
The free inhabitants of th' pliant air.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive,
Ask'd not of roots, nor of cock-sparrows, leave:
Yet chooseth he, though none of these he feavs,
Pleasantly three; then straitned twenty years,
To live, and to increase his race, himself outwears.

This coal with overblowing quench'd and dead,
The soul from her too active organs fled
T' a brook; a female fish's sandy roe
With the male's jelly newly leav'ned was,
For they had intertouch'd, as they did pass;
And one of those small bodies, fitted so,
This soul inform'd; and able it to row
Itself with finny oars, which she did fit,
Her scales seem'd yet of parchment; and as yet
Perchance a fish, but by no name, you could call it.

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
A swan so white, that you may unto him
Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,
Glided along, and, as he glided, watch'd,
And with his arched neck this poor fish catch'd:
It mov'd with state, as if to look upon
Low things it scorn'd; and yet, before that one
Could think he sought it, he had swallow'd clear
This, and much such; and, unblam'd, devour'd there
All, but who too swift, too great, or well armed were.

Now swam a prison in a prison put,
And now this soul in double walls was shut;
Till, melted with the swan's digestive fire,
She left her house the fish, and vapour'd forth:
Fate, not affording bodies of more worth
For her as yet, bids her again retire
T' another fish, to my new desire
Made a new prey: for he, that can to none
Resistance make, nor complaint, is sure gone;
Weakness invites, but silence feasts oppression.

Pace with the native stream this fish doth keep,
And journies with her towards the glassy deep,

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But oft retarded; once with a hidden net, [taught
Though with great windows, (for when need first
These tricks to catch food, then they were not
As now, with curious greediness, to let [wrought,
None 'scape, but few, and fit for use to get)
As in this trap a rav'nous pike was ta'en,
Who, though himself distress'd, would fain have slain
This wretch: so hardly are ill habits left again.

Here by her smallness she two deaths o'erpast,
Once innocence 'scap'd, and left th' oppressor fast;
The net through swam, she keeps the liquid path,
And whether she leap up sometimes to breath,
And suck in air, or find it underneath;
Or working parts like mills, or limbecs hath,
To make the water thin, and air like faith,
Cares not, but safe the place she 's come unto,
Where fresh with salt waves meet; and what to do
She knows not, but between both makes a board or
two.

So far from hiding her guests water is,
That she shows them in bigger quantities,
Than they are. Thus her, doubtful of her way,
For game, and not for hunger, a sea-pie
Spy'd through his traitorous spectacle from high
The silly fish, where it disputing lay,
And, t' end her doubts and her, bears her away;
Exalted she 's but to th' exalter's good,
(As are by great ones men, which lowly stood)
It 's rais'd to be the raiser's instrument and food.

Is any kind subject to rape like fish?
Ill unto man they neither do, nor wish;
Fishers they kill not, nor with noise awake;
They do not hunt, nor strive to make a prey
Of beasts, nor their young sons to bear away;
Fowls they pursue not, nor do undertake
To spoil the nests industrious birds do make;
Yet them all these unkind kinds feed upon:
To kill them is an occupation,
And laws make fasts and lents for their destruction.

A sudden stiff land-wind in that self hour
To sea-ward forc'd this bird, that did devour
The fish; he cares not, for with ease he flies,
Fat gluttony's best orator: at last
So long he hath flown, and hath flown so fast,
That leagues o'erpass'd at sea, now tir'd he lies,
And with his prey, that till then languish'd, dies:
The souls, no longer foes, two ways did err.
The fish I follow, and keep no calendar
Of th' other: he lives yet in some great officer.

Into an embryon fish our soul is thrown,
And in due time thrown out again, and grown
To such vastness; as if unmanacled
From Greece, Morea were, and that, by some
Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swam;
Or seas from Afric's body had severed
And torn the hopeful promontory's head,
This fish would seem these, and, when all hopes fail,
A great ship overset, or without sail [whale.
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this

At every stroke his brazen fins do take,
More circles in the broken sea they make,
Than cannon's voices, when the air they tear:
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark, that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof.
Swim in him swallow'd dolphins without fear,
And feel no sides, as if his vast womb were
Some inland sea; and ever, as he went,
He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
To join our seas with seas above the firmament.

He hunts not fish, but as an officer
Stays in his court, at his own net, and there
All suitors of all sorts themselves enthrall;
So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
And in his gulf-like throat sucks every thing,
That passeth near. Fish chaseth fish, and all,
Flier and follower, in this whirlpool fall;
O might not states of more equality
Consist? and is it of necessity [must die?
That thousand guiltless smalls, to make one great,

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks;
He justles islands, and he shakes firm rocks:
Now in a roomful house this soul doth float,
And, like a prince, she sends her faculties
To all her limbs, distant as provinces.
The Sun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat
Parched, since first lanch'd forth this living boat;
'T is greatest now, and to destruction
Nearest: there 's no pause at perfection;
Greatness a period hath, but hath no station.

Two little fishes, whom he never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kind, two, not throughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
Good to themselves by his death (they did not eat
His flesh, nor suck those oils, which thence outstreat)
Conspir'd against him; and it might undo
The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
But that they fishes were, and could not speak.
How shall a tyrant wise strong projects break,
If wretches can on them the common anger wreak?

The flail'd-finn'd thresher, and steel-beak'd sword-
Only attempt to do, what all do wish: [fish
The thresher backs him, and to beat begins;
The sluggard whale yields to oppression,
And, t' hide himself from shame and danger, down
Begins to sink; the sword-fish upward spins,
And gores him with his beak; his staff-like fins
So well the one, his sword the other plies,
That, now a scoff and prey, this tyrant dies,
And (his own dole) feeds with himself all companies.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Those to account, that thought and wrought his fall?
The heirs of slain kings we see are often so
Transported with the joy of what they get,
That they revenge and obsequies forget;
Nor will against such men the people go,
Because he 's now dead, to whom they should show
Love in that act. Some kings by vice being grown
So needy of subject's love, that of their own
They think they lose, if love be to the dead prince
shown.

This soul, now free from prison and passion,
Hath yet a little indignation,
That so small hammers should so soon down beat
So great a castle: and having for her house
Got the strait cloister of a wretched mouse,
(As basest men, that have not what to eat,
Nor enjoy aught, do far more hate the great,
Than they, who good repos'd estates possess)
This soul, late taught that great things might by less
Be slain, to gallant mischief doth herself address.

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Nature's great masterpiece, an elephant,
(The only harmless great thing) the giant
Of beasts; who thought none had, to make him wise,
But to be just and thankful, loth t' offend
(Yet Nature hath giv'n him no knees to bend)
Himself he up-props, on himself relies,
And, foe to none, suspects no enemies,
Still sleeping stood; vext not his fantasy
Black dreams, like an unbent bow carelessly
His sinewy proboscis did remissly lie.

In which, as in a gallery, this mouse
Walk'd, and survey'd the rooms of this vast house;
And to the brain, the soul's bed-chamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life-cords there: like a whole town
Clean undermin'd, the slain beast tumbled down;
With him the murd'rer dies, whom envy sent
To kill, not 'scape (for only he, that meant
To die, did ever kill a man of better room)
And thus he made his foe his prey and tomb:
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

Next hous'd this soul a wolf's yet unborn whelp,
Till the best midwife, Nature, gave it help
To issue: it could kill, as soon as go.
Abel, as white and mild, as his sheep were,
(Who, in that trade, of church and kingdoms there
Was the first type) was still infested so
With this wolf, that it bred his loss and woe;
And yet his bitch, his centinel, attends
The flock so near, so well warms and defends,
That the wolf (hopeless else) to corrupt her intends.

He took a course, which since successfully
Great men have often taken, to espy
The counsels, or to break the plots of foes;
To Abel's tent he stealeth in the dark,
On whose skirts the bitch slept: ere she could bark,
Attach'd her with strait gripes, yet he call'd those
Embracements of love; to love's work he goes,
Where deeds move more than words; nor doth she show,
Nor much resist, nor needs he straiten so
His prey, for were she loose, she would not bark nor go.

He hath engag'd her; his she wholly bides:
Who not her own, none other's secrets hides.
If to the flock he come, and Abel there,
She feigns hoarse barkings, but she biteth not;
Her faith is quite, but not her love forgot.
At last a trap, of which some every where
Abel had plac'd, ends all his loss and fear,
By the wolf's death; and now just time it was,
That a quick soul should give life to that mass
Of blood in Abel's bitch, and thither this did pass.

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot;
But in the lives of emperors you shall not
Read of a lust, the which may equal this:
This wolf begot himself, and finished,
What he began alive, when he was dead.
Son to himself, and father too, he is
A riding lust, for which schoolmen would miss
A proper name. The whelp of both these lay
In Abel's tent, and with soft Moabe,
His sister, being young, it us'd to sport and play.

He soon for her too harsh and churlish grew,
And Abel (the dam dead) would use this new
For the field; being of two kinds thus made,
He, as his dam, from sheep drove wolves away,
And, as his sire, he made them his own prey.
Five years he liv'd, and cozen'd with his trade;
Then, hopeless that his faults were hid, betray'd
Himself by flight, and, by all followed,
From dogs a wolf, from wolves a dog he fled;
And, like a spy to both sides false, he perished.

It quick'ned next a toyful ape, and so
Gamesome it was, that it might freely go
From tent to tent, and with the children play;
His organs now so like theirs he doth find,
That, why he cannot laugh and speak his mind,
He wonders. Much with all, most he doth stay
With Adam's fifth daughter, Siphatecia:
Doth gaze on her, and, where she passeth, pass,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the grass;
And, wisest of that kind, the first true lover was.

He was the first, that more desir'd to have
One than another; first, that e'er did crave
Love by mute signs, and had no power to speak;
First, that could make love-faces, or could do
The vaulter's sombersalts, or us'd to woo
With hoiting gambols, his own bones to break,
To make his mistress merry; or to wreak
Her anger on himself. Sins against kind
They eas'ly do, that can let feed their mind
With outward beauty, beauty they in boys and beasts do find.

By this misled, too low things men have prov'd,
And too high; beasts and angels have been lov'd:
This ape, though else through-vain, in this was wise;
He reach'd at things too high, but open way
There was, and he knew not she would say nay.
His toys prevail not, likelier means he tries,
He gazeth on her face with tear-shot eyes,
And up-lifts subtily with his russet paw
Her kid-skin apron without fear or awe
Of nature; nature hath no goal, though she hath law.

First she was silly, and knew not what he meant:
That virtue, by his touches chaft and spent,
Succeeds an itchy warmth, that melts her quite;
She knew not first, nor cares not what he doth,
And willing half and more, more than half wrath,
She neither pulls nor pushes, but out-right
Now cries, and now repents; when Thelemite,
Her brother, enter'd, and a great stone threw
After the ape, who thus prevented flew.
This house thus batter'd down, the soul possess'd a new.

And whether by this change she lose or win,
She comes out next, where th' ape would have gone in.
Adam and Eve had mingled bloods, and now,
Like chymic's equal fires, her temperate womb
Had stew'd and form'd it: and part did become
A spungy liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduct on a high hill's brow,
Like-keeping moisture unto every part;
Part hard'ned itself to a thicker heart,
Whose busy furnaces life's spirits do impart.

Another part became the well of sense,
The tender well-arm'd feeling brain, from whence

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Those sinew strings, which do our bodies tie,
Are ravell'd out; and, fast there by one end,
Did this soul limbs, these limbs a soul attend;
And now they join'd, keeping some quality
Of every past shape; she knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and lust, and ills enough
To be a woman: Temech she is now,
Sister and wife to Cain, Cain, that first did plough.

Whoe'er thou beest, that read'st this sullen writ,
Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost it,
Let me arrest thy thoughts; wonder with me
Why ploughing, building, ruling, and the rest,
Or most of those arts, whence our lives are blest,
By cursed Cain's race invented be,
And bless'd Seth vex'd us with astronomy.
There 's nothing simply good nor ill alone,
Of every quality comparison
The only measure is, and judge opinion.

DIVINE POEMS.

HOLY SONNETS.

I. LA CORONA.

Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,
Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,
Thou, which of good hast, yea, art treasury,
All changing unchang'd, ancient of days;
But do not with a vile crown of frail bays
Reward my Muse's white sincerity,
But what thy thorny crown gain'd, that give me,
A crown of glory, which doth flower always.
The ends crown our works, but thou crown'st our [ends,
For at our ends begins our endless rest;
The first last end now zealously possest,
With a strong sober thirst, my soul attends.
'T is time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all, that will, is nigh.

II. ANNUNCIATION.

Salvation to all, that will, is nigh;
That all, which always is all every where,
Which cannot sin, and yet all sins must bear,
Which cannot die, yet cannot choose but die,
Lo, faithful virgin, yields himself to lie
In prison, in thy womb; and though he there
Can take no sin, nor thou give, yet he 'll wear,
Taken from thence, flesh, which death's force may [try.
Ere by the spheres time was created, thou
Wast in his mind, who is thy Son, and brother,
Whom thou conceiv'st conceived; yet thou 'rt now
Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother,
Thou hast light in dark, and shutt'st in little room
Immensity, cloister'd in thy dear womb.

III. NATIVITY.

Immensity, cloister'd in thy dear womb,
Now leaves his well-belov'd imprisonment,
There he hath made himself to his intent
Weak enough, now into our world to come;
But oh, for thee, for him, hath th' inn no room?
Yet lay him in his stall, and from the orient
Stars and wise men will travel, to prevent
Th' effect of Herod's jealous general doom.
Seest thou, my soul, with thy faith's eye, how he,
Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie?
Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pitied by thee?
Kiss him, and with him into Egypt go,
With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe.

IV. TEMPLE.

With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe,
Joseph, turn back; see where your child doth sit
Blowing, yea, blowing out those sparks of wit,
Which himself on the doctors did bestow;
The world but lately could not speak, and lo
It suddenly speaks wonders: whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which should be writ,
A shallow-seeming child should deeply know?
His godhead was not soul to his manhood,
Nor had time mellow'd him to this ripeness;
But as for one, which hath a long task, 't is good
With the Sun to begin his business,
He in his age's morning thus began,
By miracles exceeding power of man.

V. MIRACLES.

By miracles exceeding power of man
He faith in some, envy in some begat;
For, what weak spirits admire, ambitious hate;
In both affections many to him ran:
But oh! the worst are most, they will and can,
Alas! and do unto th' immaculate,
Whose creature Fate is, now prescribe a fate,
Measuring self-life's infinite to span,
Nay, to an inch. Lo, where condemned he
Bears his own cross with pain; yet by-and-by,
When it bears him, he must bear more and die.
Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
And, at thy death giving such liberal dole,
Moist with one drop of thy blood my dry soul.

VI. RESURRECTION.

Moist with one drop of thy blood, my dry soul
Shall (though she now be in extreme degree
Too stony hard, and yet too fleshly) be
Freed by that drop, from being starv'd, hard or foul;
And life, by this death abled, shall control
Death, whom thy death slew; nor shall to me
Fear of first or last death bring misery,
If in thy life's-book my name thou enroll:
Flesh in that long sleep is not putrified,
But made that there, of which, and for which 't was;
Nor can by other means be glorified.
May then sins sleep, and death soon from me pass,
That, wak'd from both, I again risen may
Salute the last and everlasting day.

VII. ASCENSION.

Salute the last and everlasting day,
Joy at th' uprising of this Sun, and Son,
Ye, whose true tears or tribulation
Have purely wash'd or burnt your drossy clay;
Behold the highest, parting hence away,
Lightens the dark clouds, which he treads upon,
Nor doth he by ascending show alone,
But first he, and he first, enters the way.

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O strong ram, which hast batter'd Heav'n for me,
Mild Lamb, which with thy blood hast mark'd the path,
Bright torch, which shin'st, that I the way may see,
Oh! with thy own blood quench thy own just wrath:
And if thy Holy Spirit my Muse did raise,
Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise.

I.

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday.
I dare not move my dim eyes any way;
Despair behind, and death before doth cast
Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it t'wards Hell doth weigh.
Only thou art above, and when t'wards thee
By thy leave I can look, I rise again;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain;
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

II.

As due by many titles, I resign
Myself to thee, O God. First I was made
By thee, and for thee; and, when I was decay'd,
Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine;
I am thy son, made with thyself to shine,
Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repay'd,
Thy sheep, thine image, and, till I betray'd
Myself, a temple of thy spirit divine.
Why doth the Devil then usurp on me?
Why doth he steal, nay, ravish that's thy right?
Except thou rise, and for thine own work fight,
Oh! I shall soon despair, when I shall see
That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not choose me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

III.

Oh! might these sighs and tears return again
Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
That I might in this holy discontent
Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain;
In mine idolatry what show'rs of rain
Mine eyes did waste? what griefs my heart did rent?
That sufferance was my sin I now repent;
'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer pain.
Th' hydropic drunkard, and night-scouting thief,
The itchy lecher, and self-tickling proud,
Have th' remembrance of past joys, for relief
Of coming ills. To poor me is allow'd
No ease; for long, yet vehement, grief hath been
Th' effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

IV.

Oh! my black soul, now thou art summoned
By Sickness, Death's herald and champion;
Thou 'rt like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled;
Or like a thief, which till death's doom be read,
Wisheth himself delivered from prison;
But damn'd and hawl'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might b' imprisoned:
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
But who shall give thee that grace to begin?
Oh, make thyself with holy mourning black,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sin;
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might,
That, being red, it dies red souls to white.

V.

I am a little world, made cunningly
Of elements and an angelic spright;
But black sin hath betray'd to endless night
My world's both parts, and, oh! both parts must die.
You, which beyond that Heav'n, which was most high,
Have found new spheres, and of new land can write,
Pour new seas in mine eyes, that so I might
Drown my world with my weeping earnestly;
Or wash it, if it must be drown'd no more:
But oh it must be burnt; alas! the fire
Of lust and envy burnt it heretofore,
And made it fouler: let their flames retire,
And burn me, O Lord, with a fiery zeal
Of thee and thy house, which doth in eating heal.

VI.

This is my play's last scene, here Heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race,
Idly yet quickly run, hath this last pace,
My span's last inch, my minute's latest point;
And gluttonous Death will instantly unjoint
My body and soul, and I shall sleep a space;
But my ever-waking part shall see that face,
Whose fear already shakes my every joint:
Then as my soul to Heav'n, her first seat, takes flight,
And earth-born body in the Earth shall dwell,
So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
To where they 're bred, and would press me to Hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evil;
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the Devil.

VII.

At the round Earth's imagin'd corners blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All, whom th' flood did, and fire shall overthrow;
All, whom war, death, age, ague's tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain; and you, whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, lord, and me mourn a space;
For, if above all these my sins abound,
'T is late to ask abundance of thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this holy ground
Teach me how to repent; for that 's as good,
As if thou had'st seal'd my pardon with thy blood.

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VIII.

If faithful souls be alike glorifi'd
As angels, then my father's soul doth see,
And adds this ev'n to full felicity,
That valiantly I Hell's wide mouth o'erstride:
But if our minds to these souls be descry'd
By circumstances and by signs, that be
Apparent in us not immediately,
How shall my mind's white truth by them be try'd?
They see idolatrous lovers weep and mourn,
And style blasphemous conjurers to call
On Jesus' name, and pharisaical
Dissemblers feign devotion. Then turn,
O pensive soul, to God; for he knows best
Thy grief, for he put it into my breast.

IX.

If poisonous minerals, and if that tree,
Whose fruit threw death on (else immortal) us,
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious,
Cannot be damn'd, alas! why should I be?
Why should intent or reason, born in me,
Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?
And mercy being easy and glorious
To God, in his stern wrath why threatens he?
But who am I, that dare dispute with thee!
O God, oh! of thine only worthy blood,
And my tears, make a heav'nly Lethean flood,
And drown in it my sin's black memory:
That thou remember them, some claim as debt;
I think it mercy, if thou wilt forget.

X.

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow:
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery. [men,
Thou 'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally;
And death shall be no more, death, thou shalt die.

XI.

Spit in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side,
Buffet and scoff, scourge and crucify me:
For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd; and only he,
Who could do no iniquity, hath dy'd:
But by my death cannot be satisfi'd
My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucify him daily, being now glorifi'd.
O let me then his strange love still admire:
Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment;
And Jacob came, cloth'd in vile harsh attire,
But to supplant, and with gainful intent:
God cloth'd himself in vile man's flesh, that so
He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

XII.

Why are we by all creatures waited on?
Why do the prodigal elements supply
Life and food to me, being more pure than I,
Simpler, and further from corruption?
Why brook'st thou, ignorant horse, subjection?
Why do you, bull and boar, so sillily
Dissemble weakness, and by one man's stroke die,
Whose whole kind you might swallow and feed upon?
Weaker I am, woe's me! and worse than you;
You have not sinn'd, nor need be timorous,
But wonder at a greater, for to us
Created nature doth these things subdue;
But their Creator, whom sin, not nature ty'd,
For us, his creatures, and his foes, hath dy'd.

XIII.

What if this present were the world's last night?
Mark in my heart, O soul, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucifi'd, and tell
Whether his countenance can thee affright;
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light, [fell.
Blood fills his frowns, which from his pierc'd head
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto Hell,
Which pray'd forgiveness for his foe's fierce spight?
No, no; but as in my idolatry
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty of pity, foulness only is
A sign of rigour: so I say to thee;
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beauteous form assumes a piteous mind.

XIV.

Batter my heart, three-person'd God; for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow m', and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurp'd town to another due,
Labour t' admit you, but oh, to no end;
Reason, your viceroy in me, we should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue;
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy:
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me; for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free;
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

XV.

Wilt thou love God, as he thee? then digest,
My soul, this wholesome meditation,
How God the spirit, by angels waited on
In Heav'n, doth make his temple in thy breast;
The Father having begot a Son most bless'd,
And still begetting, (for he ne'er begun)
Hath deign'd to choose thee by adoption,
Coheir to his glory, and sabbath's endless rest.
And as a robb'd man, which by search doth find
His stol'n stuff sold, must lose or buy 't again:
The Sun of glory came down, and was slain,
Us, whom h' had made, and Satan stole, t' unbind.
'T was much, that man was made like God before;
But, that God should be made like man, much more.

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XVI.

Father, part of his double interest
Unto thy kingdom thy Son gives to me;
His jointure in the knotty Trinity
He keeps, and gives to me his death's conquest.
This Lamb, whose death with life the world hath bless'd,
Was from the world's beginning slain; and he
Hath made two wills, which, with the legacy
Of his and thy kingdom, thy sons invest:
Yet such are these laws, that men argue yet,
Whether a man those statutes can fulfil;
None doth; but thy all-healing grace and spirit
Revive again, what law and letter kill:
Thy law's abridgment and thy last command
Is all but love; O let this last will stand!

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

In that, O queen of queens, thy birth was free
From that, which others doth of grace bereave,
When in their mother's womb they life receive,
God, as his sole-born daughter, loved thee.

To match thee like thy birth's nobility,
He thee his Spirit for his spouse did leave,
By whom thou didst his only Son conceive,
And so wast link'd to all the Trinity.

Cease then, O queens, that earthly crowns do wear,
To glory in the pomp of earthly things;
If men such high respects unto you bear,
Which daughters, wives, and mothers are of kings,
What honour can unto that queen be done,
Who had your God for father, spouse, and son?

THE CROSS.

Since Christ embrac'd the cross itself, dare I,
His image, th' image of his cross deny?
Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
And dare the chosen altar to despise?
It bore all other sins, but is it fit
That it should bear the sin of scorning it?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he fly his pains, who there did die?
From me no pulpit, nor misgrounded law,
Nor scandal taken shall this cross withdraw;
It shall not, for it cannot; for the loss
Of this cross were to me another cross;
Better were worse, for no affliction,
No cross is so extreme, as to have none.
Who can blot out the cross, which th' instrument
Of God dew'd on me in the sacrament?
Who can deny me power and liberty
To stretch mine arms, and mine own cross to be?
Swim, and at every stroke thou art thy cross:
The mast and yard make one, where seas do toss.
Look down, thou spy'st our crosses in small things;
Look up, thou seest birds rais'd on crossed wings.
All the globe's frame, and spheres, is nothing else
But the meridian's crossing parallels.
Material crosses then good physic be;
But yet spiritual have chief dignity.
These for extracted chymic medicine serve,
And cure much better, and as well preserve;
Then are you your own physic, or need none,
When still'd or purg'd by tribulation:
For, when that cross ungrudg'd unto you sticks,
Then are you to yourself a crucifix.
As perchance carvers do not faces make,
But that away, which hid them there, do take:
Let crosses so take what hid Christ in thee,
And be his image, or not his, but he.
But as oft alchymists do coiners prove,
So may a self-despising get self-love,
And then as worst surfeits of best meats be,
So is pride, issued from humility;
For 't is no child, but monster: therefore cross
Your joy in crosses, else 't is double loss;
And cross thy senses, else both they and thou
Must perish soon, and to destruction bow.
For if th' eye see good objects, and will take
No cross from bad, we cannot 'scape a snake.
So with harsh, hard, sour, stinking cross the rest,
Make them indifferent all; nothing best.
But most the eye needs crossing, that can roam
And move: to th' others objects must come home,
And cross thy heart: for that in man alone
Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
Cross those detorsions, when it downward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.
And as the brain though bony walls doth vent
By sutures, which a cross's form present:
So when thy brain works, e'er thou utter it,
Cross and correct concupiscence of wit.
Be covetous of crosses, let none fall:
Cross no man else, but cross thyself in all.
Then doth the cross of Christ work faithfully
Within our hearts, when we love harmlessly
The cross's pictures much, and with more care
That cross's children, which our crosses are.

PSALM CXXXVII.

By Euphrates' flow'ry side
We did bide,
From dear Juda far absented,
Tearing the air with our cries,
And our eyes
With their streams his stream augmented.

When poor Sion's doleful state,
Desolate,
Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd;
And the temple spoil'd, which we
Ne'er should see,
To our mirthless minds we call'd:

Our mute harps, untun'd, unstrung,
Up we hung
On green willows near beside us;
Where we sitting all forlorn,
Thus in scorn
Our proud spoilers 'gan deride us.

"Come, sad captives, leave your moans,
And your groans
Under Sion's ruins bury;
Tune your harps, and sing us lays
In the praise
Of your God, and let 's be merry."

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Can, ah! can we leave our moans?
And our groans
Under Sion's ruins bury?
Can we in this land sing lays
In the praise
Of our God, and here be merry?

No; dear Sion, if I yet
Do forget
Thine affliction miserable,
Let my nimble joints become
Stiff and numb,
To touch warbling harp unable.

Let my tongue lose singing skill,
Let it still
To my parched roof be glew'd;
If in either harp or voice
I rejoice,
Till thy joys shall be renew'd.

Lord, curse Edom's trait'rous kind,
Bear in mind,
In our ruins how they revell'd:
Sack, kill, burn, they cry'd out still,
Sack, burn, kill,
Down with all, let all be levell'd.

And, thou Babel, when the tide
Of thy pride,
Now a flowing, grows to turning;
Victor now, shall then be thrall,
And shall fall
To as low an ebb of mourning.

Happy he, who shall thee waste,
As thou hast
Us without all mercy wasted,
And shall make thee taste and see,
What poor we
By thy means have seen and tasted.

Happy, who thy tender barns
From the arms
Of their wailing mothers tearing,
'Gainst the walls shall dash their bones,
Ruthless stones
With their brains and blood besmearing.

RESURRECTION.

IMPERFECT.

Sleep, sleep, old Sun, thou canst not have re-past
As yet the wound, thou took'st on Friday last;
Sleep then, and rest: the world may bear thy stay,
A better Sun rose before thee to day;
Who, not content t' enlighten all that dwell
On the Earth's face, as thou enlightned Hell;
And made the dark fires languish in that vale,
As at thy presence here our fires grow pale:
Whose body having walk'd on Earth, and now
Hast'ning to Heav'n, would that he might allow
Himself unto all stations, and fill all,
For these three days become a mineral.
He was all gold, when he lay down, but rose
All tincture; and doth not alone dispose
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of pow'r to make ev'n sinful flesh like his.
Had one of those, whose credulous piety
Thought, that a soul one might discern and see
Go from a body, at this sepulchre been,
And issuing from the sheet this body seen,
He would have justly thought this body a soul,
If not of any man, yet of the whole.

Desunt cætera.

AN

HYMN TO THE SAINTS,

AND TO MARQUIS HAMILTON.

TO SIR ROBERT CARR.

SIR,

I PRESUME you rather try what you can do in me, than what I can do in verse; you know my uttermost when it was best, and even then I did best, when I had least truth for my subjects. In this present case there is so much truth, as it defeats all poetry. Call therefore this paper by what name you will, and if it be not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of me, smother it, and be that the sacrifice. If you had commanded me to have waited on his body to Scotland and preached there, I would have embraced the obligation with more alacrity; but I thank you, that you would command me that, which I was loath to do, for even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

your poor friend
and servant in Christ Jesus,

J. DONNE.

Whether that soul, which now comes up to you,
Fill any former rank, or make a new,
Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name itself, and order more
Than was in Heav'n till now; (for may not he
Be so, if every several angel be
A kind alone) whatever order grow
Greater by him in Heav'n, we do not so.
One of your orders grows by his access;
But by his loss grow all our orders less:
The name of father, master, friend, the name
Of subject and of prince, in one is lame;
Fair mirth is dam'd, and conversation black,
The household widow'd, and the garter slack;
The chapel wants an ear, council a tongue;
Story a theme, and music lacks a song.
Bless'd order, that hath him! the loss of him
Gangren'd all orders here; all lost a limb!
Never made body such haste to confess
What a soul was; all former comeliness

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Fled in a minute, when the soul was gone,
And, having lost that beauty, would have none:
So fell our monast'ries, in an instant grown,
Not to less houses, but to heaps of stone;
So sent his body, that fair form it wore,
Unto the sphere of forms, and doth (before
His soul shall fill up his sepulchral stone)
Anticipate a resurrection;
For as it is his fame, now his soul 's here,
So in the form thereof his body's there.
And if, fair soul, not with first innocents
Thy station be, but with the penitents;
(And who shall dare to ask then, when I am
Dy'd scarlet in the blood of that pure Lamb,
Whether that colour, which is scarlet then,
Were black or white before in eyes of men?)
When thou remembrest what sins thou didst find
Amongst those many friends now left behind,
And seest such sinners, as they are, with thee
Got thither by repentance, let it be
Thy wish to wish all there, to wish them clean;
Wish him a David, her a Magdalen.

THE

ANNUNCIATION AND PASSION.

Tamely, frail flesh, abstain to day; to day
My soul eats twice, Christ hither and away;
She sees him man, so like God made in this,
That of them both a circle emblem is,
Whose first and last concur; this doubtful day
Of feast or fast Christ came, and went away.
She sees him nothing twice at once, who 's all;
She sees a cedar plant itself, and fall:
Her maker put to making, and the head
Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead;
She sees at once the virgin mother stay
Reclus'd at home, public at Golgotha.
Sad and rejoic'd she 's seen at once, and seen
At almost fifty and at scarce fifteen:
At once a son is promis'd her, and gone;
Gabriel gives Christ to her, he her to John:
Not fully a mother, she 's in orbity,
At once receiver and the legacy.
All this, and all between, this day hath shown,
Th' abridgment of Christ's story, which makes one
(As in plain maps the furthest west is east)
Of th' angel's *ave* and *consummatum est.*
How well the church, God's court of faculties,
Deals in sometimes and seldom joining these!
As by the self-fix'd pole we never do
Direct our course, but the next star thereto,
Which shows where th' other is, and which we say
(Because it strays not far) doth never stray:
So God by his church, nearest to him, we know
And stand firm, if we by her motion go;
His spirit as his fiery pillar doth
Lead, and his church as cloud; to one end both.
This church, by letting those feasts join, hath shown
Death and conception in mankind are one;
Or 't was in him the same humility,
That he would be a man, and leave to be
Or as creation he hath made, as God,
With the last judgment but one period;
His imitating spouse would join in one
Manhood's extremes: he shall come, he is gone.
Or as though one blood drop, which thence did fall,
Accepted, would have serv'd, he yet shed all;
So though the least of his pains, deeds, or words,
Would busy a life, she all this day affords.
This treasure then in gross, my soul, up-lay,
And in my life retail it every day.

GOOD FRIDAY.

1613.

RIDING WESTWARD.

Let man's soul be a sphere, and then in this
Th' intelligence, that moves, devotion is;
And as the other spheres, by being grown
Subject to foreign motion, lose their own:
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
Pleasure or business so our souls admit
For their first mover, and are whirl'd by it.
Hence is 't, that I am carried t'wards the west
This day, when my soul's form bends to the east;
There I should see a Sun by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget.
But that Christ on his cross did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees God's face, that is self-life, must die;
What a death were it then to see God die?
It made his own lieutenant, Nature, shrink;
It made his footstool crack, and the Sun wink.
Could I behold those hands, which span the poles,
And tune all spheres at once, pierc'd with those holes?
Could I behold that endless height, which is
Zenith to us and our antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood, which is
The seat of all our souls, if not of his,
Made dirt of dust? or that flesh, which was worn
By God for his apparel, ragg'd and torn?
If on these things I durst not look, durst I
On his distressed mother cast mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furnish'd thus
Half of that sacrifice, which ransom'd us?
Though these things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They 're present yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them; and thou look'st towards me,
O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree.
I turn my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections; till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O think me worth thine anger, punish me,
Burn off my rust, and my deformity;
Restore thine image so much by thy grace,
That thou may'st know me, and I 'll turn my face.

THE LITANY.

THE FATHER.

Father of Heav'n, and him, by whom
It, and us for it, and all else for us
Thou mad'st and govern'st ever, come,
And re-create me, now grown ruinous:
My heart is by dejection clay,
And by self-murder red.
From this red earth, O Father, purge away
All vicious tinctures, that new fashioned
I may rise up from death, before I 'm dead.

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THE SON.

O Son of God, who seeing two things,
Sin, and Death, crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one, try'dst with what stings
The other could thine heritage invade;
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucified again;
Part not from it, though it from thee would part,
But let it be, by applying so thy pain,
Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy passion slain.

THE HOLY GHOST.

O Holy Ghost, whose temple I
Am, but of mud walls and condensed dust,
And being sacrilegiously
Half wasted with youth's fires, of pride, and lust,
Must with new storms be weather-beat;
Double in my heart thy flame,
Which let devout sad tears intend; and let
(Though this glass lantern, flesh, do suffer maim)
Fire, sacrifice, priest, altar be the same.

THE TRINITY.

O blessed glorious Trinity,
Bones to philosophy, but milk to faith,
Which as wise serpents diversly
Most slipperiness, yet most entanglings hath,
As you distinguish'd (indistinct)
By pow'r, love, knowledge be;
Give me such self diff'rent instinct,
Of these let all me elemented be,
Of pow'r to love, to know you unnumber'd three.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

For that fair blessed mother-maid,
Whose flesh redeem'd us (that she-cherubin,
Which unlock'd Paradise, and made
One claim for innocence, and disseiz'd sin;
Whose womb was a strange Heav'n, for there
God cloth'd himself and grew)
Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
Our helps, so are her prayers; nor can she sue
In vain, who hath such titles unto you.

THE ANGELS.

And since this life our nonage is,
And we in wardship to thine angels be,
Native in Heav'n's fair palaces,
Where we shall be but denizon'd by thee;
As th' Earth, conceiving by the Sun,
Yields fair diversity,
Yet never knows what course that light doth run:
So let me study, that mine actions be
Worthy their sight, though blind in how they see.

THE PATRIARCHS.

And let thy patriarch's desire
(Those great grandfathers of thy church, which saw
More in the cloud, than we in fire,
Whom nature clear'd more, than us grace and law,
And now in Heav'n still pray, that we
May use our new helps right)
Be satisfy'd, and fructify in me:
Let not my mind be blinder by more light,
Nor faith, by reason added, lose her sight.

THE PROPHETS.

Thy eagle-sighted prophets too,
(Which were thy church's organs, and did sound
That harmony, which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound;
Those heav'nly poets, which did see
Thy will, and it express
In rythmic feet) in common pray for me;
That I by them excuse not my excess
In seeking secrets or poeticness.

THE APOSTLES.

And thy illustrious zodiac
Of twelve Apostles, which ingirt this all,
(From whom whoso'er do not take
Their light, to dark deep pits thrown down do fall)
As through their prayers thou hast let me know,
That their books are divine;
May they pray still, and be heard, that I go
Th' old broad way in applying; O decline
Me, when my comment would make thy word mine.

THE MARTYRS.

And since thou so desirously
Didst long to die, that long before thou could'st,
And long since thou no more could'st die,
Thou in thy scatter'd mystic body would'st
In Abel die, and ever since
In thine; let their blood come
To beg for us a discreet patience
Of death, or of worse life; for, oh! to some
Not to be martyrs is a martyrdom.

THE CONFESSORS.

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
A virgin squadron of white confessors,
Whose bloods betroth'd, not married were;
Tender'd, not taken by those ravishers:
They know, and pray, that we may know;
In every Christian
Hourly tempestuous persecutions grow.
Temptations martyr us alive; a man
Is to himself a Dioclesian.

THE VIRGINS.

The cold white-snowy nunnery,
(Which, as thy mother, their high abbess, sent
Their bodies back again to thee,
As thou hadst lent them, clean and innocent)
Though they have not obtain'd of thee,
That or thy church or I
Should keep, as they, our first integrity;
Divorce thou sin in us, or bid it die,
And call chaste widowhood virginity.

THE DOCTORS.

The sacred academ above
Of doctors, whose pains have unclasp'd and taught
Both books of life to us (for love
To know the scripture tells us, we are wrote
In thy other book) pray for us there,
That what they have misdone,
Or mis-said, we to that may not adhere;
Their zeal may be our sin. Lord, let us run
Mean ways, and call them stars, but not the Sun.

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And whil'st this universal choir,
(That church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be lost, which cost thee dear)
Prays ceaselessly, and thou hearken too,
(Since to be gracious
Our task is treble, to pray, bear, and do)
Hear this prayer, Lord; O Lord, deliver us [thus.
From trusting in those prayers, though pour'd out

From being anxious, or secure,
Dead clouds of sadness, or light squibs of mirth;
From thinking that great courts immure
All or no happiness; or that this Earth
Is only for our prison fram'd,
Or that thou 'rt covetous
To them thou lov'st, or that they are maim'd,
From reaching this world's sweets; who seek thee thus
With all their might, Good Lord, deliver us.

From needing danger to be good,
From owing thee yesterday's tears to day,
From trusting so much to thy blood,
That in that hope we wound our souls away;
From bribing thee with alms, t' excuse
Some sin more burdenous;
From light affecting in religion news,
From thinking us all soul, neglecting thus
Our mutual duties, Lord, deliver us.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our connivance, or slack company;
From measuring ill by vicious,
Neglecting to choke sin's spawn, vanity;
From indiscreet humility,
Which might be scandalous,
And cast reproach on christianity;
From being spies, or to spies pervious;
From thirst or scorn of fame, deliver us.

Deliver us through thy descent
Into the Virgin, whose womb was a place
Of middle kind, and thou being sent
T' ungracious us, stay'd'st at her full grace;
And through thy poor birth, where first thou
Glorified'st poverty,
And yet soon after riches didst allow,
By accepting kings' gifts in th' Epiphany,
Deliver, and make us to both ways free.

And through that bitter agony,
Which still is th' agony of pious wits,
Disputing what distorted thee,
And interrupted evenness with fits;
And through thy free confession;
Though thereby they were then
Made blind, so that thou might'st from them have gone,
Good Lord, deliver us, and teach us when
We may not, and we may blind unjust men.

Through thy submitting all, to blows
Thy face, thy robes to spoil, thy fame to scorn;
All ways, which rage or justice knows,
And by which thou could'st show, that thou wast born;
And through thy gallant humbleness,
Which thou in death didst show,
Dying before thy soul they could express,
Deliver us from death, by dying so
To this world, ere this world dobid us go.

When senses, which thy soldiers are,
We arm against thee, and they fight for sin;
When want, sent but to tame, doth war,
And work despair a breach to enter in;
When plenty, God's image and seal,
Makes us idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it should reveal;
When we are mov'd to seem religious
Only to vent wit, Lord, deliver us.

In churches when th' infirmity
Of him, which speaks, diminishes the word;
When magistrates do misapply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghostly sword;
When plague, which is thine angel, reigns,
Or wars, thy champions sway;
When heresy, thy second deluge, gains;
In th' hour of death, th' eve of last judgment-day,
Deliver us from the sinister way.

Hear us, O hear us, Lord: to thee
A sinner is more music, when he prays,
Than spheres or angels' praises be
In panegyric hallelujahs;
Hear us; for till thou hear us, Lord,
We know not what to say:
Thine ear t' our sighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice and word.
O thou, who Satan heard'st in Job's sick day,
Hear thyself now, for thou, in us, dost pray.

That we may change to evenness
This intermitting aguish piety;
That snatching cramps of wickedness,
And apoplexies of fast sin may die;
That music of thy promises,
Not threats in thunder, may
Awaken us to our just offices;
What in thy book thou dost or creatures say,
That we may hear, Lord, hear us, when we pray.

That our ear's sickness we may cure,
And rectify those labyrinths aright;
That we by hark'ning not procure
Our praise, nor others' dispraise so invite;
That we get not a slipperiness,
And senselessly decline,
From hearing bold wits jest at kings' excess,
T' admit the like of majesty divine;
That we may lock our ears, Lord, open thine.

That living law, the magistrate,
Which, to give us and make us physic, doth
Our vices often aggravate;
That preachers, taxing sin before her growth,
That Satan, and envenom'd men,
Which will, if we starve, dine,
When they do most accuse us, may see then
Us to amendment hear them; thee decline;
That we may open our ears, Lord, lock thine.

That learning, thine ambassador,
From thine allegiance we never tempt;
That beauty, Paradise's flow'r,
For physic made, from poison be exempt;
That wit, born apt high good to do,
By dwelling lazily
On nature's nothing, be not nothing too;
That our affections kill us not, nor die;
Hear us, weak echoes, O thou ear, and cry.

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Son of God, hear us; and since thou,
By taking our blood, ow'st it us again,
Gain to thyself and us allow;
And let not both us and thyself be slain.
O Lamb of God, which took'st our sin,
Which could not stick to thee,
O let it not return to us again;
But patient and physician being free,
As sin is nothing, let it no where be.

UPON THE

TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS,

BY SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, AND THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE HIS SISTER.

Eternal God, (for whom whoever dare
Seek new expressions, do the circle square,
And thrust into strait corners of poor wit
Thee, who art cornerless and infinite)
I would but bless thy name, not name thee now;
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
Fix we our praises, therefore on this one,
That as thy blessed Spirit fell upon
These psalms' first author in a cloven tongue,
(For 't was a double power by which he sung,
The highest matter in the noblest form;)
So thou hast cleft that spirit, to perform
That work again, and shed it here upon
Two by their bloods, and by thy spirit one;
A brother and a sister, made by thee
The organ, where thou art the harmony;
Two, that make one John Baptist's holy voice;
And who that psalm, "Now let the isles rejoice,"
Have both translated, and apply'd it too;
Both told us what, and taught us how to do.
They show us islanders our joy, our king,
They tell us why, and teach us how to sing.
Make all this all, three choirs, Heav'n, Earth, and spheres;
The first, Heav'n, hath a song, but no man hears;
The spheres have music, but they have no tongue,
Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung;
But our third choir, to which the first gives ear,
(For angels learn by what the church does here)
This choir hath all. The organist is he,
Who hath tun'd God and man; the organ we:
The songs are these, which Heav'n's high holy Muse
Whisper'd to David, David to the Jews,
And David's successors in holy zeal,
In forms of joy and art do re-reveal
To us so sweetly and sincerely too,
That I must not rejoice as I would do,
When I behold, that these psalms are become
So well attir'd abroad, so ill at home;
So well in chambers, in thy church so ill,
As I can scarce call that reform'd, until
This be reform'd. Would a whole state present
A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?
And shall our church unto our spouse and king
More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing?
For that we pray, we praise thy name for this,
Which by this Moses and this Miriam is
Already done; and as those psalms we call
(Though some have other authors) David's all:
So though some have, some may some psalms translate,
We thy Sydnean psalms shall celebrate;
And till we come th' extemporal song to sing,
(Learn'd the first hour, that we see the king,
Who hath translated those translators) may
These, their sweet learned labours, all the way
Be as our tuning; that, when hence we part,
We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

ODE.

Vengeance will sit above our faults; but till
She there do sit,
We see her not, nor them. Thus blind, yet still
We lead her way; and thus, whilst we do ill,
We suffer it.

Unhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill:
Enough we labour under age and care;
In number th' errours of the last place are
The greatest still.

Yet we, that should the ill, we now begin,
As soon repent,
(Strange thing!) perceive not; our faults are not seen,
But past us; neither felt, but only in
The punishment.

But we know ourselves least; mere outward shows
Our minds so store,
That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
But form and colour. Only he, who knows
Himself, knows more.

TO MR. TILMAN,

AFTER HE HAD TAKEN ORDERS.

Thou, whose diviner soul hath caus'd thee now
To put thy hand unto the holy plow,
Making lay-scornings of the ministry,
Not an impediment, but victory;
What bring'st thou home with thee? how is thy mind
Affected since the vintage? Dost thou find
New thoughts and stirrings in thee? and, as steel
Touch'd with a load-stone, dost new motions feel?
Or as a ship, after much pain and care,
For iron and cloth brings home rich Indian ware,
Hast thou thus traffick'd, but with far more gain
Of noble goods, and with less time and pain?
Thou art the same materials as before,
Only the stamp is changed, but no more.
And as new crowned kings alter the face,
But not the money's substance; so hath grace
Chang'd only God's old image by creation,
To Christ's new stamp, at this thy coronation;
Or as we paint angels with wings, because
They bear God's message, and proclaim his laws;
Since thou must do the like, and so must move,
Art thou new-feather'd with celestial love?
Dear, tell me where thy purchase lies, and show
What thy advantage is above, below;
But if thy gainings do surmount expression,
Why doth the foolish world scorn that profession,
Whose joys pass speech? Why do they think unfit
That gentry should join families with it?

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As if their day were only to be spent
In dressing, mistressing, and compliment.
Alas! poor joys, but poorer men, whose trust
Seems richly placed in sublimed dust!
(For such are clothes and beauty, which, though gay,
Are, at the best, but of sublimed clay)
Let then the world thy calling disrespect;
But go thou on, and pity their neglect.
What function is so noble, as to be
Ambassador to God and Destiny?
To open life, to give kingdoms to more
Than kings give dignities; to keep Heav'n's door?
Mary's prerogative was to bear Christ, so
'T is preacher's to convey him; for they do,
As angels out of clouds, from pulpits speak;
And bless the poor beneath, the lame, the weak.
If then th' astronomers, whereas they spy
A new-found star, their optics magnify;
How brave are those, who with their engine can
Bring man to Heav'n, and Heav'n again to man?
These are thy titles and pre-eminences,
In whom must meet God's graces, men's offences;
And so the Heav'ns, which beget all things here,
And th' Earth, our mother, which these things doth bear,
Both these in thee are in thy calling knit,
And make thee now a bless'd hermaphrodite.

A HYMN TO CHRIST,

AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY.

In what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark;
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,
And all, whom I love here, and who love me;
When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee,
As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
Where none but thee, th' eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, dost control
The amorousness of an harmonious soul;
But thou would'st have that love thyself: as thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now.
Thou lov'st not, till from loving more thou free
My soul: who ever gives, takes liberty:
Oh, if thou car'st not whom I love,
Alas, thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all,
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall;
Marry those loves, which in youth scatter'd be
On face, wit, hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
Churches are best for prayer, that have least light;
To see God only, I go out of sight:
And, to 'scape stormy days, I choose
An everlasting night.

ON THE SACRAMENT.

He was the word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that word did make it,
I do believe and take it[1].

THE

LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMY,

FOR THE MOST PART ACCORDING TO TREMELLIUS.

CHAPTER I.

1. How sits this city, late most populous,
Thus solitary, and like a widow thus?
Amplest of nations, queen of provinces
She was, who now thus tributary is.

2. Still in the night she weeps, and her tears fall
Down by her cheeks along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her; perfidiously
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemy.

3. Unto great bondage and afflictions
Juda is captive led; those nations,
With whom she dwells, no place of rest afford;
In straits she meets her persecutor's sword.

4. Empty are th' gates of Sion, and her ways
Mourn, because none come to her solemn days;
Her priests do groan, her maids are comfortless;
And she 's unto herself a bitterness.

5. Her foes are grown her head, and live at peace;
Because, when her transgressions did increase,
The Lord struck her with sadness: th' enemy
Doth drive her children to captivity.

6. From Sion's daughter is all beauty gone;
Like harts, which seek for pasture, and find none,
Her princes are: and now before the foe,
Which still pursues them, without strength they go.

7. Now in their days of tears, Jerusalem
(Her men slain by the foe, none succouring them)
Remembers what of old sh' esteemed most,
Whilst her foes laugh at her, for which she hath lost.

8. Jerusalem hath sinn'd, therefore is she
Remov'd, as women in uncleanness be:
Who honour'd, scorn her; for her foulness they
Have seen; herself doth groan, and turn away.

9. Her foulness in her skirts was seen, yet she
Remember'd not her end; miraculously
Therefore she fell, none comforting: behold,
O Lord, my affliction, for the foe grows bold.

10. Upon all things, where her delight hath been,
The foe hath stretch'd his hand; for she hath seen
Heathen, whom thou command'st should not do so,
Into her holy sanctuary go.

[1] These lines are in all the editions of Donne's works, but have been usually attributed to queen Elizabeth. *C.*

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11. And all her people groan and seek for bread;
And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleasure lay:
How cheap I 'm grown, O Lord, behold and weigh.

12. All this concerns not you, who pass by me;
O see, and mark if any sorrow be
Like to my sorrow, which Jehovah hath
Done to me in the day of his fierce wrath?

13. That fire, which by himself is governed,
He hath cast from Heaven on my bones, and spread
A net before my feet, and me o'erthrown?
And made me languish all the day alone.

14. His hands hath of my sins framed a yoke,
Which wreath'd, and cast upon my neck, hath broke
My strength: the Lord unto those enemies
Hath given me, from whom I cannot rise.

15. He under foot hath trodden in my sight
My strong men, he did company accite
To break my young men; he the wine-press hath
Trod upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.

16. For these things do I weep, mine eye, mine eye
Casts water out; for he, which should be nigh
To comfort me, is now departed far;
The foe prevails, forlorn my children are.

17. There 's none, though Sion do stretch out her hand,
To comfort her; it is the Lord's command,
That Jacob's foes girt him: Jerusalem
Is as an unclean woman amongst them.

18. But yet the Lord is just, and righteous still,
I have rebell'd against his holy will;
O hear, all people, and my sorrow see,
My maids, my young men in captivity.

19. I called for my lovers then, but they
Deceiv'd me, and my priests and elders lay
Dead in the city; for they sought for meat,
Which should refresh their souls, and none could get.

20. Because I am in straits, Jehovah, see
My heart o'erturn'd, my bowels muddy be;
Because I have rebell'd so much, as fast
The sword without, as death within doth waste.

21. Of all, which here I mourn, none comforts me;
My foes have heard my grief, and glad they be,
That thou hast done it; but thy promis'd day
Will come, when, as I suffer, so shall they.

22. Let all their wickedness appear to thee,
Do unto them, as thou hast done to me
For all my sins: the sighs, which I have had,
Are very many, and my heart is sad.

CHAPTER II.

1. How over Sion's daughter hath God hung
His wrath's thick cloud! and from Heaven hath flung
To Earth the beauty of Israel, and hath
Forgot his foot-stool in the day of wrath!

2. The Lord unsparingly hath swallowed
All Jacob's dwellings and demolished
To ground the strength of Juda, and profan'd
The princes of the kingdom and the land.

3. In heat of wrath the horn of Israel he
Hath clean cut off, and, lest the enemy
Be hinder'd, his right hand he doth retire;
But is t'wards Jacob all-devouring fire.

4. Like to an enemy he bent his bow,
His right hand was in posture of a foe;
To kill what Sion's daughter did desire,
'Gainst whom his wrath he poured forth like fire.

5. For like an enemy Jehovah is,
Devouring Israel, and his palaces;
Destroying holds, giving additions
To Juda's daughter's lamentations.

6. Like to a garden hedge he hath cast down
The place, where was his congregation,
And Sion's feasts and sabbaths are forgot;
Her king, her priest, his wrath regarded not.

7. The Lord forsakes his altar, and detests
His sanctuary; and in the foe's hands rests
His palace, and the walls, in which their cries
Are heard, as in the true solemnities.

8. The Lord hath cast a line, so to confound
And level Sion's walls unto the ground;
He draws not back his hand, which doth o'erturn
The wall and rampart, which together mourn.

9. The gates are sunk into the ground, and he
Hath broke the bar; their kings and princes be
Amongst the heathen, without law, nor there
Unto the prophets doth the Lord appear.

10. There Sion's elders on the ground are plac'd,
And silence keep; dust on their heads they cast,
In sackcloth have they girt themselves, and low
The virgins towards ground their heads do throw.

11. My bowels are grown muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping: and my liver lies
Pour'd out upon the ground, for misery,
That sucking children in the streets do die.

12. When they had cry'd unto their mothers, "Where
Shall we have bread and drink?" they fainted there;
And in the street like wounded persons lay,
Till 'twixt their mothers' breasts they went away.

13. Daughter Jerusalem, oh! what may be
A witness, or comparison for thee?
Sion, to ease thee, what shall I name like thee?
Thy breach is like the sea; what help can be?

14. For thee vain foolish things thy prophets sought,
Thee thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might disturn thy bondage: but for thee
False burthens and false causes they would see.

15. The passengers do clap their hands, and hiss,
And wag their head at thee, and say, "Is this
That city, which so many men did call
Joy of the Earth, and perfectest of all?"

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16. Thy foes do gape upon thee, and they hiss,
And gnash their teeth, and say, "Devour we this;
For this is certainly the day, which we
Expected, and which now we find and see."

17. The Lord hath done that, which he purposed,
Fulfill'd his word, of old determined;
He hath thrown down, and not spar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him so.

18. But now their hearts unto the Lord do call,
Therefore, O walls of Sion, let tears fall
Down like a river day and night; take thee
No rest, but let thine eye incessant be.

19. Arise, cry in the night, pour out thy sins,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, lest children die,
Which, faint for hunger, in the streets do lie.

20. Behold, O Lord, consider unto whom
Thou hast done this; what shall the women come
To eat their children of a span? shall thy
Prophet and priest be slain in sanctuary?

21. On ground in streets the young and old do lie,
My virgins and young men by sword do die;
Them in the day of thy wrath thou hast slain,
Nothing did thee from killing them contain.

22. As to a solemn feast, all, whom I fear'd,
Thou call'st about me: when thy wrath appear'd,
None did remain or 'scape; for those, which I
Brought up, did perish by mine enemy.

CHAPTER III.

1. I am the man which have affliction seen,
Under the rod of God's wrath having been.
2. He hath led me to darkness, not to light:
3. And against me all day his hand doth fight.

4. He hath broke my bones, worn out my flesh and
5. Built up against me; and hath girt me in [skin;
With hemloc, and with labour; 6. and set me
In dark, as they who dead for ever be.

7. He hath hedg'd me, lest I 'scape, and added more
To my steel fetters, heavier than before. [hath
8. When I cry out, he outshuts my prayer; 9. and
Stopp'd with hewn stone my way, and turn'd my path.

10. And like a lion hid in secresy,
Or bear, which lies in wait, he was to me.
11. He stops my way, tears me, made desolate;
12. And he makes me the mark he shooteth at.

13. He made the children of his quiver pass
Into my reins. 14. I with my people was
All the day long, a song and mockery.
15. He hath fill'd me with bitterness, and he

Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16. He hath burst
My teeth with stones, and covered me with dust.
17. And thus my soul far off from peace was set,
And my prosperity I did forget.

18. My strength, my hope, (unto myself I said)
Which from the Lord should come, is perished.
19. But when my mournings I do think upon,
My wormwood, hemloc, and affliction;

20. My soul is humbled in rememb'ring this;
21. My heart considers; therefore hope there is,
22. 'T is God's great mercy we 're not utterly
Consum'd, for his compassions do not die;

23. For every morning they renewed be;
For great, O Lord, is thy fidelity.
24. The Lord is, saith my soul, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.

25. The Lord is good to them, who on him rely,
And to the soul, that seeks him earnestly.
26. It is both good to trust, and to attend
The Lord's salvation unto the end.

27. 'T is good for one his yoke in youth to bear.
28. He sits alone, and doth all speech forbear,
Because he hath borne it: 29. and his mouth he lays
Deep in the dust, yet then in hope he stays.

30. He gives his cheeks to whosoever will
Strike him, and so he is reproached still.
31. For not for ever doth the Lord forsake;
32. But when he hath struck with sadness, he doth take

Compassion, as his mercy 's infinite.
33. Nor is it with his heart, that he doth smite,
34. That under foot the prisoners stamped be;
35. That a man's right the judge himself doth see

To be wrung from him. 36. That he subverted is
In his just cause, the Lord allows not this.
37. Who then will say, that aught doth come to pass,
But that, which by the Lord commanded was?

38. Both good and evil from his mouth proceeds;
39. Why then grieves any man for his misdeeds?
40. Turn we to God, by trying out our ways;
41. To him in Heav'n our hands with hearts upraise.

42. We have rebell'd, and fall'n away from thee;
Thou pardon'st not; 43. usest no clemency;
Pursu'st us, kill'st us, cover'st us with wrath;
44. Cover'st thyself with clouds, that our prayer hath

No pow'r to pass: 45. and thou hast made us fall,
As refuse, and off-scouring to them all.
46. All our foes gape at us. 47. Fear and a snare,
With ruin and with waste, upon us are.

48. With watry rivers doth mine eye o'erflow,
For ruin of my people's daughters so;
49. Mine eye doth drop down tears incessantly;
50. Until the Lord look down from Heav'n to see.

51. And for my city, daughter's sake, mine eye
Doth break mine heart. 52. Causeless mine enemy
Like a bird chas'd me. 53. In a dungeon
They 've shut my life, and cast me on a stone.

54. Waters flow'd o'er my head; then thought I, I 'm
Destroy'd: 55. I called, Lord, upon thy name
Out of the pit; 56. and thou my voice didst hear:
Oh! from my sight and cry stop not thine ear.

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57. Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'st near
Unto me, and saidst unto me, Do not fear. [thou
58. Thou, Lord, my soul's cause handled hast, and
Rescu'st my life. 59. O Lord, do thou judge now.

Thou heard'st my wrong. 60. Their vengeance all
they 've wrought; [they thought;
61. How they reproach'd, thou 'st heard, and what
62. What their lips utter'd, which against me rose,
And what was ever whisper'd by my foes.

63. I am their song, whether they rise or sit.
64. Give them rewards, Lord, for their working fit,
65. Sorrow of heart, thy curse: 66. and with thy
might
Follow, and from under Heav'n destroy them quite.

CHAPTER IV.

1. How is the gold become so dim? How is
Purest and finest gold thus chang'd to this?
The stones, which were stones of the sanctu'ry,
Scatter'd in corners of each street do lie.

2. The precious sons of Sion, which should be
Valu'd as purest gold, how do we see
Low-rated now, as earthen pitchers, stand,
Which are the work of a poor potter's hand!

3. Even the sea-calfs draw their breasts, and give
Suck to their young: my people's daughters live,
By reason of the foe's great cruelness,
As do the owls in the vast wilderness.

4. And when the sucking child doth strive to draw,
His tongue for thirst cleaves to the upper jaw:
And when for bread the little children cry,
There is no man that doth them satisfy.

5. They, which before were delicately fed,
Now in the streets forlorn have perished:
And they, which ever were in scarlet cloth'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghills, which they loath'd.

6. The daughters of my people have sinn'd more,
Than did the town of Sodom sin before;
Which being at once destroy'd, there did remain
No hands amongst them to vex them again.

7. But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was than the snow, and milk was not so white:
As carbuncles, did their pure bodies shine;
And all their polish'dness was saphirine.

8. They 're darker now than blackness; none can
know
Them by the face, as through the street they go:
For now their skin doth cleave unto their bone,
And wither'd is like to dry wood grown.

9. Better by sword than famine 't is to die;
And better through-pierc'd than through penury.
10. Women, by nature pitiful, have eat [meat.
Their children (dress'd with their own hand) for

11. Jehovah here fully accomplish'd hath
His indignation, and pour'd forth his wrath;
Kindled a fire in Sion, which hath pow'r
To eat, and her foundations to devour.

12. Nor would the kings of the Earth, nor all, which
In the inhabitable world, believe, [live
That any adversary, any foe,
Into Jerusalem should enter so.

13. For the priests' sins, and prophets', which have
Blood in the streets, and the just murthered: [shed
14. Which, when those men, whom they made blind,
Thorough the streets, defiled by the way [did stray

With blood, the which impossible it was
Their garment should 'scape touching, as they pass;
15. Would cry aloud, "Depart, defiled men,
Depart, depart, and touch us not;" and then

They fled, and stray'd, and with the Gentiles were,
Yet told their friends, they should not long dwell
there.
16. For this they 're scatter'd by Jehovah's face,
Who never will regard them more; no grace

Unto the old men shall their foe afford;
Nor, that they 're priests, redeem them from the
sword;
17. And we as yet, for all these miseries
Desiring our vain help, consume our eyes:

And such a nation, as cannot save,
We in desire and speculation have.
18. They hunt our steps, that in the streets we fear
To go; our end is now approached near.

Our days accomplish'd are, this the last day;
Eagles of Heav'n are not so swift as they,
19. Which follow us; o'er mountains' tops they fly
At us, and for us in the desert lie.

20. The Lord's anointed, breath of our nostrils, he,
Of whom we said, "Under his shadow we
Shall with more ease under the heathen dwell,"
Into the pit, which these men digged, fell."

21. Rejoice, O Eden's daughter; joyful be,
Thou that inhabit'st Uz; for unto thee
This cup shall pass, and thou with drunkenness
Shalt fill thyself, and show thy nakedness.

22. And then thy sins, O Sion, shall be spent;
The Lord will not leave thee in banishment:
Thy sins, O Edom's daughter, he will see,
And for them pay thee with captivity.

CHAPTER V.

1. Remember, O Lord, what is fall'n on us;
See and mark, how we are reproached thus.
2. For unto strangers our possession
Is turn'd, our houses unto aliens gone.

3. Our mothers are become as widows, we
As orphans all, and without fathers be.
4. Waters, which are our own, we drink, and pay;
And upon our own wood a price they lay.

5. Our persecutors on our necks do sit,
They make us travail, and not intermit.
6. We stretch our hands unto th' Egyptians
To get us bread; and to th' Assyrians.

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7. Our fathers did these sins, and are no more;
But we do bear the sins they did before.
8. They are but servants, which do rule us thus;
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

9. With danger of our life our bread we gat;
For in the wilderness the sword did wait.
10. The tempests of this famine we liv'd in
Black as an oven colour'd had our skin.

11. In Juda's cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and so women in Sion us'd.
12. The princes with their hands they hung; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the elder's face.

13. Unto the mill our young men carry'd are,
And children fell under the wood they bear:
14. Elders the gates, youth did their songs forbear;
Gone was our joy; our dancings mournings were.

15. Now is the crown fall'n from our head; and wo
Be unto us, because we 've sinned so.
16. For this our hearts do languish, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimness is:

17. Because Mount Sion desolate doth lie,
And foxes there do go at liberty.
18. But thou, O Lord, art ever; and thy throne
From generation to generation.

19. Why should'st thou forget us eternally;
Or leave us thus long in this misery?
20. Restore us, Lord, to thee; that so we may
Return, and, as of old, renew our day.

21. For oughtest thou, O Lord, despise us thus,
22. And to be utterly enrag'd at us?

HYMN TO GOD,

MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS.

Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where with the choir of saints for evermore
I shall be made thy music, as I come,
I tune the instrument here at the door;
And, what I must do then, think here before.

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
That this is my south-west discovery
Per fretum febris, by these straits to die.

I joy, that in these straits I see my west;
For though those currants yield return to none,
What shall my west hurt me? As west and east
In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the resurrection.

Is the Pacific Sea my home? Or are
The eastern riches? Is Jerusalem,
Anvan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar?
All straits, and none but straits are ways to them,
Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Cham, or Sem.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place;
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me;
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So in his purple wrapp'd receive me, Lord,
By these his thorns give me his other crown;
And as to others' souls I preach'd thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own;
Therefore, that he may raise, the Lord throws down.

A

HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done;
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sins their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I did shun
A year or two, but wallow'd in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done;
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I 've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son
Shall shine, as he shines now and heretofore;
And, having done that, thou hast done;
I fear no more.

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ELEGIES UPON THE AUTHOR.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY EVER DESIRED FRIEND

DR. DONNE.

TO have liv'd eminent, in a degree
Beyond our lofty'st flights, that is, like thee,
Or t' have had too much merit, is not safe;
For such excesses find no epitaph.
At common graves we have poetic eyes,
Can melt themselves in easy elegies;
Each quill can drop its tributary verse,
And pin it, like the hatchments, to the hearse:
But at thine, poem or inscription
(Rich soul of wit and language) we have none.
Indeed a silence does that tomb befit,
Where is no herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd Invention justly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not here,
Late her great patron; whose prerogative
Maintain'd and cloth'd her so, as none alive
Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,
Though he the Indies for her dowry estate.
Or else that awful fire, which once did burn
In thy clear brain, now fall'n into thy urn,
Lives there to fright rude empyrics from thence,
Which might profane thee by their ignorance.
Whoever writes of thee, and in a style
Unworthy such a theme, does but revile
Thy precious dust, and wake a learned spirit,
Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit.
For all, a low-pitch'd fancy can devise,
Will prove at best but hallow'd injuries.
Thou, like the dying swan, didst lately sing[1]
Thy mournful dirge in audience of the king;
When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath
Presented so to life that piece of death,
That it was fear'd and prophesy'd by all,
Thou thither cam'st to preach thy funeral.
O! hadst thou in an elegiac knell
Rung out unto the world thine own farewell,
And in thy high victorious numbers beat
The solemn measure of thy griev'd retreat;
Thou might'st the poet's service now have miss'd,
As well as then thou didst prevent the priest;
And never to the world beholden be,
So much as for an epitaph for thee.
I do not like the office. Nor is 't fit
Thou, who didst lend our age such sums of wit,
Should'st not re-borrow from her bankrupt mine
That ore to bury thee, which once was thine:
Rather still leave us in thy debt; and know
(Exalted soul) more glory 't is to owe
Unto thy hearse, what we can never pay,
Than with embased coin those rites defray.
Commit me then thee to thyself: nor blame
Our drooping loves, which thus to thy own fame
Leave thee executor: since, but thy own,
No pen could do thee justice, nor base crown
Thy vast desert: save that we nothing can
Depute, to be thy ashes guardian.
So jewellers no art or metal trust
To form the diamond, but the diamond's dust.

H. K.

[1] His last sermon at court.

IN OBITUM VENERABILIS VIRI

JOHANNIS DONNE,

SACRÆ THEOLOGIÆ DOCTORIS, ECCLESIÆ CATHEDRALIS D. PAULI SUPER DECANI; ILLI HONORIS, TIBI (MULTUM MIHI COLENDE VIR) OBSERVANTIÆ ERGO HÆC EGO.

CONQUERAR? ignavoque sequar tua funera planctu?
Sed, lacrymæ, clausistis iter; nec muta querelas
Lingua potest proferre pias: ignoscite, manes
Defuncti, et tacito sinite indulgere dolori.
Sed scelus est tacuisse: cadant in mœsta lituræ
Verba. Tuis (docta umbra) tuis hæc accipe jussis
Cœpta, nec officii contemnens pignora nostri
Aversare tuâ non dignum laude poetam.
O si Pythagoræ non vanum dogma fuisset,
Inque meum à vestro migraret pectore pectus
Musa; repentinos tua nosceret urna furores.
Sed frustra, heu! frustra hæc votis puerilibus opto:
Tecum abiit, summoque sedens jam monte Thalia
Ridet anhelantes, Parnassi et culmina vates
Desperare jubet. Verùm hac nolente cœtos
Scribimus audaces numeros, et flebile carmen
Scribimus (O soli qui te dilexit) habendum.
Siccine perpetuus liventia lumina somnus
Clausit? et immerito merguntur funere virtus
Et pietas, et, quæ poterant fecisse beatum.
Cætera? sed nec te poterant servare beatum.
Quo mihi doctrinam? quorsum impallescere chartis
Nocturnis juvat, et totidem olfecisse lucernas?
Decolor et longos studiis deperdere soles,
Ut priùs, aggredior, longamque accessere famam.
Omnia sed frustra: mihi dum cunctisque minatur
Exitium crudele et inexorabile fatum.
Nam post te sperare nihil decet: hoc mihi restat,
Ut moriar, tenues fugiatque obscurus in auras

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Spiritus: O doctis saltem si cognitus umbris
Illic te (venerande) iterum (venerande) videbo;
Et dulces audire sonos, et verba diserti
Oris, et æternas dabitur mihi carpere voces:
Queis ferus infernæ tacuisset janitor aulæ
Auditis, Niluseque minùs strepuisset; Arion
Cederet, et, sylvas qui post se traxerat, Orpheus.
Eloquio sic ille viros, sic ille movere
Voceferos potuit; quis enim tam barbarus? aut tam
Facundis nimis infestus, non metus ut illo
Hortante, et blando victus sermone sileret?
Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat;
Singula sic decuêre senem, sic omnia. Vidi,
Audivi, et stupui, quoties orator in Æde
Paulinâ stetit, et mirâ gravitate levantes
Corda oculosque viros tenuit: dum Nestoris ille
Fudit verba (omni quanto mage dulcia melle?)
Nunc habet attonitos, pandit mysteria plebi
Non concessa priùs, nondum intellecta: revolvunt
Mirantes, tacitique arrectis auribus astant.
Mutatis mox ille modo formâque loquendi
Tristia pertractat: fatumque et flebile mortis
Tempus, et in cineres redeunt quòd corpora primos.
Tunc gemitum cunctos dare, tunc lugere videres;
Forsitan à lachrymis aliquis non temperat, atque
Ex oculis largum stillat rorem: ætheris illo
Sic pater audito voluit succumbere turbam,
Affectusque ciere suos, et ponere notæ
Vocis ad arbitrium; divinæ oracula mentis
Dum narrat, rostrisque potens dominatur in altis.
Quo feror? audaci et forsan pietate nocenti
In nimiâ ignoscas vati, qui vatibus olim
Egregium decus, et tanto excellentior unus,
Omnibus inferior quanto est et pessimus, impar
Laudibus hisce, tibi qui nunc facit ista, poeta.
Et quo nos canimus? cur hæc tibi sacra? Poetæ,
Desinite: en fati certus sibi voce canorâ
Inferias præmisit olor, cum Carolus Albâ
(Ultima volventem et cygneâ voce loquentem)
Nuper eum, turba et magnatum audiret in Aulâ.
Tunc rex, tunc proceres, clerus, tunc astitit illi
Aula frequens. Solâ nunc in tellure recumbit,
Vermibus esca, pio malint nisi parcere: quidni
Incipiant et amare famem? Metuêre leones
Sic olim; sacroque artus violare prophetæ
Bellua non ausa est, quanquam jejuna, sitimque
Optaret nimis humano satiare cruore.
At non hæc de te sperabimus; omnia carpit
Prædator vermis: nec talis contigit illi
Præda diu; forsan metrico pede serpet abinde.
Vescere, et exhausto satia te sanguine. Jam nos
Adsumus; et post te cupiet quis vivere? Post te
Quis volet, aut poterit? nam post te vivere mors est.
Et tamen ingratas ignavi ducimus auras;
Sustinet et tibi lingua vale, vale dicere: parce
Non festinanti æternum requiescere turbæ.
Ipsa satis properat, quæ nescit parca morari,
Nunc urgere colum, trahere atque occare videmus,
Quin rursus (venerande) vale, vale: ordine nos te,
Quo Deus et quo dura volet natura, sequemur.
Depositum interea, lapides, servate fideles.
Fœlices! illâ queis ædis parte locari,
Quâ jacet iste, datur. Forsan lapis inde loquetur,
Parturietque viro plenus testantia luctus
Verba; et carminibus, quæ Donni suggeret illi
Spiritus, insolitus testari voce calores
Incipiet: (non sic Pyrrhâ jactante calebat.) [est
Mole sub hac tegitur, quicquid mortale relictum
De tanto mortale viro. Qui præfuit ædi huic,
Formosi pecoris pastor formosior ipse.
Ite igitur, dignisque illum celebrate loquelis,
Et quæ demuntur vitæ, date tempora famæ.

Indignus tantorum meritorum præco, virtutum tuarum cultor religiosissimus,

DANIEL DARNELLY.

ON THE

DEATH OF DR. DONNE.

I CANNOT blame those men, that knew thee well;
Yet dare not help the world to ring thy knell
In tuneful elegies; there 's not language known
Fit for thy mention, but 't was first thy own.
The epitaphs, thou writ'st, have so bereft
Our tongue of wit, there is no fancy left
Enough to weep thee; what henceforth we see
Of art and nature, must result from thee.
There may perchance some busy gathering friend
Steal from thy own works, and that varied lend,
Which thou bestow'dst on others, to thy hearse;
And so thou shalt live still in thine own verse:
He, that shall venture further, may commit
A pitied errour; show his zeal, not wit.
Fate hath done mankind wrong; virtue may aim
Reward of conscience, never can of fame:
Since her great trumpet 's broke, could only give
Faith to the world, command it to believe.
He then must write, that would define thy parts,
" Here lies the best divinity, all the arts."

EDW. HYDE.

ON DR. DONNE;

BY DR. C. B. OF O.

He, that would write an epitaph for thee,
And do it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so:
He must have wit to spare and to hurl down,
Enough, to keep the gallants of the town.
He must have learning plenty; both the laws,
Civil and common, to judge any cause;
Divinity great store above the rest;
Not of the last edition, but the best.
He must have language, travail, all the arts;
Judgment to use; or else he wants thy parts.
He must have friends the highest, able to do;
Such as Mæcenas, and Augustus too:
He must have such a sickness, such a death,
Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.
Who then shall write an epitaph for thee,
He must be dead first; let it alone for me.

AN ELEGY

UPON

THE INCOMPARABLE DR. DONNE.

All is not well, when such a one as I
Dare peep abroad, and write an elegy;
When smaller stars appear, and give their light,
Phebus is gone to bed: were it not night,

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And the world witless now that Donne is dead,
You sooner should have broke than seen my head.
Dead, did I say? forgive this injury
I do him, and his worth's infinity,
To say he is but dead; I dare aver,
It better may be term'd a massacre,
Than sleep or death. See how the Muses mourn
Upon their oaten reeds, and from his urn
Threaten the world with this calamity,
They shall have ballads, but no poetry.

Language lies speechless; and Divinity
Lost such a trump, as ev'n to ecstasy
Could charm the soul, and had an influence
To teach best judgments, and please dullest sense.
The court, the church, the university,
Lost chaplain, dean, and doctor, all these three.
It was his merit, that his funeral
Could cause a loss so great and general.

If there be any spirit can answer give
Of such as hence depart to such as live;
Speak, doth his body there vermiculate,
Crumble to dust, and feel the laws of fate?
Methinks corruption, worms, what else is foul,
Should spare the temple of so fair a soul.
I could believe they do, but that I know,
What inconvenience might hereafter grow:
Succeeding ages would idolatrize,
And as his numbers, so his relics prize.

If that philosopher, which did avow
The world to be but motes, were living now,
He would affirm that th' atoms of his mould,
Were they in several bodies blended, would
Produce new worlds of travellers, divines,
Of linguists, poets; sith these several lines
In him concentred were, and flowing thence
Might fill again the world's circumference.
I could believe this too; and yet my faith
Not want a precedent: the phenix hath
(And such was she) a power to animate
Her ashes, and herself perpetuate.
But, busy soul, thou dost not well to pry
Into these secrets; grief and jealousy,
The more they know, the further still advance:
And find no way so safe as ignorance.
Let this suffice thee, that his soul which flew
A pitch, of all admir'd, know but of few,
(Save those of purer mould) is now translated
From Earth to Heaven, and there constellated.
For if each priest of God shine as a star,
His glory 's as his gifts, 'bove others far.

HEN. VALENTINE.

AN

ELEGY UPON DR. DONNE.

Our Donne is dead; England should mourn, may say
We had a man, where language chose to stay,
And show a graceful pow'r. I would not praise
That and his vast wit (which in these vain days
Make many proud) but as they serv'd t' unlock
That cabinet, his mind; where such a stock
Of knowledge was repos'd, as all lament
(Or should) this general cause of discontent.
And I rejoice I am not so severe,
But (as I write a line) to weep a tear
For his decease; such sad extremities
May make such men as I write elegies.
And wonder not; for when a general loss
Falls on a nation, and they slight the cross,
God hath rais'd prophets to awaken them
From stupefaction; witness my mild pen,
Not us'd t' upbraid the world; though now it must
Freely and boldly, for the cause is just.
Dull age! oh, I would spare thee, but th' art
Thou art not only dull, but hast a curse [worse,
Of black ingratitude; if not, could'st thou
Part with miraculous Donne, and make no vow,
For thee and thine successively to pay
A sad remembrance to his dying day?
Did his youth scatter poetry, wherein
Was all philosophy? was every sin,
Character'd in his Satires, made so foul
That some have fear'd their shapes, and kept their soul
Safer by reading verse? did he give days
Past marble monuments to those, whose praise
He would perpetuate? Did he (I fear
The dull will doubt) these at his twentieth year?
But, more matur'd, did his full soul conceive,
And in harmonious holy numbers weave
A Crown of sacred Sonnets [1], fit to adorn
A dying martyr's brow; or to be worn
On that bless'd head of Mary Magdalen,
After she wip'd Christ's feet, but not till then?
Did he (fit for such penitents as she
And he to use) leave us a Litany,
Which all devout men love? and sure it shall,
As times grow better, grow more classical.
Did he write hymns, for piety, for wit,
Equal to those, great grave Prudentius writ?
Spake he all languages? knew he all laws?
The grounds and use of physic? (but because
'T was mercenary, wav'd it) went to see
The blessed place of Christ's nativity?
Did he return and preach him? preach him so,
As since St. Paul none did, none could? Those know
(Such as were bless'd to hear him) this is truth.
Did he confirm th' aged? convert the youth?
Did he these wonders? And is this dear loss
Mourn'd by so few? (few, for so great a cross.)
But sure the silent are ambitious all
To be close mourners at his funeral:
If not, in common pity they forbear
By repetitions to renew our care;
Or knowing, grief conceiv'd, conceal'd, consumes
Man irreparably, (as poison'd fumes
Do waste the brain) make silence a safe way
T' enlarge the soul from those walls, mud and clay,
(Materials of this body) to remain
With Donne in Heav'n; where no promiscuous pain
Lessens the joy we have: for with him all
Are satisfy'd with joys essential.
Dwell on this joy, my thoughts; oh! do not call
Grief back, by thinking of his funeral.
Forget he lov'd me; waste not my sad years,
(Which haste to David's seventy) fill'd with fears
And sorrow for his death; forget his parts,
Which find a living grave in good men's hearts.
And (for my first is daily paid for sin)
Forget to pay my second sigh for him:

[1] La Corona.

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Forget his powerful preaching; and forget
I am his convert. Oh, my frailty! let
My flesh be no more heard; it will obtrude
This lethargy: so should my gratitude,
My flows of gratitude should so be broke:
Which can no more be, than Donne's virtues spoke
By any but himself; for which cause I
Write no encomium, but this elegy;
Which, as a free-will off'ring, I here give
Fame and the world, and parting with it grieve,
I want abilities fit to set forth
A monument, great as Donne's matchless worth.

ELEGY ON DR. DONNE.

Now, by one year, time and our frailty have
Lessen'd our first confusion, since the grave
Clos'd thy dear ashes, and the tears, which flow,
In these have no springs, but of solid woe:
Or they are drops, which cold amazement froze
At thy decease, and will not thaw in prose.
All streams of verse, which shall lament that day,
Do truly to the ocean tribute pay;
But they have lost their saltness, which the eye,
In recompense of wit, strives to reply.
Passion's excess for thee we need not fear,
Since first by thee our passions hallow'd were;
Thou mad'st our sorrows, which before had been,
Only for the success, sorrows for sin;
We owe thee all those tears, now thou art dead,
Which we shed not, which for ourselves we shed.
Nor didst thou only consecrate our tears,
Give a religious tincture to our fears;
But ev'n our joys had learn'd an innocence,
Thou didst from gladness separate offence.
All minds at once suck'd grace from thee, as where
(The curse revok'd) the nations had one ear.
Pious dissector, they one hour did treat
The thousand mazes of the heart's deceit;
Thou didst pursue our lov'd and subtle sin,
Through all the foldings we have wrapp'd it in;
And in thine own large mind finding the way,
By which ourselves we from ourselves convey,
Didst in us, narrow models, know the same
Angels, though darker, in our meaner frame.
How short of praise is this? My Muse, alas!
Climbs weakly to that truth which none can pass.
He that writes best, can only hope to leave
A character of all he could conceive,
But none of thee; and with me must confess,
That fancy finds some check, from an excess
Of merit most, of nothing, it hath spun;
And truth, as reason's task and theme, doth shun.
She makes a fairer flight in emptiness,
Than when a body'd truth doth her oppress.
Reason again denies her scales, because
Hers are but scales, she judges by the laws
Of weak comparison; thy virtue slights
Her feeble beam, and her unequal weights.
What prodigy of wit and piety
Hath she else known, by which to measure thee?
Great soul! we can no more the worthiness
Of what you were, than what you are, express.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

ON

DR. JOHN DONNE,

LATE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

Long since this task of tears from you was due,
Long since, O poets, he did die to you;
Or left you dead, when wit and he took flight
On divine wings, and soar'd out of your sight.
Preachers, 't is you must weep; the wit he taught,
You do enjoy; the rebels, which he brought
From ancient discord, giant faculties,
And now no more religion's enemies;
Honest to knowing, unto virtuous sweet,
Witty to good, and learned to discreet
He reconcil'd, and bid th' usurper go;
Dulness to vice, religion ought to flow.
He kept his loves, but not his objects; wit
He did not banish, but transplanted it;
Taught it his place and use, and brought it home
To piety, which it doth best become.
He show'd us how for sins we ought to sigh,
And how to sing Christ's epithalamy.
The altars had his fires, and there he spoke
Incense of loves, and fancy's holy smoke.
Religion thus enrich'd, the people train'd,
And God from dull vice had the fashion gain'd.
The first effects sprung in the giddy mind
Of flashy youth, and thirst of woman-kind,
By colours lead, and drawn to a pursuit
Now once again by beauty of the fruit;
As if their longings too must set us free,
And tempt us now to the commanded tree.
Tell me, had ever pleasure such a dress?
Have you known crimes so shap'd? or loveliness,
Such as his lips did clothe religion in?
Had not reproof a beauty passing sin?
Corrupted nature sorrow'd, when she stood
So near the danger of becoming good;
And wish'd our so inconstant ears exempt
From piety, that had such pow'r to tempt.
Did not his sacred flattery beguile
Man to amendment? The law taught to smile,
Pension'd our vanity; and man grew well
Through the same frailty, by the which he fell.
O the sick state of man! health doth not please
Our tastes, but in the shape of the disease.
Thriftless is charity, coward patience,
Justice is cruel, mercy want of sense.
What means our nature to bar virtue place,
If she do come in her own clothes and face?
Is good a pill, we dare not chaw to know?
Sense, the soul's servant, doth it keep us so,
As we might starve for good, unless it first
Do leave a pawn of relish in the gust?
Or have we to salvation no tie
At all, but that of our infirmity?
Who treats with us, must our affections move
To th' good we fly, by those sweets which we love;
Must seek our palates; and, with their delight
To gain our deeds, must bribe our appetite.
These trains he knew; and, laying nets to save,
Temptingly sugar'd all the health he gave.
But where is now that chime? that harmony
Hath left the world. Now the loud organ may
Appear, the better voice is fled to have
A thousand times the sweetness which it gave.
I cannot say how many thousand spirits
The single happiness, this soul inherits,

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Damns in the other world; souls, whom no cross
O' th' sense afflicts, but only of the other loss;
Whom ignorance would half save, all whose pain
Is not in what they feel, but other's gain;
Self-executing wretched spirits, who,
Carrying their guilt, transport their envy too.
But those high joys, which his wit's youngest flame
Would hurt to choose, shall not we hurt to name?
Verse-statues are all robbers; all we make
Of monument, thus doth not give, but take.
As sails, which seamen to a forewind fit,
By a resistance go along with it;
So pens grow while they lessen fame so left:
A weak assistance is a kind of theft.
Who hath not love to ground his tears upon,
Must weep here, if he have ambition.

J. CHUDLEIGH.

AN ELEGY

UPON

THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, DR. JOHN DONNE,

BY MR. THOMAS CAREW.

Can we not force from widow'd Poetry,
Now thou art dead (great Donne) an elegy,
To crown thy hearse? Why yet dare we not trust,
Though with unkneaded dough bak'd prose, thy dust?
Such as the unsizar'd churchman from the flow'r
Of fading rhetoric, short-liv'd as his hour,
Dry as the sand, that measures it, should lay
Upon thy ashes on the funeral day?
Have we no voice, no tune? Didst thou dispense
Through all our language, both the words and sense?
'T is a sad truth; the pulpit may her plain
And sober Christian precepts still retain;
Doctrines it may and wholesome uses frame,
Grave homilies and lectures; but the flame
Of thy brave soul (that shot such heat and light,
As burnt our earth, and made our darkness bright,
Committed holy rapes upon our will,
Did through the eye the melting heart distill,
And the deep knowledge of dark truths so teach,
As sense might judge, what fancy could not reach)
Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire,
That fills with spirit and heat the Delphic choir,
Which, kindled first by the Promethean breath,
Glow'd here awhile, lies quench'd now in thy death.
The Muse's garden, with pedantic weeds
O'erspread, was purg'd by thee; the lazy seeds
Of servile imitation thrown away,
And fresh invention planted. Thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age,
Licentious thefts, that make poetic rage
A mimic fury, when our souls must be
Possess'd, or with Anacreon's ecstasy,
Or Pindar's, not their own; the subtle cheat
Of she-exchanges, and the juggling feat
Of two-edg'd words, or whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the Greek or Latin tongue,
Thou hadst redeem'd, and open'd us a mine
Of rich and pregnant fancy, drawn a line
Of masculine expression; which had good
Old Orpheus seen, or all the ancient brood
Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
Their lead more precious than thy burnish'd gold,
Thou hadst been their exchequer, and so more
They in each other's dust had rak'd for one.
Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,
And the blind fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charms the outward sense; yet thou may'st
From so great disadvantage greater fame, [claim
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit,
Our stubborn language bends; made only fit
With her tough thick ribb'd hoops to gird about
Thy giant-fancy, which had prov'd too stout
For their soft melting phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred year;
And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
To touch their harvest: yet from those bare lands
Of what is purely thine, thy only hands
(And that thy smallest work) have gleaned more,
Than all those times and tongues could reap before.
But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in poetry.
They will repeal the goodly exil'd train
Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign
Were banish'd nobler poems; now with these
The silenc'd tales to th' Metamorphoses
Shall stuff their lines, and swell the windy page,
Till verse refin'd by thee, in this last age,
Turn ballad-rhyme; or those old idols be
Ador'd again, with new apostasy.
Oh, pardon me, that break with untun'd verse
The reverend silence, that attends thy hearse,
Whose awful solemn murmurs were to thee,
More than these faint lines, a loud elegy,
That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
The death of all the arts; whose influence,
Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies
Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies.
So doth the swiftly turning wheel not stand
In th' instant we withdraw the moving hand;
But some small time maintains a faint weak course,
By virtue of the first impulsive force;
And so whilst I cast on thy funeral pile
Thy crown of bays, oh, let it crack awhile,
And spit disdain; till the devouring flashes
Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.
I will not draw the envy to engross
All thy perfections, or weep all our loss;
Those are too numerous for an elegy,
And this too great to be express'd by me.
Though every pen should share a distinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to try all art.
Let others carve the rest, it shall suffice
I on thy tomb this epitaph incise.

Here lies a king, that rul'd, as he thought fit,
The universal monarchy of wit;
Here lie two Flamens, and both those, the best;
Apollo's first, at last, the true God's priest.

AN

ELEGY ON DR. DONNE,

BY SIR LUCIUS CARY.

Poets, attend; the elegy I sing
Both of a double named priest and king:
Instead of coats and pendants bring your verse,
For you must be chief mourners at his hearse:
A tomb your Muse must to his fame supply,
No other monuments can never die.

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And as he was a twofold priest; in youth,
Apollo's; afterwards the voice of truth;
God's conduit-pipe for grace, who chose him for
His extraordinary ambassador:
So let his liegers with the poets join:
Both having shares, both must in grief combine:
Whilst Jonson forceth with his elegy
Tears from a grief-unknowing Scythian's eye,
(Like Moses, at whose stroke the waters gush'd
From forth the rock, and like a torrent rush'd.)
Let Laud his funeral sermon preach, and show
Those virtues, dull eyes were not apt to know;
Nor leave that piercing theme, till it appears
To be Good Friday by the church's tears:
Yet make not grief too long oppress our powers,
Lest that his funeral sermon should prove ours.
Nor yet forget that heavenly eloquence,
With which he did the bread of life dispense;
Preacher and orator discharg'd both parts,
With pleasure for our sense, health for our hearts:
And the first such (though a long study'd art
Tell us, our soul is all in every part)
None was so marble, but, whilst him he hears,
His soul so long dwelt only in his ears;
And from thence (with the fierceness of a flood
Bearing down vice) victuall'd with that bless'd food
Their hearts: his seed in none could fail to grow,
Fertile he found them all, or made them so:
No druggist of the soul bestow'd on all
So catholicly a curing cordial.
Nor only in the pulpit dwelt his store,
His words work'd much, but his example more;
That preach'd on worky-days his poetry,
Itself was oftentimes divinity;
Those anthems (almost second psalms) he writ,
To make us know the cross, and value it,
(Although we owe that reverence to that name,
We should not need warmth from an under-flame.)
Creates a fire in us so near extreme,
That we would die for, and upon this theme.
Next, his so pious Litany, which none can
But count divine, except a puritan;
And that, but for the name, nor this, nor those
Want any thing of sermons, but the prose.
Experience makes us see that many a one
Owes to his country his religion;
And in another would as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse and mother taught him so:
Not he the ballast on his judgment hung;
Nor did his pre-conceit do either wrong.
He labour'd to exclude whatever sin,
By time or carelessness had enter'd in;
Winnow'd the chaff from wheat, but yet was loath
A too hot zeal should force him, burn them both;
Nor would allow of that so ignorant gall,
Which, to save blotting, often would blot all;
Nor did those barbarous opinions own,
To think the organs sin, and faction none.
Nor was there expectation to gain grace
From forth his sermons only, but his face;
So primitive a look, such gravity
With humbleness, and both with piety.
So mild was Moses' count'nance, when he pray'd
For them, whose satanism his power gainsay'd;
And such his gravity, when all God's band
Receiv'd his word (through him) at second hand;
Which, join'd, did flames of more devotion move,
Than ever Argive Helen's could of love.
Now, to conclude, I must my reason bring,
Wherefore I call'd him in his title king;
That kingdom, the philosophers believ'd
To excell Alexander's, nor were griev'd
By fear of loss (that being such a prey
No stronger than one's self can force away)
The kingdom of one's self, this he enjoy'd,
And his authority so well employ'd,
That never say could before become
So great a monarch in so small a room.
He conquer'd rebel passions, rul'd them so,
As under-spheres by the first mover go;
Banish'd so far their working, that we can
But know he had some; for we knew him man.
Then let his last excuse his first extremes:
His age saw visions, though his youth dream'd dreams.

ON

DR. DONNE'S DEATH;

BY MR. MAYNE OF CHRIST-CHURCH IN OXFORD.

Who shall presume to mourn thee, Donne, unless
He could his tears in thy expressions dress,
And teach his grief that reverence of thy hearse,
To weep lines learned, as thy anniverse;
A poem of that worth, whose every tear
Deserves the title of a several year?
Indeed so far above its reader good,
That we are thought wits, when 't is understood.
There that bless'd maid to die who now should
After thy sorrow, 't were her loss to live; [grieve!
And her fair virtues in another's line
Would faintly dawn, which are made saints in thine.
Hadst thou been shallower, and not writ so high,
Or left some new way for our pen or eye
To shed a funeral tear, perchance thy tomb
Had not been speechless, or our Muses dumb;
But now we dare not write, but must conceal
Thy epitaph, lest we be thought to steal.
For who hath read thee, and discerns thy worth,
That will not say, thy careless hours brought forth
Fancies beyond our studies, and thy play
Was happier than our serious time of day?
So learned was thy chance; thy haste had wit,
And matter from thy pen flow'd rashly fit.
What was thy recreation, turns our brain;
Our rack and paleness is thy weakest strain:
And when we most come near thee, 't is our bliss
To imitate thee, where thou dost amiss.
Here light your Muse, you, that do only think,
And write, and are just poets, as you drink;
In whose weak fancies wit doth ebb and flow,
Just as your reckonings rise, that we may know
In your whole carriage of your work, that here
This flash you wrote in wine, and that in beer:
This is to tap your Muse, which, running long,
Writes flat, and takes our ear not half so strong;
Poor suburb wits, who, if you want your cup,
Or if a lord recover, are blown up. [need
Could you but reach this height, you should not
To make each meal a project, ere you feed;
Nor walk in relic's clothes, so old and bare,
As if left off to you from Ennius were;
Nor should your love in verse call mistress those,
Who are mine hostess, or your whores, in prose.
From this Muse learn to court, whose power could
A cloister'd coldness, or a vestal love; [move

And would convey such errands to their ear,
That ladies knew no odds to grant and hear.
But I do wrong thee, Donne, and this low praise
Is written only for thy younger days.
I am not grown up for thy riper parts, [arts,
Then should I praise thee through the tongues and
And have that deep divinity to know,
What mysteries did from thy preaching flow;
Who with thy words could charm thy audience,
That at thy sermons ear was all our sense.
Yet I have seen thee in the pulpit stand,
Where we might take notes from thy look and hand;
And from thy speaking action bear away
More sermon, than some teachers use to say.
Such was thy carriage, and thy gesture such,
As could divide the heart, and conscience touch.
Thy motion did confute, and we might see
An errour vanquish'd by delivery:
Not like our sons of zeal, who, to reform
Their hearers, fiercely at the pulpit storm,
And beat the cushion into worse estate,
Than if they did conclude it reprobate;
Who can out-pray the glass, then lay about,
Till all predestination be run out;
And from the point such tedious uses draw,
Their repetitions would make gospel law.
No, in such temper would thy sermons flow,
So well did doctrine and thy language show;
And had that holy fear, as, hearing thee,
The court would mend, and a good Christian be.
And ladies, though unhandsome, out of grace,
Would hear thee in their unbought looks and face.
More I could write, but let this crown thine urn;
We cannot hope the like, till thou return.

UPON

MR. J. DONNE AND HIS POEMS.

Who dares say thou art dead, when he doth see
(Unburied yet) this living part of thee;
This part, that to thy being gives fresh flame,
And, though thou 'rt Donne, yet will preserve thy name?
Thy flesh (whose channels left their crimson hue,
And whey-like ran at last in a pale blue)
May show thee mortal, a dead palsy may
Seize on 't, and quickly turn it into clay;
Which, like the Indian earth, shall rise refin'd:
But this great spirit thou hast left behind,
This soul of verse in its first pure estate
Shall live, for all the world to imitate;
But not come near: for in thy fancy's flight
Thou dost not stoop unto the vulgar sight,
But hovering highly in the air of wit
Hold'st such a pitch, that few can follow it;
Admire they may. Each object, that the spring
(Or a more piercing influence) doth bring
T' adorn Earth's face, thou sweetly didst contrive
To beauty's elements, and thence derive
Unspotted lily's white; which thou didst set
Hand in hand with the vein-like violet,
Making them soft and warm, and by thy power
Could'st give both life and sense unto a flower.
The cherries, thou hast made to speak, will be
Sweeter unto the taste than from the tree;
And (spite of winter storms) amidst the snow
Thou oft hast made the blushing rose to grow.
The sea-nymphs, that the watry caverns keep,
Have sent their pearls and rubies from the deep,
To deck thy love; and plac'd by thee they drew
More lustre to them, than where first they grew.
All minerals (that Earth's full womb doth hold
Promiscuously) thou could'st convert to gold;
And with thy flaming raptures so refine,
That it was much more pure than in the mine.
The lights, that gild the night, if thou didst say,
They look like eyes, those did out-shine the day;
For there would be more virtue in such spells,
Than in meridians or cross parallels.
Whatever was of worth in this great frame,
That art could comprehend, or wit could name,
Is was thy theme for beauty; thou didst see
Woman was this fair world's epitome.
Thy nimble Satires too, and every strain,
(With nervy strength) that issued from thy brain,
Will lose the glory of their own clear bays,
If they admit of any other's praise.
But thy diviner poems (whose clear fire
Purges all dross away) shall by a choir
Of cherubims with heavenly notes be set
(Where flesh and blood could ne'er attain to yet)
There purest spirits sing such sacred lays,
In panegyric hallelujas.

ARCH. WILSON.

EPITAPH UPON DR. DONNE,

BY ENDY. PORTER.

This decent urn a sad inscription wears,
Of Donne's departure from us to the spheres;
And the dumb stone with silence seems to tell
The changes of this life, wherein is well
Express'd a cause to make all joy to cease,
And never let our sorrows more take ease:
For now it is impossible to find
One fraught with virtues to enrich a mind.
But why should Death with a promiscuous hand
At one rude stroke impoverish a land?
Thou strict attorney unto stricter Fate,
Didst thou confiscate his life out of hate
To his rate parts? Or didst thou throw thy dart
With envious hand at some plebeian heart;
And he with pious virtue stept between
To save that stroke, and so was kill'd unseen
By thee? O 't was his goodness so to do,
Which human kindness never reach'd unto.
Thus the hard laws of death were satisfi'd,
And he left us like orphan friends and dy'd.
Now from the pulpit to the people's ears
Whose speech shall send repentant sighs and tears?
Or tell me, if a purer virgin die,
Who shall hereafter write her elegy?
Poets, be silent, let your numbers sleep;
For he is gone, that did all fancy keep;
Time hath no soul, but his exalted verse;
Which with amazements we may now rehearse.

IN MEMORY OF DR. DONNE,

BY MR. R. B.

Donne dead! 't is here reported true, though I
Ne'er yet so much desir'd to hear a lie;
'T is too true, for so we find it still,
Good news are often false, but seldom ill.

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But must poor fame tell us his fatal day,
And shall we know his death the common way?
Methinks some comet bright should have foretold
The death of such a man; for though of old
'T is held, that comets princes' deaths foretell,
Why should not his have needed one as well;
Who was the prince of wits, 'mongst whom he reign'd
High as a prince, and as great state maintain'd?
Yet wants he not his sign, for we have seen
A dearth, the like to which hath never been
Treading on harvest heels; which doth presage
The dearth of wit and learning, which this age
Shall find, now he is gone; for though there be
Much grain in show, none brought it forth as he.
Or men are misers, or, if true want raises
The dearth, then more that dearth Donne's plenty praises.
Of learning, languages, of eloquence,
And poesy, (past ravishing of sense)
He had a magazine, wherein such store
Was laid up, as might hundreds serve of poor.
But he is gone! O how will his desire
Torture all those, that warm'd them by his fire?
Methinks I see him in the pulpit standing,
Nor ears or eyes, but all men's hearts commanding,
Where we, that heard him, to ourselves did feign,
Golden Chrysostome was yet alive again;
And never were we wearied, till we saw
His hour (and but an hour) to end did draw.
How did he shame the doctrine-men, and use,
With helps to boot, for men to bear th' abuse
Of their tir'd patience, and endure th' expense
Of time, O spent in hearkning to nonsense;
With marks also enough, whereby to know,
The speaker is a zealous dunce, or so!
'T is true, they quitted him to their poor pow'r,
They humm'd against him; and with face most sow'r
Call'd him a strong-lin'd man, a macaroon,
And no way fit to speak to clonted shoon.
As fine words, truly, as you would desire,
But, verily, but a bad edifier.
Thus did these beetles slight in him that good
They could not see, and much less understood.
But we may say, when we compare the stuff
Both wrought, he was a candle, they the snuff.
Well, wisdom's of her children justifi'd,
Let therefore these poor fellows stand aside;
Nor, though of learning he deserv'd so highly,
Would I his book should save him; rather slily
I should advise his clergy not to pray;
Though of the learnedest sort, methinks that they
Of the same trade are judges not so fit;
There 's no such emulation as of wit.
Of such the envy might as much perchance
Wrong him, and more, than th' other's ignorance.
It was his fate, I know 't, to be envy'd
As much by clerks, as laymen magnifi'd.
And why? but 'cause he came late in the day,
And yet his penny earn'd, and had as they.
No more of this, lest some should say that I
Am stray'd to satire, meaning elegy.
No, no, had Donne need to be judg'd or try'd,
A jury I would summon on his side,
That had no sides, nor factions, past the touch
Of all exceptions, freed from passion, such
As not to fear, nor flatter, e'er were bred;
These would I bring, though called from the dead:
Southampton, Hamilton, Pembroke, Dorset's earls,
Huntington, Bedford's countesses (the pearls
Once of each sex.) If these suffice not, I
Ten *Decem tales* have of standers by;
All which for Donne would such a verdict give,
As can belong to none, that now doth live.
But what do I? A diminution 't is
To speak of him in verse, so short of his,
Whereof he was the master; all indeed,
Compar'd with him, pip'd on an oaten reed.
O that you had but one, 'mongst all your brothers,
Could write for him; as he hath done for others!
(Poets I speak to:) When I see 't, I 'll say,
My eye-sight betters, as my years decay,
Mean time a quarrel I shall ever have
Against these doughty keepers from the grave,
Who use, it seems, their old authority,
"When verses men immortal make," they cry:
Which had it been a recipe true try'd,
Probatum esset, Donne had never dy'd.
For me, if e'er I had least spark at all
Of that, which they poetic fire do call,
Here I confess it fetched from his hearth;
Which is gone out, now he is gone to earth.
This only a poor flash, a lightning is
Before my Muse's death, as after his.
Farewell (fair soul) and deign receive from me
This type of that devotion I owe thee,
From whom (while living) as by voice and pen
I learned more, than from a thousand men;
So by thy death am of one doubt releas'd,
And now believe that miracles are ceas'd.

EPITAPH.

Here lies dean Donne: enough; those words alone
Show him as fully, as if all the stone,
His church of Paul's contains, were through inscrib'd;
Or all the walkers there, to speak him, brib'd.
None can mistake him, for one such as he,
Donne, dean, or man, more none shall ever see.
Not man? No, though unto a Sun each eye
Were turn'd, the whole Earth so to over-spy.
A bold brave word; yet such brave spirits as knew
His spirit, will say, it is less bold than true.

TO

LUCY COUNTESS OF BEDFORD,

WITH MR. DONNE'S SATIRES.

Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
Life of the Muse's day, their morning star,
If works (not th' author's) their own grace should look,
Whose poems would not wish to be your book?
But these, desir'd by you, the maker's ends
Crown with their own. Rare poems ask rare friends.
Yet satires, since the most of mankind be
Their unavoided subject, fewest see:
For none e'er took that pleasure in sin's sense;
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.
They then, that living where the matter 's bred,
Dare for these poems yet both ask and read,

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And like them too, must needfully, though few,
Be of the best: and 'mongst those best are you,
Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
The Muse's evening, as their morning star.

BEN JONSON.

TO JOHN DONNE.

Who shall doubt, Donne, where I a poet be,
When I dare send my epigrams to thee?
That so alone canst judge, so alone make:
And in thy censures evenly dost take
As free simplicity to disavow,
As thou hast best authority t' allow.
Read all I send: and, if I find but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone,
My title's seal'd. Those, that for claps do write,
Let puny's, porter's, player's praise delight,
And, till they burst, their backs like asses load:
A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

BEN JONSON.

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THE

POEMS

OF

BISHOP HALL, D. D.

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THE

LIFE OF JOSEPH HALL, D. D.

BISHOP OF EXETER AND NORWICH.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

Of this author Mr. Warton has remarked, that "so variable are our studies, and so fickle is opinion, that the *poet* is better known than the *prelate* or the *polemic*." But so far is this from being the case, that of many thousands who have read bishop Hall's Meditations and Sermons with pleasure and advantage, few have ever heard that he was a poet, and still fewer that his poems were once proscribed by authority as unfit to be circulated or read; and although the history of his poetry forms a very small part of his life, the latter surely deserves more attention than has been paid to it by the editors of the Biographia Britannica. It would be difficult to mention a prelate of more excellent and distinguished character, or one, of his time, whose talents and misfortunes, whose zeal in prosperity and courage in adversity deserved more honourable mention. Still as he appears in the present collection as a poet only, it will probably not be expected that the following sketch should equal the more ample detail which his theological labours would necessarily demand.

He was born July 1, 1574, in Bristow Park, within the parish of Ashby de la Zouch, in Leicestershire. His father was an officer to Henry earl of Huntingdon, then president of the north, and under him had the government of that town, which was the chief seat of the earldom. His mother was of the family of the Bembridges, and, according to his own account, a woman of great piety. His parents had twelve children; and although disposed to bring up Joseph for the church, were inclined from motives of economy to confine his education to the care of a private tutor. But Mr. Gilby, fellow of Emmanuel College, hearing of this design, represented its disadvantages in such a manner to Mr. Hall's eldest son, that the latter importuned his father that Joseph might be sent to the university, and generously offered to sacrifice part of his inheritance, rather than prevent his brother from enjoying the advantages of academical education. His father, struck with this mark of brotherly affection, declared that, whatever it might cost him, Joseph should be sent to the university.

He was accordingly removed to Cambridge at the age of fifteen, and admitted of Emmanuel College, of which he was chosen scholar, and took the degree of bachelor of arts. His residence, however, was not without its difficulties. In 1591, as his expenses began to be felt in so large a family, he was recalled to fill the office of schoolmaster at

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Ashby de la Zouch, and would have been prevented from ever returning to college, had not Mr. Edmund Sleigh of Derby, an uncle by marriage, offered to defray half the expenses of his residence at Cambridge, until he should attain the degree of master of arts; and this he liberally performed. Another difficulty, however, presented itself. In 1595 his scholarship expired, and the statutes of the college permitting only one person of a county to become fellow, he was about to leave the university a second time, when the earl of Huntingdon prevailed on his countryman and tutor, Mr. Gilby, to resign his fellowship, on promise of being made his lordship's chaplain, and receiving higher promotion. Mr. Gilby consented, and the days of examination for the fellowship were appointed; but before two of the three days of trial had expired, news was brought of the sudden death of the earl, by which event Mr. Gilby was likely to be deprived of the conditions on which he resigned. Alarmed at this, our author with very honourable feeling went to the master of the college, Dr. Chaderton, and stated the case, offering at the same time to leave college, and hoping that Mr. Gilby could be re-admitted. The latter, however, he was told, could not take place, as the fellowship had been declared void, and the election must proceed whether he continued to be a candidate or not. Mr. Hall accordingly went to the third examination, and was unanimously chosen.

In 1596 he took his degree of master of arts, and acquitted himself on every public trial with great reputation. He read also the Rhetoric Lecture in the schools, but resigned it, when he found that it interfered with an object more dear to him, the study of divinity; and soon after entered into holy orders. As we have no account of him when at college, except the few particulars in his Specialities, written by himself, we cannot trace the progress of his Muse. It is not improbable that, like other juvenile poets, he had written some pieces at a very early period of life. All that is certain, however, is, that his Satires were published in 1597 and 1598, in the following order: Virgidemiarum[1], Sixe Bookes. First Three Bookes of Tooth-less Satyrs: 1. Poetical; 2. Academicall; 3. Moral; printed by T. Creede for R. Dexter. The Three last Bookes of Byting Satyrs, by R. Bradock for Dexter, 1598; both parts, 1599.

Soon after his entering into the church, he was recommended by Dr. Chaderton to the lord chief justice Popham, to be master of Tiverton school in Devonshire, then newly founded by Mr. Blundel, but he had scarcely accepted the appointment when lady Drury of Suffeld offered him the rectory of Halsted near St. Edmundsbury, which induced him to relinquish the school. Two years after his settlement at this place, he married a daughter of sir George Winniff of Bretenham.

In 1605 he accompanied sir Edmund Bacon to the Spa, where he composed his Second Century of Meditations, the first having been published before he set out. At Brussels he entered into a conference with Coster the jesuit, and confirmed his own religious persuasion by what he had occasion to see of the practices and actual state of the Romish church, which he states as the principal object that induced him to take this journey. About a year and a half after, happening to be in London, he was invited to preach before prince Henry at Richmond Palace, which he performed so much to his highness's satisfaction that he made him one of his chaplains[2].

His errand to London was a dispute with his patron sir Robert Drury, whom we have

[1] *i. e.* A gathering or harvest of rods. C.

[2] Wood says that on Oct. 30, 1611, he was collated to the archdeaconry of Nottingham upon the promotion of Dr. John King to the see of London. Wood's Ath. vol. i. Fasti. 155. C.

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ticed as the patron of Donne also, but who in Mr. Hall's case does not appear to have ted with liberality or justice. He had detained about ten pounds per annum belonging to the living of Halsted, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the incumbent who assured him that with such a deduction it was an incompetent maintenance, and that he had been obliged to write books in order to be able to buy some. But these arguments did not prevail, and he was about to resign Halsted, when Edward, lord Denny, afterwards earl of Norwich, gave him the donative of Waltham Holy Cross in Essex. About the same time (1612) he took the degree of doctor in divinity.

He now returned home, and resumed his professional duties, happy in having overcome his perplexities, and in the acquisition of a new patron, whom he valued so highly as to refuse the prince's invitation to reside near his person, and in the road to higher preferment. He was afterwards made a prebendary of the collegiate church of Wolverhampton, a very small endowment, but acceptable to our author from the prospect it afforded of public usefulness; and after many law-suits he was the means of recovering some revenues belonging to the church which had been unjustly withheld. He is said by all his biographers to have retained the living of Waltham for twenty-two years, and this assertion is founded on his own words in his Specialties; but as he expressed the time in numerals there may be a mistake in the printing, for if he remained at Waltham twenty-two years, he must have kept that living after he was bishop of Exeter, which is not very probable, especially as we find there were three incumbents on the living of Waltham before the year 1637.

In 1616 he attended the embassy of James Kay, viscount Doncaster, into France, and during his absence king James performed a promise he had made before his setting out, of conferring upon him the deanery of Worcester. In the following year he accompanied his majesty into Scotland as one of his chaplains, but on his return it was insinuated to the king that Dr. Hall leaned too much to the presbyterian interpretation of the five points[1], the discussion of which at that time occupied the attention of the protestant world; on this he was required to give his opinion in writing, and the king was so well satisfied, and so much of his way of thinking, as to command it to be read in the university of Edinburgh. In 1618 he was sent to the synod of Dort, which was summoned by the States General, and consisted of the most eminent divines deputed from the United Provinces, and churches of England, Scotland, Switzerland, &c. its object was to decide the controversy between the Calvinists and Arminians respecting the five points. Dr. Hall's companions on this mission were Dr. Carleton, bishop of Landaff and afterwards of Chichester; Dr. Davenant, master of Queen's College, Cambridge; and Dr. Ward, master of Sidney; but the state of his health requiring his return after about two months, his place was supplied by Dr. Goad. During his short residence, however, he preached a Latin sermon before the synod, and on his departure, among other honourable testimonies of their esteem, received from them a rich gold medal, which is painted suspended on his breast in the fine portrait now in Emmanuel College. It appears by his treatise, entitled Via Media, that he was not extremely rigid with respect to all the five points; but his was not an age for moderation, and no party sought a middle way.

In 1624 he refused the bishopric of Gloucester, but in 1627 accepted that of Exeter,

[1] Viz. Predestination; the extent of Christ's death; man's free-will and corruption; the manner of our conversion to God; and, perseverance. C.

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to which he was consecrated Dec. 23, holding with it in commendam the rectory of St Breock in Cornwall. At this time he appears again to have lain under the suspicion of being a favourer of the puritans. What he says in his defence is worthy of notice. "I entered upon that place (the bishopric) not without much prejudice and suspicion on some hands; for some who sat at the stern of the church, had me in great jealousy for too much favour of puritanism. I soon had intelligence, who were set over me for spies; my ways were curiously observed and scanned.—Some persons of note in the clergy, finding me ever ready to encourage those whom I found conscionably forward and painful in their places, and willingly giving way to orthodox and peaceable lectures, in several parts of my diocese, opened their mouths against me, both obliquely in the pulpits, and directly at the court, complaining of my too much indulgence to persons disaffected, and my too much liberty of frequent lecturings within my charge. The billows went so high, that I was three several times upon my knees to his majesty, to answer these great criminations; and what contest I had with some great lords concerning these particulars, it would be too long to report: only this, under how dark a cloud I was hereupon, I was so sensible, that I plainly told the lord archbishop of Canterbury, (Laud) that rather than I would be obnoxious to these slanderous tongues of his misinformers, I would cast off my rochet: I knew I went right ways, and would not indure to live under undeserved suspicion."

It must be allowed that the religious principles which he inculcated from the pulpit and the press were much more consonant to what the puritans maintained, than the lax Arminianism for which Laud contended; but at the same time bishop Hall's zeal for episcopacy was not inferior to that of any supporter of the church. Few men indeed wrote more, or suffered more, in the cause. He published, even when publishing became hazardous, several able treatises in defence of the liturgy and church discipline, and was the powerful antagonist of Marshall, Calamy, Young, Newcomen, and Spurstow, who wrote a celebrated book called *Smectymnuus*, (a title made up of their initials, christian and surname) and all this he boldly ventured, when the republican party had possessed themselves of the fortresses of civil and ecclesiastical government, and were about to substitute persecution for argument; nor was it long before they made him experience the dangers of a high station in the church.

On the 15th of November 1641, he was translated, by the little power now left to the king, to be bishop of Norwich, but on the 30th of December following, having joined with the archbishop of York, and eleven other prelates, in a protest against the validity of such laws as should be made during their compelled absence from parliament, he was ordered to be sent to the Tower with his brethren, on the 30th of January 1641-2. Shortly after they were impeached by the commons of high treason, and on their appearance in parliament were treated with the utmost rudeness and contempt. The commons, however, did not think fit to prosecute the charge of high treason, having gained their purpose by driving them from the house of lords, and he and his brethren were ordered to be dismissed; but upon another pretext they were again sent to the Tower, and it was not until June following that he was finally released on giving bail for five thousand pounds. He immediately returned to Norwich, and being received with rather more respect than could be hoped for in the then state of popular opinion, he resumed his functions, frequently preaching, as was his custom, to crowded audiences, and enjoying the forbearance of the predominant party till the beginning of April 1643, when the destruction of the church could no longer be delayed. About this time, the ordinance for

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sequestering notorious delinquents having passed, and our prelate being included by name, a distinction which his writings and his popularity had merited, all his rents were stopped, even the half-year then due; and a few days after the sequestrators entered his palace, and began the work of devastation with unfeeling brutality, seizing, at the same time, all his property, real and personal. Some notion of their proceedings may be formed from his own brief account.

"The sequestrators sent certain men appointed by them (whereof one had been burned in the hand) to appraise all the goods that were in my house; which they accordingly executed with all diligent severity, not leaving so much as a dozen of trenchers, or my childrens' pictures, out of their curious inventory. Yea, they would have apprized our very wearing apparel, had not some of them declared their opinion to the contrary. These goods, both library and household stuff of all kinds, were appointed to be exposed to public sale; but in the mean time, Mrs. Goodwin, a religious good gentlewoman, whom yet we had never known or seen, being moved with compassion, very kindly offered to lay down to the sequestrators the whole sum at which the goods were valued; and was pleased to leave them in our hands, for our use, till we might be able to re-purchase them. As for the books, several stationers looked on them, but were not forward to buy. At last, Mr. Cook, a worthy divine of this diocese, gave bond to the sequestrators to pay them the whole sum whereat they were set: which was afterwards satisfied out of that poor pittance which was allowed me for my maintenance."

This "poor pittance" had at first the appearance of liberality, for when he applied to the committee of sequestrators at Norwich, they were either so ashamed of what they had been compelled to do, or entertained so much respect for his character, as to agree that he should have £400 a year out of the revenues of the bishopric. But their employers at the seat of government disdained to vary their proceedings by such an act of generosity, and the Norwich committee were told that they had no power to allow any such thing; but if his wife needed a maintenance, upon her application to the lords and commons she might receive a fifth part. After long delays, this was granted; but the sequestrators produced such confused accounts, that the bishop could never ascertain what a fifth part meant, and was obliged to take what they offered. And that even this pittance might wear the appearance of insult and persecution, after they had cut off all his resources, they demanded assessments and monthly payments for the very estates they had seized, and levied distresses upon him, in spite of every assurance that he had given up all. They even commanded him to find the arms usually furnished by his predecessors, although they had deprived him of all power over his diocese.

While he remained in his palace, he was continually exposed to the insolence of the soldiery and mob, who were plundering and demolishing the windows and monuments of the cathedral. At length he was ordered to leave his house, and would have been exposed to the utmost extremity, had not a neighbour offered him the shelter of his humble roof. Some time after, but by what interest we are not told, the sequestration was taken off a small estate which he rented at Higham, near Norwich, to which he retired. His sufferings had not damped his courage, as, in 1644, we find him preaching in Norwich, whenever he could obtain the use of a pulpit; and, with yet more boldness, in the same year he sent A modest Offer of some meet Considerations, in favour of episcopacy, addressed to the assembly of divines. During the rest of his life he appears to have remained at Higham, unmolested, performing the duties of a faithful pastor, and exercising such hospitality and charity as his scanty means permitted.

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He died September 8, 1656, in the eighty-second year of his age, and was buried in the church-yard of Higham, without any memorial. In his will he says, "I leave my body to be buried without any funeral pomp, at the discretion of my executors, with this only monition, that I do not hold God's house a meet repository for the dead bodies of the greatest saints." His wife died in 1647. He left a family behind, according to Lloyd, of whom Robert, the eldest son, was afterwards a clergyman and D. D.

His prose works were published at various periods, in folio, quarto, and duodecimo. They have lately been collected in a very handsome edition, by the rev. Josiah Pratt, in ten volumes, octavo. The Meditations have been often reprinted. As a moralist, he has been entitled the Christian Seneca; his knowledge of the world, depth of thought, and eloquence of expression, place him nearer our own times than many of his contemporaries, while he adorned his age by learning, piety, and the uniform exercise of all the Christian graces.

Mr. Warton has bestowed more elegant discussion on the merits of bishop Hall, as a poet, than on any of the Elizabethan age; and as this part of his History of Poetry has not been published, it may be considered as possessing the value of a manuscript. No apology can, therefore, be necessary for adopting it in this place.

ANALYSIS

OF

BISHOP HALL'S SATIRES;

BY MR. WARTON.

From the few sheets of Vol. IV. of his History of Poetry, which were printed, but not published.

THESE Satires are marked with a classical precision, to which English poetry had yet rarely attained. They are replete with animation of style and sentiment. The indignation of the satirist is always the result of good sense. Nor are the thorns of severe invective unmixed with the flowers of pure poetry. The characters are delineated in strong and lively colouring, and their discriminations are touched with the masterly traces of genuine humour. The versification is equally energetic and elegant, and the fabric of the couplets approaches to the modern standard. It is no inconsiderable proof of a genius predominating over the general taste of an age when every preacher was a punster, to have written verses, where laughter was to be raised, and the reader to be entertained with sallies of pleasantry, without quibbles and conceits. His chief fault is obscurity, arising from a remote phraseology, constrained combinations, unfamiliar allusions, elliptical apostrophes, and abruptness of expression. Perhaps some will think, that his manner betrays too much of the laborious exactness and pedantic anxiety of the scholar and the

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tudent. Ariosto in Italian, and Regnier in French, were now almost the only modern writers of satire: and I believe there had been an English translation of Ariosto's Satires. But Hall's acknowledged patterns are Juvenal and Persius, not without some touches of the urbanity of Horace. His parodies of these poets, or rather his adaptations of ancient to modern manners, a mode of imitation not unhappily practised by Oldham, Rochester, and Pope, discover great facility and dexterity of invention. The moral gravity and the censorial declamation of Juvenal, he frequently enlivens with a train of more refined reflection, or adorns with a novelty and variety of images.

In the opening of his general Prologue, he expresses a decent consciousness of the difficulty and danger of his new undertaking. The laurel which he sought had been unworn, and it was not to be won without hazard.

> I first adventure, with fool-hardy might,
> To tread the steps of perilous despight:
> I first adventure, follow me who list,
> And be the second English satirist.

His first book, containing nine Satires, is aimed at the numerous impotent yet fashionable scribblers with which his age was infested. It must be esteemed a curious and valuable picture, drawn from real life, of the abuses of poetical composition which then prevailed; and which our author has at once exposed with the wit of a spirited satirist, and the good taste of a judicious critic. Of Spenser, who could not have been his contemporary at Cambridge, as some have thought, but perhaps was his friend, he constantly speaks with respect and applause.

I avail myself of a more minute analysis of this book, not only as displaying the critical talents of our satirist, but as historical of the poetry of the present period, and illustrative of my general subject. And if, in general, I should be thought too copious and prolix in my examination of these Satires, my apology must be, my wish to revive a neglected writer of real genius, and my opinion, that the first legitimate author in our language of a species of poetry of the most important and popular utility, which our countrymen have so successfully cultivated, and from which Pope derives his chief celebrity, deserved to be distinguished with a particular degree of attention.

From the first Satire, which I shall exhibit at length, we learn what kinds of pieces were then most in fashion, and in what manner they were written. They seem to have been tales of love and chivalry, amatorial sonnets, tragedies, comedies, and pastorals.

> Nor ladie's wanton loue, nor wandering knight,
> Legend I out in rimes all richly dight:
> Nor fright the reader, with the pagan vaunt
> Of mighty Mahound, and great Termagaunt [1].
> Nor list I sonnet of my mistress' face,
> To paint some Blowesse [2] with a borrow'd grace.
> Nor can I bide [3] to pen some hungrie [4] scene
> For thick-skin ears, and undiscerning eene:

---

[1] Saracen divinities.

[2] In modern ballads, Blousilinda, or Blousibella. Doctor Johnson interprets blouze, a ruddy fat-faced wench. Dict. in V.

[3] Abide, bear, endure.

[4] Perhaps the true reading is angrie, that is, impassioned. These Satires have been most carelessly printed.

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Nor euer could my scornfull Muse abide
With tragicke shoes[5] her anckles for to hide.
Nor can I crouch, and withe my fawning tayle,
To some great patron, for my best auayle.
Such hunger-starven trencher poetrie[6],
Or let it neuer liue, or timely die!
Nor vnder euerie bank, and euerie tree,
Speake rimes vnto mine oaten minstrelsie:
Nor carol out so pleasing liuely laies
As might the Graces moue my mirth to praise[7].
Trumpet, and reeds, and socks, and buskins fine,
I them bequeathe[8], whose statues th' wandring twine
Of iuie, mix'd with bayes, circles around,
Their liuing temples likewise lawrel-bound.
Rather had I, albe in careless rimes,
Check the misorder'd world, and lawless times.
Nor need I craue the Muse's midwifry,
To bring to birth so worthless poetry.
Or, if we list[9], what baser Muse can bide
To sit and sing by Granta's naked side?
They haunt the tided Thames and salt Medway,
Ever since the fame of their late bridal day.
Nought have we here but willow-shaded shore,
To tell our Grant his bankes are left forlore[10].

The compliment in the close to Spenser, is introduced and turned with singular address and elegance. The allusion is to Spenser's beautiful episode of the marriage of Thames and Medway, recently published, in 1595, in the fourth book of the second part of The Fairy Queen[11]. "But had I," says the poet, "been inclined to invoke the assistance of a Muse, what Muse, even of a lower order, is there now to be found, who would condescend to sit and sing on the desolated margin of the Cam? The Muses frequent other rivers, ever since Spenser celebrated the nuptials of Thames and Medway. Cam has now nothing on his banks but willows, the types of desertion."

I observe here, in general, that Thomas Hudson and Henry Lock were the Bavius and Mevius of this age. In The Return from Parnassus, 1606, they are thus consigned to oblivion by Judicio. "Locke and Hudson, sleep you quiet shavers among the shavings of the press, and let your books lie in some old nook amongst old boots and shoes, so you may avoid my censure[12]." Hudson translated into English Du Bartas's poem of Judith and Holofernes, in which is this couplet:

And at her eare a pearle of greater valew
There hung, than that th' Egyptian queene did swallow.

Yet he is commended by Harrington for making this translation in a "verie good and

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[5] Buskins. [6] Poetry written by hirelings for bread. [7] Perhaps this couplet means comedy.

[8] Heroic poetry, pastorals, comedy, and tragedy, I leave to the celebrated established masters in those different kinds of composition, such as Spenser and Shakspeare; unless the classic poets are intended. The imitation from Persius's Prologue is obvious.

[9] Or, even if I was willing to invoke a Muse, &c.

[10] B. i. 1. f. 1. edit. 1599. [11] B. iv. C. xi. [12] A. i. S. ii.

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sweet English verse [13]," and is largely cited in England's Parnassus, 1600. Lock applied the sonnet to a spiritual purpose, and substituting Christian love in the place of amorous passion, made it the vehicle of humiliation, holy comfort, and thanksgiving. This book he dedicated, under the title of The Passionate Present, to queen Elizabeth, who, perhaps, from the title, expected to be entertained with a subject of a very different nature [14].

In the second Satire, our author poetically laments that the nine Muses are no longer vestal virgins.

> Whilom the Muses nine were vestal maides,
> And held their temple in the secret shades
> Of faire Parnassvs, that two-headed hill
> Whose avncient fame the southern world did fill:
> And in the stead of their eternal fame
> Was the cool stream, that took his endless name
> From out the fertile hoof of winged steed:
> There did they sit, and do their holy deed
> That pleas'd both Heaven and Earth.....

He complains, that the *rabble of rymesters new* have engrafted the myrtle on the bay; and that poetry, departing from its ancient moral tendency, has been unnaturally perverted to the purposes of corruption and impurity. The Muses have changed, in defiance of chastity,

> Their modest stole to garish looser weed,
> Deckt with loue-fauours, their late whoredom's meed—

while the pellucid spring of Pyrene is converted into a poisonous and muddy puddle,

> .....Whose infectious staine
> Corrupteth all the lowly fruitfull plaine [15].

Marlow's Ovid's Elegies, and some of the dissolute sallies of Green and Nash, seem to be here pointed out. I know not of any edition of Marston's Pygmalion's Image before the year 1598; and the Caltha Poetarum, or Bumble-Bee, one of the most exceptionable books of this kind, written by T. Cutwode, appeared in 1599 [16]. Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis, published in 1593, had given great offence to the graver readers of English verse [17].

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[13] Transl. Orl. Fur. Notes, B. xxxv. p. 296. 1633. Hence, or from an old play, the name of Holofernes got into Shakspeare.

[14] I have before cited this collection, which appeared in 1597, vol. iii. 445. That was a second edition. To his Ecclesiastes there is a recommendatory poem by Lilly. Some of David's Psalms in verse appear with his name the same year.

[15] B. i. 2. f. 4.

[16] To R. Olave, April 17, 1599. Registr. Station. C. f. 50. b.

[17] This we learn from a poem entitled, A Scourge for Paper Persecutors, by J. D. with an Inquisition against Paper Persecutors by A. H. Lond. for H. H. 1625, 4to. Signat. A. 3.

> Making lewd Venus with eternall lines
> To tye Adonis to her loues designes:
> Fine wit is shown therein, but finer 't were
> If not attired in such bawdy geere:
> But be it as it will, the coyest dames
> In priuate reade it for their closet-games.

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In the subsequent Satire, our author more particularly censures the intemperance of his brethren; and illustrates their absolute inability to write, till their imaginations were animated by wine, in the following apt and witty comparison, which is worthy of Young.

As frozen dunghills in a winter's morn,
That void of vapours seemed all beforn,
Soon as the Sun sends out his piercing beams,
Exhale forth filthy smoak, and stinking steams;
So doth the base and the fore-barren brain,
Soon as the raging wine begins to raign.

In the succeeding lines, he confines his attack to Marlow, eminent for his drunken frolics, who was both a player and a poet, and whose tragedy of Tamerlane the Great, represented before the year 1588, published in 1590, and confessedly one of the worst of his plays, abounds in bombast. Its false splendour was also burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher in The Coxcomb; and it has these two lines, which are ridiculed by Pistol, in Shakspeare's King Henry the Fourth [18], addressed to the captive princes who drew Tamerlane's chariot:

Holla, you pamper'd jades of Asia,
What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day?

We should, in the mean time, remember, that by many of the most skilful of our dramatic writers, tragedy was now thought almost essentially and solely to consist, in the pomp of declamation, in sounding expressions, and unnatural amplifications of style. But to proceed:

One, higher pitch'd, doth set his soaring thought
On crowned kings that fortune low hath brought;
Or some vpreared high-aspiring swaine,
As it might be the Turkish Tamberlaine [19]:
Then weeneth he his base drink-drowned spright
Rapt to the threefold loft of Heauen's hight:
When he conceiues upon his faigned stage
The stalking steps of his great personage
Graced with huff-cap termes, and thundering threats,
That his poor hearers hair qvite vpright sets,
So soon as some braue-minded hungrie youth
Sees fitly frame to his wide-strained mouth,

See also Freeman's Epigrams, the second part, entitled, Run and a great Cast. Lond. 1614, 4to. Epigr. 92. Signat. K. 3.

TO MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare, that nimble Mercury thy braine, &c.
Who list reade lust, there 's Venus and Adonis,
True model of a most lasciuious letcher.

[18] A. ii. S. iv.

[19] There is a piece entered to R. Jones, Aug. 14, 1590, entitled, Comicall Discourses of Tamberlain the Cithian [Scythian] Shepherd. Registr. Station, B. f. 262. b. Probably the story of Tamerlane was introduced into our early drama from the following publication: The Historie of the great Emperour Tamerlane, drawn from the antient Monuments of the Arabians. By messire Jean du Bec, abbot of Mortimer. Translated into English by H. M. London, for W. Ponsonbie, 1597, 4to. I cite from a second edition.

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He vaunts his voice vpon a hired stage,
With high-set steps and princelie carriage.—
There if he can with termes Italianate,
Big-sounding sentences, and words of state,
Faire patch me vp his pure iambicke verse,
He rauishes the gazing scoffolders[20].

But, adds the critical satirist, that the minds of the astonished audience may not be too powerfully impressed with the terrours of tragic solemnity, a Vice, or buffoon, is suddenly and most seasonably introduced.

Now lest such frightful shews of fortvne's fall,
And bloody tyrant's rage, should chance appall
The dead-struck audience, mid the silent rout
Comes leaping in a self-misformed lout,
And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimic face,
And jostles straight into the prince's place.——
A goodlie hotch-potch, when vile russetings
Are match'd with monarchs, and with mighty kings:
A goodly grace to sober tragick Muse,
When each base clowne his clumsy fist doth bruise[21]!

To complete these genuine and humorous anecdotes of the state of our stage in the reign of Elizabeth, I make no apology for adding the paragraph immediately following, which records the infancy of theatric criticism.

Meanwhile our poets, in high parliament,
Sit watching euerie word and gesturement,
Like curious censors of some doutie gear,
Whispering their verdict in their fellows ear.
Woe to the word, whose margin in their scrole[22]
Is noted with a black condemning coal!
But if each period might the synod please,
Ho! bring the ivie boughs, and bands of bayes[23].

In the beginning of the next Satire, he resumes this topic. He seems to have conceived a contempt for blank verse; observing that the English iambic is written with little trouble, and seems rather a spontaneous effusion, than an artificial construction.

Too popular is tragick poesie,
Straining his tiptoes for a farthing fee;
And doth, beside, on rimeless numbers tread:
Unbid iambicks flow from careless head.

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[20] Those who sate on the scaffold, a part of the play-house which answered to our upper-gallery. So again, B. iv. 2. f. 13.

When a craz'd scaffold, and a rotten stage,
Was all rich Nenius his heritage.

See the conformation of our old English theatre accurately investigated in the Supplement to Shakespeare, i. 9. seq. [See supr. vol. iii. 327.]

[21] In striking the benches to express applause. [22] Copy. [23] B. i. 3. f. 8.

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He next inveighs against the poet, who

> ..... in high heroic rimes
> Compileth worm-eat stories of old times.

To these antique tales he condemns the application of the extravagant enchantments of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, particularly of such licentious fictions as the removal of Merlin's tomb from Wales into France, or Tuscany, by the magic operations of the sorceress Melissa [24]. The Orlando had been just now translated by Harrington.

> And maketh up his hard-betaken tale
> With strange inchantments, fetch'd from darksom vale
> Of some Melissa, who by magick doom
> To Tuscans soile transporteth Merlin's tomb.

But he suddenly checks his career, and retracts his thoughtless temerity in presuming to blame such themes as had been immortalised by the Fairy Muse of Spenser.

> But let no rebel satyr dare traduce
> Th' eternal legends of thy Faerie Muse,
> Renowned Spenser! whom no earthly wight
> Dares once to emulate, much less dares despight.
> Salust [25] of France, and Tuscan Ariost,
> Yield vp the lawrell garland ye haue lost [26]!

In the fifth, he ridicules the whining ghosts of The Mirrour of Magistrates, which the ungenerous and unpitying poet sends back to Hell, without a penny to pay Charon for their return over the river Styx [27].

In the sixth, he laughs at the hexametrical versification of the Roman prosody, so contrary to the genius of our language, lately introduced into English poetry by Stanihurst the translator of Virgil, and patronised by Gabriel Harvey and sir Philip Sidney.

> Another scorns the homespun thread of rimes,
> Match'd with the lofty feet of elder times.
> Giue me the numbred verse that Virgil sung,
> And Virgil's selfe shall speake the English tounge.—
> The nimble dactyl striving to outgo
> The drawling spondees, pacing it below:
> The lingering spondees labouring to delay
> The breathless dactyls with a sudden stay [28].

His own lines on the subject are a proof that English verse wanted to borrow no graces from the Roman.

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[24] See Orl. Fur. iii. 10. xxvi. 39.

[25] Du Bartas.

[26] B. i. 4. f. 11. In the stanzas called A Defiance to Envy, prefixed to the Satires, he declares his reluctance and inability to write pastorals after Spenser.

> At Colin's feet I throw my yielding reede.

But in some of those stanzas in which he means to ridicule the pastoral, he proves himself admirably qualified for this species of poetry.

[28] B. i. 6. f. 13, 14.

[27] B. i. 5. f. 12.

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The false and foolish compliments of the sonnet-writer, are the object of the seventh Satire.

> Be she all sooty black, or berry brown,
> She 's white as morrow's milk, or flakes new-blown.

He judges it absurd, that the world should be troubled with the history of the smiles or frowns of a lady; as if all mankind were deeply interested in the privacies of a lover's heart, and the momentary revolutions of his hope and despair[29].

In the eighth, our author insinuates his disapprobation of sacred poetry, and the metrical versions of scripture, which were encouraged and circulated by the puritans. He glances at Robert Southwell's Saint Peter's Complaint[30], in which the saint *weeps pure Helicon*, published this year, and the same writer's Funerall Teares of the Two Maries. He then, but without mentioning his name, ridicules Markham's Sion's Muse, a translation of Solomon's Song[31]. Here, says our satirical critic, Solomon assumes the character of a modern sonnetteer; and celebrates the sacred spouse of Christ with the levities and in the language of a lover singing the praises of his mistress[32].

The hero of the next Satire I suspect to be Robert Greene, who practised the vices which he so freely displayed in his poems. Greene, however, died three or four years before the publication of these Satires[33]. Nor is it very likely that he should have been, as Oldys has suggested in some manuscript papers, Hall's contemporary at Cambridge, for he was incorporated into the university of Oxford, as a master of arts from Cambridge, in July, under the year 1588[34]. But why should we be solicitous to recover a name, which indecency, most probably joined with dulness, has long ago deservedly delivered to oblivion? Whoever he was, he is surely unworthy of these elegant lines:

> Envy, ye Muses, at your thriving mate!
> Cupid hath crowned a new laureate.
> I sawe his statue gayly tir'd in green,
> As if he had some second Phebus been:
> His statue trimm'd with the Venerean tree,
> And shrined fair within your sanctuary.
> What he, that erst to gain the rhyming goal, &c.

He then proceeds, with a liberal disdain, and with an eye on the stately buildings of his university, to reprobate the Muses for this unworthy profanation of their dignity.

> Take this, ye Muses, this so high despight,
> And let all hatefull, luckless birds of night,
> Let screeching owles nest in your razed roofs;
> And let your floor with horned satyr's hoofs
> Be dinted and defiled euerie morn,
> And let your walls be an eternal scorn!

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[29] B. i. 7. f. 15.

[30] Wood says that this poem was written by Davies of Hereford. Ath. Oxon. i. 445. But he had given it to Southwell, p. 334.

[31] See supr. vol. iii. p. 318.

[32] B. i. 8. f. 17.

[33] In 1593, Feb. 1, a piece is entered to Danter called Greene's Funerall. Registr. Station. B. f. 304. b.

[34] Registr. Univ. Oxon. sub ann.

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His execration of the infamy of adding to the mischiefs of obscenity, by making it the subject of a book, is strongly expressed.

> What if some Shoreditch[35] fury shoud incite
> Some lust-stung lecher, must he needs *indite*
> The beastly rites of hired uenery,
> The whole world's vniuersal bawd to be?
> Did neuer yet no damned libertine,
> Nor older heathen, nor new Florentine[36], &c.

Our poets, too frequently the children of idleness, too naturally the lovers of pleasure, began now to be men of the world, and affected to mingle in the dissipations and debaucheries of the metropolis. To support a popularity of character, not so easily attainable in the obscurities of retirement and study, they frequented taverns, became libertines and buffoons, and exhilarated the circles of the polite and the profligate. Their way of life gave the colour to their writings: and what had been the favourite topic of conversation, was sure to please, when recommended by the graces of poetry. Add to this, that poets now began to write for hire, and a rapid sale was to be obtained at the expense of the purity of the reader's mind[37]. The author of The Return from Parnassus, acted in 1606, says of Drayton, a true genius, "However, he wants one true note of a poet of our times, and that is this: he cannot swagger it well in a tavern[38]."

The first Satire of the second book properly belongs to the last. In it, our author continues his just and pointed animadversions on immodest poetry, and hints at some pernicious versions from the Facetiæ of Poggius Florentinus, and from Rabelais. The last couplet of the passage I am going to transcribe, is most elegantly expressive.

> But who conjur'd this bawdie Poggie's ghost
> From out the stewes of his lewde home-bred coast;
> Or wicked Rablais' drunken reuellings[39],
> To grace the misrule of our tauernings?
> Or who put bayes into blind Cupid's fist,
> That he should crowne what laureates him list[40]?

By *tauernings*, he means the increasing fashion of frequenting taverns, which seem to have multiplied with the play-houses. As new modes of entertainment sprung up, and new places of public resort became common, the people were more often called together, and the scale of convivial life in London was enlarged. From the play-house they went to the tavern. In one of Decker's pamphlets, printed in 1609, there is a cu-

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[35] A part of the town notorious for brothels.

[36] Peter Aretine.

[37] Harrington has an Epigram on this subject. Epigr. B. i. 40.

> Poets hereaft for pensions need not care,
> Who call you beggars, you may call them lyars;
> Verses are grown svch merchantable ware,
> That now for sonnets, sellers are and buyers.

And again, he says a poet was paid "two crownes a sonnet." Epigr. B. i. 39.

[38] A. i. S. ii.

[39] Harvey, in his Foure Letters, 1592, mentions "the fantasticall mould of Aretine or Rabelays." p. 48. Aretine is mentioned in the last Satire.

[40] B. ii. 1. f. 25.

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rious chapter, "How a yong Gallant should behave himself in an Ordinarie[42]." One of the most expensive and elegant meetings of this kind in London is here described. It appears that the company dined so very late, as at half an hour after-eleven in the morning; and that it was the fashion to ride to this polite symposium on a Spanish jennet, a servant running before with his master's cloke. After dinner, they went on horseback to the newest play. The same author, in his Belman's Night Walkes[43], a lively description of London, almost two centuries ago, gives the following instructions: "Haunt tavernes, there shalt thou find prodigalls: pay thy two-pence to a player in his gallerie, there shalt thou sit by an harlot. At ordinaries thou maist dine with silken fooles[43]."

In the second Satire, he celebrates the wisdom and liberality of our ancestors, in erecting magnificent mansions for the accommodation of scholars, which yet at present have little more use than that of reproaching the rich with their comparative neglect of learning. The verses have much dignity, and are equal to the subject.

To what end did our lavish auncestours
Erect of old those statelie piles of ours?
For thread-bare clerks, and for the ragged Muse,
Whom better fit some cotes of sad secluse?
Blush, niggard Age, be asham'd to see
Those monuments of wiser auncestrie!
And ye, faire heapes, the Muses sacred shrines,
In spight of time, and enuious repines,
Stand still, and flourish till the world's last day,
Vpraiding it with former loue's[44] decay.
What needes me care for anie bookish skill,
To blot white paper with my restlesse quill:
To pere on painted leaues, or beate my braine
With far-fetch'd thought: or to consume in vaine
In latter euen, or midst of winter nights,
Ill-smelling oyles, or some still-watching lights, &c.

He concludes his complaint of the general disregard of the literary profession, with a spirited paraphrase of that passage of Persius, in which the philosophy of the pro-

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[42] Dekker's Guls Horne Book, p. 22. There is an old quarto, The Meetings of Gallants at an Ordinarie, or the Walkes of Powles; 1604. Jonson says of lieutenant Shift, Epigr. xii.

He steales to ordinaries, there he playes
At dice his borrowed money.....

And in Cynthia's Revells, 1600, "You must frequent ordinaries a month more, to initiate yourself." A. iii. S. i.

[42] The title-page is O per se O, or A newe Cryer of Langthorne and Candle Light, &c. Lond. 1612. 4to. Bl. Lett. For J. Busbie. There is a later edition 1620, 4to.

[43] Ch. ii. Again, in the same writer's Belman of London bringing to light the most notorious Villanies that are now practised in the Kingdom, signat. E. 3: "At the best ordinaries where your only gallants spend afternoones, &c." Edit. 1608, 4to. Bl. Lett. Printed at London for N. Butter. This is called a second edition. There was another, 1616, 4to. This piece is called, by a contemporary writer, the most witty, elegant, and eloquent display of the vices of London then extant. W. Fennor's Compter's Commonwealth, 1617, 4to. p. 16.

[44] Of learning.

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found Arcesilaus, and of the *ærumnosi Solones*, is proved to be of so little use and estimation[45].

In the third, he laments the lucrative injustice of the law, while ingenuous science is without emolument or reward. The exordium is a fine improvement of his original.

> Who doubts, the laws fell downe from Heauen's hight,
> Like to some gliding starre in winter's night?
> Themis, the scribe of god, did long agone
> Engrave them deepe in during marble stone:
> And cast them downe on this unruly clay,
> That men might know to rule and to obey.

The interview between the anxious client and the rapacious lawyer is drawn with much humour; and shows the authoritative superiority, and the mean subordination, subsisting between the two characters, at that time.

> The crowching client, with low-bended knee,
> And manie worships, and faire flatterie,
> Tells on his tale as smoothly as him list;
> But still the lawyer's eye squints on his fist:
> If that seem lined with a larger fee,
> "Doubt not the suite, the law is plaine for thee."
> Though[46] must he buy his vainer hope with price,
> Disclout his crownes[47], and thanke him for advice[48].

The fourth displays the difficulties and discouragements of the physician. Here we learn, that the *sick lady* and the *gouty peer* were then topics of the ridicule of the satirist.

> The sickly ladie, and the gowtie peere,
> Still would I haunt, that loue their life so deere:
> Where life is deere, who cares for coyned drosse?
> That spent is counted gaine, and spared losse.

He thus laughs at the quintessence of a sublimated mineral elixir.

> Each powdred graine ransometh captive kings,
> Purchaseth realmes, and life prolonged brings[49].

---

[45] B. ii. 2. f. 28. In the last line of this Satire he says,

> Let swinish Grill delight in dunghill clay.

Gryllus is one of Ulysses's companions transformed into a hog by Circe, who refuses to be restored to his human shape. But perhaps the allusion is immediately to Spenser. Fair. Qu. ii. 12. 81.

[46] Yet even.

[47] Pull them out of his purse.

[48] B. ii. 3. f. 31. I cite a couplet from this Satire to explain it.

> Genus and Species long since barfoote went
> Upon their tentoes in wilde wonderment, &c.

This is an allusion to an old distich, made and often quoted in the age of scholastic science.

> Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores,
> Sed Genus et Species cogitur ire pedes.

That is, the study of medicine produces riches, and jurisprudence leads to stations and offices of honour: while the professor of logic is poor, and obliged to walk on foot.

[49] B. ii. 4. f. 35.

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Imperial oils, golden cordials, and universal panaceas, are of high antiquity: and perhaps the puffs of quackery were formerly more ostentatious than even at present, before the profession of medicine was freed from the operations of a spurious and superstitious alchymy, and when there were mystics in philosophy as well as in religion. Paracelsus was the father of empericism.

From the fifth we learn, that advertisements of a *living wanted* were affixed on one of the doors of Saint Paul's cathedral.

> Sawst thou ere Siquis[50] patch'd on Paul's church dore,
> To gaine some vacant vicarage before?

The sixth, one of the most perspicuous and easy, perhaps the most humorous, in the whole collection, and which I shall therefore give at length, exhibits the servile condition of a domestic preceptor in the family of an esquire. Several of the Satires of this second book, are intended to show the depressed state of modest and true genius, and the inattention of men of fortune to literary merit.

> A gentle squire would gladly entertaine
> Into his house some trencher-chapelaine[51];
> Some willing man, that might instruct his sons,
> And that would stand to good conditions.
> First, that he lie vpon the truckle-bed,
> While his young maister lieth o'er his head[52]:
> Second, that he do, upon no default,
> Neuer presume to sit aboue the salt[53]:

---

[50] Siquis was the first word of advertisements, often published on the doors of Saint Paul's. Decker says, "The first time that you enter into Paules, pass thorough the body of the church like a porter; yet presume not to fetch so much as one whole turne in the middle ile, nor to cast an eye vpon Siquis doore, pasted and plaistered vp with seruingmens supplications, &c." The Guls Horne Booke, 1609. p. 21. And in Wroth's Epigrams, 1620, Epigr. 93,

> A mery Greeke set vp a Siquis late,
> To signifie a stranger come to towne
> Who could great noses, &c.

[51] Or, a table-chaplain. In the same sense we have *trencher-knight*, in Love's Labour 's Lost.

[52] This indulgence allowed to the pupil, is the reverse of a rule anciently practised in our universities. In the statutes of Corpus Christi College at Oxford, given in 1516, the scholars are ordered to sleep respectively under the beds of the fellows, in a truckle-bed, or small bed shifted about upon wheels. "Sit unum [cubile] altius, et aliud humile et rotale, et in altiori cubet socius, in altero semper discipulus." Cap. xxxvii. Much the same injunction is ordered in the statutes of Magdalen College, Oxford, given 1459. "Sint duo lecti principales, et duo lecti rotales, *trookyll beddys* vulgariter nuncupati, &c." Cap. xlv. And in those of Trinity College, Oxford, given 1556, where *troccle bed*, the old spelling of the word *truckle bed*, ascertains the etymology from *troclea*, a wheel. Cap. xxvi. In an old comedy, The Return from Parnassus, acted at Cambridge in 1606, Amoretto says, "When I was in Cambridge, and lay in a trundle-bed under my tutor, &c." A. ii. Sc. vi.

[53] Towards the head of the table was placed a large and lofty piece of plate, the top of which, in a broad cavity, held the salt for the whole company. One of these stately saltcellars is still preserved, and in use, at Winchester College. With this idea, we must understand the following passage, of a table meanly decked, B. vi. i. f. 83:

> Now shalt thou never see the salt beset
> With a big-bellied gallon flagonet.

In Jonson's Cynthia's Revells, acted in 1600, it is said of an affected coxcomb, "His fashion is, not to take knowledge of him that is beneath him in clothes. He never drinkes *below the salt*." A. i. S. ii.

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Third, that he never change his trencher twise;
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies:
Sit bare at meales, and one half rise and wait:
Last, that he never his yong maister beat;
But he must aske his mother to define
How manie jerks she would his breech should line.
All these observ'd, he could contented be,
To give five markes, and winter liverie[54].

From those who despised learning, he makes a transition to those who abused or degraded it by false pretences. Judicial astrology is the subject of the seventh Satire. He supposes that Astrology was the daughter of one of the Egyptian midwives, and that having been nursed by Superstition, she assumed the garb of Science.

That now, who pares his nailes, or libs his swine?
But he must first take counsel of the signe.

Again, of the believer in the stars, he says,

His feare or hope, for plentie or for lack,
Hangs all vpon his new-years's *Almanack*.
If chance once in the spring his head should ake,
It was fortold: "thus says mine *Almanack*."

The numerous astrological tracts, particularly pieces called Prognostications, published in the reign of queen Elizabeth, are a proof how strongly the people were infatuated with this sort of divination. One of the most remarkable, was a treatise written in the year 1582, by Richard Harvey, brother to Gabriel Harvey, a learned astrologer of Cambridge, predicting the portentous conjunction of the primary planets, Saturn and Jupiter, which was to happen the next year. It had the immediate effect of throwing the whole kingdom into the most violent consternation. When the fears of the people were over, Nash published a droll account of their opinions and apprehensions while this formidable phenomenon was impending; and Elderton a ballad-maker, and Tarleton the comedian, joined in the laugh. This was the best way of confuting the impertinencies of the science of the stars. True knowledge must have been beginning to dawn, when these profound fooleries became the objects of wit and ridicule[55].

The opening of the first Satire of the third book, which is a contrast of ancient parsimony with modern luxury, is so witty, so elegant, and so poetical an enlargement of a shining passage in Juvenal, that the reader will pardon another long quotation.

So Dekker, Guls Horne Booke, p. 26: "At your twelue penny ordinarie, you may giue any iustice of the peace, or young knight, if he sit but one degree towards the equinoctiall of the saltsellar, leaue to pay for the wine, &c." See more illustrations, in Reed's Old Plays, edit. 1780, vol. iii. 285. In Parrot's Springes for Woodcockes, 1613, a guest complains of the indignity of being degraded below the salt. Lib. ii. Epigr. 188;

And swears that he below the salt was sett.

[54] B. ii. 6, f. 38.

[55] See Nash's Apology of Peers Penniless, &c. Lond. 1593, 4to. f. 11.

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Time was, and that was term'd the time of gold,
When world and time were young, that now are old:
When quiet Saturne sway'd the mace of lead,
And pride was yet unborne, and yet unbred.
Time was, that whiles the autumne-fall did last,
Our hungrie sires gap'd for the falling mast.
Could no unhusked akorne leaue the tree,
But there was challenge made whose it might be.
And if some nice and liquorous appetite
Desir'd more daintie dish of rare delite,
They scal'd the stored crab with clasped knee,
Till they had sated their delicious ee.
Or search'd the hopefull thicks of hedgy-rows,
For brierie berries, hawes, or sowrer sloes:
Or when they meant to fare the fin'st of all,
They lick'd oake-leaues besprint with hony-fall.
As for the thrise three-angled beech-nut shell,
Or chesnut's armed huske, and hid kernell,
Nor squire durst touch, the lawe would not afford,
Kept for the court, and for the king's owne board.
Their royall plate was clay, or wood, or stone,
The vulgar, saue his hand, else he had none.
Their onlie cellar was the neighbour brooke,
None did for better care, for better looke.
Was then no 'plaining of the brewer's scape[16],
Nor greedie vintner mix'd the strained grape.
The king's pavilion was the grassie green,
Vnder safe shelter of the shadie treen.——
But when, by Ceres' huswifrie and paine,
Men learn'd to burie the reuiuing graine,
And father Janus taught the new-found vine
Rise on the elme, with manie a friendly twine:
And base desire bade men to deluen lowe
For needlesse metalls, then gan mischief growe:
Then farewell, fayrest age! &c.——

He then, in the prosecution of a sort of poetical philosophy, which prefers civilized to savage life, wishes for the nakedness or the furs of our simple ancestors, in comparison of the fantastic fopperies of the exotic apparel of his own age.

They naked went, or clad in ruder hide,
Or homespun russet void of foraine pride.
But thou canst maske in garish gawderie,
To suite a fool's far-fetched liuerie.
A Frenche head joyn'd to necke Italian,
Thy thighs from Germanie, and breast from Spain:
An Englishman in none, a foole in all,
Many in one, and one in seuerall[17].

One of the vanities of the age of Elizabeth was the erection of monuments, equally costly and cumbersome, charged with a waste of capricious decorations, and loaded with superfluous and disproportionate sculpture. They succeeded to the rich solemnity of the

[16] Cheats. [17] B. iii. 1, f. 45.

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gothic shrine, which yet, amid the profusion of embellishments, preserved uniform principles of architecture.

In the second Satire, our author moralizes on these empty memorials, which were alike allotted to illustrious or infamous characters.

> Some stately tombe he builds, Egyptian-wise,
> Rex Regum written on the pyramis:
> Whereas great Arthur lies in ruder oke,
> That neuer felt aught but the feller's stroke[58],
> Small honour can be got with gaudie graue,
> A rotten name from death it cannot saue.
> The fairer tombe, the fowler is thy name,
> The greater pompe procuring greater shame.
> Thy monument make thou thy living deeds,
> No other tomb than that true virtue needs!
> What, had he nought whereby he might be knowne,
> But costly pilements of some curious stone?
> The matter nature's, and the workman's frame
> His purse's cost:—where then is Osmond's name?
> Deservedst thou ill? well were thy name and thee,
> Wert thou inditched in great secrecie;
> Whereas no passengers might curse thy dust, &c[59].

The third is the description of a citizen's feast, to which he was invited,

> With hollow words, and ouerly[60] request.

But the great profusion of the entertainment was not the effect of liberality, but a hint that no second invitation must be expected. The effort was too great to be repeated. The guest who dined at this table often, had only a single dish[61].

The fourth is an arraignment of ostentatious piety, and of those who strove to push themselves into notice and esteem by petty pretensions. The illustrations are highly humorous.

> Who euer giues a paire of velvet shoes
> To th' holy rood[62], or liberally allowes
> But a new rope to ring the curfew bell?
> But he desires that his great deed may dwell,
> Or grauen in the chancell-window glasse,
> Or in the lasting tombe of plated brasse,

The same affectation appeared in dress.

> Nor can good Myron weare on his left hond,
> A signet ring of Bristol-diamond;

---

[58] He alludes to the discovery of king Arthur's body in Glastonbury Abbey. Lately, in digging up a barrow or tumulus on the downs near Dorchester, the body of a Danish chief, as it seemed, was found in the hollow trunk of a huge oak for a coffin.

[59] B. iii. 2. f. 50. [60] Slight; shallow. [61] B. iii. 3. f. 52.

[62] In a gallery over the screen, at entering the choir, was a large crucifix, or rood, with the images of the holy Virgin and saint John. The velvet shoes were for the feet of Christ on the cross, or of one of the attendant figures. A rich lady sometimes bequeathed her wedding-gown, with necklace and ear-rings, to dress up the Virgin Mary. This place was called the rood-loft.

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But he must cut his gloue to show his pride,
That his trim jewel might be better spied:
And, that men might some burgesse[63] him repute,
With sattin sleeves hath[64] grac'd his sacke-cloth suit[65].

The fifth is a droll portrait of the distress of a *lustie courtier*, or fine gentleman, whose periwinkle, or peruke, was suddenly blown off by a boisterous puff of wind while he was making his bows[66].

He lights, and runs and quicklie hath him sped
To ouertake his ouer-running head, &c.

These are our satirist's reflections on this disgraceful accident.

Fie on all courtesie, and unruly windes,
Two only foes that faire disguisement findes!
Strange curse, but fit for such a fickle age,
When scalpes are subject to such vassalage!—
Is 't not sweet pride, when men their crownes must shade
With that which jerkes the hams of everie jade[67]!

In the next, is the figure of a famished gallant, or beau, which is much better drawn than in any of the comedies of those times. His hand is perpetually on the hilt of his rapier. He picks his teeth, but has dined with duke Humphry[68]. He professes to keep a plentiful and open house for every *straggling cavaliere*, where the dinners are long and enlivened with music, and where many a gay youth, with a high-plumed hat, chooses to dine, much rather than to pay his shilling. He is so emaciated for want of eating,

---

[63] Some rich citizen. [64] That is, *he* hath, &c. [65] B. iii. 4. f. 55.

[66] In a set of articles of inquiry sent to a college in Oxford, about the year 1676, by the visitor bishop Morley, the commissary is ordered diligently to remark, and report, whether any of the senior fellows wore *periwigs*. I will not suppose that bobwigs are here intended. But after such a proscription, who could imagine, that the bushy grizzle-wig should ever have been adopted as a badge of gravity? So arbitrary are ideas of dignity or levity in dress! There is an Epigram in Harrington, written perhaps about 1600, Of Gallia's goodly Periwigge. B. i. 66. This was undoubtedly false hair. In Hayman's Quodlibets or Epigrams, printed 1628, there *is one* To a Periwiggian. B. i. 65. p. 10. Again, To a certaine Periwiggian. B. ii. 9. p. 21. Our author mentions a periwig again, B. v. 2. f. 63.

A golden periwigg on a blackmoor's brow.

[67] B. iii. 5. f. 57.

[68] That is, he has walked all day in Saint Paul's church without a dinner. In the body of old Saint Paul's was a huge and conspicuous monument of sir John Beauchamp, buried in 1358, son of Guy, and brother of Thomas, earls of Warwick. This, by a vulgar mistake, was at length called the tomb of Humphry duke of Gloucester, who was really buried at Saint Alban's, where his magnificent shrine now remains. The middle aisle of Saint Paul's is called the *Dukes Gallery*, in a chapter of the Guls Horne Booke, "how a gallant should behaue himself in Powles Walkes." Ch. iiii p. 17. Of the humours of this famous ambulatory, the general rendezvous of lawyers and their clients, pickpockets, cheats, bucks, pimps, whores, poets, players, and many others who either for idleness or busines found it convenient to frequent the most fashionable crowd in London, a more particular description may be seen in Dekker's Dead Terme, or Westminsters Complaint for long Vacations and short Termes, under the chapter, Pawles Steeples Complaint. Signat. D. 3. Lond. for ohn Hodgetts, 1608, 4to. Bl. Lett.

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that his sword-belt hangs loose over his hip, the effect of *hunger and heavy iron*. Yet he is dressed in the height of the fashion,

All trapped in the new-found brauerie.

He pretends to have been at the conquest of Cales, where the nuns worked his bonnet. His hair stands upright in the French style, with one long lock hanging low on his shoulders, which, the satirist adds, puts us in mind of a *native cord*, the truly English rope, which he probably will one day wear.

His linen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings neuer met:
His sleeves half-hid with elbow-pinionings,
As if he meant to fly with linen wings[69].
But when I looke, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
So slender waist, with such an abbot's loyne,
Did neuer sober nature sure conjoyne!
Lik'st a strawe scare-crow in the new-sowne field,
Rear'd on some sticke the tender corne to shield[70].

In the prologue to this book, our author strives to obviate the objections of certain critics who falsely and foolishly thought his Satires too perspicuous. Nothing could be more absurd than the notion, that because Persius is obscure, therefore obscurity must be necessarily one of the qualities of satire. If Persius, under the severities of a proscriptive and sanguinary government, was often obliged to conceal his meaning, this was not the case of Hall. But the darkness and difficulties of Persius arise in great measure from his own affectation and false taste. He would have been enigmatical under the mildest government. To be unintelligible can never naturally or properly belong to any species of writing. Hall of himself is certainly obscure: yet he owes some of his obscurity to an imitation of this ideal excellence of the Roman satirists.

The fourth book breathes a stronger spirit of indignation, and abounds with applications of Juvenal to modern manners, yet with the appearance of original and unborrowed satire.

The first is miscellaneous and excursive, but the subjects often lead to an unbecoming licentiousness of language and images. In the following nervous lines, he has caught and finely heightened the force and manner of his master.

Who list, excuse, when chaster dames can hire
Some snout-fair stripling to their apple squire[71],

---

[69] Barnaby Rich in his Irish Hubbub, printed 1617, thus describes four gallants coming from an ordinary. "The third was in a yellow-starched band, that made him looke as if he had been troubled with the yellow iaundis.——They were all four in white bootes and gylt spurres, &c." Lond. 1617, 4to. p. 36.

[70] B. iii. 7. f. 62.

[71] Some fair-faced stripling to be their page. Marston has this epithet, Sc. Villan. B. i. 3.

Had I some snout-faire brats, they should indure
The newly-found Castilion calenture,
Before some pedant, &c.

In Satires and Epigrams, called The Letting of Humors Blood in the Head-Vayne, 1600, we have "some pippin-squire." Epigr. 33.

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Whom staked vp, like to some stallion steed,
They keep with eggs and oysters for the breed.
O Lucine! barren Caia hath an heir,
After her husband's dozen years despair:
And now the bribed midwife sweares apace,
The bastard babe doth beare his father's face.

He thus enhances the value of certain novelties, by declaring them to be,

Worth little less than landing of a whale,
Or Gades spoils [72], or a churl's funerale.

The allusion is to Spenser's Talus in the following couplet:

Gird but the cynicke's helmet on his head,
Cares he for Talus, or his flayle of leade?

He adds, that the guilty person, when marked, destroys all distinction, like the cuttle-fish concealed in his own blackness.

Long as the craftie cuttle lieth sure,
In the blacke cloud of his thicke vomiture;
Who list, complaine of wronged faith or fame,
When he may shift it to another's name.

He thus describes the effect of his satire, and the enjoyment of his own success in this species of poetry.

Now see I fire-flakes sparkle from his eyes,
Like to a comet's tayle in th' angrie skies;
His powting cheeks puft vp aboue his brow,
Like a swolne toad touch'd with the spider's blow:
His mouth shrinks side-ways like a scornful playse [73],
To take his tired ear's ingrateful place.——
Nowe laugh I loud, and breake my splene to see,
This pleasing pastime of my poesie:
Much better than a Paris-garden beare [74],
Or prating poppet on a theater,
Or Mimo's whistling to his tabouret [75],
Selling a laughter for a cold meal's meat.

---

[72] Cadiz was newly taken.

[73] A fish. Jonson says, in The Silent Woman, "of a fool, that would stand thus, with a playse mouth, &c." A. i. S. ii. See more instances in Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 395, edit. 1780.

[74] "Then led they cosin (the gull) to the gase of an enterlude, or the beare-bayting of Paris Garden, or some other place of thieving." A Manifest Detection *of the most syle and detestable use of* Dice Play, &c. No date, Bl. Lett. Signat. D. iiii. Abraham Vele, the printer of this piece, lived before the year 1548. Again, ibid. "Some ii or iii (pickpockets) hath Paules church on charge, other hath Westminster hawle in terme time, diuerse Chepesyde with the flesh and fishe shambles, some the Borough and beare-bayting, some the court, &c." Paris Garden was in the Borough.

[75] Piping or fifing to a tabour. I believe Kempe is here ridiculed.

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It is in Juvenal's style to make illustrations satirical. They are here very artfully and ingeniously introduced[76].

The second is the character of an old country 'squire, who starves himself, to breed his son a lawyer and a gentleman. It appears, that the vanity or luxury of purchasing dainties at an exorbitant price began early.

Let sweet-mouth'd Mercia bid what crowns she please,
For half-red cherries, or greene garden pease,
Or the first artichoak of all the yeare,
To make so lavish cost for little cheare.
When Lollio feasteth in his revelling fit,
Some starved pullen scoures the rusted spit:
For els how should his son maintained be
At inns of court or of the chancery, &c.
The tenants wonder at their landlord's son,
And blesse them [77] at so sudden coming on!
More than who gives his pence to view some tricke
Of strange Morocco's dumbe arithmeticke [78],
Or the young elephant, or two-tayl'd steere,
Or the ridg'd camel, or the fiddling freere [79].
Fools they may feede on words, and liue on ayre [80],
That climbe to honour by the pulpit's stayre;
Sit seuen yeares pining in an anchor's cheyre [81],
To win some patched shreds of minivere [82]!

He predicts, with no small sagacity, that Lollio's son's distant posterity will rack their rents to a treble proportion,

And hedge in all their neighbours common lands.

Enclosures of waste lands were among the great and national grievances of our author's

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[76] B. iv. 1. f. 7.

[77] Themselves.

[78] Bankes's horse called Morocco. See Stevens's note, Shaksp. ii. 292.

[79] Shewes of those times. He says, in this Satire,

.....'Gin not thy gaite
Untill the evening owl, or bloody bat;
Neuer untill the lamps of Paul's been light:
And niggard lanterns shade the moon-shine night.

The lamps about Saint Paul's were at this time the only regular night-illuminations of London. But in an old collection of jests, some bucks coming drunk from a tavern, and reeling through the city, amused themselves in pulling down the lanterns, which hung before the doors of the houses. A grave citizen unexpectedly came out and seized one of them, who said in defence, "I am only snuffing your candle." Jests to make you Merie. Written by T. D. and George Wilkins. Lond. 1607, 4to. p. 6. Jest. 17.

[80] The law is the only way to riches. Fools only will seek preferment in the church, &c.

[81] In the chair of an anchoret.

[82] The hood of a master of arts in the universities. B. iv. 2. f. 19. He adds:

And seuen more, plod at a patron's tayle,
To get some gilded chapel's cheaper sayle.

I believe the true reading is *gelded* chapel. A benefice robbed of its tythes, &c. Sayle is sale. So in The Return from Parnassus, A. iii. S. 1: "He hath a proper *gelded* parsonage."

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age[83]. It may be presumed, that the practice was then carried on with the most arbitrary spirit of oppression and monopoly.

The third is on the pride of pedigree. The introduction is from Juvenal's eighth satire; and the substitution of the memorials of English ancestry, such as were then fashionable, in the place of Juvenal's parade of family statues without arms or ears, is remarkably happy. But the humour is half lost, unless by recollecting the Roman original, the reader perceives the unexpected parallel.

> Or call some old church-windowe to record
> The age of thy fair armes.....
> Or find some figures half obliterate,
> In rain-beat marble neare to the church-gate,
> Upon a crosse-legg'd tombe. What boots it thee,
> To shewe the rusted buckle that did tie
> The garter of thy greatest grandsire's knee?
> What, to reserve their relicks many yeares,
> Their siluer spurs, or spils of broken speares?
> Or cite old Ocland's verse[84], how they did wield
> The wars in Turwin or in Turney field?

Afterwards, some adventurers for raising a fortune are introduced. One trades to Guiana for gold. This is a glance at sir Walter Rawleigh's expedition to that country. Another, with more success, seeks it in the philosopher's stone.

> When half his lands are spent in golden smoke,
> And now his second hopefull glasse is broke.
> But yet, if haply his third fornace hold,
> Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold.

Some well-known classical passages are thus happily mixed, modernised, and accommodated to his general purpose.

> Was neuer foxe but wily cubs begets;
> The bear his fiercenesse to his brood besets:
> Nor fearfull hare falls from the lyon's seed,
> Nor eagle wont the tender doue to breed.
> Crete euer wont the cypresse sad to bear,
> Acheron's banks the palish popelar:
> The palm doth rifely rise in Jury field[85],
> And Alpheus' waters nought but oliue yield:
> Asopus breeds big bullrushes alone,
> Meander heath; peaches by Nilus growne:

---

[83] Without attending to this circumstance, we miss the meaning and humour of the following lines, B. v. 1.

> Pardon, ye glowing eares! needes will it out,
> Though brazen walls compass'd my tongue about,
> As thick as wealthy Scrobio's quickset rowes
> In the wide common that he did enclose.

Great part of the third Satire of the same book turns on this idea.

[84] See supr. vol. iii. p. 314.

[85] In Judea.

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An English wolfe, an Irish toad to see,
Were as a chaste man nurs'd in Italy [86],

In the fourth, these diversions of a delicate youth of fashion and refined manners are mentioned, as opposed to the rougher employments of a military life.

Gallio may pull me roses ere they fall,
Or in his net entrap the tennis-ball;
Or tend his spar-hawke mantling in her mewe,
Or yelping beagles busy heeles pursue:
Or watch a sinking corke vpon the shore [87],
Or halter finches through a privy doore [88],
Or list he spend the time in sportful game, &c.

He adds,

Seest thou the rose-leaues fall ungathered?
Then hye thee, wanton Gallio, to wed.—
Hye thee, and giue the world yet one dwarfe more,
Svch as it got, when thou thyself was bore.

In the contrast between the martial and effeminate life, which includes a general ridicule of the foolish passion, which now prevailed, of making it a part of the education of our youth to bear arms in the wars of the Netherlands, are some of Hall's most spirited and nervous verses.

If Martius in boisterous buffs be drest,
Branded with iron plates upon the breast,
And pointed on the shoulders for the nonce [89],
As new come from the Belgian-garrisons;
What should thou need to enuy aught at that,
When as thou smellest like a ciuet-cat?
When as thine oyled locks smooth-platted fall,
Shining like varnish'd pictures on a wall?
When a plum'd fanne [90] may shade thy chalked [91] face,
And lawny strips thy naked bosom grace?
If brabbling Makefray, at each fair and 'size [92],
Picks quarrels for to shew his valiantize,
Straight pressed for an hvngry Switzer's pay
To thrust his fist to each part of the pray;
And piping hot, puffs toward the pointed [93] plaine,
With a broad scot [94], or proking spit of Spaine:
Or hoyseth sayle up to a forraine shore,
That he may liue a lawlesse conquerour [95].
If some such desperate huckster should devise
To rowze thine hare's-heart from her cowardice,
As idle children [96], striving to excell
In blowing bladders from an empty shell.

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[86] B. iv. 3. f. 26.

[87] Angle for fish.

[88] A pit-fall. A trap-cage.

[89] With tags, or shoulder-knots.

[90] Fans of feathers were now common. See Harrington's Epigr. i. 70. And Steevens's Shakspeare, i. p. 273.

[91] Painted.

[92] Assise.

[93] Full of pikes.

[94] A Scotch broad sword.

[95] Turn pirate.

[96] It will be like, &c.

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Oh, Hercules, how like [97] to prove a man,
That all so rath [98] his warlike life began!
Thy mother could for thee thy cradle set
Her husband's rusty iron corselet;
Whose jargling sound might rock her babe to rest,
That neuer plain'd of his vneasy nest:
There did he dreame of dreary wars at hand,
And woke, and fought, and won, ere he could stand [99].
But who hath seene the lambs of Tarentine,
Must guesse what Gallio his manners beene;
All soft, as is the falling thistle-downe,
Soft as the fumy ball [100], or Morrion's crowne [101].
Now Gallio gins thy youthly heat to raigne,
In every vigorous limb, and swelling vaine:
Time bids thee raise thine headstrong thoughts on high
To valour, and adventurous chivalry.
Pawne thou no gloue [102] for challenge of the deede, &c. [103]

The fifth, the most obscure of any, exhibits the extremes of prodigality and avarice, and affords the first instance I remember to have seen, of nominal initials with dashes. Yet in his postscript, he professes to have avoided all personal applications [104].

In the sixth, from Juvenal's position that every man is naturally discontented, and wishes to change his proper condition and character, he ingeniously takes occasion to expose some of the new fashions and affectations.

Out from the Gades to the eastern morne,
Not one but holds his native state forlorne.
When comely striplings wish it were their chance,
For Cenis' distaffe to exchange their lance;

---

[97] Likely. [98] Early.

[99] O Hercules, a boy so delicately reared must certainly prove a hero! You, Hercules, was nursed in your father's shield for a cradle, &c. But the tender Gallio, &c.

[100] A ball of perfume.

[101] Morrion is the fool in a play.

[102] He says with a sneer, "*Do not play with the character of a soldier. Be not contented only to show your courage in tilting. But enter into real service, &c.*"

[103] B. iv. 4. In a couplet of this Satire, he alludes to the Schola Salernitana, an old medical system in rhyming verse, which chiefly describes the qualities of diet.

Tho neuer haue I Salerne rimes profest,
To be some lady's trencher-critick guest.

There is much humour in *trencher-critick*. Collingborn, mentioned in the beginning of this Satire, is the same whose Legend is in The Mirrour of Magistrates, and who was hanged for a distich on Catesby, Ratcliff, lord Lovel, and king Richard the Third, about the year 1484. See Mirr. Mag. p. 455, edit. 1610, 4to. Our author says,

Or luckleese Collingbourne feeding of the crowes;

That is, he was food for the crows when on the gallows. At the end, is the first use I have seen, of a witty apothegmatical comparison, of a libidinous old man.

The maidens mocke, and call him withered leeke,
That with a greene tayle has an hoary head.

[104] B. iv. 6. Collybist, here used, means a rent or tax-gatherer. Κολλυβιστης, nummularius.

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And weare curl'd periwigs, and chalk their face,
And still are poring on their pocket-glasse;
Tyr'd [105] with pinn'd ruffs, and fans, and partlet strips,
And buskes and verdingales about their hips:
And tread on corked stilts a prisoner's pace.

Beside what is here said, we have before seen, that perukes were now among the novelties in dress. From what follows it appears that coaches were now in common use [106].

Is 't not a shame, to see each homely groome
Sit perched in an idle chariot-roome?

The rustic wishing to turn soldier, is pictured in these lively and poetical colours.

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[105] Attired, dressed, adorned.

[106] Of the rapid increase of the number of coaches, but more particularly of hackney-coaches, we have a curious proof in A pleasant Dispute between Coach and Sedan, Lond. 1636, 4to. "The most eminent places for stoppage are Pawles-gate into Cheapside, Ludgate, and Ludgate Hill, especially when the play is done at the Friers: then Holborne Conduit, and Holborne Bridge, is villanously pestered with them, Hosier Lane, Smithfield, and Cow Lane, sending all about their new or old mended coaches. Then about the Stockes, and Poultrie, Temple Barre, Fetter Lane, and Shoe Lane next to Fleet Streete. But to see their multitude, either when there is a masque at Whitehall, or a lord mayor's feast, or a new play at some of the playhouses, you would admire to see them how close they stand together, like mutton-pies in a cook's oven, &c." Signat. F. Marston, in 1598, speaks of the *joulting coach* of a Messalina. Sc. Villan, B. i. 3. And in Marston's Postscript to Pigmalion, 1598, we are to understand a coach, where he says,

..... Run as sweet
As doth a tumbrell through the paved street.

In Cynthia's Rebels, 1600, a spendthrift is introduced, who among other polite extravagances, is "able to maintaine a ladie in her two carroches a day." A. iv. S. ii. However, in the old comedy of Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks, first printed in 1611, a *coach* and a *caroche* seem different vehicles. A. iv. S. ii.

In horslitters, [in] coaches or caroaches.

Unless the poet means a synonyme for *coach*.

In some old account I have seen of queen Elizabeth's progress to Cambridge, in 1564, it is said, that lord Leicester went in a coach, because he had *hurt his leg*. In a comedy, so late as the reign of Charles the First, among many studied wonders of fictitious and hyperbolical luxury, a lover promises his lady that she shall ride in a coach to the next door. Cartwright's Love's Convert, A. ii. S. vi. Lond. 1651. Works, p. 125.

..... Thou shalt
Take coach to the next door, and as it were
An expedition not a visit, be
Bound for an house not ten strides off, still carry'd
Aloof in indignation of the earth.

Stowe says, "In the yeare 1564, Guylliam Boonen, a Dutchman, became the queene's coachmanne, and was the first that brought the vse of coaches into England. And after a while, diuers great ladies, with as great iealousie of the queene's displeasure, made them coaches, and rid in them vp and downe the countries to the great admiration of all the beholders, but then by little and little they grew vsuall among the nobilitie, and others of sort, and within twenty yeares became a great trade of coach-making. And about that time began long wagons to come in vse, such as now come to London, from Caunterbury, Norwich, Ipswich, Glocester, &c. with passengers and commodities. Lastly, euen at this time, 1605, began the ordinary vse of caroaches." Edit. fol. 1615, p. 867, col. 2.

From a comparison of the former and latter part of the context, it will perhaps appear that *coaches* and *caroaches* were the same.

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The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see
All scarfed with pied colours to the knee,
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate;
And nowe he gins to loathe his former state:
Nowe doth he inly scorne his Kendal-greene [107],
And his patch'd cockers nowe despised beene:
Nor list he nowe go whistling to the carre,
But sells his teeme, and settleth to the warre.
O warre, to them that neuer try'd thee sweete!
When his dead mate falls groveling at his feete:
And angry bullets whistlen at his eare,
And his dim eyes see nought but death and dreare!

Another, fired with the flattering idea of seeing his name in print, abandons his occupation, and turns poet.

Some drunken rimer thinks his time well spent,
If he can line to see his name in print;
Who when he once is fleshed to the presse,
And sees his handsell have such faire successe,
Sung to the wheele, and sung vnto the payle [108],
He sends forth thraves [109] of ballads to the sale [110].

Having traced various scenes of dissatisfaction, and the desultory pursuits of the world, he comes home to himself, and concludes, that real happiness is only to be found in the academic life. This was a natural conclusion from one who had experienced no other situation [111].

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[107] This sort of stuff is mentioned in a statute of Richard the Second, an. 12. A. D. 1389.

[108] By the knife-grinder and the milk-maid.

[109] A thrave of straw is a bundle of straw, of a certain quantity, in the midland counties.

[110] These lines seem to be levelled at William Elderton, a celebrated drunken ballad-writer. Stowe says, that he was an attorney of the sheriff's court in the city of London about the year 1570, and quotes some verses which he wrote about that time, on the erection of the new portico with images, at Guildhall. Surv. Lond. edit. 1599, p. 217, 4to. He has two epitaphs in Camden's Remains, edit. 1674, p. 533, seq. Hervey in his Four Letters, printed in 1592, mentions him with Greene. "If [Spenser's] Mother Hubbard, in the vaine of Chawcer, happen to tell one Canicular tale, father Elderton and his son Greene, in the vaine of Skelton or Skoggin, will counterfeit an hundred dogged fables, libels, &c." p. 7. Nash, in his Apology of Piers Pennilesse, says, that "Tarleton at the theater made jests of him, [Hervey] and W. Elderton consumed his ale-crammed nose to nothing, in bear-baiting him with whole bundles of ballads." Signat. E. edit. 1593, 4to. And Harvey, ubi supr. p. 34. I have seen Elderton's Solace in Time of his Sickness, containing sundrie Sonnets upon many pithie Parables, entered to R. Jones, Sept. 25, 1578. Registr. Station, B. f. 152. a. Also A Ballad against Marriage, by William Elderton, Ballad-maker. For T. Colwell, 1575, 12mo. A Ballad on the Earthquake by Elderton, beginning *Quake, Quake, Quake*, is entered to R. Jones, April 25, 1579. Registr. Station. B. f. 168. a. In 1561, are entered to H. Syngleton, Elderton's Jestes with his Mery Toyes. Registr. Station. A. f. 74. a. Again, in 1562, Elderton's Parrat answered, Ibid. f. 84. a. Again, a poem as I suppose, in 1570, Elderton's ill Fortune, ibid. f. 204. a. Harvey says, that Elderton and Greene were "the ringleaders of the rhyming and scribbling crew." Lett. ubi supr. p. 6. Many more of his pieces might be recited.

[111] In this Satire, among the lying narratives of travellers, our author, with Mandeville and others, mentions the Spanish Decads. It is an old black-letter quarto, a translation from the Spanish into English, about 1590. In the old anonymous play of Lingua, 1607, Mendacio says, "Sir John Mandeviles tranells, and great part of the Decads, were of my doing." A. ii. S. i.

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Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,
Oh, let me lead an academick life!
To know much, and to think we nothing knowe,
Nothing to haue, yet think we haue enowe:
In skill to want, and wanting seeke for more;
In weale nor want, nor wish for greater store[112].

The last of this book, is a Satire on the pageantries of the papal chair, and the superstitious practices of popery, with which it is easy to make sport. But our author has done this, by an uncommon quickness of allusion, poignancy of ridicule, and fertility of burlesque invention. Were Juvenal to appear at Rome, he says,

How his enraged ghost would stamp and stare,
That Cesar's throne is turn'd to Peter's chaire:
To see an old shorne lozel perched high,
Crouching beneath a golden canopie!—
And, for the lordly fasces borne of old,
To see two quiet crossed keyes of gold!—
But that he most would gaze, and wonder at,
Is, th' horned mitre, and the bloody hat[113];
The crooked staffe[114], the coule's strange form and store[115],
Saue that he saw the same in Hell before.

The following ludicrous ideas are annexed to the exclusive appropriation of the eucharistic wine to the priest in the mass.

The whiles the liquorous priest spits every trice,
With longing for his morning sacrifice:
Which he reares vp quite perpendiculare,
That the mid church doth spight the chancel's fare[116].

But this sort of ridicule is improper and dangerous. It has a tendency, even without an entire parity of circumstances, to burlesque the celebration of this awful solemnity in the reformed church. In laughing at false religion, we may sometimes hurt the true. Though the rites of the papistic eucharist are erroneous and absurd, yet great part of the ceremony, and above all the radical idea, belong also to the protestant communion.

The argument of the first Satire of the fifth book, is the oppressive exaction of landlords, the consequence of the growing decrease of the value of money. One of these had perhaps a poor grandsire, who grew rich by availing himself of the general rapine at the dissolution of the monasteries. There is great pleasantry in one of the lines, that he

Begg'd a cast abbey in the church's wayne.

In the mean time, the old patrimonial mansion is desolated; and even the parish-church unroofed and dilapidated, through the poverty of the inhabitants, and neglect or avarice of the patron.

Would it not vex thee, where thy sires did keep[117],
To see the dunged folds of dag-tayl'd sheep?

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[112] B. iv. 6.
[113] Cardinal's scarlet hat.
[114] Bishop's crosier.
[115] And multitude of them.
[116] B. iv. 7.
[117] Live, inhabit.

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And ruin'd house where holy things were said,
Whose free-stone walls the thatched roofe vpbraid;
Whose shrill saints-bell hangs on his lovery,
While the rest are damned to the plumbery[118]:
Yet pure devotion lets the steeple stand,
And idle battlements on either hand, &c.[119]

By an enumeration of real circumstances, he gives us the following lively draught of the miserable tenement, yet ample services, of a poor copyholder.

Of one bay's breadth, God wot, a silly cote,
Whose thatched spars are furr'd with sluttish boote
A whole inch thick, shining like black-moor's brows,
Through smoke that downe the headlesse barrel blows.
At his bed's feete feeden his stalled teame,
His swine beneath, his pullen o'er the beame.
A starved tenement, such as I guesse
Stands straggling on the wastes of Holdernesse:
Or such as shivers on a Peake hill side, &c.—
Yet must he haunt his greedy landlord's hall
With often presents at each festivall:
With crammed capons euerie new-yeare's morne,
Or with greene cheeses when his sheepe are shorne:
Or many maunds-full[120] of his mellow fruite, &c.

The lord's acceptance of these presents is touched with much humour.

The smiling landlord shewes a sunshine face,
Feigning that he will grant him further grace;
And leers like Esop's foxe vpon the crane,
Whose neck he craves for his chirurgian[121].

In the second[122], he reprehends the incongruity of splendid edifices and worthless inhabitants.

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[118] The bells were all sold, and melted down; except that for necessary use the saints-bell, or *sanctus-bell*, was only suffered to remain within its *lovery*, that is, louver or turret, usually placed between the chancel and body of the church. Marston has "pitch-black loueries." Sc. Villan, B. ii. 5.

[119] Just to keep up the appearance of a church.

[120] Maund is basket. Hence Maunday-Thursday, the Thursday in Passion-week, when the king with his own hands distributes a large portion of alms, &c. Maunday is Dies Sportulæ. Maund occurs again, B. iv. 2:

With a *maund* charg'd with houshold marchandize.

In The Whippinge of the Satyre, 1601, Signat. C. 4,

Whole *maunds* and *baskets* ful of fine sweet praise.

[121] B. v. 1. f. 58.

[122] In this Satire there is an allusion to an elegant fiction in Chaucer, v. 5. f. 61:

Certes if Pity dyed at Chaucer's date.

Chaucer places the sepulchre of Pity in the Court of Love. See Court of Love, v. 700.

..... A tender creature
Is shrinid there, and Pity is her name;
She saw an egle wreke him on a flie,
And plucke his wing, and eke him in his game,
And tendir harte of that hath made her die.

This thought is borrowed by Fenton, in his Mariamne.

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Like the vaine bubble of Iberian pride,
That overcroweth all the world beside[123];
Which rear'd to raise the crazy monarch's fame,
Striues for a court and for a college name:
Yet nought within but lousy coules doth hold,
Like a scabb'd cuckow in a cage of gold.—
When[124] Maevio's first page of his poesy
Nail'd to a hundred postes for nouelty,
With his big title, an Italian mot[125],
Layes siege unto the backward buyer's grot, &c.

He then beautifully draws, and with a selection of the most picturesque natural circumstances, the inhospitality, or rather desertion, of an old magnificent rural mansion.

Beat the broad gates, a goodly hollow sound
With double echoes doth againe rebound;
But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see:
All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,
Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite!
The marble pavement hid with desert weed,
With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock-seed.—
Look to the towered chimnies, which should be
The wind-pipes of good hospitalitie:——
Lo, there th' unthankful swallow takes her rest,
And fills the tunnell with her circled nest[126]!

Afterwards, the figure of Famine is thus imagined.

Grim Famine sits in their fore-pined face,
All full of angles of vnequal space,
Like to the plane of many-sided squares
That wont be drawne out by geometars[127].

In the third, a satire is compared to the porcupine.

The satire should be like the porcupine,
That shoots sharp quills out in each angry line[128].

This ingenious thought, though founded on a vulgar errour, has been copied, among other passages, by Oldham. Of a true writer of satire, he says,

He 'd shoot his quills just like a porcupine,
At view, and make them stab in every line[129].

In the fourth and last of this book, he enumerates the extravagancies of a married

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[123] The Escurial in Spain.

[124] As when.

[125] In this age, the three modern languages were studied to affectation. In The Return from Parnassus, above quoted, a fashionable fop tells his page, "Sirrah, boy, remember me when I come in Paul's Church-yard, to buy a Ronsard and Dubartas in French, an Aretine in Italian, and our hardest writers in Spanish, &c." A. ii. Sc. iii.

[126] The motto on the front of the house ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ, which he calls a fragment of Plato's poetry, is a humorous alteration of Plato's ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΑΚΑΘΑΡΤΟΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ.

[127] B. v. 2.

[128] B. v. 3.

[129] Apology for the foregoing Ode, &c. Works, vol. i. p. 97, edit. 1722, 12mo.

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spendthrift, a farmer's heir, of twenty pounds a year. He rides with *two liveries*, and keeps a pack of hounds.

But whiles ten pound goes to his wife's new gowne,
Not little less can serue to suite his owne:
While one piece pays her idle waiting-man,
Or buys an hood, or siluer-handled fan:
Or hires a Friezeland trotter, halfe yard-deepe,
To drag his tumbrell through the staring Cheape [130].

The last book, consisting of one long Satire only, is a sort of epilogue to the whole, and contains a humorous ironical description of the effect of his Satires, and a recapitulatory view of many of the characters and foibles which he had before delineated. But the scribblers seem to have the chief share. The character of Labeo, already repeatedly mentioned, who was some cotemporary poet, a constant censurer of our author, and who from pastoral proceeded to heroic poetry, is here more distinctly represented. He was a writer who affected compound epithets, which sir Philip Sydney had imported from France, and first used in his Arcadia [131]. The character in many respects suits Chapman, though I do not recollect that he wrote any pastorals.

That Labeo reades right, who can deny,
The true straines of heroick poesy;
For he can tell how fury reft his sense,
And Phebus fill'd him with intelligence:
He can implore the heathen deities,
To guide his bold and busy enterprise:
Or filch whole pages at a clap for need,
From honest Petrarch, clad in English weed;
While big *But oh's* each stanza can begin,
Whose trunk and taile sluttish and heartlesse been:
He knowes the grace of that new elegance
Which sweet Philisides fetch'd late from France,
That well beseem'd his high stil'd Arcady,
Though others marre it with much liberty,
In epithets to joine two words in one,
Forsooth, for adjectives can't stand alone.

The arts of composition must have been much practised, and a knowledge of critical niceties widely diffused, when observations of this kind could be written. He proceeds to remark, it was now customary for every poet, before he attempted the dignity of heroic verse, to try his strength by writing pastorals [132].

But ere his Muse her weapon learn to wield,
Or dance a sober pirrhicke [133] in the field;—
The sheepe-cote first hath beene her nursery,
Where she hath worne her idle infancy;

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[130] B. v. 4.

[131] We have our author's opinion of Skelton in these lines of this Satire, f. 83:

Well might these cheeks have fitted former times,
And shoulder'd angry Skelton's breathelesse rimes.

[132] Though these lines bear a general sense, yet at the same time they seem to be connected with the character of Labeo, by which they are introduced. By the Carmelite, a pastoral writer ranked with Theocritus and Virgil, he means Mantuan.

[133] The pyrrhic dance, performed in armour.

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And in high startups walk'd the pastur'd plaines,
To tend her tasked herd that there remains;
And winded still a pipe of oate or breare, &c.

Poems on petty subjects or occasions, on the death of a favourite bird or dog, seem to have been as common in our author's age as at present. He says,

Should Bandell's throstle die without a song,
Or Adamans my dog be laid along
Downe in some ditch, without his exequies[134],
Or epitaphs or mournful elegies[135].

In the old comedy, The Return from Parnassus, we are told of a coxcomb who could bear no poetry "but fly-blown sonnets of his mistress, and her loving pretty creatures her monkey and her parrot[136]."

The following exquisite couplet exhibits our satirist in another and a more delicate species of poetry.

Her lids like Cupid's bow-case, where he hides
The weapons that do wound the wanton-ey'd[137].

One is surprised to recollect, that these Satires are the production of a young man of twenty-three. They rather seem the work of an experienced master, of long observation, of study and practice in composition.

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[134] In pursuance of the argument, he adds;

Folly itselfe or boldnesse may be prais'd.

An allusion to Erasmus's Moriæ Encomium, and the Encomium Calvitiei, written at the restoration of learning. Cardan also wrote an encomium on Nero, the gout, &c.

[135] In this Satire, Tarleton is praised as a poet, who is most commonly considered only as a comedian. Meres commends him for his facility in extemporaneous versification. Wits Tr. f. 286.

I shall here throw together a few notices of Tarleton's poetry. A new Booke on English Verse, entitled, Tarleton's Toyes, was entered Dec. 10, 1576, to R. Jones. Registr. Station. B. f. 136. b. See Heruey's Foure Letters, 1592. p. 34.—Tarleton's Devise uppon the unlooked-for great Snowe, is entered in 1578. Ibid. f. 156. b.—A ballad, called Tarleton's Farewell, is entered in 1588. Ibid. f. 233. a.—Tarleton's Repentance just before his Death, is entered in 1589. Ibid. f. 249. a. The next year, viz. 1590, Aug. 20, A pleasant Dittye dialogue-wise betweene Tarleton's Ghost and Robyn Goodfellowe, is entered to H. Carre. Ibid. f. 263. a. There is a transferred copy of Tarleton's Jests, I suppose Tarleton's Toyes, in 1607. Registr. C. f. 179. b. Many other pieces might be recited. [See supr. iii. 481.] See more of Tarleton, in Supplement to Shakespeare, i. pp. 55. 58, 59. And Old Plays, edit. 1778. Preface, p. lxii.

To what is there collected concerning Tarleton as a player, it may be added, that his ghost is one of the speakers, in that character, in Chettle's Kind-harte's Dreame, printed about 1593. Without date, quarto. Signat. E. 3. And that in the Preface, he appears to have been also a musician. "Tarlton with his Taber taking two or three leaden friskes, &c." Most of our old comedians professed every part of the histrionic science, and were occasionally fiddlers, dancers, and gesticulators. Dekker says, Tarleton, Kempe, nor Singer, "euer plaid the clowne more naturally." Dekker's Guls Horne Booke, 1609, p. 3. One or two of Tarleton's Jests are mentioned in The Discouerie of the Knights of the Poste, &c. by S. S. Lond. Impr. by G. S. 1597, 4to. Bl. Lett. In Fitz-Geoffrey's Cenotaphia, annexed to his Affaniæ, 1601, there is a panegyric on Tarleton. Signat. N. 2. Tarleton and Greene are often mentioned as associates in Harvey's Four Letters, 1592.

[136] A. 3. Sc. iv.

[137] B. vi. Ponton here mentioned, I presume, is Jovinianus Pontanus, an elegant Latin amatorial and pastoral poet of Italy, at the revival of learning.

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They are recited among the best performances of the kind, and with applause, by Francis Meres, a cotemporary critic, who wrote in 1598 [138]. But whatever fame they had acquired, it soon received a check, which was never recovered. They were condemned to the flames, as licentious and immoral, by an order of bishop Bancroft in 1599. And this is obviously the chief reason why they are not named by our author, in the Specialities of his Life, written by himself, after his preferment to a bishopric [139]. They were, however, admired and imitated by Oldham. And Pope, who modernised Donne, is said to have wished he had seen Hall's Satires sooner. But had Pope undertaken to modernise Hall, he must have adopted, because he could not have improved, many of his lines. Hall is too finished and smooth for such an operation. Donne, though he lived so many years later, was susceptible of modern refinement, and his asperities were such as wanted and would bear the chisel.

I was informed by the late learned bishop of Glocester, that in a copy of Hall's Satires, in Pope's library, the whole first Satire of the sixth book was corrected in the margin, or interlined, in Pope's own hand; and that Pope had written at the head of that Satire, Optima Satira.

Milton, who had a controversy with Hall, as I have observed, in a remonstrance called An Apology for Smectymnuus, published in 1641, rather unsuitably and disingenuously goes out of his way, to attack these Satires, a juvenile effort of his dignified adversary, and under every consideration alien to the dispute. Milton's strictures are more sarcastic than critical; yet they deserve to be cited, more especially as they present a striking specimen of those awkward attempts at humour and raillery, which disgrace his prose works.

"Lighting upon this title of Toothless Satyrs, I will not conceal ye what I thought, readers, that sure this must be some sucking satyr, who might have done better to have used his coral, and made an end of breeding ere he took upon him to wield a satyr's whip. But when I heard him talk of *scouring the shields of elvish knights* [140], do not blame me if I changed my thought, and concluded him some desperate cutler. But why his *scornful Muse could never abide with tragick shoes her ancles for to hide* [141], the pace of the verse told me, that her mawkin knuckles were never shapen to that royal bus-

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[138] Wits Treas. f. 282. It is extraordinary, that they should not have afforded any *choice flowers* to England's Parnassus, printed in 1600.

[139] Shaking of the Olive, or his Remaining Works, 1660, 4to. Nor are they here inserted.

[140] A misquoted line in The Defiance to Envy, prefixed to the Satires. I will give the whole passage, which is a compliment to Spenser, and shows how happily Hall would have succeeded in the majestic march of the long stanza.

Or scoure the rusted swordes of elvish knights,
Bathed in Pagan blood: or sheathe them new
In mistie moral types: or tell their fights,
Who mighty giants, or who monsters slew:
And by some strange inchanted speare and shield,
Vanquish'd their foe, and won the doubtful field.

May be she might, in stately stanzas, frame
Stories of ladies, and aduenturous knights:
To raise her silent and inglorious name
Vnto a reachlesse pitch of praise's hight:
And somewhat say, as more vnworthy done*,
Worthy of brasse, and hoary marble stone.

[141] B. i. 1.

* That is, *have done*.

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kin. And turning by chance to the sixth [seventh] Satyr of his second book, I was confirmed: where having begun loftily in *Heaven's universal alphabet*, he falls down to that wretched poorness and frigidity as to talk of *Bridge Street in Heaven*, and the *ostler of Heaven* [142]. And there wanting other matter to catch him a heat, (for certain he was on the frozen zone miserably benummed) with thoughts lower than any beadle's, betakes him to whip the sign-posts of Cambridge alehouses, the ordinary subject of freshmen's tales, and in a strain as pitiful. Which, for him who would be counted the first English satyrist, to abase himselfe to, who might have learned better among the Latin and Italian satyrists, and, in our own tongue, from the Vision and Creede of Pierce Plowman, besides others before him, manifested a presumptuous undertaking with weak and unexamined shoulders. For a satyr is, as it were, born out of a tragedy, so ought to resemble his parentage, to strike high, and adventure dangerously at the most eminent vices among the greatest persons, and not to creep into every blind taphouse that fears a constable more than a satyr. But that such a poem should be toothless, I still affirm it to be a bull, taking away the essence of that which it calls itself. For if it bite neither the persons nor the vices, how is it a satyr? And if it bite either, how is it toothless? So that toothless satyrs, are as much as if he had said toothless teeth, &c." [143]

With Hall's Satires should be ranked his Mundus alter et idem, an ingenious satirical fiction in prose, where, under a pretended description of the Terra Australis, he forms a pleasant invective against the characteristic vices of various nations, and is remarkably severe on the church of Rome. This piece was written about the year 1600, before he had quitted the classics for the fathers, and published some years afterwards, against his consent. Under the same class should also be mentioned his Characterismes of Vertues, a set of sensible and lively moral essays, which contain traces of the Satires [144].

I take the opportunity of observing here, that among Hall's prose works are some metaphrastic versions in metre of a few of David's Psalms [145], and three anthems, or hymns,

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[142] Hall supposes that the twelve signs of the zodiac are twelve inns, in the high-street of Heaven,

.....With twelve fayre signes
Euer well tended by our star-divines.

Of the astrologers, who give their attendance, some are ostlers, others chamberlaines, &c. The zodiacal sign Aquarius, he supposes to be in the Bridge Street of Heaven. He alludes to Bridge Street at Cambridge, and the signs are of inns at Cambridge.

[143] Apology for Smectymnuus, Milton's prose works, vol. i. p. 186; edit. Amst. 1698, fol. See also p. 185. 187. 191.

[144] Works ut supr. p. 171. Under the character of the Hypocrite, he says, "When a rimer reads his poeme to him, he begs a copie, and perswades the presse, &c." p. 187. Of the Vaine-glorious: "He sweares bigge at an ordinary, and talkes of the court with a sharp voice.—He calls for pheasants at a common inne.—If he haue bestowed but a little summe in the glazing, pauing, parieting, of Gods house, you shall find it in the church-window." [See Sat. B. iv. 3.] "His talke is, how many mourners he has furnished with gownes at his father's funerals, what exploits he did at Cales and Newport, &c." p. 194, 195. Of the Busie-bodie: "If he see but two men talke and reade a letter in the streete, he runnes to them and askes if he may not be partner of that secret relation: and if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he cannot heare, wonders: and then falls vpon the report of the Scottish mine, or of the great fish taken vp at Linne, or of the freezing of the Thames, &c." p. 188. Of the Superstitious: "He never goes without an erra pater in his pocket.—Every lanterne is a ghost, and every noise is of chaines, &c." p. 189. These pieces were written after the Gunpowder Plot, for it is mentioned, p. 196.

[145] Works, ut supr. p. 151. In the Dedication he says, "Indeed my poetry was long sithence out of date, and yelded her place to grauer studies, &c." In his Epistles he speaks of this unfinished undertaking. "Many great wits haue vndertaken this task.—Among the rest were those two rare spirits of the Sidnyes; to whom poesie was as natvrall as it is affected of others: and our worthy friend Mr. Sylvester hath shewed me how happily he hath sometimes turned from his Bartas to the sweet singer of

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written for the use of his Cathedral. Hall, in his Satires, had condemned this sort of poetry.

An able inquirer into the literature of this period has affirmed, that Hall's Epistles, written before the year 1613[146], are the first example of epistolary composition which England had seen. "Bishop Hall," he says, "was not only our first satirist, but was the first who brought epistolary writing to the view of the public: which was common in that age to other parts of Europe, but not practised in England till he published his own Epistles[147]." And Hall himself, in the Dedication of his Epistles to Prince Henry, observes, "Your grace shall herein perceiue a new fashion of discourse by epistles, new to our language, vsuall to others: and, as nouelty is neuer without plea of vse, more free, more familiar[148]."

The first of our countrymen, however, who published a set of his own letters, though not in English, was Roger Ascham, who flourished about the time of the Reformation; and when that mode of writing had been cultivated by the best scholars in various parts of Europe, was celebrated for the terseness of his epistolary style. I believe the second published correspondence of this kind, and in our own language, at least of any importance after Hall, will be found to be Epistolæ Hoelianæ, or the Letters of James Howell, a great traveller, an intimate friend of Jonson, and the first who bore the office of the royal historiographer, which discover a variety of literature, and abound with much entertaining and useful information[149].

Israel.—There is none of all my labours so open to all censures. Perhaps some think the verse harsh, whose nice eare regardeth roundnesse more than sense. I embrace smoothnesse, but affect it not." Dec. ii. Ep. v. p. 302, 303. ut supr.

[146] See Works, ut supr. p. 275.

[147] See Whalley's Inquiry into the Learning of Shakspeare, p. 41.

[148] Works, ut supr. p. 172. The reader of Hall's Satires is referred to Dec. vi. Epist. vi. p. 394.

[149] Epistolæ Hoelianæ, Familiar Letters, domestic and foreign, divided into sundry Sections, partly historical, political, and philosophical. Lond. 1645, 4to. They had five editions from 1645 to 1673, inclusive. A third and fourth volume was added to the last impression.

I must not dismiss our satirist without observing, that Fuller has preserved a witty encomiastic English Epigram by Hall, written at Cambridge, on Greenham's book of The Sabbath, before the year 1592. Church History, B. ix. Cent. xvi. §. vii. pag. 220, edit. 1655, fol. I find it also prefixed to Greenham's Works, in folio, 1601.

The encomiastic Epigram noticed in Mr. Warton's note is now added to his Satires, with a few smaller pieces from his Remains, and his Elegy on Dr. Whitaker from Mr. Nichols's Collection.

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PREFACE.

Bishop Hall's reputation is so thoroughly established for his learning and piety, that the publication of any work which bears his name, and was undoubtedly of his composition, must be acceptable to the reader. Mr. Pope saw these Satires, but so late in life that he could only bestow this commendation on them, which they truly deserve, to "wish he had seen them sooner."

The ingenious Mr. Walley, in his Inquiry into the Learning of Shakspeare, has taken particular notice of them. Page 41, in the notes, he says,

"Bishop Hall was born in 1574, and, publishing these Satires twenty-three years after, was, as he himself asserts, in the Prologue, the first satirist in the English language.

I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English satyrist.

"And if we consider the difficulty of introducing so nice a poem as satire into a nation, we must allow it required the assistance of no common and ordinary genius. The Italians had their Ariosto, and the French their Regnier, who might have served him as models for imitation; but he copies after the ancients, and chiefly Juvenal and Persius; though he wants not many strokes of elegance and delicacy, which show him perfectly acquainted with the manner of Horace. Among the several discouragements which attended his attempt in that kind, he mentions one peculiar to the language and nature of the English versification, which would appear in the translation of one of Persius's Satires: 'The difficulty and dissonance whereof,' says he, 'shall make good my assertion; besides the plain experience thereof in the Satires of Ariosto; save which, and one base French satire, I could never attain the view of any for my direction.' Yet we may pay him almost the same compliment which was given of old to Homer and Archilochus: for the improvements which have been made by succeeding poets, bear no manner of proportion to the distance of time between him and them. The verses of bishop Hall are in general extremely musical and flowing, and are greatly preferable to Dr. Donne's, as being of a much smoother cadence; neither shall we find him deficient, if compared with his successor, in point of thought and wit; and to exceed him with respect to his characters, which are more numerous, and wrought up with greater art and strength of colouring. Many of his lines would do honour to the most ingenious of our modern poets; and some of them have thought it worth their labour to imitate him, especially Mr. Oldham. Bishop Hall was not only our first satirist, but was the first who brought epistolary writing to the view of the public; which was common in that age to other parts of Europe, but not practised in England, till he published his own Epistles. It may be proper to take notice, that the Virgidemiarum are not printed with his other writings; and that all account of them is omitted by him, through his extreme modesty, in The Specialties of his life, prefixed to the third volume of his works in folio. I cannot forbear mentioning a Latin book of his, equally valuable and forgotten, called Mundus alter et idem: where, under a pretended description of the Terra Australis, he gives us a very ingenious satire on the vices and follies of mankind."

The author's Postscript to his Satires will perhaps now be better placed here by way of Preface.

"It is not for every one to relish a true and natural satire, being of itself, besides the nature and inbred bitterness and tartness of particulars, both hard of conceit and harsh of style, and therefore

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cannot but be unpleasing both to the unskilful and over musical ear; the one being affected with only a shallow and easy matter, the other with a smooth and current disposition: so that I well foresee in the timely publication of these my concealed Satires, I am set upon the rack of many mercilesse and peremptory censures; which, sith the calmest and most plausible writer is almost fatally subject to, in the curiosity of these nicer times, how may I hope to be exempted upon the occasion of so busy and stirring a subject? One thinks it mis-beseeming the author, because a poem; another, unlawful in itself, because a satire; a third, harmful to others, for the sharpness; and a fourth, unsatire-like, for the mildness: the learned, too perspicuous, being named with Juvenal, Persius, and the other ancient satires: the unlearned, savourless, because too obscure, and obscure, because not under their reach. What a monster must he be that would please all!

"Certainly look what weather it would be, if every almanac should be verified: much-what like poems, if every fancy should be suited. It is not for this kind to desire or hope to please, which naturally should only find pleasure in displeasing: notwithstanding, if the fault finding with the vices of the time may honestly accord with the good will of the parties, I had as lieve ease my self with a slender apology, as wilfully bear the brunt of causeless anger in my silence. For poetry itself, after the so effectual and absolute endeavours of her honoured patrons, either she needeth no new defence, or else might well scorn the offer of so impotent and poor a client. Only for my own part, though were she a more unworthy mistress, I think she might be inoffensively served with the broken messes of our twelve o'clock hours, which homely service she only claimed and found of me, for that short while of my attendance: yet having thus soon taken my solemn farewell of her, and shaked hands with all her retinue, why should it be an eye-sore unto any, sith it can be no loss to my self?

"For my Satires themselves, I see two obvious cavils to be answered: one concerning the matter; than which I confess none can be more open to danger, to envy; sith faults loath nothing more than the light, and men love nothing more than their faults, and therefore, what through the nature of the faults, and fault of the persons, it is impossible so violent an appeachment should be quietly brooked. But why should vices be unblamed for fear of blame? And if thou mayest spit upon a toad unvenomed, why mayest thou not speak of vice without danger? Especially so warily as I have endeavoured; who, in the unpartial mention of so many vices, may safely profess to be altogether guiltless in myself to the intention of any guilty person who might be blemished by the likelihood of my conceived application, thereupon choosing rather to marre mine own verse than another's name: which notwithstanding, if the injurious reader shall wrest to his own spight, and disparaging of others, it is a short answer, *Art thou guilty?* Complain not, thou art not wronged. *Art thou guiltless?* Complain not, thou art not touched. The other, concerning the manner, wherein perhaps too much stooping to the low reach of the vulgar, I shall be thought not to have any whit kindly raught my ancient Roman predecessors, whom in the want of more late and familiar precedents, I am constrained thus far off to imitate: which thing I can be so willing to grant, that I am further ready to warrant my action therein to any indifferent censure. First, therefore, I dare boldly avouch that the English is not altogether so natural to a satire as the Latin; which I do not impute to the nature of the language itself, being so far from disabling it any way, that methinks I durst equal it to the proudest in every respect; but to that which is common to it with all the other common languages, Italian, French, German, &c. In their poesies, the fettering together the series of the verses, with the bonds of like cadence or desinence of rhyme, which, if it be unusually abrupt, and not dependent in sense upon so near affinity of words, I know not what a loathsome kind of harshness and discordance it breedeth to any judicial ear: which if any more confident adversary shall gainsay, I wish no better trial than the translation of one of Persius's Satires into English the difficulty and dissonance whereof shall make good my assertion: besides, the plain experience thereof in the Satires of Ariosto, (save which, and one base French Satire, I could never attain the view of any for my direction, and that also might for need serve for an excuse at least) whose chain-verse, to which he fettereth himself, as it may well afford a pleasing harmony to the ear, so can it yield nothing but a flashy and loose conceit to the judgment. Whereas the Roman numbers tying but one foot to another, offereth a greater freedom of variety, with much more delight to the reader. Let my second ground be, the well-known dainties of the time, such, that men rather chuse carelesly to lose the sweet of the kernell, than to urge their teeth with breaking the shell wherein it was wrapped: and therefore sith that which is unseen is almost undone, and that is almost unseen which is unconceived, either I would say nothing to be untalked of, or speak with my

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mouth open that I may be understood. Thirdly, the end of this pains was a satire, but the end of my satire a further good, which whether I attain or no I know not; but let me be plain with the hope of profit, rather than purposely obscure only for a bare name's sake.

"Notwithstanding, in the expectation of this quarrel, I think my first Satire doth somewhat resemble the sour and crabbed face of Juvenal's, which I, endeavouring in that, did determinately omit in the rest, for these forenamed causes, that so I might have somewhat to stop the mouth of every accuser. The rest to each man's censure: which let be as favourable as so thankless a work can deserve or desire."

It is needless to detain the reader longer, further than to mention, that the three first books are called Toothless Satires, poetical, academical, moral. The three last, Biteing Satires.

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POEMS

OF

BISHOP HALL.

VIRGIDEMIARUM.

SATIRES

IN SIX BOOKS.

A

DEFIANCE TO ENVY.

NAY; let the prouder pines of Ida feare
  The sudden fires of Heaven, and decline
Their yielding tops that dar'd the skies whilere:
  And shake your sturdy trunks, ye prouder pines,
Whose swelling grains are like begall'd alone,
With the deep furrows of the thunder-stone.

Stand ye secure, ye safer shrubs below,
  In humble dales, whom Heav'us do not despight;
Nor angry clouds conspire your overthrow,
  Envying at your too disdainful height.
Let high attempts dread envy and ill tongues,
And cow'rdly shrinke for feare of causelesse wrongs.

So wont big oaks feare winding ivy weed:
  So soaring eagles fear the neighbour Sunne:
So golden Mazor wont suspicion breed,
  Of deadly hemloc's poisoned potion:
So adders shroud themselves in fairest leaves:
So fouler fate the fairer thing bereaves.

Nor the low bush feares climbing ivy twine:
  Nor lowly bustard dreads the distant rays:
Nor earthen pot wont secret death to shrine:
  Nor subtle snake doth lurk in pathed ways.
Nor baser deed dreads envy and ill tongues,
Nor shrinks so soon for fear of causelesse wrongs.

Needs me then hope, or doth me need mis-dread:
  Hope for that honour, dread that wrongful spite:
Spite of the party, honour of the deed,
  Which wont alone on lofty objects light.
That envy should accost my Muse and me,
For this so rude and recklesse poesy.

Would she but shade her tender browes with bay,
  That now lye bare in carelesse wilful rage,
And trance herself in that sweet extacy
  That rouseth drooping thoughts of bashful age.
(Though now those bays and that aspired thought,
In carelesse rage she sets at worse than nought.)

Or would we loose her plumy pineon,
  Manacled long with bonds of modest feare,
Soone might she have those kestrels proud outgone,
  Whose flighty wings are dew'd with wetter aire,
And hopen now to shoulder from above,
The eagle from the stairs of friendly Jove.

Or list she rather in late triumph reare
  Eternal trophies to some conquerour,
Whose dead deserts slept in his sepulcher,
  And never saw, nor life, nor light before:
To lead sad Pluto captive with my song,
To grace the triumphs he obscur'd so long.

Or scoure the rusted swords of elvish knights,
  Bathed in Pagan blood, or sheath them new
In misty moral types; or tell their fights,
  Who mighty giants, or who monsters slew:
And by some strange enchanted speare and shield,
Vanquish'd their foe, and won the doubtful field.

May-be she might in stately stanzas frame
  Stories of ladies, and advent'rous knights,
To raise her silent and inglorious name
  Unto a reachlesse pitch of praises hight,
And somewhat say, as more unworthy done,
Worthy of brasse, and hoary marble stone.

Then might vain Envy waste her duller wing,
  To trace the airy steps she spiteing sees,
And vainly faint in hopelesse following
  The clouded paths her native drosse denies.
But now such lowly satires here I sing,
Not worth our Muse, not worth her envying.

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Too good (if ill) to be exposed to blame:
  Too good, if worse, to shadow shamelesse vice.
Ill, if too good, not answering their name:
  So good and ill in fickle censure lies.
Since in our satire lies both good and ill,
And they and it in varying readers will.

Witnesse, ye Muses, how I wilful sung
  These heady rhimes, withouten second care;
And wish'd them worse, my guilty thoughts among;
  The ruder satire should go ragg'd and bare,
And show his rougher and his hairy hide, [pride.
Though mine be smooth, and deck'd in carelesse

Would we but breathe within a wax-bound quill,
  Pan's seven-fold pipe, some plaintive pastoral;
To teach each hollow grove, and shrubby hill,
  Each murmuring brook, each solitary vale
To sound our love, and to our song accord,
Wearying Echo with one changelesse word.

Or list us make two striving shepherds sing,
  With costly wagers for the victory,
Under Menalcas judge; while one doth bring
  A carven bowl well wrought of beechen tree,
Praising it by the story, or the frame,
Or want of use, or skilful maker's name.

Another layeth a well-marked lamb,
  Or spotted kid, or some more forward steere,
And from the paile doth praise their fertile dam;
  So do they strive in doubt, in hope, in feare,
Awaiting for their trusty umpire's doome,
Faulted as false by him that 's overcome.

Whether so me list my lovely thought to sing,
  Come dance, ye nimble Dryads, by my side,
Ye gentle wood-nymphs, come; and with you bring
  The willing fawns that mought your music guide.
Come nymphs and fawns, that haunt those shady
While I report my fortunes or my loves. [groves,

Or whether list me sing so personate,
  My striving selfe to conquer with my verse,
Speake, ye attentive swains that heard me late,
  Needs me give grasse unto the conquerors.
At Colin's feet I throw my yielding reed,
But let the rest win homage by their deed.

But now (ye Muses) sith your sacred hests
  Profaned are by each presuming tongue;
In scornful rage I vow this silent rest,
  That never field nor grove shall heare my song.
Only these refuse rhimes I here mis-spend
To chide the world, that did my thoughts offend.

DE SUIS SATIRIS.

Dum satyræ dixi, videor dixisse satiræ
  Corripio; aut istæc non satis est satyra.

Ira facit satyram, reliquum sat temperat iram;
  Pinge tuo satyram sanguine, tum satyra est.

Ecce novam satyram: satyrum sine cornibus! Euge
  Monstra novi monstri hæc, et satyri et satyræ.

SATIRES.

BOOK I.

PROLOGUE.

I first adventure, with fool-hardy might,
To tread the steps of perilous despite.
I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second English satirist.
Envy waits on my back, Truth on my side;
Envy will be my page, and Truth my guide.
Envy the margent holds, and Truth the line:
Truth doth approve, but Envy doth repine.
For in this smoothing age who durst indite
Hath made his pen an hired parasite,
To claw the back of him that beastly lives,
And pranck base men in proud superlatives.
Whence damned Vice is shrouded quite from shame,
And crown'd with Virtue's meed, immortal name!
Infamy dispossess'd of native due,
Ordain'd of old on looser life to sue:
The world's eye-bleared with those shameless lyes,
Mask'd in the show of meal-mouth'd poesies.
Go, daring Muse, on with thy thanklesse task,
And do the ugly face of Vice unmask:
And if thou canst not thine high flight remit,
So as it mought a lowly satire fit,
Let lowly satires rise aloft to thee:
Truth be thy speed, and Truth thy patron be.

SATIRE I.

Nor ladie's wanton love, nor wandring knight,
Legend I out in rhimes all richly dight.
Nor fright the reader with the pagan vaunt
Of mightie Mahound, and great Termagaunt.
Nor list I sonnet of my mistress' face,
To paint some Blowesse with a borrowed grace;
Nor can I bide to pen some hungrie scene
For thick-skin ears, and undiscerning eyne.
Nor ever could my scornful Muse abide
With tragic shoes her ankles for to hide.
Nor can I crouch, and writhe my fawning tayle
To some great patron, for my best avayle.
Such hunger-starven trencher-poetrie,
Or let it never live, or timely die:
Nor under every bank and every tree,
Speak rhymes unto my oaten minstralsie:
Nor carol out so pleasing lively laies,
As mought the Graces move my mirth to praise.
Trumpet, and reeds, and socks, and buskins fine,
I them[1] bequeath: whose statues wandring twine
Of ivy mix'd with bays, circling around
Their living temples likewise laurel-bound.
Rather had I, albe in careless rhymes,
Check the mis-order'd world, and lawless times.
Nor need I crave the Muse's midwifry,
To bring to light so worthless poetry:
Or if we list, what baser Muse can bide,
To sit and sing by Granta's naked side?

[1] Earl of Surrey, Wyat, Sidney, Dyer, &c.

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They haunt the tided Thames and salt Medway,
E'er since the fame of their late bridal day [2].
Nought have we here but willow-shaded shore,
To tell our Grant his banks are left for lore.

SATIRE II.

Whilom the sisters nine were vestal maides,
And held their temple in the secret shades
Of fair Parnassus, that two-headed hill,
Whose auncient fame the southern world did fill;
And in the stead of their eternal fame,
Was the cool stream that took his endless name,
From out the fertile hoof of winged steed:
There did they sit and do their holy deed,
That pleas'd both Heav'n and Earth—till that of late
Whom should I fault? or the most righteous fate,
Or Heav'n, or men, or feinds, or ought beside,
That ever made that foul mischance betide?
Some of the sisters in securer shades
Defloured were.....
And ever since, disdaining sacred shame,
Done ought that might their heav'nly stock defame.
Now is Parnassus turned to a stewes,
And on bay stocks the wanton myrtle grewes;
Cythéron hill 's become a brothrel-bed,
And Pyrene sweet turn'd to a poison'd head
Of coal-black puddle, whose infectious stain
Corrupteth all the lowly fruitful plain.
Their modest stole, to garish looser weed,
Deck'd with love-favours, their late whoredoms meed:
And where they wont sip of the simple flood,
Now toss they bowls of Bacchus' boiling blood.
I marvell'd much, with doubtful jealousie,
Whence came such litters of new poetrie:
Methought I fear'd, lest the horse-hoofed well
His native banks did proudly over-swell
In some late discontent, thence to ensue
Such wondrous rabblements of rhymesters new:
But since I saw it painted on Fame's wings,
The Muses to be woxen wantonings.
Each bush, each bank, and each base apple-squire
Can serve to sate their beastly lewd desire.
Ye bastard poets, see your pedigree,
From common trulls and loathsome brothelry!

SATIRE III.

With some pot-fury, ravish'd from their wit,
They sit and muse on some no-vulgar writ:
As frozen dung-hills in a winter's morn,
That void of vapour seemed all beforn,
Soon as the Sun sends out his piercing beams
Exhale out filthy smoak and stinking steams.
So doth the base and the fore-barren brain,
Soon as the raging wine begins to reign.
One higher pitch'd doth set his soaring thought
On crowned kings, that Fortune hath low brought:
Or some upreared, high-aspiring swaine,
As it might be the Turkish Tamberlaine:
Then weeneth he his base drink-drowned spright,
Rapt to the threefold loft of Heaven hight,
When he conceives upon his faigned stage
The stalking steps of his great personage,
Graced with huff-cap terms and thundring threats,
That his poor hearers' hair quite upright sets.
Such soon as some brave-minded hungry youth
Sees fitly frame to his wide-strained mouth,
He vaunts his voyce upon an hired stage,
With high-set steps, and princely carriage;
Now soouping in side robes of royalty,
That erst did skrub in lowsy brokery,
There if he can with terms Italianate
Big-sounding sentences, and words of state,
Fair patch me up his pure iambic verse,
He ravishes the gazing scaffolders:
Then certes was the famous Corduban [3]
Never but half so high tragedian.
Now, lest such frightful shows of Fortune's fall,
And bloody tyrant's rage, should chance apall
The dead-struck audience, 'midst the silent rout,
Comes leaping in a self-misformed lout,
And laughs, and grins, and frames his mimic face,
And justles straight into the prince's place;
Then doth the theatre echo all aloud,
With gladsome noise of that applauding crowd.
A goodly hotch-potch! when vile russetings
Are match'd with monarchs, and with mighty kings.
A goodly grace to sober tragic Muse,
When each base clown his clumbsy fist doth bruise,
And show his teeth in double rotten row,
For laughter at his self-resembled show.
Meanwhile our poets in high parliament
Sit watching every word and gesturement,
Like curious censors of some doughty gear,
Whispering their verdict in their fellow's ear.
Woe to the word whose margent in their scrole
Is noted with a black condemning coal.
But if each period might the synod please,
Ho!——bring the ivy boughs, and bands of bays.
Now when they part and leave the naked stage,
Gins the bare hearer, in a guilty rage,
To curse and ban, and blame his likerous eye,
That thus hath lavish'd his late half-penny.
Shame that the Muses should be bought and sold,
For every peasant's brass, on each scaffold.

SATIRE IV.

Too popular is tragic poesie,
Straining his tip-toes for a farthing fee,
And doth beside on rhymeless numbers tread,
Unbid iambics flow from careless head.
Some braver brain in high heroic rhymes
Compileth worm-eat stories of old times:
And he like some imperious Maronist,
Conjures the Muses that they him assist.
Then strives he to bombast his feeble lines
With far-fetch'd phrase; .. ..
And maketh up his hard-betaken tale [vale,
With strange enchantments, fetch'd from darksom
Of some Melissa [4], that by magic doom
To Tuscans soil transporteth Merlin's tomb.
Painters and poets hold your auncient right:
Write what you will, and write not what you might:
Their limits be their list, their reason will.
But if some painter, in presuming skill,

[2] See Spenser.

[3] Seneca. [4] Ariosto.

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Should paint the stars in center of the Earth,
Could ye forbear some smiles, and taunting mirth?
But let no rebel satyr dare traduce
Th' eternal legends of thy faerie Muse,
Renowned Spencer: whom no earthly wight
Dares once to emulate, much less dares despight.
Salust[5] of France, and Tuscan Ariost,
Yield up the lawrel garland ye have lost:
And let all others willow wear with me,
Or let their undeserving temples bared be.

SATIRE V.

Another, whose more heavy hearted saint
Delights in nought but notes of rueful plaint,
Urgeth his melting Muse with solemn tears
Rhyme of some dreary fates of luckless peers.
Then brings he up some branded whining ghost,
To tell how old misfortunes had him toss'd.
Then must he ban the guiltless fates above,
Or fortune frail, or unrewarded love.
And when he hath parbrak'd his grieved mind,
He sends him down where erst he did him find,
Without one penny to pay Charon's hire,
That waiteth for the wand'ring ghosts retire.

SATIRE VI.

Another scorns the home-spun thread of rhymes,
Match'd with the lofty feet of elder times:
Give me the numbred verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue:
Manhood and garboiles shall he chaunt with chaunged feet
And head-strong dactyls making music meet.
The nimble dactyl striving to out-go,
The drawling spondees pacing it below.
The lingring spondees, labouring to delay,
The breathless dactyls with a sudden stay.
Whoever saw a colt wanton and wild,
Yok'd with a slow-foot ox on fallow field,
Can right areed how handsomely besets
Dull spondees with the English dactylets.
If Jove speak English in a thundring cloud,
"Thwick thwack," and "ruffraff," roars he out aloud.
Fie on the forged mint that did create
New coin of words never articulate.

SATIRE VII.

Great is the folly of a feeble brain,
O'er-rul'd with love, and tyrannous disdain:
For love, however in the basest breast,
It breeds high thoughts that feed the fancy best.
Yet is he blind, and leads poor fools awry,
While they hang gazing on their mistress' eye.
The love-sick poet, whose importune prayer
Repulsed is with resolute despair,
Hopeth to conquer his disdainful dame,
With public plaints of his conceived flame.

[5] Dubartas.

Then pours he forth in patched sonettings,
His love, his lust, and loathsome flatterings:
As though the staring world hang'd on his sleeve,
When once he smiles, to laugh: and when he sighs, to grieve.
Careth the world, thou love, thou live, or die?
Careth the world how fair thy fair-one be?
Fond wit-wal that wouldst load thy witless head
With timely horns, before thy bridal bed.
Then can he term his dirty ill-fac'd bride
Lady and queen, and virgin deify'd:
Be she all sooty black, or berry brown,
She 's white as morrow's milk, or flakes new blown.
And though she be some dunghill drudge at home,
Yet can he her resign some refuse room
Amidst the well known stars: or if not there,
Sure will he saint her in his Kalendere.

SATIRE VIII.

Hence, ye profane! mell not with holy things
That Sion's Muse from Palestina brings.
Parnassus is transform'd to Sion Hill,
And ivry-palms her steep ascents done fill.
Now good St. Peter[6] weeps pure Helicon,
And both the Maries make a music moan:
Yea, and the prophet of the heav'nly lyre,
Great Solomon, sings in the English quire;
And is become a new-found sonnetist,
Singing his love, the holy spouse of Christ:
Like as she were some light-skirts of the rest,
In mightiest inkhornisms he can thither wrest.
Ye Sion Muses shall by my dear will,
For this your zeal and far-admired skill,
Be straight transported from Jerusalem,
Unto the holy house of Bethlehem.

SATIRE IX.

Envy, ye Muses, at your thriving mate,
Cupid hath crowned a new laureat:
I saw his statue gayly 'tir'd in green,
As if he had some second Phœbus been.
His statue trimm'd with the venerean tree,
And shrined fair within your sanctuary.
What, he, that erst to gain the rhyming goal,
The worn recital-post of capitol,
Rhymed in rules of stewish ribaldry,
Teaching experimental bawdery!
Whiles th' itching vulgar, tickled with the song,
Hanged on their unready poet's tongue.
Take this, ye patient Muses; and foul shame
Shall wait upon your once profaned name:
Take this, ye Muses, this so high despite,
And let all hateful luckless birds of night;
Let screeching owls nest in your razed roofs,
And let your floor with horned satyres' hoofs
Be dinted, and defiled every morn:
And let your walls be an eternal scorn.
What if some Shoreditch fury should incite
Some lust-stung lecher: must he needs indite
The beastly rites of hired venery,
The whole world's universal bawd to be?
Did never yet no damned libertine,
Nor elder heathen, nor new Florentine[7],

[6] Robert Southwell's St. Peter's Complaint.
[7] Peter Aretine.

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Though they were famous for lewd liberty,
Venture upon so shameful villany;
Our epigrammatarians, old and late,
Were wont be blam'd for too licentiate.
Chaste men, they did but glance at Lesbia's deed,
And handsomely leave off with cleanly speed.
But arts of whoring, stories of the stews,
Ye Muses will ye bear, and may refuse?
Nay, let the Devil and St. Valentine
Be gossips to those ribald rhymes of thine.

SATIRES.

BOOK II.

PROLOGUE.

Os been the manes of that Cynic spright,
Cloath'd with some stubborn clay, and led to light?
Or do the relic ashes of his grave
Revive and rise from their forsaken cave?
That so with gall-wet words and speeches rude
Controuls the manners of the multitude.
Envy belike incites his pining heart,
And bids it sate itself with others smart.
Nay, no despight: but angry Nemesis,
Whose scourge doth follow all that done amiss:
That scourge I bear, albe in ruder fist,
And wound, and strike, and pardon whom she list.

SATIRE I.

For shame! write better, Labeo, or write none;
Or better write, or Labeo write alone:
Nay, call the Cynic but a wittie foole,
Thence to abjure his handsome drinking bowl;
Because the thirstie swaine with hollow hand,
Conveied the streame to weet his drie weasand.
Write they that can, though they that cannot doe:
But who knowes that, but they that do not know.
Lo! what it is that makes white rags so deare,
That men must give a teston for a queare.
Lo! what it is that makes goose wings so scant,
That the distressed sempster did them want:
So lavish ope-tyde causeth fasting lents,
And starveling famine comes of large expense.
Might not (so they were pleas'd that beene above)
Long paper-abstinence our death remove?
Then manie a Lollerd would in forfaitment,
Beare paper-faggots o'er the pavement.
But now men wager who shall blot the most,
And each man writes. *There 's so much labour lost,*
That 's good, that 's great: nay much is seldome well,
Of what is bad, a little 's a greate deale.
Better is more: but best is nought at all.
Lesse is the next, and lesser criminall.
Little and good, is greatest good save one,
Then, Labeo, or write little, or write none.
Tush, but small paines can be but little art,
Or lode full drie-fats fro the forren mart,
With folio volumes, two to an oxe hide,
Or else ye pamphleteer go stand aside;
Reade in each schoole, in everie margent quoted,
In everie catalogue for an authour noted.
There 's happinesse well given and well got,
Lesse gifts, and lesser gaines, I weigh them not.
So may the giant roam and write on high,
Be he a dwarfe that writes not their as I.
But well fare Strabo, which, as stories tell,
Contriv'd all Troy within one walnut shell.
His curious ghost now lately hither came;
Arriving neere the mouth of luckie Tame,
I saw a pismire struggling with the load,
Dragging all Troy home towards her abode.
Now dare we hither, if we durst appeare,
The subtile stithy-man that liv'd while ere:
Such one was once, or once I was mistaught,
A smith at Vulcan's owne forge up brought,
That made an iron chariot so light,
The coach-horse was a flea in trappings dight.
The tamelesse steed could well his waggon wield,
Through downes and dales of the uneven field.
Strive they, laugh we: meane while the black storie
Passes new Strabo, and new Strabo's Troy.
Little for great; and great for good; all one:
For shame! or better write, or Labeo write none.
But who conjur'd this bawdie Poggie's ghost,
From out the stewes of his lewde home-bred coast:
Or wicked Rablais dronken revellings,
To grace the mis-rule of our tavernings?
Or who put bayes into blind Cupid's fist,
That he should crown what laureats him list?
Whose words are those, to remedie the deed,
That cause men stop their noses when they read?
Both good things ill, and ill things well; all one?
For shame! write cleanly, Labeo, or write none.

SATIRE II.

To what end did our lavish auncestours
Erect of old these stately piles of ours?
For thread-bare clerks, and for the ragged Muse,
Whom better fit some cotes of sad secluse?
Blush, niggard Ago, and be asham'd to see
These monuments of wiser ancestrie.
And ye faire heapes, the Muses sacred shrines,
(In spite of time and envious repines)
Stand still and flourish till the world's last day,
Upbraiding it with former love's decay.
Here may you, Muses, our deare soveraignes,
Scorne each base lordling ever you disdaines;
And every peasant churle, whose smokie roofe
Denied harbour for your deare behoofe.
Scorne ye the world before it do complaine,
And scorne the world that scorneth you againe.
And scorne contempt itselfe that doth incite
Each single-sold 'squire to set you at so light.
What needes me care for anie bookish skill,
To blot white papers with my restlesse quill:
Or pore on painted leaves, or beat my braine
With far-fetch thought; or to consume in vaine
In latter even, or midst of winter nights,
Ill smelling oyles, or some still watching lights?
Let them that meane by bookish businesse
To earne their bread, or hopen to professe
Their hard got skill, let them alone for me,
Busie their braines with deeper brokerie.
Great gaines shall bide you sure, when ye have spent
A thousand lamps, and thousand reames have rent

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Of needless papers; and a thousand nights
Have burned out with costly candle lights.
Ye palish ghosts of Athens, when at last
Your patrimonies spent in witlesse wast,
Your friends all wearie, and your spirits spent,
Ye may your fortunes seeke, and be forwent
Of your kind cousins, and your churlish sires,
Left there alone, midst the fast-folding briers.
Have not I lands of faire inheritance,
Deriv'd by right of long continuance,
To first-borne males, so list the law to grace,
Nature's first fruits in an eternal race?
Let second brotners, and poore nestlings,
Whom more injurious nature later brings
Into the naked world; let them assaine
To get hard pennyworths with so bootlesse paine.
Tush! what care I to be Arcesilas,
Or some sad Solon, whose deed-furrowed face,
And sullen head, and yellow-clouded sight,
Still on the stedfast earth are musing pight;
Mutt'ring what censures their distracted minde,
Of brain-sick paradoxes deeply hath definde:
Or of Parmenides, or of darke Heraclite,
Whether all be one, or ought be infinite?
Long would it be ere thou hast purchase bought,
Or welthier wexen by such idle thought.
Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store;
And he that cares for most shall find no more.
We scorne that wealth should be the finall end,
Whereto the heavenly Muse her course doth bend;
And rather had be pale with learned cares,
Than paunched with thy choyce of changed fares.
Or doth thy glorie stand in outward glee?
A lave-ear'd asse with gold may trapped be.
Or if in pleasure? live we as we may,
Let swinish Grill delight in dunghill clay.

SATIRE III.

Who doubts? the laws fell down from Heaven's height,
Like to some gliding starre in winter's night?
Themis, the scribe of God, did long agone
Engrave them deepe in during marble stone,
And cast them downe on this unruly clay,
That men might know to rule and to obey.
But now their characters depraved bin,
By them that would make gain of others sin.
And now hath wrong so maistered the right,
That they live best that on wrongs offall light.
So loathly flye that lives on galled wound,
And scabby festers inwardly unsound,
Feeds fatter with that poys'nous carrion,
Than they that haunt the healthy limbs alone.
Wo to the weale where many lawyers be,
For there is sure much store of maladie.
'T was truely said, and truely was foreseene
The fat kine are devoured of the leane.
Genus and species long since barefoote went,
Upon their ten-toes in wilde wanderment:
Whiles father Bartoll on his footcloth rode,
Upon high pavement gayly silver-strow'd.
Each home-bred science percheth in the chaire,
While sacred artes grovell on the groundsell bare.
Since pedling barbarismes gan be in request,
Nor classicke tongues, nor learning found no rest.
The crowching client, with low-beaded knee,
And manie worships, and faire flatterie,
Tells on his tale as smoothly as him list,
But still the lawyer's eye squints on his fist;
If that seem lined with a larger fee,
Doubt not the suite, the law is plaine for thee.
Though must he buy his vainer hope with price,
Disclout his crownes, and thanke him for advice.
So have I seene in a tempestuous stowre
Some bryer-bush showing shelter from the showre
Unto the hopefull sheepe, that faine would hide
His fleecie coate from that same angry tide:
The ruthlesse breere, regardlesse of his plight,
Laies holde upon the fleece he should acquite,
And takes advantage of the carelesse prey,
That thought she in securer shelter lay.
The day is faire, the sheepe would far to feede,
The tyrant brier holdes fast his shelters meed,
And claimes it for the fee of his defence:
So robs the sheepe, in favour's faire pretence.

SATIRE IV.

Worthie were Galen to be weighed in gold,
Whose help doth sweetest life and health uphold;
Yet by saint Esculape he solemne swore,
That for diseases they were never more,
Fees never lesse, never so little gaine,
Men give a groate, and aske the rest againe.
Groats-worth of health can anie leech allot?
Yet should he have no more that gives a groate.
Should I on each sicke pillow leane my brest,
And grope the pulse of everie mangie wrest;
And spie out marvels in each urinall;
And rumble up the filths that from them fall;
And give a dosse for everie disease,
In prescripts long and tedious recipes,
All for so leane reward of art and me?
No horse-leach but will looke for larger fee.
Meane while if chaunce some desp'rate patient die,
Com'n to the period of his destinie:
(As who can crosse the fatall resolution,
In the decreed day of dissolution:)
Whether ill tendment, or recurelesse paine,
Procure his death; the neighbours all complaine,
Th' unskilfull leech murdered his patient,
By poyson of some foule ingredient.
Hereon the vulgar may as soone be brought
To Socrates his poysoned hemloc drought,
As to the wholsome julap, whose receat
Might his disease's lingring force defeat.
If not a dramme of triacle soveraigne,
Or aqua vitæ, or sugar candian,
Nor kitchin-cordials can it remedie,
Certes his time is come, needs mought he die.
Were I a leech, as who knowes what may be,
The liberal man should live, and carle should die.
The sickly ladie, and the gowtie peere
Still would I haunt, that love their life so deare.
Where life is deare, who cares for coyned drosse?
That spent is counted gaine, and spared, losse:
Or would conjure the chymic mercurie,
Rise from his horsedung bed, and upwards flie;
And with glasse stills, and sticks of juniper,
Raise the black spright that burnes not with the fire:
And bring quintessence of elixir pale,
Out of sublimed spirits minerall.
Each powdred graine ransometh captive kings,
Purchaseth realmes, and life prolonged brings.

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SATIRE V.

Saw'st thou ever Siquis patch'd on Paul's church
To seeke some vacant vicarage before? [doore,
Who wants a churchman that can service say,
Read fast and faire his monthly homiley?
And wed and bury, and make christen-soules?
Come to the left-side alley of Saint Poules.
Thou servile foole, why could'st thou not repaire
To buy a benefice at steeple-faire?
There moughtest thou, for but a slender price,
Advowson thee with some fat benefice:
Or if thee list not waite for dead men's shoon,
Nor pray each morn th' incumbent's daies were done:
A thousand patrons thither ready bring
Their new-faln churches to the chaffering;
Stake three yeares' stipend; no man asketh more:
Go take possession of the church-porch doore,
And ring thy bells; lucke stroken in thy fist:
The parsonage is thine, or ere thou wist.
Saint Fooles of Gotam mought thy parish be
For this thy base and servile symonie.

SATIRE VI.

A gentle squire would gladly entertaine
Into his house some trencher-chaplaine;
Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions.
First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
Whiles his young maister lieth o'er his head.
Second, that he do, on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt.
Third, that he never change his trencher twise.
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
Sit bare at meales, and one halfe rise and wait.
Last, that he never his yong maister beat,
But he must aske his mother to define,
How manie jerkes she would his breech should line.
All these observ'd, he could contented bee,
To give five markes and winter liverie.

SATIRE VII.

In th' Heaven's universal alphabet
All earthly thinges so surely are foreset,
That who can read those figures, may foreshew
Whatever thing shall afterwards ensue:
Faine would I know (might it our artist please)
Why can his tell-troth Epemerides
Teach him the weather's state so long beforne,
And not foretell him, nor his fatall horne,
Nor his death's-day, nor no such sad event;
Which he mought wisely labour to prevent?
Thou damned mock-art, and thou brainsick tale
Of old astrologie: where did'st thou vaile
Thy cursed head thus long, that so it mist
The black brands of some sharper satyrist?
Some doting gossip mongst the Chaldee wives,
Did to the credulous world thee first derive;
And Superstition nurs'd thee ever sence,
And publisht in profounder art's pretence:
That now, who pares his nailes, or libs his swine,
But he must first take counsel of the signe.
So that the vulgars count for faire or foule,
For living or for dead, for sick or whole.
His feare or hope, for plentie or for lacke,
Hangs all upon his new-year's almanack.
If chance once in the spring his head should ake,
It was foretold: thus sayes mine almanack.
In th' Heaven's high-street are but dozen roomes,
In which dwells all the world, past and to come.
Twelve goodly innes they are, with twelve fayre [signes,
Ever well tended by our star-divines.
Everie man's head innes at the horned Ramme,
The whiles the necke the black Bull's guest became,
Th' arms, by good hap, meet at the wrastling Twins,
Th' heart in the way, at the blue Lion innes.
The leggs their lodging in Aquarius got;
That is the Bride-streete of the Heaven I wot.
The feet took up the Fish with teeth of gold;
But who with Scorpio lodg'd may not be told.
What office then doth the star-gazer beare?
Or let him be the Heaven's ostelere,
Or tapsters some, or some be chamberlaines,
To waite upon the guests they entertaine.
Hence can they reade, by virtue of their trade,
When any thing is mist, where it was laide.
Hence they divine, and hence they can devise,
If their aim faile, the stars to moralize.
Demon, my friend, once liver-sicke of love,
Thus learn'd I by the signes his griefe remove:
In the blinde Archer first I saw the signe,
When thou receiv'dst that wilful wound of thine;
And now in Virgo is that cruel mayde,
Which hath not yet with love thy love repaide.
But marke when once it comes to Gemini,
Straightway fish-whole shall thy sicke-liver be.
But now (as th' angrie Heavens seeme to threat
Manie hard fortunes, and disastres great)
If chance it come to wanton-Capricorne,
And so into the Ram's disgraceful horne,
Then learne thou of the ugly Scorpion,
To hate her for her fowle abusion:
Thy refuge then the balance be of right,
Which shall thee from thy broken bond acquite:
So with the Crab, go back whence thou began,
From thy first match, and live a single man.

SATIRES.

BOOK III.

PROLOGUE.

Some say my Satyres over loosely flowe,
Nor hide their gall enough from open showe:
Not, riddle like, obscuring their intent;
But, packe-staffe plaine, uttring what thing they ment:
Contrarie to the Roman ancients,
Whose words were short, and darksome was their sense.
Who reades one line of their harsh poesies,
Thrice must he take his winde, and breathe him thrice:
My Muse would follow them that have foregone,
But cannot with an English pineon;
For looke how farre the ancient comedie
Past former satyres in her libertie:
So farre must mine yield unto them of olde;
'T is better be too bad, than be too bolde.

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SATIRE I.

Time was, and that was term'd the time of gold,
When world and time were young, that now are old,
(When quiet Saturne sway'd the mace of lead,
And pride was yet unborne, and yet unbred.)
Time was, that while the autumne fall did last,
Our hungrie sires gap'd for the falling mast
of the Dodonian oakes.
Could no unhusked akorne leave the tree,
But there was challenge made whose it might be.
And if some nice and liquorous appetite
Desir'd more daintie dish of rare delite,
They scal'd the stored crab with clasped knee,
Till they had sated their delicious eye:
Or search'd the hopefull thicks of hedgy-rowes,
For brierie berries, or hawes, or sourer sloes:
Or when they meant to fare the fin'st of all,
They lick'd oake-leaves besprint with hony fall.
As for the thrise three-angled beech nut-shell,
Or chesnut's armed huske, and hid kernell,
No squire durst touch, the law would not afford,
Kept for the court, and for the king's owne board.
Their royall plate was clay, or wood, or stone;
The vulgar, save his hand, else he had none.
Their onely cellar was the neighbour brooke:
None did for better care, for better looke.
Was then no plaining of the brewer's scape,
Nor greedie vintner mixt the strained grape.
The king's pavilion was the grassy green,
Under safe shelter of the shadie treen.
Under each banke men layd their limbs along,
Not wishing anie ease, not fearing wrong:
Clad with their owne, as they were made of old,
Not fearing shame, not feeling anie cold.
But when by Ceres huswifrie and paine,
Men learn'd to burie the reviving graine,
And father Janus taught the new-found vine,
Rise on the elme, with many a friendly twine:
And base desire bade men to delven low,
For needlesse mettals, then gan mischief grow.
Then farewell fayrest age, the world's best dayes;
Thriving in ill as it in age decaies.
Then crept in pride, and peevish covetise,
And men grew greedie, discordous, and nice.
Now man, that erst haile-fellow was with beast,
Woxe on to weene himselfe a god at least.
No aerie fowl can take so high a flight,
Though she her daring wings in clouds have dight;
Nor fish can dive so deep in yielding sea,
Though Thetis selfe should sweare her safetie;
Nor fearfull beast can dig his cave so lowe,
As could he further than Earth's center go;
As that the ayre, the earth, or ocean,
Should shield them from the gorge of greedie man.
Hath utmost Inde ought better than his owne?
Then utmost Inde is neare, and rife to gone.
O Nature! was the world ordain'd for nought
But fill man's maw, and feede man's idle thought?
Thy grandsires words savour'd of thriftie leekes,
Or manly garlic; but thy furnace reekes
Hot steams of wine; and can a-loofe descrie
The drunken draughts of sweete autumnitie.
They naked went; or clad in ruder hide,
Or home-spun russet, void of forraine pride:
But thou canst maske in garish gauderie,
To suite a foole's far-fetched liverie.
A French head joyn'd to necke Italian:
Thy thighs from Germanie, and brest from Spain:
An Englishman in none, a foole in all:
Many in one, and one in severall.
Then men were men; but now the greater part
Beasts are in life, and women are in heart.
Good Saturne selfe, that homely emperour,
In proudest pompe was not so clad of yore,
As is the under-groome of the ostlerie,
Husbanding it in work-day yeomanrie.
Lo! the long date of those expired dayes,
Which the inspired Merlin's word fore-sayes;
When dunghill peasants shall be dight as kings,
Then one confusion another brings:
Then farewell fairest age, the world's best dayes,
Thriving in ill, as it in age decayes.

SATIRE II.

Great Osmond knowes not how he shall be known
When once great Osmond shall be dead and gone:
Unlesse he reare up some rich monument,
Ten furlongs nearer to the firmament.
Some stately tombe he builds, Egyptian wise,
Rex regum written on the pyramis.
Whereas great Arthur lies in ruder oak,
That never felt none but the feller's stroke.
Small honour can be got with gaudie grave;
Nor it thy rotten name from death can save.
The fairer tombe, the fouler is thy name;
The greater pompe procuring greater shame.
Thy monument make thou thy living deeds;
No other tomb than that true virtue needs.
What! had he nought whereby he might be knowne
But costly pilements of some curious stone?
The matter Nature's, and the workman's frame;
His purse's cost: where then is Osmond's name?
Deserv'dst thou ill? well were thy name and thee,
Wert thou inditched in great secrecie;
Where as no passenger might curse thy dust,
Nor dogs sepulchrall sate their gnawing lust.
Thine ill deserts cannot be grav'd with thee,
So long as on thy grave they ingraved be.

SATIRE III.

The courteous citizen bade me to his feast,
With hollow words, and overly request:
"Come, will ye dine with me this holyday?"
I yeelded, though he hop'd I would say nay:
For had I mayden'd it, as many use;
Loath for to grant, but loather to refuse.
"Alacke, sir, I were loath; another day,—
I should but trouble you;—pardon me, if you may."
No pardon should I need; for, to depart
He gives me leave, and thanks too, in his heart.
Two words for monie, Darbishirian wise;
(That 's one too manie) is a naughtie guise.
Who looks for double biddings to a feast,
May dine at home for an importune guest.
I went, then saw, and found the greate expense;
The fare and fashions of our citizens.
Oh, Cleopatrical! what wanteth there
For curious cost, and wondrous choice of cheere?
Beefe, that erst Hercules held for finest fare;
Porke for the fat Bœotian, or the hare
For Martial; fish for the Venetian;
Goose-liver for the likorous Romane,

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Th' Athenian's goate; quaile, Iolan's cheere;
The hen for Esculape, and the Parthian deere;
Grapes for Arcesilas, figs for Plato's mouth,
And chesnuts faire for Amarillis' tooth. [fore?
Hadst thou such cheere? wert thou ever there be-
Never —I thought so: nor come there no more.
Come there no more; for so meant all that cost:
Never hence take me for thy second host.
For whom he meanes to make an often guest,
One dish shall serve; and welcome make the rest.

SATIRE IV.

Were yesterday Palemon's natals kept,
That so his threshold is all freshly steept
With new-shed blood? Could he not sacrifice
Some sorry morkin that unbidden dies;
Or meager heifer, or some rotten ewe;
But he must needs his posts with blood embrew,
And on his way-doore fixe the horned head,
With flowers and with ribbands garnished?
Now shall the passenger deeme the man devout.
What boots it be so, but the world must know 't?
O the fond boasting of vain-glorious man!
Does he the best, that may the best be seene?
Who ever gives a paire of velvet shooes
To th' holy rood, or liberally allowes
But a new rope to ring the curfew bell,
But he desires that his great deed may dwell,
Or graven in the chancel-window-glasse,
Or in the lasting tombe of plated brasse?
For he that doth so few deserving deeds,
'T were sure his best sue for such larger meeds.
Who would inglorious live, inglorious die,
And might eternize his name's memorie?
And he that cannot brag of greater store,
Must make his somewhat much, and little more.
Nor can good Myson weare on his left hond,
A signet ring of Bristol diamond,
But he must cut his glove to show his pride,
That his trim jewel might be better spy'd:
And that men mought some burgesse him repute,
With sattin sleeves hath grac'd his sacke-cloth suit.

SATIRE V.

Fie on all courtesie, and unruly windes,
Two onely foes that faire disguisement findes.
Strange curse! but fit for such a fickle age,
When scalpes are subject to such vassalage.
Late travaling along in London way,
Mee met, as seem'd by his disguis'd array,
A lustie courtier, whose curled head
With abron locks was fairely furnished.
I him saluted in our lavish wise:
He answeres my untimely courtesies.
His bonnet vail'd, ere ever he could thinke,
Th' unruly winde blowes off his periwinke.
He lights and runs, and quickly hath him sped,
To overtake his over-running head.
The sportfull winde, to mocke the headlesse man,
Tosses apace his pitch'd Rogerian:
And straight it to a deeper ditch hath blowne;
There must my yonker fetch his waxen crowne.
I lookt and laught, whiles in his raging minde,
He curst all courtesie, and unruly winde.
I lookt and laught, and much I mervailed,
To see so large a caus-way in his head.
And me bethought, that when it first begon,
'T was some shroad autumne that so bar'd the bone.
Is 't not sweete pride, when men their crownes must shade,
With that which jerks the hams of every jade,
Or floor-strow'd locks from off the barber's sheares?
But waxen crownes well gree with borrow'd haires.

SATIRE VI.

When Gullion dy'd (who knowes not Gullion?)
And his drie soule arriv'd at Acheron,
He faire besought the feryman of Hell,
That he might drinke to dead Pantagruel.
Charon was afraid lest thirstie Gullion
Would have drunke drie the river Acheron.
Yet last consented for a little hyre,
And downe he dips his chops deep in the myre,
And drinkes, and drinkes, and swallowes in the streeme,
Untill the shallow shores all naked seeme.
Yet still he drinkes, nor can the boatman's cries,
Nor crabbed oares, nor prayers, make him rise.
So long he drinkes, till the blacke caravell,
Stands still fast gravell'd on the mud of Hell.
There stand they still, nor can go, nor retyre,
Though greedie ghosts quicke passage did require.
Yet stand they still, as though they lay at rode,
Till Gullion his bladder would unlode.
They stand, and waite, and pray for that good houre;
Which, when it came, they sailed to the shore.
But never since dareth the ferryman,
Once entertaine the ghost of Gullion.
Drinke on, drie soule, and pledge sir Gullion:
Drinke to all healths, but drinke not to thine owne.

Desunt nonnulla.

SATIRE VII.

Seest thou how gayly my yong maister goes,
Vaunting himselfe upon his rising toes;
And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-tide?
'T is Ruffio: trow'st thou where he din'd to day?
In sooth I saw him sit with duke Humfray.
Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheere,
Keepes he for everie straggling cavaliere.
An open house, haunted with greate resort;
Long service mixt with musicall disport.
Many faire yonker with a feather'd crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
To fare so freely with so little cost,
Than stake his twelve-pence to a meaner host.
Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
He touch't no meat of all this live-long day.
For sure me thought, yet that was but a guesse,
His eyes seeme sunke for verie hollownesse.
But could he have (as I did it mistake)
So little in his purse, so much upon his backe?
So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his belt,
That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
Seest thou how side it hangs beneath his hip?
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
Yet for all that, how stifly struts he by,
All trapped in the new-found braverie.

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The nuns of new-won Cales his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
What needed he fetch that from farthest Spaine,
His grandame could have lent with lesser paine?
Though he perhaps ne'er pass'd the English shore,
Yet faine would counted be a conquerour.
His haire, French like, stares on his frighted head,
One lock amazon-like disheveled,
As if he meant to weare a native cord,
If chaunce his fates should him that bane afford.
All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close notched is his beard both lip and chin;
His linnen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met:
His sleeves half hid with elbow-pineonings,
As if he meant to flie with linnen wings.
But when I looke, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
So slender waist with such an abbot's loyne,
Did never sober Nature sure conjoyne.
Lik'st a strawne scare-crow in the new-sowne field,
Rear'd on some sticke, the tender corne to shield.
Or if that semblance suit not everie deale,
Like a broad shak-forke with a slender steel.
Despised Nature suit them once aright,
Their bodie to their coate, both now mis-dight.
Their bodie to their clothes might shapen be,
That nill their clothes shape to their bodie.
Meane while I wonder at so proud a backe,
Whiles th' empty guts lowd rumblen for long lacke:
The belly envieth the back's bright glee,
And murmurs at such inequality.
The backe appeares unto the partial eyne,
The plaintive belly pleads they bribed been;
And he, for want of better advocate,
Doth to the ear his injury relate.
The back, insulting o'er the belly's need,
Says, "Thou thy self, I others' eyes must feed."
The maw, the guts, all inward parts complaine
The back's great pride, and their own secret paine.
Ye witlesse gallants, I beshrew your hearts,
That sets such discord 'twixt agreeing parts,
Which never can be set at ohement more,
Until the maw's wide mouth be stopt with store.

THE CONCLUSION.

Thus have I writ in smoother cedar tree,
So gentle Satires, penn'd so easily.
Henceforth I write in crabbed oak-tree rynde,
Search they that mean the secret meaning find.
Hold out, ye guilty and ye galled hides,
And meet my far-fetch'd stripes with waiting sides.

SATIRES.

BOOK IV.

THE AUTHOR'S CHARGE

TO HIS SECOND COLLECTION OF SATIRES, CALLED BITING SATIRES.

Ye lucklesse rhymes, whom not unkindly spight
Begot long since of truth and holy rage,
Lye here in wombe of silence and still night,
Until the broils of next unquiet age:
That which is others' grave shall be your wombe,
And that which bears you, your eternal tombe.
Cease ere you gin, and ere ye live be dead;
And dye and live ere ever ye be borne;
And be not bore ere ye be buried,
Then after live, sith you have dy'd beforne,
When I am dead and rotten in the dust
Then gin to live, and leave when others lust.

For when I dye, shall envy dye with me,
And lie deep smother'd with my marble stone;
Which while I live cannot be done to dye,
Nor, if your life gin ere my life be done,
Will hardly yield t' await my mourning hearse,
But for my dead corps change my living verse.

What shall the ashes of my senselesse urne
Need to regard the raving world above?
Sith afterwards I never can returne,
To feel the force of hatred or of love.
Oh! if my soul could see their posthume spight,
Should it not joy and triumph in the sight?

Whatever eye shalt finde this hateful scrole
After the date of my deare exequies,
Ah, pity thou my plaining orphan's dole,
That faine would see the Sunne before it dies.
It dy'd before, now let it live againe,
Then let it dye, and bide some famous bane.

Satis est potuisse videri.

SATIRE I.

Che baiar vuol, bai.

Who dares upbraid these open rhymes of mine
With blindfold Aquines, or darke Venusine?
Or rough-hewn Teretismes, writ in th' antique vain
Like an old satire, and new Flaccian?
Which who reads thrice, and rubs his rugged brow,
And deep intendeth every doubtful row,
Scoring the margent with his blazing stars,
And hundreth crooketh interlinears,
(Like to a merchant's debt-roll new defac'd,
When some crack'd manour cross'd his book at last)
Should all in rage the curse-beat page out rive,
And in each dust-heap bury me alive,
Stamping like Bucephall, whose slackned raines
And bloody fetlocks fry with seven men's braines.
More cruel than the cravon satire's ghost,
That bound dead bones unto a burning post;
Or some more strait-lac'd juror of the rest,
Impannel'd of an Holyfax inquest:
Yet well bethought, stoops down and reads anew;
The best lies low, and loathes the shallow view,
Quoth old Eudemon, when his gout-swolne fist
Gropes for his double ducates in his chist:
Then buckle close his carelesse lyds once more,
To pose the pore-blind snake of Epidaore.
That Lyncius may be match'd with Gaulard's sight,
That sees not Paris for the houses' height;
Or wily Cyppus, that can winke and snort
While his wife dallies on Mæcenas' skort:
Yet when he hath my crabbed pamphlet read
As oftentimes as Philip hath been dead,
Bids all the furies haunt each peevish line
That thus have rack'd their friendly reader's eyne;
Worse than the Logogryphes of later times,
Or hundreth riddles shak'd to sleevelesse rhymes.

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Should I endure these curses and despight
While no man's eare should glow at what I write?
Labeo is whipt, and laughs me in the face:
Why? for I smite and hide the galled place.
Gird but the cynic's helmet on his head,
Cares he for Talus, or his flayle of lead?
Long as the crafty cuttle lieth sure
In the blacke cloud of his thicke vomiture,
Who list complaine of wronged faith or fame,
When he may shift it to another's name?
Calvus can scratch his elbow and can smile,
That thriftlesse Pontice bites his lip the while.
Yet I intended in that selfe device
To checke the churle for his knowne covetise.
Each points his straight fore-finger to his friend,
Like the blind dial on the belfry end.
Who turns it homeward, to say this is I,
As bolder Socrates in the comedy?
But single out, and say once plat and plaine
That coy Matrona is a courtezan;
Or thou, false Cryspus, choak'dst thy wealthy guest
Whiles he lay snoaring at his midnight rest,
And in thy dung-cart didst the carkasse shrine
And deepe intombe it in Port-esqueline.
Proud Trebius lives, for all his princely gait,
On third-hand suits, and scrapings of the plate.
Titius knew not where to shroude his head
Until he did a dying widow wed,
Whiles she lay doating on her death's bed,
And now hath purchas'd lands with one night's paine,
And on the morrow wooes and weds againe.
Now see I fire-flakes sparkle from his eyes,
Like a comet's tayle in th' angry skies;
His pouting cheeks puff up above his brow,
Like a swolne toad touch'd with the spider's blow;
His mouth shrinks side-ward like a scornful playse,
To take his tired ear's ingrateful place.
His ears hang laving like a new lugg'd swine,
To take some counsel of his grieved eyne.
Now laugh I loud, and breake my spleene to see
This pleasing pastime of my poesie;
Much better than a Paris-garden beare,
Or prating puppet on a theatre;
Or Mimoe's whistling to his tabouret,
Selling a laughter for a cold meal's meat.
Go to then, ye my sacred Semonees,
And please me more the more ye do displease.
Care we for all those bugs of idle feare?
For Tigels grinning on the theatre?
Or scar-babe threatnings of the rascal crew?
Or wind-spent verdicts of each ale-knight's view?
Whatever breast doth freeze for such false dread,
Besbrew his base white liver for his mead.
Fond were that pity, and that feare were sin,
To spare waste leaves that so deserved bin.
Those toothlesse toys that dropt out by mis-hap,
Be but as lightning to a thunder-clap.
Shall then that foul infamous Cyned's hide
Laugh at the purple wales of others' side?
Not if he were as near as, by report,
The stewes had wont be to th' tennis court:
He that, while thousands envy at his bed,
Neighs after bridals, and fresh maidenhead;
Whiles slavish Juno dares not look awry,
To frowne at such imperious rivalry;
Not though she sees her wedding jewels drest
To make new bracelets for a strumpet's wrest;
Or like some strange disguised Messaline,
Hires a night's lodging of his concubine;
Whether his twilight-torch of love do call
To revels of uncleanly musicall,
Or midnight plays, or taverns of new wine,
Hye ye, white aprons, to your landlord's signe;
When all, save toothlesse age or infancy,
Are summon'd to the court of venery.
Who list excuse? when chaster dames can hire
Some snout-fair stripling to their apple-squire,
Whom, staked up like to some stallion steed,
They keep with eggs and oysters for the breed.
O Lucine! barren Caia hath an heir,
After her husband's dozen years' despair.
And now the bribed midwife swears apace,
The bastard babe doth bear his father's face.
But hath not Lelia pass'd her virgin years?
For modest shame (God wot!) or penal fears?
He tells a merchant tidings of a prize,
That tells Cynedo of such novelties,
Worth little less than landing of a whale,
Or Gades' spoils, or a churl's funerale.
Go bid the banes and point the bridal day,
His broking bawd hath got a noble prey;
A vacant tenement, an honest dowre
Can fit his pander for her paramoure,
That he, base wretch, may clog his wit-old head,
And give him hansel of his hymen-bed.
Ho! all ye females that would live unshent,
Fly from the reach of Cyned's regiment.
If Trent be drawn to dregs and low refuse,
Hence, ye hot lecher, to the steaming stewes.
Tyber, the famous sink of Christendome,
Turn thou to Thames, and Thames run towards Rome.
Whatever damned streame but thine were meet
To quench his lusting liver's boiling heat?
Thy double draught may quench his dog-days rage
With some stale Bacchis, or obsequious page,
When writhen Lena makes her sale-set shows
Of wooden Venus with fair-limned brows;
Or like him more some vailed matron's face,
Or trained prentice trading in the place.
The close adultresse, where her name is red,
Comes crawling from her husband's lukewarm bed,
Her carrion skin bedaub'd with odours sweet,
Groping the postern with her bared feet.
Now play the satire whoso list for me,
Valentine self, or some as chaste as he.
In vaine she wisheth long Alkmæna's night,
Cursing the hasty dawning of the light;
And with her cruel lady-star uprose
She seeks her third roust on her silent toes,
Besmeared all with loathsome smoake of lust,
Like Acheron's steams, or smoldring sulphur dust.
Yet all day sits she simpering in her mew
Like some chaste dame, or shrined saint in shew;
Whiles he lies wallowing with a westy-head
And palish carcase, on his brothel-bed,
Till his salt bowels boile with poisonous fire;
Right Hercules with his second Deianire.
O Esculape! how rife is physic made,
When each brasse-bason can professe the trade
Of ridding pocky wretches from their paine,
And do the beastly cure for ten groats gaine?
All these and more deserve some blood-drawn lines,
But my six cords beene of too loose a twine:
Stay till my beard shall sweep mine aged breast,
Then shall I seem an awful satyrist:
While now my rhymes relish of the ferule still,
Some nose-wise pedant saith; whose deep-seen skill

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Hath three times construed either Flaccus o'er,
And thrice rehears'd them in his trivial floore.
So let them tax me for my hot blood's rage,
Rather than say I doated in my age.

SATIRE II.

Arcades ambo.

Old driveling Lolio drudges all he can
To make his eldest sonne a gentleman.
Who can despaire to see another thrive,
By loan of twelve-pence to an oyster-wive?
When a craz'd scaffold, and a rotten stage,
Was all rich Nænius his heritage.
Nought spendeth he for feare, nor spares for cost;
And all he spends and spares besides is lost.
Himself goes patched like some bare cottyer,
Lest he might ought the future stocke appeyre.
Let giddy Cosmius change his choice array,
Like as the Turk his tents, thrice in a day,
And all to sun and air his suits untold
From spightful moths, and frets, and hoary mold,
Bearing his pawn-laid hands upon his backe
As snailes their shells, or pedlers do their packe.
Who cannot shine in tissues and pure gold
That hath his lands and patrimony sold?
Lolio's side coat is rough pampilian
Gilded with drops that downe the bosome ran,
White carsey hose patched on either knee,
The very embleme of good husbandry,
And a knit night-cap made of coursest twine,
With two long labels button'd to his chin;
So rides he mounted on the market-day,
Upon a straw-stuft pannel all the way,
With a maund charg'd with houshold merchandize,
With eggs, or white-meate, from both dayries;
And with that buys he roast for Sunday noone,
Proud how he made that week's provision.
Else is he stall-fed on the worky-day,
With browne-bread crusts soften'd in sodden whey,
Or water-gruell, or those paups of meale
That Maro makes his simule, and cybeale:
Or once a weeke, perhaps for novelty,
Reez'd bacon soords shall feast his family;
And weens this more than one egg cleft in twaine
To feast some patrone and his chappelaine:
Or more than is some hungry gallant's dole,
That in a dearth runs sneaking to an hole,
And leaves his man and dog to keepe his hall,
Lest the wild room should run forth of the wall.
Good man! him list not spend his idle meales
In quinsing plovers, or in wining quailes;
Nor toot in cheap-side baskets earne and late
To set the first tooth in some novell cate.
Let sweet-mouth'd Mercia bidwhat crowns she please
For half-red cherries, or greene garden pease,
Or the first artichoaks of all the yeare,
To make so lavish cost for little cheare:
When Lolio feasteth in his revelling fit,
Some starved pullen scoures the rusted spit.
For else how should his sonne maintained be
At inns of court or of the chancery:
There to learn law, and courtly carriage,
To make amends for his mean parentage;
Where he unknowne and ruffling as he can,
Goes currant each where for a gentleman?
While yet he rousteth at some uncouth signe,
Nor ever red his tenure's second line.
What broker's lousy wardrobe cannot reach
With tissued pains to pranck each peasant's breech?
Couldst thou but give the wall, the cap, the knee,
To proud Sartorio that goes straddling by.
Wert not the needle pricked on his sleeve,
Doth by good hap the secret watch-word give?
But hear'st thou Lolio's sonne? gin not thy gaite
Until the evening owl or bloody bat:
Never until the lamps of Paul's been light,
And niggard lanterns shade the moon-shine night;
Then when the guilty bankrupt, in bold dreade,
From his close cabbin thrusts his shrinking heade,
That hath been long in shady shelter pent,
Imprisoned for feare of prisonment.
May be some russet-coat parochian
Shall call thee cousin, friend, or countryman,
And for thy hoped fist crossing the streete
Shall in his father's name his god-son greete.
Could never man work thee a worser shame
Than once to minge thy father's odious name?
Whose mention were alike to thee as lieve
As a catch-poll's fist unto a bankrupt's sleeve;
Or an *hos ego* from old Petrarch's spright
Unto a plagiary sonnet-wright.
There, soon as he can kiss his hand in gree,
And with good grace bow it below the knee,
Or make a Spanish face with fawning cheere,
With th' iland conge like a cavalier,
And shake his head, and cringe his neck and side,
Home hies he in his father's farm to bide.
The tenants wonder at their landlord's soane,
And blesse them at so sudden coming on,
More than who vies his pence to view some trick
Of stranges Moroco's dumb arithmetick,
Or the young elephant, or two-tayl'd steere,
Or the rigg'd camell, or the fiddling frere.
Nay then his Hodge shall leave the plough and waine,
And buy a booke, and go to schoole againe.
Why mought not he as well as others done,
Rise from his fescue to his Littleton?
Fools they may feed with words, and live by ayre
That climb to honour by the pulpit's stayre:
Sit seven years pining in an anchore's cheyre,
To win some patched shreds of Minivere;
And seven more plod at a patron's tayle
To get a gilded chapel's cheaper sayle.
Old Lolio sees, and laugheth in his sleeve
At the great hope they and his state do give.
But that which glads and makes him proud'st of all,
Is when the brabling neighbours on him call
For counsel in some crabbed case of law,
Or some indentments, or some bond to draw:
His neighbour's goose hath grazed on his lea,
What action mought be enter'd in the plea?
So new-fall'n lands have made him in request,
That now he looks as lofty as the best.
And well done Lolio, like a thrifty sire,
'T were pity but thy sonne should prove a squire.
How I foresee in many ages past,
When Lolio's caytive name is quite defac'd,
Thine heir, thine heir's heir, and his heir again,
From out the lines of careful Lolian,
Shall climb up to the chancell pewes on high,
And rule and raigne in their rich tenancy;
When perch'd aloft to perfect their estate
They rack their rents unto a treble rate;
And hedge in all the neighbour common lands,
And clodge their slavish tenants with commands;
Whiles they, poor souls, with feeling sigh complaine,
And wish old Lolio were alive againe,

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And praise his gentle soule, and wish it well,
And of his friendly facts full often tell.
His father dead! tush, no it was not he,
He finds records of his great pedigree,
And tells how first his famous ancestour
Did come in long since with the Conquerour.
Nor hath some bribed herald first assign'd
His quartered arms and crest of gentle kind;
The Scottish barnacle, if I might choose,
That of a worme doth waxe a winged goose;
Nathlesse some hungry squire for hope of good
Matches the churl's sonne into gentle blood,
Whose sonne more justly of his gentry boasts
Than who were borne at two py'd painted posts,
And had some traunting merchant to his sire,
That trafick'd both by water and by fire.
O times! since ever Rome did kings create,
Brasse gentlemen, and Cæsars laureate.

SATIRE III.

Fuimus troes. Vel vix ea nostra.

What boots it, Pontice, though thou could'st discourse
Of a long golden line of ancestours?
Or show their painted faces gayly drest,
From ever since before the last conquest?
Or tedious bead-rolls of descended blood,
From father Japhet since Ducalion's flood?
Or call some old church-windows to record
The age of thy faire armes;——
Or find some figures halfe obliterate
In rain-beat marble near to the church-gate
Upon a crosse-legg'd tombe: what boots it thee
To show the rusted buckle that did tie
The garter of thy greatest grandsires knee?
What to reserve their relicks many yeares,
Their silver-spurs, or spils of broken speares?
Or cite old Ocland's verse, how they did weild
The wars in Turwin, or in Turney field?
And if thou canst in picking strawes engage
In one half day thy father's heritage;
Or hide whatever treasures he thee got,
In some deep cock-pit, or in desp'rate lot
Upon a six-square piece of ivory,
Throw both thy self and thy posterity?
Or if (O shame!) in hired harlot's bed
Thy wealthy heirdome thou have buried:
Then, Pontice, little boots thee to discourse
Of a long golden line of ancestours.
Ventrous Fortunio his farm hath sold,
And gads to Guiane land to fish for gold,
Meeting perhaps, if Orenoque deny,
Some straggling pinnace of Polonian rye:
Then comes home floating with a silken sail,
That Severne shaketh with his cannon-peal:
Wiser Raymundus, in his closet pent,
Laughs at such danger and adventurement,
When halfe his lands are spent in golden smoke,
And now his second hopeful glasse is broke.
But yet if hap'ly his third fornace hold,
Devoteth all his pots and pans to gold:
So spend thou, Pontice, if thou canst not spare,
Like some stout seaman, or phylosopher.
And were thy fathers gentle? that 's their praise;
No thank to thee by whom their name decays;
By virtue got they it, and valourous deed;
Do thou so, Pontice, and be honoured.
But else, look how their virtue was their owne,
Not capable of propagation.
Right so their titles beene, nor can be thine,
Whose ill deserts might blanke their golden line.
Tell me, thou gentle Trojan, dost thou prize
Thy brute beasts' worth by their dams' qualities?
Say'st thou this colt shall prove a swift-pac'd steed
Only because a jennet did him breed?
Or say'st thou this same horse shall win the prize,
Because his dam was swiftest Trunchefice,
Or Runcevall his sire? himself a Gallaway?
Whiles like a tireling jade he lags half-way.
Or whiles thou seest some of thy stallion race,
Their eyes bor'd out, masking the miller's maze,
Like to a Scythian slave sworne to the payle,
Or dragging frothy barrels at his tayle?
Albe wise nature in her providence,
Wont in the want of reason and of sense,
Traduce the native virtue with the kind,
Making all brute and senselesse things inclin'd
Unto their cause, or place where they were sowne;
That one is like to all, and all like one.
Was never fox but wily cubs begets;
The bear his fiercenesse to his brood besets:
Nor fearful hare falls out of lyon's seed,
Nor eagle wont the tender dove to breed.
Creet ever wont the cypress sad to bear,
Acheron banks the palish popelar:
The palm doth rifely rise in Jury field,
And Alpheus waters nought but olives wild.
Asopus breeds big bullrushes alone,
Meander, heath; peaches by Nilus growne.
An English wolfe, an Irish toad to see,
Were as a chaste man nurs'd in Italy.
And now when nature gives another guide
To human-kind, that in his bosome bides,
Above instinct, his reason and discourse,
His being better, is his life the worse?
Ah me! how seldome see we sonnes succeed
Their father's praise, in prowesse and great deed?
Yet certes if the sire be ill inclin'd,
His faults befal his sonnes by course of kind.
Scaurus was covetous, his sonne not so;
But not his pared nayle will he forego.
Florian, the sire, did women love alive,
And so his sonne doth too, all but his wife.
Brag of thy father's faults, they are thine own:
Brag of his lands if they are not foregone.
Brag of thine own good deeds, for they are thine
More than his life, or lands, or golden line.

SATIRE IV.

Plus beaque fort.

Can I not touch some upstart carpet-shield
Of Loliols sonne, that never saw the field;
Or taxe wild Pontice for his luxuries,
But straight they tell me of Tiresias' eyes?
Or lucklesse Collingborn's feeding of the crowes,
Or hundreth scalps which Thames still overflowes,
But straight Sigalion nods and knits his browes,
And winkes and waftes his warning hand for feare,
And lisp some silent letters in my eare?
Have I not vow'd for shunning such debate?
Pardon, ye satires, to degenerate!
And wading low in the plebeian lake,
That no salt wave shall froth upon my backe.

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Let Labeo, or who else list for me,
Go loose his ears and fall to alchimy:
Only let Gallio give me leave a while
To schoole him once or ere I change my style.
O lawlesse paunch! the cause of much despight,
Through raunging of a currish appetite,
When splennish morsels cram the gaping maw,
Withouten diet's care or trencher-law;
Though never have I Salerne rhymes profest
To be some lady's trencher-critick guest;
Whiles each bit cooleth for the oracle,
Whose sentence charms it with a rhyming spell.
Touch not this coler, that melancholy,
This bit were dry and hot, that cold and dry.
Yet can I set my Gallio's dieting,
A pestle of a lark, or plover's wing;
And warn him not to cast his wanton eyne
On grosser bacon, or salt haberdine,
Or dried flitches of some smoked beeve,
Hang'd on a writhen wythe since Martin's eve,
Or burnt larke's heeles, or rashers raw and greene,
Or melancholick liver of an hen,
Which stout Vorano brags to make his feast,
And claps his hand on his brave ostridge breast;
Then falls to praise the hardy janizar
That sucks his horse side, thirsting in the war.
Lastly, to seal up all that he hath spoke,
Quaffes a whole tunnell of tobacco smoke.
If Martius in boist'rous buffs be dress'd,
Branded with iron plates upon the breast,
And pointed on the shoulders for the nonce,
As new come from the Belgian garrisons,
What should thou need to envy ought at that,
Whenas thou smellest like a civet cat?
Whenas thine oyled locks smooth platted fall,
Shining like varnish'd pictures on a wall.
When a plum'd fanne may shade thy chalked face,
And lawny strips thy naked bosom grace.
If brabbling Make-fray, at each fair and size,
Picks quarrels for to show his valiantize,
Straight pressed for an hungry Swizzer's pay
To thrust his fist to each part of the fray,
And piping hot puffs toward the pointed plaine
With a broad Scot, or proking spit of Spaine;
Or hoyseth sayle up to a forraine shore,
That he may live a lawlesse conquerour.
If some such desp'rate hackster shall devise
To rouze thine hare's-heart from her cowardice,
As idle children striving to excell
In blowing bubbles from an empty shell;
Oh, Hercules! how like to prove a man,
That all so rath thy warlike life began?
Thy mother could thee for thy cradle set
Her husband's rusty iron corselet;
Whose jargling sound might rock her babe to rest,
That never plain'd of his uneasy nest:
There did he dreame of dreary wars at hand,
And woke, and fought, and won, ere he could stand.
But who hath seene the lambs of Tarentine,
May guesse what Gallio his manners beene;
All soft as is the falling thistle-downe,
Soft as the fumy ball, or Morrian's crowne.
Now Gallio, gins thy youthly heat to raigne
In every vigorous limb and swelling vaine; [high,
Time bids thee raise thine headstrong thoughts on
To valour and adventrous chivalry:
Pawne thou no glove for challenge of the deed,
Nor make thy quintaine others armed head
T' enrich the waiting herald with thy shame,
And make thy losse the scornful scaffold's game.
Wars, God forefend! nay God defend from war;
Soone are sonnes spent, that not soon reared are.
Gallio may pull me roses ere they fall,
Or in his net entrap the tennis-ball,
Or tend his spar-hawke mantling in her mew,
Or yelping beagles busy heeles pursue,
Or watch a sinking corke upon the shore,
Or halter finches through a privy doore,
Or list he spend the time in sportful game,
In daily courting of his lovely dame,
Hang on her lips, melt in her wanton eye,
Dance in her hand, joy in her jollity;
Here 's little perill, and much lesser paine,
So timely Hymen do the rest restraine.
Hye, wanton Gallio, and wed betime,
Why should'st thou leese the pleasures of thy prime?
Seest thou the rose-leaves fall ungathered?
Then hye thee, wanton Gallio, to wed.
Let ring and ferule meet upon thine hand,
And Lucine's girdle with her swathing-band.
Hye thee, and give the world yet one dwarfe more,
Such as it got when thou thy selfe wast bore:
Looke not for warning of thy bloomed chin,
Can ever happinesse too soone begin?
Virginius vow'd to keep his maidenhead,
And eats chast lettice, and drinks poppy-seed,
And smells on camphire fasting; and that done,
Long hath he liv'd, chaste as a vailed nunne;
Free as a new-absolved damosell
That frier Cornelius shrived in his cell,
Till now he wax'd a toothlesse bachelour,
He thaws like Chaucer's frosty Januere,
And sets a month's mind upon smiling May,
And dyes his beard that did his age bewray;
Biting on annys-seede and rosemarine,
Which might the fume of his rot lungs refine:
Now he in Charon's barge a bride doth seeke,
The maidens mocke, and call him withered leeke,
That with a greene tayle hath an hoary head,
And now he would, and now he cannot wed.

SATIRE V.

Stupet albius ære.

Would now that Matho were the satyrist,
That some fat bride might grease him in the fist,
For which he need not brawl at any bar,
Nor kisse the booke to be a perjurer;
Who else would scorne his silence to have sold,
And have his tongue tyed with strings of gold?
Curius is dead, and buried long since,
And all that loved golden abstinence.
Might he not well repine at his old fee,
Would he but spare to speake of usury?
Hirelings enow beside can be so base,
Though we should scorne each bribing varlet's brasse:
Yet he and I could shun each jealous head,
Sticking our thumbs close to our girdle-stead.
Though were they manicled behind our backe,
Another's fist can serve our fees to take.
Yet pursy Euclio cheerly smiling pray'd
That my sharp words might curtail their side trade:
For thousands beene in every governall
That live by losse, and rise by others fall.
Whatever sickly sheepe so secret dies,
But some foule raven hath bespoke his eyes?
What else makes N—— when his lands are spent,
Go shaking like a threadbare malecontent,

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Whose bandlesse bonnet vailes his o'ergrown chin,
And sullen rags bewray his morphew'd skin:
So ships he to the wolfish western isle
Among the savage kernes in sad exile;
Or in the Turkish wars at Cæsar's pay
To rub his life out till the latest day.
Another shifting gallant to forecast
To gull his hostess for a month's repast,
With some gall'd trunk, ballast with straw and stone,
Left for the pawn of his provision.
Had F——'s shop layn fallow but from hence,
His doores close seal'd as in some pestilence,
Whiles his light heeles their fearful flight can take,
To get some badgelesse blue upon his back.
Tocullio was a wealthy usurer,
Such store of incomes had he every year,
By bushels was he wont to mete his coine,
As did the olde wife of Trimalcion.
Could he do more that finds an idle roome
For many hundreth thousands on a toombe?
Or who rears up four free-schooles in his age
Of his old pillage, and damn'd surplusage?
Yet now he swore by that sweete crosse he kiss'd
(That silver crosse, where he had sacrific'd
His coveting soule, by his desire's owne doome,
Daily to die the Devil's martyrdome)
His angels were all flowne up to their sky,
And had forsooke his naked treasury.
Farewell Astrea, and her weights of gold,
Untill his lingring calends once be told;
Nought left behind but wax and parchment scroles,
Like Lucian's dreame that silver turn'd to coals.
Should'st thou him credit that nould credit thee?
Yes, and may'st sweare he swore the verity.
The ding-thrift heir his shift-got summe mispent,
Comes drooping like a penlesse penitent,
And beats his faint fist on Tocullio's doore,
It lost the last, and now must call for more.
Now hath the spider caught a wand'ring fly,
And draws her captive at her cruel thigh:
Soon is his errand read in his pale face,
Which bears dumb characters of every case.
So Cyned's dusky cheeke, and fiery eye,
And hairlesse brow, tells where he last did lye.
So Matho doth bewray his guilty thought,
While his pale face doth say his cause is nought.
Seest thou the wary angler trayle along
His feeble line, soone as some pike too strong
Hath swallowed the baite that scornes the shore,
Yet now near-hand cannot resist no more?
So lieth he aloofe in smooth pretence,
To hide his rough intended violence;
As he that under name of Christmas cheere
Can starve his tenants all th' ensuing yeare.
Paper and wax, (God wot!) a weake repay
For such deepe debts and downcast sums as they:
Write, seale, deliver, take, go spend and speede,
And yet full hardly could his present need
Part with such sum; for but as yester-late
Did Furnus offer pen-worths at easy rate,
For small disbursment; he the bankes hath broke,
And needs mote now some further playne o'erlook;
Yet ere he go faine would he be releast,
Hye ye, ye ravens, hye you to the feast.
Provided that thy lands are left entire,
To be redeem'd or ere thy day expire:
Then shalt thou teare those idle paper bonds
That thus had fettered thy pawned lands.
Ah, foole! for sooner shalt thou sell the rest
Than stake ought for thy former interest;
When it shall grind thy grating gall for shame,
To see the lands that beare thy grandsire's name
Become a dunghill peasant's summer-hall,
Or lonely hermit's cage inhospitall;
A pining gourmand, an imperious slave,
An horse-leech, barren wombe, and gaping grave;
A legal thiefe, a bloodlesse murtherer,
A fiend incarnate, a false usurer:
Albe such mayne extort scorns to be pent
In the clay walls of thatched tenement.
For certes no man of a low degree
May bid two guests, or gout, or usury:
Unlesse some base hedge-creeping Collybist
Scatters his refuse scraps on whom he list
For Easter gloves, or for a shrove-tide hen,
Which bought to give, he takes to sell again.
I do not meane some glosing merchant's feate,
That laugheth at the cozened world's deceit,
When as an hundred stocks lie in his fist,
He leaks and sinks, and breaketh when he list.
But Numerius ean'd the needy gallant's care
With a base bargain of his blowen ware
Of fusted hops, now lost for lack of sale,
Or mould brown paper that could nought availe;
Or what he cannot utter otherwise,
May pleasure Fridoline for treble price;
Whiles his false broker lieth in the wind,
And for a present chapman is assign'd,
The cut-throat wretch for their compacted gaine
Buys all but for one quarter of the mayne;
Whiles if he chance to breake his deare-bought day
And forfeit, for default of due repay,
His late entangled lands; then, Fridoline,
Buy thee a wallet, and go beg or pine.
If Mammon's selfe should ever live with men,
Mammon himself shall be a citizen.

SATIRE VI.

Quid placet ergo?

I wot not how the world's degenerate,
That men or know, or like not their estate:
Out from the Gades up to th' eastern morne,
Not one but holds his native state forlorne.
When comely striplings wish it were their chance,
For Cænis' distaffe to exchange their lance,
And weare curl'd perriwigs, and chalk their face,
And still are poring on their pocket-glasse.
Tyr'd with pinn'd ruffs and fans, and partlet strips,
And busks and verdingales about their hips;
And tread on corked stilts a prisoner's pace,
And make their napkin for their spitting place,
And gripe their waist within a narrow span:
Fond Cænis, that would'st wish to be a man!
Whose manish housewives like their refuse state,
And make a drudge of their uxorious mate,
Who like a cot-queene freezeth at the rock,
Whiles his breech't dame doth man the forren stock.
Is 't not a shame to see each homely groome
Sit perched in an idle chariot roome,
That were not meete some pannel to bestride,
Sursingled to a galled hackney's hide?
Each muck-worme will be rich with lawlesse gaine,
Although he smother up mowes of seven years graine,
And hang'd himself when corne grows cheap again;
Although he buy whole harvests in the spring,
And foyst in false strikes to the measuring:

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Although his shop be muffled from the light
Like a day dungeon, or Cimmerian night:
Nor full nor fasting can the carle take rest,
While his George-Nobles rusten in his chest,
He sleeps but once, and dreames of burglary,
And wakes and casts about his frighted eye,
And gropes for th' eves in ev'ry darker shade;
And if a mouse but stirre he calls for ayde.
The sturdy plough-man doth the soldier see
All scarfed with py'd colours to the knee,
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate,
And now he gins to loathe his former state:
Now doth he inly scorne his Kendall-Greene,
And his patch'd cockers now despised beene.
Nor list he now go whistling to the carre,
But sells his teeme and setleth to the warre.
O warre! to them that never try'd thee, sweete!
When his dead mate falls groveling at his feete,
And angry bullets whistlen at his eare,
And his dim eyes see nought but death and drere.
Oh, happy ploughman! were thy weale well knowne:
Oh, happy all estates except his owne!
Some drunken rhymer thinks his time well spent,
If he can live to see his name in print;
Who when he is once fleshed to the presse,
And sees his handsell have such faire successe,
Sung to the wheele, and sung unto the payle,
He sends forth thraves of ballads to the sale.
Nor then can rest, but volumes up bodg'd rhymes,
To have his name talk'd of in future times.
The brain-sick youth, that feeds his tickled eare
With sweet-sauc'd lies of some false traveller,
Which hath the Spanish decades read awhile,
Or whet-stone leasings of old Mandeville;
Now with discourses breakes his mid-night sleepe,
Of his adventures through the Indian deepe,
Of all their massy heapes of golden mine,
Or of the antique toombes of Palestine;
Or of Damascus magick wall of glasse,
Of Solomon his sweating piles of brasse,
Of the bird Ruc that bears an elephant,
Of mermaids that the southerne seas do haunt;
Of headlesse men of savage cannibals,
The fashions of their lives and governals:
What monstrous cities there erected be,
Cayro, or the city of the Trinity.
Now are they dung-hill cocks that have not seene
The bordering Alpes, or else the neighbour Rhine:
And now he plies the newes-full grashopper,
Of voyages and ventures to inquire.
His land mortgag'd, he, sea-beat in the way,
Wishes for home a thousand sighs a day.
And now he deems his home-bred fare as leefe
As his parcht bisket, or his barrel'd beefe.
Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,
Oh, let me lead an academick life;
To know much, and to think we nothing know;
Nothing to have, yet think we have enowe;
In skill to want, and wanting seek for more;
In weale nor want, nor wish for greater store.
Envy, ye monarchs, with your proud excesse,
At our low sayle, and our high happinesse.

SATIRE VII.

POMH PYMH.

Who says these Romish pageants been too high
To be the scorne of sportful poesy?
Certes not all the world such matter wist
As are the seven hills, for a satyrist.
Perdie I loath an hundred Mathoes tongues,
An hundred gamesters shifts, or landlords wrongs,
Or Labeo's poems, or base Lolio's pride,
Or ever what I thought or wrote beside.
When once I thinke if carping Aquine's spright
To see now Rome, were licenc'd to the light,
How his enraged ghost would stamp and stare,
That Cæsar's throne is turn'd to Peter's chayre.
To see an old shorne lozell perched high,
Crossing beneath a golden canopy;
The whiles a thousand hairlesse crownes crouch low
To kisse the precious case of his proud toe;
And for the lordly fasces borne of old,
To see two quiet crossed keyes of gold,
Or Cybele's shrine, the famous Pantheon's frame,
Turn'd to the honour of our Lady's name.
But that he most would gaze and wonder at,
Is th' horned mitre, and the bloody hat,
The crooked staffe, their coule's strange form and store,
Save that he saw the same in Hell before;
To see the broken nuns, with new-shorne heads,
In a blind cloyster tosse their idle beades,
Or louzy coules come smoking from the stewes,
To raise the lewd rent to their lord accrewes,
(Who with ranke Venice doth his pompe advance
By trading of ten thousand courtezans)
Yet backward must absolve a female's sinne,
Like to a false dissembling Theatine,
Who when his skin is red with shirts of male
And rugged haire-cloth scoures his greasy nayle;
Or wedding garment tames his stubborne backe,
Which his hempe girdle dies all blew and blacke.
Or of his almes-boule three dayes supp'd and din'd,
Trudges to open stewes of either kinde:
Or takes some cardinal's stable in the way,
And with some pampered mule doth weare the day,
Kept for his lord's own saddle when him list.
Come, Valentine, and play the satyrist,
To see poor sucklings welcom'd to the light
With searing irons of some soure Jacobite,
Or golden offers of an aged foole,
To make his coffin some Franciscan's coule;
To see the pope's blacke knight, a cloaked frere,
Sweating in the channel like a scavengere.
Whom erst thy bowed hamme did lowly greete,
When at the corner-crosse thou didst him meete,
Tumbling his rosaries hanging at his belt,
Or his baretta, or his towred felt:
To see a lazy dumb acholithite
Armed against a devout flye's despight,
Which at th' high altar doth the chalice vaile
With a broad flie-flappe of a peacocke's tayle,
The whiles the liquorous priest spits every trice
With longing for his morning sacrifice,
Which he reares up quite perpendiculare,
That the mid church doth spighte the chancel's fare,
Beating their empty mawes that would be fed
With the scant morsels of the sacrists' bread:
Would he not laugh to death when he should heare
The shamelesse legends of St. Christopher,
St. George, the Sleepers, or St. Peter's well,
Or of his daughter good St. Petronell?
But had he heard the female father's groane,
Yeaning in mids of her procession;
Or now should see the needlesse tryal-chayre,
(When each is proved by his bastard heyre)

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Or saw the churches, and new calendere
Pester'd with mongrel saints and relicks deare,
Should he cry out on Codro's tedious toombes
When his new rage would ask no narrower roomes?

SATIRES.

BOOK V.

SATIRE I.

Sit pœna merenti.

Pardon, ye glowing eares; needs will it out,
Though brazen walls compass'd my tongue about
As thick as wealthy Scrobio's quick-set rowes
In the wide common that he did euclose.
Pull out mine eyes, if I shall see no vice,
Or let me see it with detesting eyes.
Renowned Aquine, now I follow thee,
Far as I may for feare of jeopardy;
And to thy hand yield up the ivy-mace
From crabbed Persius, and more smooth Horace;
Or from that shrew the Roman poetesse,
That taught her gossips learned bitternesse;
Or Locile's Muse whom thou didst imitate,
Or Menips old, or Pasquillers of late.
Yet name I not Mutius, or Tigilline,
Though they deserve a keener style than mine;
Nor meane to ransack up the quiet grave;
Nor burn dead bones, as he example gave:
I taxe the living: let the dead ashes rest,
Whose faults are dead, and nailed in their chest.
Who can refrain that 's guiltlesse of their crime,
Whiles yet he lives in such a cruel time?
When Titio's grounds, that in his grandsire's dayes
But one pound fine, one penny rent did raise,
A summer snow-ball, or a winter rose,
Is growne to thousands as the world now goes.
So thrift and time sets other things on floate,
That now his sonne soups in a silken coate,
Whose grandsire happily, a poore hungry swaine,
Begg'd some cast abbey in the church's wayne:
And but for that, whatever he may vaunt,
Who knows a monk had been a mendicant?
While freezing Matho, that for one lean fee
Won't term each term the term of Hilary,
May now instead of those his simple fees,
Get the fee-simples of faire manneries.
What, did he counterfeat his prince's hand,
For some streave lordship of concealed land?
Or on each Michael and Lady-day,
Tooke he deepe forfeits for an hour's delay?
And gain'd no lesse by such injurious brawl,
Then Gamius by his sixth wife's burial?
Or hath he wonne some wider interest,
By hoary charters from his grandsire's chest,
Which late some bribed scribe for slender wage,
Writ in the characters of another age,
That Plowdon selfe might stammer to rehearse,
Whose date o'erlooks three centuries of years.
Who ever yet the tracks of weale so try'd,
But there hath been one beaten way beside?
He, when he lets a lease for life, or yeares,
(As never he doth until the date expires;
For when the full state in his fist doth lie,
He may take vantage of the vacancy)
His fine affords so many treble pounds
As he agreeth yeares to lease his grounds:
His rent in fair respondence must arise
To double trebles of his one yeare's price.
Of one baye's breadth, God wot! a silly coate,
Whose thatched spars are furr'd with sluttish soote
A whole inch thick, shining like black-moor's brows,
Through smoke that down the headlesse barrel blows.
At his bed's feet feeden his stalled teeme;
His swine beneath, his pullen o'er the beame.
A starved tenement, such as I guesse
Stands straggling in the wastes of Holdernesse;
Or such as shiver on a peake hill side,
When March's lungs beate on their turf-clad hide;
Such as nice Lipsius would grudge to see
Above his lodging in wild Westphalye;
Or as the Saxon king his court might make,
When his sides playned of the neat-heard's cake.
Yet must he haunt his greedy landlord's hall
With often presents at each festivall:
With crammed capons every new-yeare's morne,
Or with green cheeses when his sheep are shorne:
Or many maunds full of his mellow fruite,
To make some way to win his weighty suite.
Whom cannot gifts at last cause to relent,
Or to win favour, or flee punishment?
When griple patrons turn their sturdie steele
To waxe, when they the golden flame do feele?
When grand Mæcenas casts a glavering eye
On the cold present of a poesy:
And lest he might more frankly take than give,
Gropes for a French crowne in his empty sleeve.
Thence Clodius hopes to set his shoulders free
From the light burden of his napery.
The smiling landlord showes a sun-shine face,
Feigning that he will grant him further grace,
And leers like Æsop's foxe upon a crane
Whose neck he craves for his chirurgian:
So lingers off the lease until the last,
What recks he then of paines or promise past?
Was ever feather, or fond woman's mind
More light than words? the blasts of idle wind!
What 's fib or fire, to take the gentle slip,
And in th' exchequer rot for surety-ship?
Or thence thy starved brother live and die,
Within the cold Coal-harbour sanctuary?
Will one from Scots-bank bid but one groate more,
My old tenant may be turned out of doore,
Though much he spent in th' rotten roof's repaire,
In hope to have it left unto his heir:
Though many a load of marle and manure layd,
Reviv'd his barren leas, that erst lay dead.
Were he as Furius, he would defy
Such pilfering slips of petty landlordry:
And might dislodge whole colonies of poore,
And lay their roofe quite level with their floore,
Whiles yet he gives as to a yielding fence,
Their bag and baggage to his citizens,
And ships them to the new-nam'd virgin-lond,
Or wilder Wales where never wight yet wonn'd.
Would it not vex thee where thy sires did keep,
To see the dunged folds of dag-tayl'd sheep?
And ruin'd house where holy things were said,
Whose free-stone walls the thatched roofe upbraid,
Whose shrill saint's-bell hangs on his lovery,
While the rest are damned to the plumbery?

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Yet pure devotion lets the steeple stand,
And idle battlements on either hand:
Lest that, perhaps, were all those relicks gone,
Furius his sacrilege could not be knowne.

SATIRE II.

Helc quærite Trojam.

House-keeping 's dead, Saturio, wot'st thou where?
Forsooth they say far hence in Breck-neck shire.
And ever since, they say that feel and taste,
That men may break their neck soon as their fast.
Certes, if pity dy'd at Chancer's date,
He liv'd a widower long behind his mate:
Save that I see some rotten bed-rid sire,
Which to out-strip the nonage of his heire,
Is cramm'd with golden broths, and drugs of price,
And each day dying lives, and living dies;
Till once surviv'd his wardship's laten eve,
His eyes are clos'd, with choice to die or live.
Plenty and he dy'd both in that same yeare,
When the sad sky did shed so many a teare.
And now, who list not of his labour faile,
Mark with Saturio my friendly tale.
Along thy way thou canst not but descry
Fair glittering halls to tempt the hopeful eye,
Thy right eye 'gins to leap for vaine delight,
And surbeat toes to tickle at the sight;
As greedy T—— when in the sounding mould
He finds a shining potshard tip'd with gold;
For never syren tempts the pleased eares,
As these the eye of fainting passengers.
All is not so that seemes, for surely then
Matrona should not be a courtezan;
Smooth Chrysalus should not be rich with fraud,
Nor honest R—— be his own wife's bawd.
Look not asquint, nor stride across the way
Like some demurring Alcide to delay;
But walk on cheerly, till thou have espy'd
St. Peter's finger at the church-yard side.
But wilt thou needs, when thou art warn'd so well,
Go see who in so garish walls doth dwell?
There findest thou some stately Dorick frame,
Or neat Ionick worke;.....
Like the vain bubble of Iberian pride,
That over-croweth all the world beside.
Which rear'd to raize the crazy monarch's fame,
Strives for a court and for a college name;
Yet nought within but lousy coules doth hold,
Like a scabb'd cuckow in a cage of gold.
So pride above doth shade the shame below;
A golden periwig on a black-moor's brow.
When Mævio's first page of his poesy,
Nail'd to an hundred postes for novelty,
With his big title an Italian mot,
Layes siege unto the backward buyer's groat;
Which all within is drafty sluttish geere,
Fit for the oven, or the kitchen fire.
So this gay gate adds fuel to thy thought,
That such proud piles were never rais'd for nought.
Beat the broad gates a goodly hollow sound
With double echoes doth again rebound;
But not a dog doth bark to welcome thee,
Nor churlish porter canst thou chafing see:
All dumb and silent, like the dead of night,
Or dwelling of some sleepy Sybarite.
The marble pavement hid with desert weed,
With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock-seed:
But if thou chance cast up thy wond'ring eyes,
Thou shalt discern upon the frontispiece
ΟΥΔΕΙΣ ΕΙΣΙΤΩ graven up on high,
A fragment of old Plato's poesy:
The meaning is "Sir Foole, ye may be gone,
"Go back by leave, for way here lieth none."
Look to the tow'red chimnies which should be
The wind-pipes of good hospitality,
Through which it breatheth to the open aire,
Betokening life, and liberal welfare;
Lo! there th' unthankful swallow takes her rest,
And fills the tunnell with her circled nest;
Nor half that smoke from all his chimnies goes
Which one tobacco-pipe drives through his nose.
So raw-bone hunger scorns the mudded walls,
And 'gins to revel it in lordly halls.
So the black prince is broken loose againe
That saw no Sunne save once, (as stories faine)
That once was, when in Trinacry I weene
He stole the daughter of the harvest queene,
And gript the mawes of barren Sicily
With long constraint of pineful penury;
And they that should resist his second rage,
Have pent themselves up in the private cage
Of some blind lane, and there they lurk unknowne
Till th' hungry tempest once be over-blowne:
Then like the coward after neighbour's fray,
They creep forth boldly, and ask, Where are they?
Meanwhile the hunger-starv'd appurtenance
Must bide the brunt, whatever ill mischance:
Grim Famine sits in their fore-pined face,
All full of angles of unequal space,
Like to the plane of many-sided squares,
That wont be drawne out by geometers;
So sharp and meager that who should them see
Would swear they lately came from Hungary.
When their brasse pans and winter coverlid
Have wip'd the maunger of the horse's bread,
Oh me! what odds there seemeth 'twixt their cheer
And the swolne beazle at an alehouse fire,
That tonnes in gallons to his bursten paunch,
Whose slimy draughts his drought can never staunch?
For shame, ye gallants! grow more hospitall,
And turn your needlesse wardrobe to your hall.
As lavish Virro that keeps open doores,
Like Janus in the warres,.....
Except the twelve days, or the wake-day feast,
What time he needs must be his cousin's guest.
Philene hath bid him, can he choose but come?
Who should pull Virro's sleeve to stay at home?
All yeare besides who meal-time can attend:
Come Trebius, welcome to the table's end.
What though he chires on purer manchet's crowne,
While his kind client grindes on blacke and browne,
A jolly rounding of a whole foot broad,
From off the mong-corne heap shall Trebius load.
What though he quaffe pure amber in his bowle
Of March-brew'd wheat, yet slecks thy thirsting soul
With palish oat, frothing in Boston clay,
Or in a shallow cruise, nor must that stay
Within thy reach, for feare of thy craz'd braine,
But call and crave, and have thy cruise againe:
Else how should even tale be registred,
Or all thy draughts, on the chalk'd barrel's head?
And if he list revive his heartless graine
With some French grape, or pure Canariane;
When pleasing Bourdeaux falls unto his lot,
Some sow'rish Rochelle cuts thy thirsting throate.

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What though himselfe carveth his welcome friend
With a cool'd pittance from his trencher's end,
Just Trebius' lip hang toward his trencher side?
Nor kisse his fist to take what doth betide?
What though to spare thy teeth he employs thy tongue
In busy questions all the dinner long?
What though the scornful waiter lookes askile,
And pouts and frowns, and curseth thee the while,
And takes his farewell with a jealous eye,
At every morsell he his last shall see?
And if but one exceed the common size,
Or make an hillock in thy cheeke arise,
Or if perchance thou shouldest, ere thou wist,
Hold thy knife upright in thy griped fist,
Or sittest double on thy backward seat,
Or with thine elbow shad'st thy shared meat,
He laughs thee, in his fellow's eare, to scorne,
And asks aloud, where Trebius was borne?
Though the third sewer takes thee quite away
Without a staffe, when thou would'st longer stay,
What of all this? Is 't not enough to say,
I din'd at Virro his owne board to day?

SATIRE III.

ΚΟΙΝΑ ΦΙΛΩΝ.

The satire should be like the porcupine,
That shoots sharp quils out in each angry line,
And wounds the blushing cheeke, and fiery eye,
Of him that hears, and readeth guiltily.
Ye antique satires, how I blesse your dayes,
That brook'd your bolder style, their own dispraise,
And well near wish, yet joy my wish is vaine,
I had been then, or they been now againe!
For now our eares been of more brittle mold,
Than those dull earthen eares that were of old:
Sith theirs, like anvils, bore the hammer's head,
Our glasse can never touch unshivered.
But from the ashes of my quiet stile
Henceforth may rise some raging rough Lucile,
That may with Æschylus both find and leese
The snaky tresses of th' Eumenides:
Meanwhile, sufficeth me, the world may say
That I these vices loath'd another day,
Which I hane done with as devout a cheere
As he that rounds Poul's pillars in the yeare,
Or bends his ham downe in the naked quire.
'T was ever said, Frontine, and ever seene,
That golden clerkes but wooden lawyers been.
Could ever wise man wish, in good estate,
The use of all things indiscriminate?
Who wots not yet how well this did beseeme
The learned master of the academe?
Plato is dead, and dead is his device,
Which some thought witty, none thought ever wise,
Yet certes Mæcha is a Platonist
To all, they say, save whoso do not list;
Because her husband, a far-trafick'd man,
Is a profess'd Peripatecian.
And so our grandsires were in ages past,
That let their lands lye all so widely waste,
That nothing was in pale or hedge ypent
Within some province, or whole shire's extent.
As Nature made the earth, so did it lie,
Save for the furrowes of their husbandry;
Whenas the neighbour-lands so couched layne
That all bore show of one fair champian:
Some headlesse crosse they digged on their lea,
Or roll'd some marked meare-stone in the way.
Poor simple men! for what mought that availe,
That my field might not fill my neighbour's payle,
More than a pilled stick can stand in stead,
To bar Cynedo from his neighbour's bed;
More than the thread-bare client's poverty
Debars th' attorney of his wonted fee?
If they were thriftlesse, mought not we amend,
And with more care our dangered fields defend?
Each man can guard what thing he deemeth deare,
As fearful merchants do their female heir,
Which, were it not for promise of their wealth,
Need not be stalled up for fear of stealth;
Would rather stick upon the bell-man's cries,
Though profer'd for a branded Indian's price.
Then raise we muddy bulwarks on our banks,
Beset around with treble quick-set ranks;
Or if those walls be over weak a ward,
The squared bricke may be a better guard.
Go to, my thrifty yeoman, and upreare
A brazen wall to shend thy land from feare.
Do so; and I shall praise thee all the while,
So be thou stake not up the common style;
So be thou hedge in nought but what's thine owne;
So be thou pay what tithes thy neighbours done;
So be thou let not lie in fallow'd plaine
That which was wont yield usury of graine.
But when I see thy pitched stakes do stand
On thy incroached piece of common land,
Whiles thou discommonest thy neighbour's kyne,
And warn'st that none feed on thy field save thine;
Brag no more, Scrobius, of thy mudded bankes,
Nor thy deep ditches, nor three quickset rankes.
O happy dayes of old Ducalion,
When one was landlord of the world alone!
But now whose choler would not rise to yield
A peasant halfe-stakes of his new-mown field,
Whiles yet he may not for the treble price
Buy out the remnant of his royalties?
Go on and thrive, my petty tyrant's pride,
Scorne thou to live, if others live beside;
And trace proud Castile, that aspires to be
In his old age a young fifth monarchy:
Or the red hat that cries the lucklesse mayne,
For wealthy Thames to change his lowly Rhine.

SATIRE IV.

Possunt, quia posse videntur.

Villius, the wealthy farmer, left his heire
Twice twenty sterling pounds to spend by yeare:
The neighbours praisen Villio's hide-bound sonne,
And say it was a goodly portion.
Not knowing how some merchants dow'r can rise,
By Sunday's tale to fifty centuries;
Or to weigh downe a leaden bride with gold,
Worth all that Matho bought, or Pontice sold.
But whiles ten pound goes to his wife's new gowne,
Nor little lesse can serve to suit his owne;
Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting-man,
Or buys an hoode, or silver-handled fanne,
Or hires a Friezeland trotter, halfe yard deepe,
To drag his tumbrell through the staring Cheape;
Or whiles he rideth with two liveries,
And 's treble rated at the subsidies;

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One end a kennel keeps of thriftlesse hounds;
What think ye rests of all my younker's pounds
To diet him, or deal out at his doore,
To coffer up, or stocke his wasting store?
If then I reckon'd right, it should appeare
That forty pounds serve not the farmer's heire.

SATIRES.

BOOK VI.

SATIRE I.

Semel insanivimus.

Lazio reserves a long naile for the nonce,
To wound my margent through ten leaves at once,
Much worse than Aristarchus his blacke pile
That pierc'd old Homer's side;.....
And makes such faces that me seems I see
Some foul Megæra in the tragedy,
Threat'ning her twined snakes at Tantale's ghost;
Or the grim visage of some frowning post
The crabtree porter of the Guild-hall gates;
While he his frightful beetle elevates,
His angry eyne look all so glaring bright,
Like th' hunted badger in a moonlesse night:
Or like a painted staring Saracen;
His cheeks change hue like th' air-fed vermin skin,
Now red, now pale, and swol'n above his eyes
Like to the old Colossian imageries.
But when he doth of my recanting heare,
Away, ye angry fires, and frosts of feare,
Give place unto his hopeful temper'd thought
That yields to peace, ere ever peace he sought:
Then let me now repent me of my rage
For writing satires in so righteous age.
Whereas I should have strok'd her tow'rdly head,
And cry'd *evæ* in my satires' stead;
Sith now not one of thousand does amisse,
Was never age I weene so pure as this.
As pure as old Labulla from the banes,
As pure as through faire channels when it raines;
As pure as is a black-moor's face by night,
As dung-clad skin of dying Heraclite.
Seeke over all the world, and tell me where
Thou find'st a proud man, or a flatterer;
A theif, a drunkard, or a paricide,
A lecher, liar, or what vice beside?
Merchants are no whit covetous of late,
Nor make no mart of time, gain of deceit.
Patrons are honest now, o'er they of old,
Can now no benefice be bought or sold?
Give him a gelding, or some two yeares tithe,
For he all bribes and simony defy'th.
Is not one pick-thank stirring in the court,
That seld was free till now, by all report?
But some one, like a claw-back parasite,
Pick'd mothes from his master's cloke in sight,
Whiles he could pick out both his eyes for need,
Mought they but stand him in some better stead.
Nor now no more smell-feast Vitellio,
Smiles on his master for a meal or two,
And loves him in his maw, loaths in his heart,
Yet soothes, and yeas and nays on either part.
Tattelius, the new-come traveller,
With his disguised coate and ringed eare,
Trampling the bourse's marble twice a day,
Tells nothing but stark truths I dare well say;
Nor would he have them known for any thing,
Though all the vault of his loud murmur ring.
Not one man tells a lye of all the yeare,
Except the Almanack or the Chronicler.
But not a man of all the damned crew,
For hills of gold would sweare the thing untrue.
Pansophus now, though all in the cold sweat,
Dares venture through the feared castle-gate,
Albe the faithful oracles have foresayne,
The wisest senator shall there be slaine:
That made him long keepe home as well it might,
Till now he hopeth of some wiser wight.
The vale of Stand-gate, or the Suter's hill,
Or westerne plaine are free from feared ill.
Let him that hath nought, feare nought I areed:
But he that hath ought hye him, and God speed.
Nor drunken Dennis doth, by breake of day,
Stumble into blind taverns by the way,
And reel me homeward at the ev'ning starre,
Or ride more eas'ly in his neighbour's chayre.
Well might these checks have fitted former times,
And shoulder'd angry Skelton's breathlesse rhymes.
Ere Chrysalus had barr'd the common boxe,
Which erst he pick'd to store his private stocks;
But now hath all with vantage paid againe,
And locks and plates what doth behind remaine;
When erst our dry-soul'd sires so lavish were,
To charge whole boots-full to their friends welfare;
Now shalt thou never see the salt beset
With a big-bellied gallon flagonet.
Of an ebbe cruise must thirsty Silen sip,
That 's all forestalled by his upper lip;
Somewhat it was that made his paunch so peare,
His girdle fell ten inches in a yeare.
Or when old gouty bed-rid Euclio
To his officious factor fair could show
His name in margent of some old cast bill,
And say, Lo! whom I named in my will,
Whiles he believes, and looking for the share
Tendeth his cumbrous charge with busy care
For but a while; for now he sure will die,
By his strange qualme of liberality.
Great thanks he gives—but God him shield and save
From ever gaining by his master's grave:
Only live long, and he is well repaid,
And wets his forced cheeks while thus he said;
Some strong-smell'd onion shall stir his eyes
Rather than no salt teares shall then arise.
So looks he like a marble toward raine,
And wrings and smites, and weeps, and wipes again:
Then turns his back and smiles, and looks askance,
Seas'ning again his sorrow'd countenance;
Whiles yet he wearies Heav'n with daily cries,
And backward death with devout sacrifice,
That they would now his tedious ghost bereav'n,
And wishes well, that wish'd no worse than Heav'n.
When Zoylus was sicke, he knew not where,
Save his wrought night-cap, and lawn pillowbear.
Kind fooles! they made him sick that made him fine;
Take those away, and there 's his medicine.
Or Gellia wore a velvet mastick-patch
Upon her temples when no tooth did ache;
When beauty was her rheume I soon espy'd,
Nor could her plaister cure her of her pride.

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These vices were, but now they cease'd off long:
Then why did I a righteous age that wrong?
I would repent me were it not too late,
Were not the angry world prejudicate.
If all the seven penitential
Or thousand white-wands might me ought availe;
If Trent or Thames could scoure my foule offence
And set me in my former innocence,
I would at last repent me of my rage:
Now, bear my wrong, I thine, O righteous age.
As for fine wits, an hundred thousand fold
Passeth our age whatever times of old.
For in that puisne world, our sires of long
Could hardly wag their too unweildy tongue
As pined crowes and parrots can do now,
When hoary age did bend their wrinkled brow:
And now of late did many a learned man
Serve thirty yeares prenticeship with Priscian;
But now can every novice speake with ease
The far-fetch'd language of th' antipodes. [hight,
Would'st thou the tongues that erst were learned
Though our wise age hath wip'd them of their right;
Would'st thou the courtly three in most request,
Or the two barbarous neighbours of the west?
Bibinus selfe can have ten tongues in one,
Though in all ten not one good tongue alone.
And can deep skill lie smothering within,
Whiles neither smoke nor flame discerned bin?
Shall it not be a wild-fig in a wall,
Or fired brimstone in a minerall?
Do thou disdain, O ever-learned age!
The tongue-ty'd silence of that Samian sage:
Forth, ye fine wits, and rush into the presse,
And for the cloyed world your works addresse.
Is not a gnat, nor fly, nor seely ant,
But a fine wit can make an elephant.
Should Bandell's throstle die without a song,
Or Adamantius, my dog, be laid along,
Downe in some ditch without his exequies,
Or epitaphs, or mournful elegies?
Folly itself, and baldnesse may be prais'd,
And sweet conceits from filthy objects rais'd.
What do not fine wits dare to undertake?
What dare not fine wits do for honour's sake?
But why doth Balbus his dead-doing quill
Parch in his rusty scabbard all the while;
His golden fleece o'ergrowne with mouldy hoare,
As though he had his witty works forswore?
Belike of late now Balbus hath no need,
Nor now belike his shrinking shoulders dread
The catch-poll's fist—The presse may still remaine
And breathe, till Balbus be in debt againe.
Soon may that be! so I had silent beene,
And not thus rak'd up quiet crimes unseen.
Silence is safe, when saying stirreth sore,
And makes the stirred puddle stink the more.
Shall the controller of proud Nemesis
In lawlesse rage upbraid each other's vice,
While no man seeketh to reflect the wrong,
And curb the raunge of his misruly tongue?
By the two crownes of Parnasse ever-green,
And by the cloven head of Hippocrene
As I true poet am, I here avow
(So solemnly kiss'd he his laurell bough)
If that bold satire unrevenged be
For this so saucy and foule injury.
So Labeo weens it my eternal shame
To prove I never earn'd a poet's name.
But would I be a poet if I might,
To rub my browes three days and wake three nights,
And bite my nails, and scratch my dullard head,
And curse the backward Muses on my bed
About one peevish syllable; which out sought
I take up Thales joy, save for fore-thought
How it shall please each ale-knight's censuring eye,
And hang'd my head for fear they deem awry:
While thread-bare Martiall turns his merry note
To beg of Rufus a cast winter-coate;
While hungry Marot leapeth at a beane,
And dieth like a starved Cappuchein;
Go, Ariost, and gape for what may fall
From trencher of a flattering cardinall;
And if thou gettest but a pedant's fee,
Thy bed, thy board, and coarser livery,
O honour far beyond a brazen shrine,
To sit with Tarleton on an ale-post's signe!
Who had but lived in Augustus' dayes,
'T had been some honour to be crown'd with bayes;
When Lucan stretched on his marble bed
To think of Cæsar, and great Pompey's deed:
Or when Achelaus shav'd his mourning head,
Soon as he heard Stesichorus was dead.
At least, would some good body of the rest
Set a gold pen on their baye-wreathed crest:
Or would their face in stamped coin expresse,
As did the Mytelens their poetesse.
Now as it is, beshrew him if he might,
That would his browes with Cæsar's laurell dight.
Though what ail'd me, I might not well as they
Rake up some forworne tales that smother'd lay
In chimney corners smoak'd with winter fires,
To read and rock asleep our drowsy sires?
No man his threshold better knowes, than I
Brute's first arrival, and first victory;
St. George's sorrell, or his crosse of blood,
Arthur's round board, or Caledonian wood,
Or holy battles of bold Charlemaine,
What were his knights did Salem's siege maintaine:
How the mad rival of faire Angelice
Was physick'd from the new-found paradise.
High stories they, which with their swelling straine
Have riven Frontoe's broad rehearsal plaine.
But so to fill up books, both backe and side,
What needs it? Are there not enow beside?
O age well thriven and well fortunate,
When each man hath a Muse apropriate;
And she, like to some servile eare-boar'd slave,
Must play and sing when and what he 'd have!
Would that were all——small fault in number lies,
Were not the feare from whence it should arise.
But can it be ought but a spurious seed
That growes so rife in such unlikely speed?
Sith Pontian left his barren wife at home,
And spent two years at Venice and at Rome,
Returned, hears his blessing ask'd of three,
Cries out, "O Julian law! adultery!"
Though Labeo reaches right (who can deny?)
The true strains of heroick poesy;
For he can tell how fury reft his sense,
And Phœbus fill'd him with intelligence.
He can implore the heathen deities
To guide his bold and busy enterprize;
Or filch whole pages at a clap for need
From honest Petrarch, clad in English weed;
While big *but oh's!* each stanza can begin,
Whose trunk and taile sluttish and heartlesse been.
He knowes the grace of that new elegance,
Which sweet Philisides fetch'd of late from France,
That well beseem'd his high-stil'd Arcady,
Though others marre it with much liberty,

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In epithets to joine two wordes in one
Forsooth, for adjectives can 't stand alone:
As a great poet could of Bacchus say,
That he was *Semele-femori-gena.*
Lastly he names the spirit of Astrophel;
Now hath not Labeo done wondrous well?
But ere his Muse her weapon learn to weild,
Or dance a sober pirrhicke in the field,
Or marching wade in blood up to the knees,
Her *arma virum* goes by two degrees,
The sheepe-cote first hath beene her nursery
Where she hath worne her idle infancy,
And in high startups walk'd the pastur'd plaines,
To tend her tasked herd that there remaines,
And winded still a pipe of oate or breare,
Striving for wages who the praise shall beare;
As did whilere the homely Carmelite,
Following Virgil, and he Theocrite;
Or else hath beene in Venus chamber train'd
To play with Cupid, till she had attain'd
To comment well upon a beauteous face,
Then was she fit for an heroick place;
As witty Pontan in great earnest said,
His mistress' breasts were like two weights of lead.
Another thinks her teeth might liken'd be
To two faire rankes of pales of ivory,
To fence in sure the wild beast of her tongue,
From either going far, or going wrong;
Her grinders like two chalk-stones in a mill,
Which shall with time and wearing waxe as ill
As old Catillaes, which wont every night
Lay up her holy pegs till next day-light,
And with them grind soft-simpring all the day,
When, lest her laughter should her gums bewray,
Her hands must hide her mouth if she but smile;
Faine would she seem all frixe and frolicke still.
Her forehead faire is like a brazen hill
Whose wrinkled furrows, which her age doth breed,
Are dawbed full of Venice chalke for need:
Her eyes like silver saucers faire beset
With shining amber, and with shady let,
Her lids like Cupid's bow case, where he hides
The weapons that doth wound the wanton-ey'd:
Her chin like Pindus, or Parnassus hill,
Where down descends th'o'erflowing stream doth fill
The well of her faire mouth.—Each hath his praise.
Who would not but wed poets now a dayes!

ANTHEMES

FOR

THE CATHEDRAL OF EXCETER.

Lord what am I? A worm, dust, vapour, nothing!
What is my life? A dream, a daily dying!
What is my flesh? My soul's uneasie clothing!
What is my time? A minute ever flying:
My time, my flesh, my life, and I;
What are we, Lord, but vanity?

Where am I Lord? downe in a vale of death:
What is my trade? sin, my dear God offending;
My sport sin too, my stay a puffe of breath:
What end of sin? Hell's horrour never ending:
My way, my trade, sport, stay, and place
Help up to make up my dolefull case.

Lord what art thou? pure life, power, beauty, [illegible]
Where dwell'st thou? up above in perfect [illegible]
What is thy time? eternity it is:
What state? attendance of each glorious [illegible]
Thyself, thy place, thy dayes, thy state
Pass all the thoughts of powers create.

How shall I reach thee, Lord? Oh, soar above,
Ambitious soul: but which way should I flie?
Thou, Lord, art way and end: what wings have I?
Aspiring thoughts, of faith, of hope, of love:
Oh, let these wings, that way alone
Present me to thy blissfull throne.

FOR

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Immortall babe, who this dear day
Didst change thine Heaven for our clay,
And didst with flesh thy godhead vail,
Eternal Son of God, all-hail.

Shine, happy star; ye angels sing
Glory on high to Heaven's King:
Run, shepherds, leave your nightly watch,
See Heaven come down to Bethleem's cratch.

Worship, ye sages of the east,
The King of gods in meanness drest.
O blessed maid, smile and adore
The God thy womb and armes have bore.

Star, angels, shepherds, and wise sages;
Thou virgin glory of all ages
Restored frame of Heaven and Earth
Joy in your dear Redeemer's birth.

Leave, O my soul, this baser world below,
O leave this dolefull dungeon of wo,
And soare aloft to that supernal rest
That maketh all the saints and angels blest:
Lo, there the Godhead's radiant throne,
Like to ten thousand Suns in one!

Lo, there thy Saviour dear, in glory dight,
Ador'd of all the powers of Heavens bright:
Lo, where that head that bled with thorny wound,
Shines ever with celestial honour crown'd:
That hand that held the scornfull reed
Makes all the fiends infernall dread.

That back and side that ran with bloody streams
Daunt angels' eyes with their majestick beames;
Those feet, once fastened to the cursed tree,
Trample on Death and Hell, in glorious glee.
Those lips, once drencht with gall, do make
With their dread doom the world to quake.

Behold those joyes thou never canst behold;
Those precious gates of pearl, those streets of gold,
Those streams of life, those trees of Paradise
That never can be seen by mortal eyes:
And when thou seest this state divine,
Think that it is or shall be thine.

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See there the happy troops of purest sprights
That live above in endless true delights;
And see where once thyself shalt ranged be,
And look and long for immortalitie:
And now before-hand help to sing
Allelujahs to Heaven's king.

ON

MR. GREENHAM'S BOOK

OF THE SABBATH.

While Greenham writeth on the Sabbath's rest,
His soul enjoys not, what his pen exprest:
His work enjoys not what it self doth say,
For it shall never find one resting day.
A thousand hands shall toss each page and line,
Which shall be scanned by a thousand eine;
That Sabbath's rest, or this Sabbath's unrest,
Hard is to say whether's the happiest.

ELEGY

ON DR. WHITAKER[1].

Binde ye my browes with mourning cyparisse,
And palish twigs of deadlie poplar tree,
Or if some sadder shades ye can devise,
Those sadder shades vaile my light-loathing eie:
I loath the laurel-bandes I loved best,
And all that maketh mirth and pleasant rest.

If ever breath dissolv'd the world to teares,
Or hollow cries made Heaven's vault resound:
If ever shrikes were sounded out so cleare,
That all the world's wast might heare around:
Be mine the breath, the teares, the shrikes, the cries,
Yet still my griefe unseene, unsounded lies.

Thou flattering Sun, that ledst this loathed light,
Why didst thou in thy saffron-robes arise?
Or foldst not up the day in drierie night?
And wakst the westerne worldes amazed eies?
And never more rise from the ocean,
To wake the morn, or chase night-shades again.

Heare we no bird of day, or dawning morne,
To greet the Sun, or glad the waking eare:
Sing out, ye scrich-owles, lowder then aforne,
And ravens blacke of night; of death of driere:
And all ye barking foules yet never seene,
That fill the moonlesse night with hideous din.

Now shall the wanton Devils daunce in rings
In everie mede, and everie heath hore:
The Elvish Faeries, and the Gobelins:
The hoofed Satyres silent heretofore:
Religion, Vertue, Muses, holie mirth
Have now forsworne the late forsaken Earth.

The Prince of Darknesse gins to tyrannize,
And reare up cruel trophies of his rage
Faint Earth through her despairing cowardice
Yeelds up herselfe to endlesse vassalage:
What champion now shal tame the power of Hell,
And the unrulie spirits overquell?

The world's praise, the pride of Nature's proofe,
Amaze of times, hope of our faded age:
Religion's hold, Earth's choice, and Heaven's love,
Patterne of vertue, patron of Muses sage:
All these and more were Whitaker's alone,
Now they in him, and he and all are gone.

Heaven, Earth, Nature, Death, and every Fate
Thus spoil'd the carelesse world of woonted joy:
Whiles each repin'd at others' pleasing state,
And all agreed to work the world's annoy:
Heaven strove with Earth, Destiny gave the doome,
That Death should Earth and Nature overcome.

Earth takes one part, when forced Nature sendes
The soule, to flit into the yeelding skie:
Sorted by Death into their fatal ends,
Foreseene, foresett from all eternitie:
Destinie by Death spoyl'd feeble Nature's frame,
Earth was despoyl'd when Heaven overcame.

Ah, coward Nature, and more cruell Death,
Envying Heaven, and unworthy mold,
Unweildy carkasse and unconstant breath,
That did so lightly leave your living hold:
How have ye all conspir'd our hopelesse spight,
And wrapt us up in Griefe's eternall night.

Base Nature yeeldes, imperious Death commandes,
Heaven desires, durst lowly dust denie?
The Fates decreed, no mortall might withstand,
The spirit leaves his load, and lets it lie.
The fencelesse corpes corrupts in sweeter clay,
And waytes for worms to waste it quite away.

Now ginne your triumphes, Death and Destinies,
And let the trembling world witnesse your [illegible]st:
Now let blacke Orphney raise his gastly ne[illegible]s,
And trample high, and hellish fome out[illegible]st:
Shake he the Earth, and teare the hollow skies,
That all may feele and feare your victories.

And after your triumphant chariot,
Drag the pale corpes that thus you did to die,
To show what goodly conquests ye have got.
To fright the world, and fill the woondring eie:
Millions of lives, of deathes no conquest were,
Compared with one onely Whitakere.

But thou, O soule, shalt laugh at their despite,
Sitting beyond the mortall man's extent,
All in the bosome of that blessed spright:
Which the great God for thy safe conduct sent,
He through the circling spheres taketh his flight,
And cuts the solid skie with spirituall might.

Open, ye golden gates of Paradise,
Open ye wide unto a welcome ghost:
Enter, O soule, into thy boure of blisse,
Through all the throng of Heaven's hoast:
Which shall with triumph gard thee as thou go'st
With psalmes of conquest and with crownes of cost.

[1] King's professor, and master of St. John's College, Cambridge; he died in 1595. This Elegy was annexed to the Carmen Funebre Caroli Horni, 1596. *N.*

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Seldome had ever soule such entertaines, [crowne.
With such sweet hymnes, and such a glorious
Nor with such joy amids the heavenly traines,
Was ever led to his Creator's throne:
There now he lives, and sees his Saviour's face,
And ever sings sweet songs unto his grace.

Meanewhile, the memorie of his mightie name
Shall live as long as aged Earth shal last:
Enrolled on berill walles of fame,
Ay ming'd, ay mourn'd: and wished oft in wast.
Is this to die, to live for evermore.
A double life: that neither liv'd afore?

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THE

POEMS

OF THE

EARL OF STIRLING.

Sir William Alexander

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THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM ALEXANDER,

EARL OF STIRLING.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, another of those men of genius who have anticipated the style of a more refined age, is said to have been a descendant of the ancient family of Macdonald. Alexander Macdonald, his ancestor, obtained from one of the earls of Argyle a grant of the lands of Menstrie in the county of Clackmanan; and our author's surname was taken from this ancestor's proper-name. He was born about the year 1580, and from his infancy exhibited proofs of genius, which his friends were desirous of improving by the best instruction which the age afforded. Travelling was at that time an essential branch of education, and Mr. Alexander had the advantage of being appointed tutor, or rather companion, to the earl of Argyle, who was then about to visit the continent.

On his return to Scotland, he betook himself for some time to a retired life, and endeavoured to alleviate the sorrows of ill-requited love by writing those songs and sonnets which he entitled Aurora. Who his mistress was, we are not told; but it appears by these poems that he was smitten with her charms when he was only in his fifteenth year, and neither by study or travel could banish her from his affections. When all hope, however, was cut off by her marriage, he had at last recourse to the same remedy, and obtained the hand of Janet the daughter and heiress of sir William Erskine.

Soon after his marriage, he attended the court of king James VI, as a private gentleman, but not without being distinguished as a man of learning and personal accomplishments, and particularly noticed as a poet by his majesty, who, with all his failings, had allowable pretensions to the discernment, as well as the liberality, of a patron of letters. James was fond of flattery, and had no reason to complain that his courtiers stinted him in that article; yet Mr. Alexander chose at this time to employ his pen on subjects that were new in the palaces of kings. Having studied the ancient moralists and philosophers, he descanted on the vanity of grandeur, the value of truth, the abuse of power, and the burthen of riches. Against all that has ever been objected to courts and ministers, to minions and flatterers, he advised and remonstrated

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with prolix freedom in those tragedies which he calls *monarchic*; which, however unfit for the stage, seem to have been written for the sole purpose of teaching sovereigns how to rule, if they would render their subjects happy and loyal, and their reigns prosperous and peaceful.

His first production of this kind, the tragedy of Darius, was printed at Edinburgh in 1603, 4to. and reprinted in 1604, with the tragedy of Cræsus, and A Paræenesis to the Prince, another piece in which he recommends the choice of patriotic, disinterested, and public-spirited counsellors. The prince intended to be thus instructed was Henry; but it is said to have been afterwards inscribed to Charles I. in what edition I have not been able to discover. The Dedication occurs in the folio edition of 1637, "To Prince Charles;" which, if a republication, may mean Charles I. but if it then appeared for the first time, Charles II. Some of our author's biographers have asserted, that prince Henry died before the publication, which was the reason of its being inscribed to prince Charles; but Henry died in 1612, eight years after the appearance of the Paræenesis, and to a prince of his virtues it must have been highly acceptable. In this same volume, Mr. Alexander published his Aurora, containing The First Fancies of his Youth; and in 1607 he reprinted Cræsus and Darius, with The Alexandræan Tragedy, and Julius Cæsar. In 1612, he printed An Elegy on the Death of Prince Henry; a poem of which no copy is known to exist, except one in the University Library of Edinburgh.

With these productions king James is said to have been delighted, and honoured the author with his conversation, calling him his philosophical poet. He began likewise to bestow some more substantial marks of his favour, as soon as Mr. Alexander followed him to the court of England. In the month of July 1613, he appointed him to be one of the gentlemen ushers of the presence to prince Charles; but neither the manners nor the honours of the court made any alteration in the growing propensity of our author's Muse towards serious subjects. From having acquired the title of a philosophical, he endeavoured now to earn that of a divine poet, by publishing, in 1614, his largest work, entitled Domesday, or the Great Day of Judgment, printed at Edinburgh, in quarto, afterwards, in the same size, in London; and again in folio, with his other works. In 1720, the first two books were edited by A. Johnstoun, encouraged by the favourable opinion of Addison: and Addison had probably been induced to read our author's works by one of the correspondents of The Spectator, who recommended the following lines, from the Prologue to Julius Cæsar, as a hint to critics.

> Show your small talent, and let that suffice ye;
> But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye.
> For every fop can find out faults in plays:
> You 'll ne'er arrive at knowing when to praise[1].

Addison, however, did not live to see Johnstoun's edition.

The same year in which this last work appeared, the king appointed him master of the requests, and conferred upon him the order of knighthood. And now, in the opinion of his biographer, his views began to descend from the regions of supposed perfection and contentment to those objects which are more commonly and more successfully accomplished in the sunshine of a court. Having projected the settlement of a colony in Nova Scotia, he laid out a considerable sum of money in that quarter, and joined with a com-

[1] Spect. No. 300.

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pany of adventurers who were willing to embark their property in the same concern. His majesty, in whose favour he still stood high, made him a grant of Nova Scotia, on the 21st of September, 1621, and intended to create an order of baronets for the more dignified support of so great a work; but was diverted from this part of his purpose by the disturbed state of public affairs towards the close of his reign. His successor, however, showed every inclination to promote the scheme, and sir William, in 1625, published a pamphlet, entitled An Encouragement to Colonies; the object of which was to state the progress already made, to recommend the scheme to the nation, and to invite adventurers. But before this, there is reason to think he had a hand in A Brief Relation of the Discovery and Plantation of New England, and of Sundry Accidents therein occurring, from the Year of our Lord 1607 to this present, 1622: together with the State thereof as it now standeth; the General Form of Government intended, and the Division of the whole Territorie into Counties, Baronies, &c.

King Charles appears to have been fully persuaded of the excellence and value of the project, and rewarded sir William Alexander by making him lieutenant of New Scotland, and at the same time founded the order of knights baronet in Scotland. Each of these baronets was to have a liberal portion of land allotted to him in Nova Scotia, and their number was not to exceed one hundred and fifty; their titles to be hereditary, with other privileges of precedence, &c. Sir William had also a peculiar privilege given him of coining small copper money, which occasioned much popular clamour; and, upon the whole, the scheme does not appear to have added greatly to his reputation with the public, although, perhaps, the worst objection that could be made, was his want of success. After many trials, he was induced to sell his share in Nova Scotia, and the lands were ceded to the French, by a treaty between Charles I. and Lewis XIII.

But whatever opposition or censure he encountered from the public in this affair, he still remained in high credit with the king, who, in 1626, appointed him secretary of state for Scotland, and in 1630, created him a peer of that kingdom by the title of viscount Canada, lord Alexander of Menstrie. About three years after, he was advanced to the title of earl of Stirling, at the solemnity of his majesty's coronation in Holyrood House. His lordship appears to have discharged the office of secretary of state for Scotland with universal reputation, and endeavoured to act with moderation during a crisis of peculiar delicacy, when Laud was endeavouring to abolish presbytery in Scotland, and to establish episcopacy.

His last appearance as an author was in the republication of all his poetical works, except The Aurora, (but with the addition of Jonathan, an unfinished poem) under the title of Recreations with the Muses[2]; the whole revised, corrected, and very much altered, by the author. He died on the 12th of February, 1640, in his sixtieth year. Of his personal character there is nothing upon record; but his Doomsday is a monument to his piety.

He left by his lady, 1. William, lord Alexander, viscount Canada, his eldest son, who died in the office of his majesty's resident in Nova Scotia, during his father's lifetime; William, the son of this young nobleman succeeded his grandfather in the earldom, but

[2] "Oldys and Pinkerton mention an edition of this work in 1727, but this has not been seen by the present editor." Mr. Park, in his edition of Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, article Stirling. Oldys wrote our author's life for the Biog. Britannica, a very confused narrative, which was copied into Dr. Kippis's edition, without alteration or addition. The life in Cibber is rather better. Langbaine is very erroneous. *C.*

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died about a month after him. 2. Henry Alexander, afterwards earl of Stirling: 3. John; and two daughters, lady Margaret and lady Mary. Henry Alexander settled in England, and was succeeded in titles and estate by his grandson Henry, who died in 1739, and was the last male descendant of the first earl. A claimant appeared in 1776, but being unable to prove his descent before the house of peers, was ordered not to assume the title [3].

Besides the writings already enumerated, the earl of Stirling published, in 1624, folio, A Supplement of a Defect in the third Part of Sidney's Arcadia, printed, according to Mr. Park, at Dublin; and A Map and Description of New England, with a Discourse of Plantation and the Colonies, &c. Lond. 1630, quarto. He has also Sonnets prefixed to Drayton's Heroical Epistles; to Quin's Elegiac Poem on Bernard Stuart, lord Aubigne; to Abernethy's Christian and Heavenly Treatise, concerning Physicke for the Soule; and several are interspersed among the works of Drummond, as are a few of his letters, and Anacrisis, or a Censure of the Poets, in the folio edition of Drummond's Works, which last Mr. Park considers as very creditable to his lordship's critical talents. Two pieces in Ramsay's Evergreen, entitled The Comparison and the Solsequium, are ascribed to him by lord Hailes. Such of these miscellanies as could be procured are now added to his works, with the chorusses of his tragedies, &c.

Our author has been liberally praised by his contemporaries and by some of his successors, by John Dunbar, Arthur Johnstoun, Andrew Ramsay, Daniel, Davis of Hereford, Hayman, Habington, Drayton, and Lithgow. His style is certainly neither pure nor correct, which may perhaps be attributed to his long familiarity with the Scotch language, but his versification is in general very superior to that of his contemporaries, and approaches nearer to the elegance of modern times than could have been expected from one who wrote so much. There are innumerable beauties scattered over the whole of his works, but particularly in his Songs and Sonnets; the former are a species of irregular odes, in which the sentiment, occasionally partaking of the quaintness of his age, is more frequently new, and forcibly expressed. The powers of mind displayed in his Doomsday and Parænesis are very considerable, although we are frequently able to trace the allusions and imagery to the language of holy writ; and he appears to have been less inspired by the sublimity, than by the awful importance of his subject to rational beings. A habit of moralizing pervades all his writings, but in the Doomsday he appears deeply impressed with his subject, and more anxious to persuade the heart, than to delight the imagination.

[3] Gent. Mag. 1776, p. 505. *C.*

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POEMS

OF THE

EARL OF STIRLING.

AVRORA.

CONTAINING

THE FIRST FANCIES OF THE AUTHOR'S YOUTH.

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE AND VERTVOVS LADY,

THE LADY AGNES DOWGLAS,

COUNTESSE OF ARGYLE.

MADAME,

WHEN I remember the manie obligations which I owe to your manifold merits, I oftentimes accuse my selfe to my self, of forgetfulnes, and yet I am to be excused: for how can I satisfie so infinit a debt, since whilst I go to disengage my self in some measure, by giuing you the patronage of these vnpolished lines (which indeed for their manie errours, had need of a respected sanctuary) I but engage my self further, while as you take the patronage of so vnpolished lines. Yet this shal not discourage me, for alwayes I carie this aduantage, that as they were the fruits of beautie, so shal they be sacrificed as oblations to beautie. And to a beautie, though of it selfe most happie, yet more happie in this, that it is thought worthie (and can be no more then worthy) to be the outward couer of so many inward perfections. So assuring my selfe, that as no darknesse can abide before the Sunne, so no deformitie can be found in those papers, ouer which your eyes haue once shined. I rest

Your honors most humbly
deuoted,

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

AVRORA.

SONET I.

WHIL'ST charming fancies moue me to reueale
The idle rauings of my brain-sicke youth,
My heart doth pant within, to heare my mouth
Vnfold the follies which it would conceale:
Yet bitter critickes may mistake my mind;
Not beautie, no, but vertue rais'd my fires,
Whose sacred flame did cherish chast desires,
And through my cloudie fortune clearely shin'd.
But had not others otherwise aduis'd,
My cabinet should yet these scrolls containe,
This childish birth of a conceitie braine,
Which I had still as trifling toyes despis'd:
Pardon those errours of mine vnripe age;
My tender Muse by time may grow more sage.

SONET II.

As yet three lusters were not quite expir'd,
Since I had bene a partner of the light,
When I beheld a face, a face more bright
Then glistring Phœbus when the fields are fir'd:
Long time amaz'd rare beautie I admir'd,
The beames reflecting on my captiu'd sight,
Till that surpriz'd (I wot not by what flight)
More then I could conceiue my soule desir'd,

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My taker's state I long'd for to comprise.
For still I doubted who had made the rape,
If 't was a bodie or an airie shape,
With fain'd perfections for to mocke the eyes:
At last I knew 't was a most diuine creature,
The crowne of th' Earth, th' excellencie of Nature.

SONET III.

That subtill Greeke who for t' aduance his art,
Shap'd beautie's goddesse with so sweet a grace,
And with a learned pensill limn'd her face,
Till all the world admir'd the workman's part.
Of such whom Fame did most accomplish'd call
The naked snowes he seuerally perceiued,
Then drew th' idea which his soule conceiued,
Of that which was most exquisite in all:
But had thy forme his fancie first possest,
If worldly knowledge could so high attaine,
Thou mightst haue spar'd the curious painter's paine,
And satisfide him more then all the rest.
O if he had all thy perfections noted,
The painter with his picture straight had doted.

SONG I.

O would to God a way were found,
That by some secret sympathie vnknowne,
My faire my fancie's depth might sound,
And know my state as clearely as her owne.
Then blest, most blest were I,
No doubt beneath the skie
I were the happiest wight:
For if my state they knew,
It ruthlesse rockes would rue,
And mend me it they might.

But as the babe before the wand,
Whose faultlesse part his parents will not trust,
For very feare doth trembling stand,
And quakes to speake although his cause be iust:
So set before her face,
Though bent to pleade for grace,
I wot not how I faile:
Yet minding to say much,
That string I neuer touch,
But stand dismaid and pale.

The deepest riuers make least din,
The silent soule doth most abound in care:
Then might my brest be read within,
A thousand volumes would be written there.
Might silence show my mind,
Sighes tell how I were pin'd,
Or lookes my woes relate;
Then any pregnant wit,
That well remarked it,
Would soone discerne my state.

No fauour yet my faire affoords,
But looking haughtie, though with humble eyes,
Doth quite confound my staggering words;
And as not spying that thing which she spies.
A mirror makes of me,
Where she her selfe may see:
And what she brings to passe,
I trembling too for feare,
Moue neither eye nor eare,
As if I were her glasse.

Whilst in this manner I remaine,
Like to the statue of some one that 's dead,
Strange tyrants in my bosome raigne,
A field of fancies fights within my head:
Yet if the tongue were true,
We boldly might pursue
That diamantine hart.
But when that it 's restrain'd,
As doom'd to be disdain'd,
My sighes show how I smart.

No wonder then although I wracke,
By them betray'd in whom I did confide,
Since tongue, heart, eyes, and all gaue backe,
She iustly may my childishnesse deride.
Yet that which I conceale,
May serue for to reueale
My feruencie in loue.
My passions were too great,
For words t' expresse my state,
As to my paines I proue.

Oft those that do deserue disdaine,
For forging fancies get the best reward:
Where I who feele what they do faine,
For too much loue am had in no regard.
Behold by proofe we see
The gallant liuing free,
His fancies doth extend:
Where he that is orecome,
Rain'd with respects stands dumbe,
Still fearing to offend.

My bashfulnesse when she beholds,
Or rather my affection out of bound,
Although my face my state vnfolds,
And in my hew discouers hidden wounds:
Yet iesting at my wo,
She doubts if it be so,
As she could not conceiue it.
This grieues me most of all,
She triumphs in my fall,
Not seeming to perceiue it.

Then since in vaine I plaints impart
To scornfull eares, in a contemned scroule;
And since my toung betrayes my hart,
And cannot tell the anguish of my soule:
Henceforth I'le hide my losses,
And not recompt the crosses
That do my ioyes orethrow:
At least to senselesse things,
Mounts, vales, woods, flouds, and springs,
I shall them onely show.

Ah vnaffected lines,
True models of my heart,
The world may see, that in you shines
The power of passion more then art.

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SONET IV.

Once to debate my cause whilst I drew neere,
My staggering toung against me did conspire,
And whilst it should haue charg'd, it did retire,
A certaine signe of loue that was sincere:
I saw her heauenly vertues shine so cleere,
That I was forc'd for to conceale my fire,
And with respects euen bridling my desire.
More then my life I held her honour deere,
And though I burn'd with all the flames of loue,
Yet frozen with a reuerent kind of feares,
I durst not poure my passions in her eares;
Lest so I might the hope I had remoue.
Thus loue mar'd loue, desire desire restrain'd;
Of mind to moue a world, I dumbe remain'd.

SONET V.

No wonder though that this my blisse dismaies,
Whilst rendred vp to neuer-pleas'd desires,
I burne, and yet must couer cursed fires,
Whose flame it selfe against my will bewrayes.
Some times my faire to launce my wound assayes,
And with th' occasion as it seemes conspires,
And indirectly oft my state inquires,
Which I would hide whilst it it selfe betrayes.
If that a guiltie gesture did disclose
The hideous horrours that my soule contain'd,
Or wandring words deriu'd from inward woes,
Did tell my state, their treason I disdain'd:
And I could wish to be but as I am,
If that she knew how I conceale the same.

SONET VI.

Hvge hosts of thoughts imbattled in my brest,
Are euer busied with intestine warres,
And like to Cadmus earth-borne troupes at iarres,
Haue spoil'd my soule of peace, themselues of rest.
Thus forc'd to reape such seed as I haue sowne,
I (hauing interest in this doubtfull strife)
Hope much, feare more, doubt most, vnhappie life.
What euer side preuaile, I 'm still orethrowne:
O neither life nor death! ô both, but bad
Imparadiz'd, whiles in mine owne conceit,
My fancies straight againe imbroyle my state,
And in a moment make me glad and sad.
Thus neither yeelding quite to this nor that,
I liue, I die, I do I wot not what.

SONET VII.

A flame of loue that glanceth in those eyes,
Where maiestie with sweetnesse mixt remaines,
Doth poure so sweet a poyson in the veines, [dyes.
That who them viewes straight wounded wondring
But yet who would not looke on those cleare skies,
And loue to perish with so pleasant paines,
While as those lights of loue hide beautie's traine
With iuorie orbes, where still two starres arise:
When as those christall comets whiles appeare,
Eye-rauish'd I go gazing on their rayes,
Whilst they enrich'd with many princely prayes,
Ore hosts of hearts triumphing still retire:
Those planets when they shine in their owne kinds,
Do boast t' orethrow whole monarchies of minds.

SONET VIII.

Ah, what disastrous fortune haue I had!
Lo, still in league with all that may annoy,
And entred in enimitie with ioy,
I entertaine all things that make me sad,
With many miseries almost gone mad:
To purchase paines I all my paines employ,
And vse all meanes my selfe for to destroy,
The tenour of my starre hath bene so bad.
And though my state a thousand times were worse,
As it is else past bounds of all beleefe:
Yet all Pandora's plagues could not haue force,
To aggrauate the burthen of my griefe:
Th' occasion might moue mountaines to remorce:
I hate all helpe, and hope for no releefe.

SONET IX.

Although that words chain'd with affection faile,
As that which makes me burst abasht t' vnfold,
Yet lines (dumbe orators) ye may be bold,
Th' inke will not blush, though paper doth looke pale,
Ye of my state the secrets did containe,
That then through clouds of darke inuentions shin'd:
Whilst I disclos'd, yet not disclos'd my mind,
Obscure to others, but to one ore plaine.
And yet that one did whiles (as th' end may proue)
Not mark, not vnderstand, or else despise,
That (though misterious) language of mine eyes,
Which might haue bene interpreted by loue.
Thus she, what I discouered, yet conceal'd:
Knowes, and not knowes; both hid, and both reueal'd.

ELEGIE I.

Even as the dying swan almost bereft of breath,
Sounds dolefull notes and drearie songs, a presage
of her death:
So since my date of life almost expir'd I find,
My obsequies I sadly sing, as sorrow tunes my mind,
And as the rarest bird a pile of wood doth frame,
Which, being fir'd by Phœbus' rayes, she fals into
the flame:
So by two sunnie eyes I giue my fancies fire,
And burne my selfe with beauties raies, euen by
mine owne desire.
Thus th' angry gods at length begin for to relent,
And once to end my deathfull life, for pitie are con-
tent. [pine,
For if th' infernall powers, the damned souls would
Then let them send them to the light, to leade a life
like mine.
O if I could recount the crosses and the cares,
That from my cradle to my beare conduct me with
despairs; [stand:
Then hungrie Tantalus pleas'd with his lot would
I famish for a sweeter food, which still is reft my
hand,
Like Ixion's restlesse wheele my fancies rowle about;
And like his guest that stole Heau'n's fires, they
teare my bowels out.
I worke an endles task and loose my labour still:
Euen as the bloudie sisters do, that emptie as they
fill,

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As Sisiph's stone returnes his guiltie ghost t' appall,
I euer raise my hopes so high, they bruise me with their fall.
And if I could in summe my seuerall griefes relate,
All would forget their proper harms, and only waile my state.
So grieuous is my paine, so painfull is my griefe,
That death, which doth the world affright, wold yeeld to me releefe.
I haue mishaps so long, as in a habit had, [am sad.
I thinke I looke not like my selfe, but when that I
As birds flie but in th' aire, fishes in seas do dive,
So sorrow is as th' element by which I onely liue:
Yet this may be admir'd as more then strange in me,
Although in all my horoscope not one cleare point I see.
Against my knowledge, yet I many a time rebell,
And seeke to gather grounds of hope, a Heau'n amidst a Hell.
O poyson of the mind, that doest the wits bereaue:
And shrouded with a cloke of loue dost al the world deceiue. [dash,
Thou art the rocke on which my comforts' ship did
It 's thou that daily in my wounds thy hooked heades dost wash.
Blind tyrant it is thou by whom my hopes lye dead:
That whiles throwes forth a dart of gold, and whiles a lumpe of lead. [states,
Thus oft thou woundest two, but in two diffrent
Which through a strange antipathy, th' one loues, and th' other hates.
O but I erre I grant, I should not thee vpbraid,
It 's I to passion's tyrrannie that haue my selfe betraid: [amisse:
And yet this cannot be, my iudgements aymes
Ah, deare Avrora, it is thou that ruin'd hast my blisse:
A fault that by thy sexe may partly be excus'd,
Which stil doth loath what proferd is, affects what is refus'd. [troule,
Whilst my distracted thoughts I striu'd for to con-
And with fain'd gestures did disguise the anguish of my soule, [loue,
Then with inuiting lookes and accents stampt with
The mask that was vpon my mind thou labordst to remoue. [spide,
And when that once ensnar'd thou in those nets me
Thy smiles were shadow'd with disdaines, thy beauties cloth'd with pride.
To reattaine thy grace I wot not how to go: [so?
Shall I once fold before thy feete, to plead for favour
No, no, I'le proudly go my wrath for to asswage,
And liberally at last enlarge the raines vnto my rage.
Ile tell what we were once, our chast (yet feruent) loues, [didst disproue.
Whilst in effect thou seem'd t' affect that which thou
Whilst once t' engraue thy name vpon a rock I sat,
Thou vow'd to write mine in a mind, more firme by far then that: [thine:
The marble stone once stampt retaines that name of
But ah, thy more then marble mind, it did not so with mine: [againe;
So that which thral'd me first, shall set me free
Those flames to which thy loue gaue life, shall die with thy disdaine.
But ah, where am I now, how is my judgment lost!
I speak as it were in my power, like one that 's free to bost:
Haue I not sold my selfe to be thy beautie's slaue?
And when thou tak'st all hope from me, thou tak'st but what thou gaue.
That former loue of thine, did so possesse my mind,
That for to harbor other thoughts, no roome remaine behind. [wrong,
And th' only means by which I mind t' auenge this
It is, by making of thy praise the burden of my song.
Then why shouldst thou such spite for my goodwil returne? [burne?
Was euer god as yet so mad to make his temple
My brest the temple was, whence incense thou receiu'd, [would haue sau'd.
And yet thou set'st the same a fire, which others
But why should I accuse Avrora in this wise?
She is as faultlesse as shee 's faire, as innocent as wise.
It 's but through my mis-lucke, if any fault there be:
For she who was of nature mild, was cruell made by me.
And since my fortune is, in wo to be bewrapt,
Ile honour her as oft before, and hate mine owne mishap. [proue,
Her rigorous course shall serue my loyall part to
And as a touch-stone for to trie the vertue of my loue.
Which when her beautie fades, shall be as cleare as now, [her brow:
My constancie it shall be known, when wrinkled is
So that such two againe, shall in no age be found,
She for her face, I for my faith, both worthy to be crown'd.

MADRIG. I.

When in her face mine eyes I fixe,
A fearefull boldnesse takes my mind,
Sweet hony loue with gall doth mixe,
And is vnkindly kind:
It seemes to breed,
And is indeed
A speciall pleasure to be pin'd.
No danger then I dread:
For though I went a thousand times to Stix,
I know she can reuiue me with her eye;
As many lookes, as many liues to me:
And yet had I a thousand harts,
As many lookes as many darts,
Might make them all to die.

SESTIN. I.

Hard is my fortune, stormie is my state,
And as inconstant as the wauing sea,
Whose course doth still depend vpon the winds:
For lo, my life in danger euery houre,
And though euen at the point for to be lost,
Can find no comfort but a flying show.

And yet I take such pleasure in this show,
That still I stand contented with my state,
Although that others thinke me to be lost:
And whilst I swim amidst a dangerous sea,
Twixt feare and hope, are looking for the houre,
When my last breath should glide amongst the winds.

Lo, to the sea-man beaten with the winds,
Sometimes the Heau'ns a smiling face will show,
So that to rest himselfe he finds some houre.
But nought (ay me) can euer calme my state,
Who with my teares as I would make a sea,
Am flying Silla in Charibdis lost.

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The pilote that was likely to be lost,
When he hath scap'd the furour of the winds,
Doth straight forget the dangers of the sea.
But I, vnhappie I, can neuer show,
No kind of token of a quiet state,
And am tormented still from houre to houre.

O shall I neuer see that happie houre,
When I (whose hopes once vtterly were lost)
May find a meanes to re-erect my state,
And leaue for to breath foorth such dolorous winds,
Whilst I my selfe in constancie do show
A rocke against the waues amidst the sea.

As many waters make in end a sea,
As many minutes make in end an houre:
And still what went before th' effect doth show:
So all the labours that I long haue lost,
As one that was but wrestling with the winds,
May once in end concurre to blesse my state.

And once my storme-stead state sau'd from the sea,
In spite of aduerse winds, may in one houre
Pay all my labors lost, at least in show.

SONG II.

WHIL'ST I by wailing sought
T' haue in some sort asswag'd my griefe,
I found that rage gaue no reliefe,
And carefulnesse did but increase my feares:
Then now I'le mourne for nought,
But in my secret thought,
Will thesaurize all my mischiefe.
For long experienc'd wo well witnesse beares,
That teares cannot quench sighes, nor sighs drie teares.

To calme a stormie brow,
The world doth know how I did smart,
Yet could not moue that marble hart,
Which was too much to crueltie inclin'd:
But to her rigour now,
I lift my hands and bow,
And in her grace will claime no part:
I take great paines of purpose to be pin'd,
And onely mourne to satisfie my mind.

How I my dayes haue spent,
The Heau'ns aboue no doubt they know;
The world hath likewise seene below,
Whil'st with my sighes I poyson'd al the ayre:
Those streames which I augment,
Those woods where I lament,
I thinke my state could clearely show:
By those the same rests registred as rare,
That such like monstrous things vs'd to declare.

The trees where I did bide,
Seem'd for to chide my froward fate:
Then whisling wail'd my wretched state,
And bowing whiles to heare my wofull song:
They spred their branches wide,
Of purpose me to hide:
Then of their leaues did make my seate:
And if they reason had as they are strong,
No doubt but they would ioyne t' auenge my wrong.

The beasts in euery glen,
Which first to kill me had ordain'd,
Were by my priuiledge restrain'd,
Who indenized was within those bounds:
I harbor'd in a den,
I fled the sight of men,
No signe of reason I retain'd.
The beasts they flie not when the hunter sounds,
As I at mine owne thoughts when Cupid hounds.

This moues me, my distresse
And sorrowes sometime to conceale,
Lest that the torments which I feele,
Might likewise my concitizens annoy.
And partly I confesse,
Because the meanes grow lesse
By which I should such harmes reueale:
Which I protest, doth but preiudge my ioy,
That still do striue my selfe for to destroy.

All comfort I despight,
And willingly with wo comport,
My passions do appeare a sport;
I take a speciall pleasure to complaine:
All things that moue delight,
I with disdaine acquite.
Small ease seemes much, long trauels short,
A world of pleasure is not worth my paine,
I will not change my losse with others gaine.

Here robb'd of all repose,
Not interrupted by repaire,
My fancies freely I declare:
And counting all my crosses one by one,
I daily do disclose
To woods and vales my woes.
And as I saw Aurora there,
I thinke to her that I my state bemone,
When in effect it is but to a stone.

This my most monstrous ill,
Compassion moues in euery thing:
When as I shout the forrests ring;
When I begin to grone, the beasts they bray:
The trees they teares distill,
The riuers all stand still,
The birds my tragedie they sing;
The wofull Eccho waites vpon my way,
Prompt to resound my accents when I stay.

When wearied I remaine,
That sighs, teares, voice, and all do faile,
Discolour'd, bloudlesse, and growne pale,
Vpon the earth my bodie I distend:
And then orecome with paine,
I agonize againe:
And passions do so farre preuaile,
That though I want the meanes my woes to spend,
A mournfull meaning neuer hath an end.

My child in deserts borne,
For griefe-tun'd eares thy accents frame,
And tell to those thy plaints that scorne,
Thou plead'st for pitie, not for fame.

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SONET X.

I sweare, Aurora, by thy starrie eyes,
And by those golden lockes whose locke none slips,
And by the corall of thy rosie lippes,
And by the naked snowes which beautie dies,
I sweare by all the iewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet neuer worldly treasure bought,
Thy solide iudgement and thy generous thought,
Which in this darkened age haue clearely shin'd:
I sweare by those, and by my spotlesse loue,
And by my secret, yet most feruent fires,
That I haue neuer nurc'd but chast desires,
And such as modestie might well approue.
Then since I loue those vertuous parts in thee,
Shouldst thou not loue this vertuous mind in me?

SONET XI.

Ah, that it was my fortune to be borne,
Now in the time of this degener'd age,
When some, in whom impietie doth rage,
Do all the rest discredit whilst they scorne.
And this is growne to such a custome now,
That those are thought to haue the brauest spirits,
Who can faine fancies and imagine merits:
As who but for their lusts of loue allow.
And yet in this I had good hap, I find,
That chanc'd to chaine my thoughts to such an one,
Whose iudgement is so cleare, that she anone
Can by the outward gestures iudge the mind.
Yet wit and fortune rarely waite on one,
She knowes the best, yet can make choice of none.

SONET XII.

Sweet blushing goddesse of the golden morning,
Faire patronesse of all the world's affaires,
Thou art become so carelesse of my cares,
That I must name thee goddesse of my mouruing.
Lo, how the Sunne part of thy burthen beares,
And whilest thou doest in pearly drops regrate,
As 't were to pitie thy distressed state,
Exhales the christall of thy glistring teares;
But I poure forth my vowes before thy shrine,
And whilst thou dost my louing zeale despise,
Do drowne my heart in th' ocean of mine eyes;
Yet daign'st thou not to drie these teares of mine,
Vnlesse it be with th' Ætna of desires,
Which euen amidst those floods doth foster fires.

SONET XIII.

Lo, how that Time doth still disturbe my peace,
And hath his course to my confusion bent;
For when th' occasion kindly giues consent,
That I should feed vpon Aurora's face:
Then mounted on the chariot of the Sunne,
That tyrant Time doth post so fast away,
That whilst I but aduise what I should say,
I 'm forc'd to end ere I haue well begun:
And then againe it doth so slowly flie,
Whilst I leane her whom I hold onely deare,
Each minute makes an houre, each houre a yeare,
Yeares lusters seeme, one luster ten to me.
Thus changing course to change my state I know,
In presence time proues swift, in absence slow.

SONET XIV.

When first I view'd that ey-enchanting face,
Which for the world chiefe treasure was esteem'd,
I iudging simply all things as they seem'd,
Thought humble lookes had promist pitie place;
Yet were they but ambushments, to deceiue
My ore-rash heart that fear'd no secret fires:
Thy bashfulnesse emboldned my desires,
Which seem'd to offer what I was to craue.
Can crueltie then borrow beautie's shape?
And pride so decke it selfe with modest lookes?
Too pleasant baites to hide such poison'd hookes,
Whose vnsuspected slight none can escape.
Who can escape this more then diuellish art,
When golden haires disguise a brazen heart?

SONET XV.

Stay, blubring pen, to spot one that 's so pure;
She is my loue, although she be vnkind,
I must admire that diamantine mind,
And praise those eyes that do my death procure:
Nor will I willingly those thoughts endure,
That are to such apostasie inclin'd.
Shall she, euen she in whom all vertue shin'd,
Be wrong'd by me? shall I her worth iniure?
No, rather let me die, and die disdain'd,
Long ere I thinke, much lesse I speake the thing,
That may disgrace vnto her beautie bring,
Who ore my fancies hath so sweetly raign'd.
If any pitying me will damne her part,
I'le make th' amends, and for her errour smart.

SONET XVI.

Loue so engag'd my fancies to that faire,
That whilst I liue I shall aduance her name,
And imping stately fethers in her fame,
May make it glide more glorious through the aire:
So she in beautie's right shall haue her share,
And I who striue her praises to proclaime,
Encourag'd with so excellent a theame,
May rest inrold among those that were rare.
O if my wit were equall with her worth!
Th' Antipodes all rauish'd by report,
From regions most remou'd should here resort,
To gaze vpon the face which I set forth:
Or were my wit but equall with my will,
I with her praise both Titan's bowers should fill.

SONET XVII.

I saw sixe gallant nymphes, I saw but one,
One stain'd them all, one did them onely grace:
And with the shining of her beauteous face,
Gaue to the world new light when it had none.
Then when the god that guides the light was gone,
And ore the hils directed had his race,
A brighter farre then he supplide his place,
And lightned our horizon here anone.
The rest pale moones were bettered by this sunne,
They borrowed beames from her star-staining eyes:
Still when she sets her lights, their shining dies,
And at their opening is againe begun:
Phœbus all day I would be bard thy light,
For to be shin'd on by this sunne at night.

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SONET XXV.

Cleare mouing cristall, pure as the Sunne beames,
Which had the honour for to be the glasse
Of the most daintie beautie euer was;
And with her shadow did enrich thy streames,
Thy treasures now cannot be bought for monie,
Whilst she dranke thee, thou drank'st thy fill of loue,
And of those roses didst the sweetnes proue,
From which the bees of loue do gather honie:
Th' ambrosian liquor that he fils aboue,
Whom th' eagle rauish'd from th' inferior round,
It is not like this nectar (though renown'd)
Which thou didst tast, whilst she her lips did moue:
But yet beware, lest burning with desires,
That all thy waters cannot quench thy fires.

SONET XXVI.

I'll giue thee leaue, my loue, in beauties field
To reare red colours whiles, and bend thine eyes;
Those that are bashfull still, I quite despise,
Such simple soules are too soone mou'd to yeeld:
Let maiestie arm'd in thy count'nance sit,
As that which will no iniurie receiue;
And I'le not hate thee, whiles although thou haue
A sparke of pride, so it be rul'd by wit.
This is to chastitie a powerfull guard,
Whilst haughtie thoughts all seruile things eschue,
That sparke hath power the passions to subdue,
And would of glorie chalenge a reward:
But do not fall in loue with thine owne selfe;
Narcissus earst was lost on such a shelfe.

SONET XXVII.

The thoughts of those I cannot but disproue,
Who basely lost their thraldome must bemone:
I scorne to yeeld my selfe to such a one,
Whose birth and vertue is not worth my loue.
No, since it is my fortune to be thrall,
I must be fettred with a golden band;
And if I die, I'le die by Hector's hand:
So may the victor's fame excuse my fall;
And if by any meanes I must be blind,
Then it shall be by gazing on the Sunne;
Oft by those meanes the greatest haue bene wonne,
Who must like best of such a generous mind:
At least by this I haue allow'd of fame,
Much honour if I winne, if lose, no shame.

SONET XXVIII.

Then whilst that Lathmos did containe her blisse,
Chast Phœbe left her church so much admir'd,
And when her brother from that bounds retir'd,
Would of the sleepie shepheard steale a kisse,
But to no greater grace I craue to clime,
Then of my goddesse whiles whilst she reposes,
That I might kisse the stil-selfekissing roses,
And steale of her that which was stolne of him;
And though I know that this would onely proue,
A maim'd delight, whereof th' one halfe would want,
Yet whil'st the light did Morpheus power supplant:
If that my theft did her displeasure moue,
I render would all that I robb'd againe,
And for each kisse I take would giue her twaine.

SONET XXIX.

I enuie not Endimion now no more,
Nor all the happinesse his sleepe did yeeld,
While as Diana, straying through the field,
Suck'd from his sleep-seal'd lippes balme for her sore:
Whil'st I embrac'd the shadow of my death,
I dreaming did farre greater pleasure proue,
And quaff'd with Cupid sugred draughts of loue,
Then, loue-like, feeding on a nectar'd breath:
Now iudge which of vs two might be most prowd;
He got a kisse yet not enioy'd it right,
And I got none, yet tasted that delight
Which Venus on Adonis once bestow'd:
He onely got the bodie of a kisse,
And I the soule of it, which he did misse.

SONET XXX.

Aspiring sprite, flie low, yet flie despaire,
Thy haughtie thoughts the heau'nly powers despise.
Thus ballanc'd, lo, betwixt the Earth and th' aire,
I wot not whether for to fall or rise;
Through desperate dangers whiles I scale the skies,
As if that nought my courage could restraine,
When lo, anon downe in the center lies [taine;
That restlesse mind, which th' Heau'ns did once con-
I toyle for that which I cannot attaine:
Yet fortune nought but ficklenesse affoords:
Where I haue bene, I hope to be againe;
She once must change, her common course records.
Although my hap be hard, my heart is hie,
And it must mount, or else my bodie die.

ELEGIE II.

Let not the world beleeue th' accusing of my fate
Tends to allure it to condole with me my tragick state: [rage,
Nor that I haue sent foorth these stormie teares of
So by disburd'ning of my brest, my sorrowes to asswage. [liefe,
No, no, that serues for nought, I craue no such re-
Nor will I yeeld that any should be partners of my griefe.
My fantasie to feed I only spend those teares:
My plaints please me, no musicke sounds so sweetly in my eares,
I wish that from my birth I had acquainted bene
Still with mishaps, and neuer had but woes and horrours seene:
Then ignorant of ioyes, lamenting as I do,
As thinking all men did the like, I might content me too.
But ah, my fate was worse: for it (as in a glasse)
Show'd me through litle blinkes of blisse, the state wherin I was. [houre,
Which vnperfected ioyes, scarce constant for an
Was like but to a watrie Sunne, that shines before a shoure.
For if I euer thought or rather dream'd of ioyes,
That litle lightning but foreshow'd a thunder of annoyes:
It was but like the fruit that Tantalus torments,
Which while he sees and nought attains, his hunger but augments.

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For so the shadow of that but imagin'd mirth,
Cal'd all the crosses to record, I suffer'd since my birth,
Which are to be bewail'd, but hard to be redrest:
Whose strange effects may well be felt, but cannot be exprest. [past,
Iudge what the feeling was, when thinking on things
I tremble at the torment yet, and stand a time agast.
Yet do I not repent, but will with patience pine:
For though I mourne, I murmure not, like men that do repine.
I graunt I waile my lot, yet I approue her will;
What my soule's oracle thinkes good, I neuer shall thinke ill.
If I had onely sought a salue to ease my paines,
Long since I had bewail'd my lot alongst th' Elysian plaines:
Yet mind I not in this selfe-louer-like to die,
As one that car'd not for her losse, so I my selfe were free. [secure,
No, may ten nights' annoyes make her one night
A day of dolors vnto her a moment's mirth procure:
Or may a yeare's laments reioyce her halfe an houre,
May seuen years' sorrows make her glad, I shal not think them soure.
And if she do delight to heare of my disease,
Then ô blest I, who so may haue th' occasion her to please:
For now the cause I liue, is not for loue of life,
But onely for to honour her that holds me in this strife.
And ere those vowes I make do vnperform'd escape,
This world shal once againe renuerst resume her shapelesse shape. [strong,
But what, what haue I vow'd? my passions were too
As if the mildest of the world delighted to do wrong:
As she whom I adore with so deuote a mind,
Could rest content to see me sterue, be glad to see me pin'd. [cares,
No, no, she wailes my state, and would appease my
Yet interdited to the Fates, conformes her will to theirs. [saue,
Then ô vnhappie man, whom euen thy saint would
And yet thy cruell destinie doth damne thee to the graue. [feares,
This sentence then may serue for to confound my
Why burst I not my brest with sighs, and drowne mine eyes with tears?
Ah, I haue mourn'd so much, that I may mourn no more, [their store.
My miseries passe numbring now, plaints perish in
The meanes t' vnlode my brest doth quite begin to faile;
For being drunke with too much dole, I wot not how to waile.
And since I want a way my anguish to reueale,
Of force contented with my Fate, I'le suffer and conceale.
And for to vse the world, euen as my loue vs'd me,
I'le vse a count'nance like to one, whose mind from grief were free.
For when she did disdaine, she show'd a smiling face,
Euen then when she denounc'd my death, she seem'd to promise grace.
So shall I seeme in show my thoughts for to repose,
Yet in the center of my soule shall shroud a world of woes: [controule,
Then wofull brest and eyes your restlesse course
And with no outward signes betray the anguish of my soule.
Eyes, raine your shoures within, arrowze the Ea no more,
Passe drowne with a deluge of teares the brest burnt before:
Brest, arme your selfe with sighes, if ore weake defend,
Then perish by your proper fires, and make honest end.

SONG IV.

O BITTER time that dost begin the yeare,
And dost begin each bitter thing to breed!
O season sowre, that season'st so with gall
Each kind of thing, in thee that life doth take;
Yet cloak'st thy sowrenesse with a sweet-like hee
And for my share dost make me still to pine,
As one that 's rob'd of rest.

Now when through all the Earth the basest brine,
In signe of ioy is cloath'd with sommers weed,
Euen now when as hills, herbes, woods, vales and al
Begin to spring, and off th' old ruines shake,
Thou but begin'st mine anguish to renew;
O rigour rare, to banish me from mine,
When birds do build their nest.

By these thy fierce effects it may appeare,
That with the Bull the Sonne soiournes indeed.
What sauage Bull disbanded from his stall,
Of wrath a signe more inhumane could make?
Ore all the Earth thou powr'st downe pleasant dew;
But with *despaire* dost all my hopes confine,
With teares to bath my brest.

Now when the time t' increase is drawing neare,
Thou in my brest of sorrow sow'st the seed,
And those old griefes thou goest for to recall,
That fading *king* and would the stalke forsake.
Thus how can I some huge mishap eschew,
Who, kil'd with *care*, all comfort must resigne,
And yeeld to th' amorous pest?

The Heau'n of my estate growes neuer cleare,
I many torments feele, yet worse do dread:
Mishaps haue me inuiron'd with a wall,
And my heart *sting* with paines that neuer slake:
Yet to the end I'le to my deare be true;
So this sharpe *aire* my constancie shall fine,
Which may come for the best.

Ile write my woes vpon this pine-tree here,
That passengers such rarities may reade,
Who when they thinke of this my wretched fall,
With sighes may *sing* those euils that make me quake,
And for compassion waile, while as they view,
How that I *there* with such a sauage line,
A tyrant's trophees drest.

This time desir'd of all I'le to hold deare,
And as that all things now to floorish speed:
So mouing on this sea-inuiron'd ball,
Foorth teares to *bring* mine eyes shall euer wake:
And whilst euen senslesse things my sorrowes rue,
I shall not *spare* no part of my ingine,
My selfe for to molest.

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The sourest hearbes shall be my sweetest cheare,
Since to prolong my paines I onely feed;
Some dungeon darke shall serue me for a hall,
And like a *king* I shall companions lake.
Though neuer enuie do my state pursue,
Of wormwood *bare* I mind to make my wine,
Thus shall I be distrest.
For since my *faire* doth not vpon me rue,
My hopes set in the west.

SONET XXXI.

My fairest faire, aduise thee with thy heart,
And tell in time if that thou think'st to loue me,
Lest that I perish whil'st thou think'st to proue me,
And so thou want the meanes to act thy part:
For I account my selfe so done accurst,
That from despaire's refuge I scarce refraine.
The daintiest colours do the soonest staine,
And the most noble minds do soonest burst.
Why shouldst thou thus thy rarest treasure venter?
Lo, all the waightie thoughts, the burd'nous cares,
And euery horrour that the health impaires,
Draw to the heart, as to the bodie's center:
And it ore-ballanc'd with so great a waight,
Doth boast to yeeld vnto the burthen straight.

SONET XXXII.

The turret of my hope, which neuer falles,
Did at the first all Cupid's power despise:
But it t' orethrow while as thou arm'd thine eyes;
Thy lookes were canons, thy disdaines their balles:
I bran'd thy beauties in a gallant sort,
And did resist all thy assaults a time:
But ah, I find in end, (my wrack thy crime)
That treason enters in the strongest fort.
Thou, seeing thou wast like to lose the field,
Vnto my thoughts some fauour didst impart,
Which like brib'd orators inform'd the hart,
The victor would proue kind, if I could yeeld:
And ô, what can this grace thy beautie's straines?
'T is no true victorie that treason gaines.

SONET XXXIII.

O if thou knew'st how thou thy selfe dost harme,
And dost preiudge thy blisse, and spoile my rest:
Then thou would'st melt the yce out of thy brest,
And thy relenting heart would kindly warme.
O if thy pride did not our ioyes controule,
What world of loving wonders should'st thou see!
For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,
Then in thy bosome I would poure my soule,
Then all thy thoughts should in my visage shine.
And if that ought mischanc'd thou should'st not mone,
Nor beare the burthen of thy griefes alone;
No, I would haue my share in what were thine.
And whil'st we thus should make our sorrowes one,
This happie harmonie would make them none.

SONET XXXIV.

What vncouth motion makes my mirth decay?
Is this the thing poore martyr'd men call loue?
And whil'st their torment doth their wits dismay,
As those that raue, do for a god approue?
Although he bring his greatnesse from aboue,
And rule the world according to his will,
Yet doth he euen from those all rest remoue,
That were deuoted to his deitie still.
Can that which is th' originall of ill,
From which doth flow an ocean of mischiefe,
Whose poysnous waues doth many thousands kill,
Can that be loue? no, 't is the source of griefe.
And all those erre that hold this vaine conceit;
Then I erre too, one in this same estate.

SESTIN. II.

While as the day deliuers vs his light,
I wander through the solitarie fields,
And when the euening hath obscur'd the earth,
And hath with silence lull'd the world asleepe:
Then rage I like a mad-man in my bed,
Which, being fir'd with sighes, I quench with teares.

But ere Aurora rise to spend her teares,
Still languishing againe to see the light,
As th' enemie of my rest, I flie my bed,
And take me to the most deserted fields:
There is no soule saue I but gets some sleepe,
Though one would seeke through all the peopled Earth.

Whiles th' Ætna of my fires affrights the Earth,
And whiles it dreads, I drowne it with my teares:
And it 's suspicious-like, I neither sleepe,
When Phœbus giues nor gathers in his light:
So many piles of grasse not cloath the fields,
As I deuise designes within my bed.

Vnto the time I find a frostie bed,
Digged within the bowels of the Earth,
Mine eyes salt flouds shall still oreflow the fields:
I looke not for an abstinence from teares,
Till first I be secluded from the light,
And end my torments with an endlesse sleepe.

For now when I am purposed to sleepe,
A thousand thoughts assaile me in my bed,
That oft I do despaire to see the light:
O would to God I were dissolu'd in earth;
Then would the sauage beasts bemone with teares,
Their neighbour's death through all th' vnpeopled fields.

Whil'st rauish'd whiles I walke alongst the fields,
The lookers on lament, I lose my sleepe:
But of the crocadiles those be the teares,
So to perswade me for to go to sleepe;
As being sure, when once I leaue the light,
To render me the greatest wretch on th' Earth.

O happiest I in th' Earth, if in the fields
I might still see the light and neuer sleepe,
Drinking salt teares, and making stones my bed.

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SONET XXXV.

When I behold that face for which I pin'd,
And did my selfe so long in vaine annoy,
My toung not able to vnfold my ioy,
A wondring silence onely showes my mind:
But when againe thou dost extend thy rigour,
And wilt not daigne to grace me with thy sight,
Thou kil'st my comfort, and so spoil'st my might,
That scarce my corps retaines the vitall vigour.
Thy presence thus a great contentment brings,
And is my soules inestimable treasure:
But ô, I drowne in th' ocean of displeasure,
When I in absence thinke vpon those things.
Thus would to God that I had seene thee neuer,
Or would to God that I might see thee euer.

SONET XXXVI.

Loue, witnesse thou what was my spotlesse part,
Whil'st thou amaz'd to see thy Nymphes so faire,
As loth to part thence where they did repaire,
Still murm'ring did thy plaints t'each stone impart:
Then did mine eyes betake them to my hart,
As scorning to behold all those, though rare,
And gaz'd vpon her beauties image there,
Whose eyes haue furnish'd Cupid many a dart:
And as deuoted only vnto her,
They did disdaine for to bestow their light,
For to be entertain'd with any sight,
Saue onely that which made them first to erre.
Then, famous riuer, through the ocean glide,
And tell my loue how constant I abide.

SONET XXXVII.

I cannot comprehend how this doth come,
Thou whose affections neuer yet were warme,
Which cold disdaine with leaden thoughts doth arme:
Though in thy selfe still cold, yet burn'st thou some.
Euen as the Sunne (as th' astrologian dreames)
In th' airie region where it selfe doth moue,
Is neuer hote, yet, darting from aboue,
Doth parch all things that repercusse his beames:
So thou that in thy selfe from fires art free,
Who eye's indifferent still, as Titan's stayes,
Whilst I am th' obiect that reflect thy rayes:
That which thou neuer hadst, thou workst in me.
Since but below thou show'st that power of thine,
I would the zodiacke be whence thou dost shine.

SONET XXXVIII.

My teares might all the parched sands haue drench'd,
Though Phaeton had vndone the liquide frame:
I'le furnish Vulcan's fornace with a flame,
That like the Vestals' fire was neuer quench'd.
And though th' infected aire turmoil'd remaine,
It by my sighes and cries may be refin'd:
And if the bodie answer to the mind,
If no Earth were, mine might make th' Earth againe:
Though all the sauage flockes lay dead in heapes,
With which th' Arabian desarts are best stor'd,
My brest might many a fiercer beast affoord,
If like themselues all cloath'd with monstrous shapes:
And thus within my selfe I create so,
A world with all the elements of wo.

SONET XXXIX.

Myst I attend an vnrelenting will,
Which neuer any signe of fauour shew?
Ah, why should'st thou, Aurora, thus pursue
An innocent, that neuer did thee ill?
I did not with the Greeke conspire to kill
Thy sonne, for whom thou shed'st such flouds of dew:
But I as one that yet his destine rue.
For to condole with thee, huge teares distill;
And like the louing birds that came each yeare,
Vpon his tombe to offer vp their bloud:
So shall I too powre foorth a skarlet floud,
And sacrifize a heart that holds thee deare:
That since my life to make thee loue lackes force,
At least my death may moue thee to remorse.

SONET XL.

Thy cruelties (fierce faire) may be excus'd:
For it was I that gaue thy beautie powre,
And taught thee when to smile, and when to lowre,
Which thou hast since still to my ruine vs'd:
As he that others purpos'd was to pine,
And for his brasen bull a guerdon claim'd,
Was tortur'd first with that which he had fram'd,
And made th' experience of his curst engine:
So in this manner dost thou me torment,
Who told thee first the force of thy disdaines:
But ah, I suffer many greater paines,
Then the Sicilian tyrants could inuent:
And yet this grieues me most that thou disgrac'd,
Art in the rancke with such like tyrants plac'd.

SONET XLI.

If that so many braue men leauing Greece,
Durst earst aduenter through the raging depth,
And all to get the spoiles of a poore sheepe,
That had bene famous for his golden fleece.
O then for that pure gold what should be sought,
Of which each haire is worth a thousand such!
No doubt for it one cannot do too much.
Why should not precious things be dearely bought?
And so they are, for in the Colchik guise,
This treasure many a danger doth defend:
Of which, when I haue brought some one to end,
Straight out of that a number doth arise:
Euen as the dragons teeth bred men at armes,
Which, ah! t' orethrow, I want Medea's charmes.

SONET XLII.

Oft with that mirror would I change my shape,
From which my faire askes counsell euery day,
How she th' vntainted beauties should array,
To th' end their fierce assaults no soule may scape.
Then in my bosome I behoou'd t' embrace
That which I loue, and whilst on me she gaz'd,
In her sweet eyes I many a time amaz'd,
Would woo my selfe, and borrow thence a grace.
But ah, I seeke that which I haue, and more,
She but too oft in me her picture spies,
And I but gaze too oft on those faire eyes,
Whence I the humour draw that makes mine sore.
Well may my loue come glasse her selfe in me,
In whom all what she is, the world may see.

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SONET XLIII.

Now when the Syren sings, as one dismaid,
I straight with waxe begin to stop mine eares;
And when the crocadile doth shed foorth teares,
I flie away, for feare to be betraid.
I know when as thou seem'st to waile my state,
Thy face is no true table of thy mind:
And thou wouldst neuer show thy selfe so kind,
Wert not thy thoughts are hatching some deceit:
Whilst with vaine hopes thou go'st about to fill me.
I wot whereto those drams of fauour tend;
Lest by my death thy cruelties should end,
Thou think'st by giuing life againe to kill me:
No, no, thou shalt not thus thy greatnesse raise,
I'le breake the trumpet that proclaim'd thy praise.

SONET XLIV.

O now I thinke, and do not thinke amisse,
That th' old philosophers were all but fooles,
Who vs'd such curious questions in their schooles,
Yet could not apprehend the highest blisse.
Lo, I haue learn'd in th' academe of loue,
A maxime which they neur vnderstood:
To loue and be belou'd, this is the good,
Which for most sou'raigne all the world will proue,
That which delights vs most must be our treasure:
And to what greater ioy can one aspire,
Then to possesse all that he doth desire,
Whil'st two vnited soules do melt in pleasure?
This is the greatest good can be inuented,
That is so great it cannot be augmented.

SONET XLV.

I wonder not at Procris raging fits,
Who was affraid of thy entangling grace:
O there be many sorcerers in thy face,
Whose magicke may enchaunt the rarest wits.
To Cephalus what would thy lookes haue bred,
When thou whi'le as the world thy sight pursude,
As blushing of so many to be view'd,
A vale of roses ore thy beauties spred:
Then euer gazing on thine yuorie browes,
He wounded with thy christall-pointed eyes,
Had rear'd a trophee to the morning skies,
Not mindfull of his Hymenean vowes.
But I am glad it chanc'd not to be so,
Least I had partner bene of Procris' wo.

SONET XLVI.

Loue swore by Styx, whilst all the depths did tremble,
That he would be aueng'd of my proud hart,
Who to his deitie durst base styles impart,
And would in that Latona's impe resemble:
Then straight denounc'd his rebell, in a rage
He labour'd by all meanes for to betray me,
And gaue full leaue to any for to slay me,
That he might by my wracke his wrath asswage:
A nymph, that long'd to finish Cupid's toyles,
Chanc'd once to spie me come in beautie's bounds,
And straight orethrew me with a world of wounds,
Then vnto Paphos did transport my spoiles.
Thus, thus I see, that all must fall in end,
That with a greater then themselues contend.

SONG V.

Alongst the borders of a pleasant plaine,
The sad Alexis did his garments teare,
And though alone, yet fearing to be plaine,
Did maime his words with many a sigh and teare:
For whilst he lean'd him downe vpon a greene,
His wounds againe began for to grow greene.

At last in show as one whose hopes were light,
From fainting breath he forc'd those words to part:
"O deare Aurora, dearer then the light,
Of all the world's delights mine onely part:
How long shall I in barren fields thus eare,
Whil'st to my sad laments thou lend'st no eare!

"O what a rage doth boyle in euery vaine,
Which showes the world my better part 's not sound:
And yet thou let'st me spend those plaints in vaine,
T' amaze the world with many a mournfull sound:
And whilst that I to griefe enlarge the raines,
A shoure of sorrow ore my visage raines.

"Ah, what haue I whereon my hopes to found,
That hop'd t' haue had repose within thine arme,
Yet haue not any signe of fauour found,
Thy marble mind such frozen fancies arme?
For when in humble sort for grace I pray,
Thou triumph'st ore me, as thy beautie's pray.

"I that transported once was neare gone wood,
Now with long trauels growing faint and leane,
While as I wander through the desert wood,
My wearied bodie on each tree must leane:
And whil'st my heart is with strange harpies rent,
I pay to sorrow the accustom'd rent.

"And whil'st I wander like the wounded deere,
That seekes for dictamne to recure his scarre,
And come to thee whom I hold onely deere,
Thou dost (fierce faire) at my disaster scarre:
And mak'st me from all kind of comfort barr'd,
Liue in the deserts like a raging bard.

"Ah, be there now no meanes t' vndo the band,
That thou hast fram'd of those thy golden lockes!
I'le range my fancies in a desperate band,
And burst asunder all thy beautie's lockes:
Then to thy brest those firie troupes will lead,
There from about thy heart to melt the lead.

"But ah, I boast in vaine, this cannot be,
Although my selfe to many shapes I turne:
I onely labour like the restlesse bee,
That toyles in vaine to serue another's turne.
My hopes, which once wing'd with thy fauours rose,
Are falling now, as doth the blasted rose.

"That those my torments cannot long time last,
In my declining eyes the world may reade,
Lo, wounded with thy pride I fall at last,
As doth before the winds a beaten reed:
And this my death with shame thy cheekes may die,
Since sacrific'd to thy disdaine I die."

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SONET XLVII.

When whiles I heare some gallants to giue forth,
That those whom they adore are onely faire,
With whom they thinke none other can compare;
The beautie of beautie, and the height of worth,
Then iealousie doth all my ioyes controule,
For ô I thinke, who can accomplish'd be,
(There is no Sunne but one) saue onely she
Whom I haue made the idole of my soule;
And this suspition wounds my better parts:
I rage to haue a riuall in my light,
And yet would rage farre more, if any might
Giue her their eyes, and yet hold backe their hearts;
Too great affection doth those passions moue,
I may not trust my shadow with my loue.

SONET XLVIII.

When as I come to thy respected sight,
Thy lookes are all so chast, thy words so graue,
That my affections do the foile receaue,
And like to darknes yeeld vnto the light;
Still vertue holds the ballance of thy wit,
In which great reason ponders euery thought,
And thou, deare ladie, neuer staind in ought,
Thus ore thy selfe dost as an empresse sit.
O what is beautie if not free from blame,
It hath the soule as white as is the skinne,
The froth of vanitie, the dregs of sinne,
A wracke to others, to it selfe a shame;
And as it is most precious if kept pure,
It is as much abhorr'd if once impure.

SONG VI.

When silence luls the world asleepe,
And starres do glance in th' azure field,
The mountaines making shadowes ore the plaines,
All creatures then betake themselues to rest,
And to the law of nature yeeld,
Sane I, who no good order keepe,
That then begin to feele my paines;
For in the zodiacke of my brest,
The sunne that I adore her light reuiues,
Whilst wearied Phœbus in the ocean diues.

The world's cleare day was night to me,
Who seem'd asleepe still in a trance,
And all my words were spoken through a dreame:
But then when th' earth puts on th' vmbragious [maske,
My passions do themselues aduance,
And from those outward lets set free,
That had them earst restrain'd with shame,
Do set me to my wofull taske:
Then from the night her priuilege I take,
And in dispight of Morpheus I will wake.

But straight the Sunne that giues me light,
With many duskish vapors cled,
Doth seeme to boast me with some fearefull storme;
And whilst I gaze vpon the glorious beames,
Lo, metamorphos'd in my bed,
I lose at once my shapher sight;
And taking on another forme,
Am all dissolu'd in bitter streames,
Where many monsters bathe themselues anone,
At which strange sight the Faunes and Satyres mone.

But whilst I seeke mo springs t' assemble,
My waters are dride vp againe,
And as the mightie giant that loue tames:
I wot not whether, if thundred or thundring,
Against the Heau'ns smokes forth disdaine,
And makes mount Ætna tremble.
So I send forth a flood of flames,
Which makes the world for to stand wondring,
And neuer did the Lemnian fornace burne,
As then my brest, whilst all to fire I turne.

At last no constancie below,
Thus plagued in two diuers shapes,
I'm turn'd into my selfe, and then I quake,
For this I haue by proofe found worst of all:
Then do my hopes fall dead in heapes,
And to b' aueng'd of their orethrow,
Strange troupes of thoughts their musters make,
Which tosse my fancie like a ball:
Thus one mishap doth come as th' other's past,
And still the greatest crosse comes euer last.

To tell the starres my night I passe,
And much conclude, yet questions do arise;
I harrengues make though dumbe, and see though blind,
And though alone, am hem'd about with bands:
I build great castels in the skies,
Whose tender turrets but of glasse,
Are straight oreturn'd with euery wind,
And rear'd and raz'd, yet without hands;
I in this state strange miseries detect,
And more deuise then thousands can effect.

My Sunne whilst thus I stand perplex'd,
The darknesse doth againe controule,
And then I gaze vpon that diuine grace,
Which as that I had view'd Medusae's head,
Transform'd me once; and my sad soule,
That thus hath bene so strangely vext,
Doth from her seate those troubles chase,
The which before dispaire had made,
And all her pow'r vpon contentment feeds,
No ioy to that which after wo succeeds.

And yet those dainties of my ioyes,
Are still confected with some feares,
That well accustom'd with my cruell fate,
Can neuer trust the gift that th' enemie giues,
And onely th' end true witnesse beares:
For whilst my soule her pow'r imployes,
To surfet in this happie state,
The Heau'n againe my wracke contriues,
And the world's Sunne enuying this of mine,
To darken my loue's world begins to shine.

SONET XLIX.

I thinke that Cipris in a high disdaine,
Barr'd by the barb'rous Turkes that conquer'd seate,
To re-erect the ruines of her state,
Comes ore their bounds t' establish beautie's raigne;
And whilst her greatnesse doth begin to rise,
As staining temples built of baser frame,
She in those rosie snowes t' enstall her name,
Reares stately altars in thy starrie eyes,

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Before whose sacred shrine diuinely faire,
Brests, boyling still with generous desires,
Fall sacrific'd with memorable fires;
The incense of whose sighes endeers the aire,
In which thy fame vnparagon'd doth flee,
Whilst thou by beautie, beautie liues by thee.

SONET L.

Once Cupid had compassion of my state,
And, wounded with a wonderfull remorse,
Vow'd that he would my cruell faire enforce,
To melt the rigour of her cold conceit:
But when he came his purpose to fulfill,
And shot at her a volly from the skies,
She did receiue the darts within her eyes;
Then in those cristall quiuers kept them still.
Who vaunt before they win, oft lose the game;
And the presumptuous mind gets maniest foiles.
Lo, he that thought t' haue triumph'd ore her spoiles,
But come with pride, and went away with shame:
And where he hop'd t' haue help'd me by this strife,
He brought her armes wherewith to take my life.

SONET LI.

I mean'd, the nymph that ore my fancie raignes,
Came to a part whereas I paus'd alone;
Then said, "What needs you in such sort to mone?
Haue I not power to recompense your paines?
Lo, I coniure you by that loyall loue,
Which you professe, to cast those griefes apart,
It's long, deare loue, since that you had my hart,
Yet I was coy your constancie to proue,
But hauing had a proofe, I'le now be free:
I am the eecho that your sighes re-sounds,
Your woes are mine, I suffer in your wounds,
Your passions all they sympathize in me:"
Thus whilst for kindnesse both began to weepe,
My happinesse euanish'd with the sleepe.

SONET LII.

Some men delight huge buildings to behold,
Some theaters, mountaines, floods, and famous springs;
Some monuments of monarkes, and such things
As in the bookes of fame haue bene inrol'd:
Those stately townes that to the starres were rais'd,
Some would their ruines see (their beautie 's gone)
Of which the world's three parts, each bosts of one,
For Cæsar, Hanniball, and Hector prais'd:
Though none of those, I loue a sight as rare,
Even her that ore my life as queene doth sit,
Iuno in maiestie, Pallas in wit;
As Phœbe chast, then Venus farre more faire:
And though her lookes euen threaten death to me,
Their threatnings are so sweet I cannot flie.

SONET LIII.

Is now, cleare Po, that pittie be not spent,
Which for to quench his flames did once thee moue,
Whom the great thunderer thundred from aboue,
And to thy siluer bosome burning sent,
To pitie his coequall be content;
That in effect doth the like fortune proue,
Throwne headlong from the highest Heau'ns of loue:
Here burning on thy borders I lament,
The successe did not second my dissigne,
Yet must I like my generous intent,
Which cannot be condemn'd by the euent,
That fault was fortune's, though the losse be mine;
And by my fall I shall be honour'd oft,
My fall doth witnesse I was once aloft.

SONET LIV.

Great god that guides the dolphin through the deepe,
Looke now as thou didst then with smiling grace,
When, seeking once her beauties to embrace,
Thou forc'd the faire Amimoue to weepe:
The liquid monarchie thou caust not keepe,
If thus the blustring god vsurp thy place;
Rise and against his blasts erect thy face;
Let Triton's trumpet sound the seas asleepe,
With thine owne armes the wind thy bosome wounds,
And whilst that it thy followers' fall contriues,
Thy trident to indanger dayly striues,
And desolate would render all thy bounds:
Then if thou think'st for to preserue thy state,
Let not such stormes disturb thy watrie seate.

SONET LV.

I enuie Neptune oft, not that his hands
Did build that loftie Ilion's stately towers,
Nor that he, emperour of the liquid pow'rs,
Doth brooke a place amongst the immortall bands,
But that embracing her whom I loue best,
As Achilous with Alcides once,
Still wrestling with the riuall earth he grones,
For earnestnes t' oreflow her happie nest:
Thus would he barre me from her presence still,
For when I come afield, he fann'd my sailes,
With mild Zephires faire yet prosprous gailes,
And, like t' Vlysses, gaue me wind at will:
But when I would returne, O what deceit,
With tumbling waues thou barr'st the glassie gate!

SONET LVI.

Lo, now reuiuing my disast'rous stile,
I prosecute the tenour of my fate,
And follow forth at danger's highest rate,
In forraine realmes my fortune for a while:
I might haue learn'd this by my last exile,
That change of countries cannot change my state:
Where euer that my bodie seeke a seate,
I leaue my heart in Albion's glorious yle;
And since then banisht from a louely sight,
I maried haue my mind to sad conceits,
Though to the furthest part that fame dilates,
I might on Pegasus addresse my flight;
Yet should I still whilst I might breath or moue,
Remaine the monster of mishap and loue.

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SONET LVII.

Whilst th' Apenin seems cloth'd with snows to vaunt,
As if that their pure white all hues did staine,
I match them with thy matchlesse faire againe,
Whose lillies haue a luster, that they want:
But when some die, train'd with a pleasant show,
In their plaine-seeming depths, as many do,
Then I remember how Aurora too,
With louely rigour thousands doth orethrow.
Thus is it fatall by th' effects we know,
That beautie must do harme, more then delight:
For lo the snow, the whitest of the white,
Comes from the clouds, t' engender yce below:
So she with whom for beautie none compares,
From clouds of cold disdaine, raines downe dospaires.

SONET LVIII.

Feare not, my faire, that euer any chaunce
So shake the resolutions of my mind,
That, like Demophon, changing with the wind,
I thy fame's rent not labour to enhaunce:
The ring which thou in signe of fauour gaue,
Shall from fine gold transforme it selfe in glasse:
The diamond which then so solid was,
Soft like the waxe, each image shall receiue:
First shall each riuer turne vnto the spriug,
The tallest oke stand trembling like a reed,
Harts in the aire, whales on the mountaines feed,
And foule confusions seaze on euery thing;
Before that I begin to change in ought,
Or on another but bestow one thought.

SONET LIX.

Whilst euery youth to entertaine his loue,
Did straine his wits as farre as they might reach,
And arming passions with a pow'rfull speach,
Vsde each patheticke phrase that seru'd to moue:
Then to some corner still retir'd alone,
I, whom melancholly from mirth did leade,
As hauing view'd Medusae's snakie head,
Seem'd metamorphos'd in a marble stone:
And as that wretched mirrour of mischiefe,
Whom earst Apollo spoil'd, doth still shed teares,
And in a stone the badge of sorrow beares,
While as a humid vapour showes her griefe:
So whilst transform'd as in a stone I stay,
A firie smoke doth blow my griefe away.

SONET LX.

The Heauens beheld that all men did despise,
That which the owner from the graue acquites,
That sleepe, the belly, and some base delights,
Had banish'd vertue from beneath the skies;
Which to the world againe for to restore,
The gods did one of theirs to th' Earth transferre,
And with as many blessings following her,
As earst Pandora kept of plagues in store.
She, since she came within this wretched vale,
Doth in each mind a loue of glorie breed;
Bettering the better parts that haue most need,
And showes how worldlings to the clouds may scale:
She cleares the world, but ah, hath darkned me,
Made blind by her, my selfe I cannot see.

SONET LXI.

How long shall I bestow my time in vaine,
And sound the praises of that spitefull boy;
Who, whilst that I for him my paines imploy,
Doth guerdon me with bondage and disdaine?
O, but for this I must his glorie raise,
Since one that 's worthie triumphs of my fall;
Where great men oft to such haue bene made thrall,
Whose birth was base, whose beautie without praise.
And yet in this his hatred doth appeare,
For otherwise I might my losse repaire.
But being, as she is, exceeding faire,
I 'm forc'd to hold one that 's vngratefull deare:
These euerchanging thoughts which nought can bind,
May well beare witnesse of a troubled mind.

SONET LXII.

When as the Sunne doth drinke vp all the streames,
And with a feruent heate the flowres doth kill;
The shadow of a wood, or of a hill,
Doth serue vs for a targe against his beames:
But ah, those eyes that burne me with desire,
And seeke to parch the substance of my soule,
The ardour of their rayes for to controule,
I wot not where my selfe for to retire:
Twixt them and me, to haue procur'd some ease,
I interpos'd the seas, woods, hils, and riuers;
And yet am of those neuer emptied quiuers
The obiect still, and burne, be where I please:
But of the cause I need not for to doubt,
Within my brest I beare the fire about.

SONET LXIII.

Oft haue I heard, which now I must deny,
That nought can last if that it be extreame;
Times dayly change, and we likewise in them;
Things out of sight do straight forgotten die:
There nothing is more vehement then loue,
And yet I burne, and burne still with one flame.
Times oft haue chang'd, yet I remaine the same,
Nought from my mind her image can remoue:
The greatnesse of my loue aspires to ruth,
Time vowes to crowne my constancie in th' end,
And absence doth my fancies but extend;
Thus I perceiue the poet spake the truth,
That who to see strange countries were inclin'd,
Might change the aire, but neuer change the mind.

SONET LXIV.

I wot not what strange things I haue design'd,
But all my gestures do presage no good;
My lookes are gastly-like, thoughts are my food,
A silent pausing showes my troubled mind:
Huge hosts of thoughts are mustring in my brest,
Whose strongest are conducted by despaire,
Which haue inuolu'd my hopes in such a snare,
That I by death would seeke an endles rest.
What furie in my brest strange cares enroules,
And in the same would reare sterne Plutoe s seate!
Go get you hence to the Tartarian gate,
And breed such terrours in the damned soules:
Too many grieuous plagues my state extorse,
Though apprehended horrours host not worse.

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SONET XCIV.

Mine eyes would euer on thy beauties gaze,
Mine eares are euer greedie of thy fame,
My heart is euer musing on the same,
My tongue would still be busied with thy praise:
I would mine eyes were blind and could not see,
I would mine eares were deafe and would not heare;
I would my heart would neuer hold thee deare,
I would my tongue all such reports would flee:
Th' eyes in their circles do thy picture hold,
Th' eares' conducts keepe still ecchoes of thy worth,
The heart can neuer barre sweet fancies forth,
The tongue that which I thinke must still vnfold:
Thy beauties then from which I would rebell,
Th' eyes see, th' eares heare, th' heart thinks, and tongue must tell.

SONET XCV.

While as th' undanted squadrons of my mind,
On mountaines of deserts rear'd high desires,
And my proud heart, that euermore aspires,
To scale the Heauen of beautie had design'd:
The faire-fac'd goddesse of that stately frame
Look'd on my haughtie thoughts with scorne a space;
Then thundred all that proud gigantike race,
And from her lightning lights throw'd many a flame.
Then quite for to confound my loftie cares,
Euen at the first encounter as it chanc'd,
Th' ore-daring heart that to th' assault aduanc'd,
Was cou'red with a weight of huge dispaires,
Beneath the which the wretch doth still remaine,
Casting forth flames of furie and disdaine.

SONET XCVI.

Faire tygresse, tell, contents it not thy sight,
To see me die each day a thousand times?
O how could I commit such monstrous crimes,
As merit to this martirdome by night?
Not only hath thy wrath adiudg'd to paine,
This earthly prison that thy picture keepes,
But doth the soule while as the bodie sleepes,
With many fearefull dreames from rest restraine.
Lo, thus I waste to worke a tyrant's will,
My dayes in torment, and my nights in terrour,
And here confin'd within an endlesse errour,
Without repentance do perseuer still:
That it is hard to iudge though both be lost,
Whose constancie or crueltie is most.

SONET XCVII.

Looke to a tyrant what it is to yeeld,
Who printing still to publish my disgrace,
The storie of my orethrow in my face,
Erects pale trophees in that bloudlesse field:
The world that views this strange triumphall arke,
Reades in my lookes as lines thy beautie's deeds,
Which in each mind so great amazement breeds,
That I am made of many eyes the marke:
But what auailes this tygresse triumph, O
And could'st thou not be cruell if not knowne,
But in this meagre map it must be showne,
That thou insultst to see thy subiects so?
And my disgrace it grieues me not so much,
As that it should be said that thou art such.

SONET XCVIII.

Let others of the world's decaying tell,
I enuy not those of the golden age,
That did their carelesse thoughts for nought engage,
But cloy'd with all delights, liu'd long and well:
And as for me, I mind t' applaud my fate;
Though I was long in comming to the light,
Yet may I mount to fortune's highest height,
So great a good could neuer come too late;
I 'm glad that it was not my chance to liue,
Till as that heauenly creature first was borne,
Who as an angell doth the Earth adorne,
And buried vertue in the tombe reuiue:
For vice ouerflowes the world with such a flood,
That in it all, saue she, there is no good.

SONET XCIX.

Whilst curiously I gaz'd on beautie's skies,
My soule in litle liquid ruslets runne,
Like snowie mountaines melted with the Sunne,
Was liquified through force of two faire eyes,
Thence sprang pure springs and neuer-tainted streames,
In which a nymph her image did behold,
And cruell she (ah, that it should be told)
Whiles daign'd to grace them with some chearfull beames,
Till once beholding that her shadow so,
Made those poore waters partners of her praise,
She by abstracting of her beautie's rayes,
With griefe congeal'd the source from whence they flow:
But through the yce of that vniust disdaine,
Yet still transpares her picture and my paine.

SONET C.

Avrora, now haue I not cause to rage,
Since all thy fishing but a frog hath catch'd?
May I not mourne to see the morning match'd,
With one that 's in the euening of his age?
Should hoary lockes, sad messengers of death,
Sport with thy golden haires in beautie's inne?
And should that furrow'd face foyle thy smooth skinne,
And bath it selfe in th' ambrosie of thy breath?
More then mine owne I lament thy mishaps;
Must he who, iealous through his owne defects,
Thy beautie's vnstain'd treasure still suspects,
Sleepe on the snow-swoine pillowes of thy paps,
While as a lothed burthen in thine armes,
Doth make thee out of time waile curelesse harmes.

SONET CI.

All that behold me on thy beautie's shelfe,
To cast my selfe away toss'd with conceit,
Since thou wilt haue no pitie of my state,
Would that I tooke some pitie of my selfe:
"For what," say they, "though she disdaine to bow,
And takes a pleasure for to see thee sad,
Yet there be many a one that would be glad,
To bost themselves of such a one as thou."
But, ah, their counsell of small knowledge sauours,
For O, poore fooles, they see not what I see,
Thy frownes are sweeter then their smiles can be,
The worst of thy disdaines worth all their fauours:
I rather (deare) of thine one looke to haue,
Then of another all that I would craue.

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SONET CII.

When as that louely tent of beautie dies,
And that thou as thine enemie fleest thy glasse,
And doest with griefe remember what it was,
That to betray my heart allur'd mine eyes:
Then hauing bought experience with great paines,
Thou shalt (although too late) thine errour find,
Whilst thou reuolu'st in a digested mind,
My faithfull loue, and thy vnkind disdaines:
And if that former times might be recal'd,
While as thou sadly sitst retir'd alone,
Then thou wouldst satisfie for all that 's gone,
And I in thy heart's throne would be instal'd:
Deare, if I know thee of this mind at last,
I'le thinke my selfe aueng'd of all that 's past.

ELEGIE III.

In silent horrours here, where neuer mirth remaines,
I do retire my selfe apart, as rage and griefe constraines:
So may I sigh vnknowne, whilst other comfort failes,
An infranchised citizen of solitarie vales; [please,
Her priuiledge to plain, since nought but plaints can
My sad conceptions I disclose, diseased at my ease.
No barren pitie here my passions doth increase,
Nor no detracter here resorts, deriding my distresse:
But wandring through the world, a vagabonding guest, [rest.
Acquiring most contentment then when I am reft of
Against those froward fates, that did my blisse controule, [my soule.
I thunder forth a thousand threats in th' anguish of
And lo, lunaticke-like do dash on euery shelfe,
And conuocate a court of cares for to condemne my selfe:
My fancies, which in end time doth fantasticke try,
I figure forth essentially in all the obiects by:
In euery corner where my recklesse eye repaires,
I reade great volumes of mishaps, memorials of despaires:
All things that I behold vpbraid me my estate,
And oft I blush within my brest, asham'd of my conceit. [winds,
Those branches broken downe with mercie-wanting
Obiect me my deiected state, that greater fury finds:
Their winter-beaten weed disperst vpon the plaine,
Are like to my renounced hopes, all scattred with disdaine.
Lo, wondring at my state, the strongest torrent stayes,
And turning and returning oft, would scorne my crooked wayes.
In end I find my fate ouer all before my face,
Enregistred eternally in th' annales of disgrace.
Those crosses out of count might make the rockes to riue, [striue:
That this small remanent of life for to extinguish
And yet my rockie heart so hardned with mishaps,
Now by no meanes can be commou'd, not with Ioue's thunder claps:
But in huge woes inuolu'd with intricating art,
Surcharg'd with sorrowes I succomb and senslesly do smart;
And in this labyrinth exil'd from all repose,
I consecrate this cursed corpes a sacrifice to woes:
Whilst many a furious plaint my smoaking breast shall breath,
Ecclips'd with many a cloudie thought, aggrieu'd vnto the death:
With th' eccho plac'd beside some solitary sourse,
Disastrous accidents shall be the ground of our discourse.
Her maimed words shal show how my hurt heart half dies,
Consum'd with corrosiues of care, caractred in mine eyes. [spects,
My Muse shall now no more, transported with re-
Exalt that euill deseruing one as fancie still directs:
Nor yet no partiall pen shall spot her spotlesse fame,
Vnhonestly dishonoring an honorable name.
But I shall sadly sing, too tragickly inclin'd, [mind.
Some subiect sympathizing with my melancholious
Nor will I more describe my dayly deadly strife,
My publike wrongs, my priuate woes, mislucks in loue and life: [toiles,
That would but vexe the world for to extend my
In painting forth particularly my many formes of foiles.
No, none in speciall I purpose to bewray, [ay.
But one as all, and all as one, I mind to mourne for
For being iustly weigh'd, the least that I lament,
Deserues indeed to be bewail'd, til th' vse of th' eyes be spent;
And since I should the least perpetually deplore,
The most again though maruellous, can be bemoan'd no more.

SONET CIII.

To yeeld to those I cannot but disdaine,
Whose face doth but entangle foolish hearts;
It is the beautie of the better parts,
With which I mind my fancies for to chaine.
Those that haue nought wherewith men's minds to
But onely curled lockes and wanton lookes, [gaine,
Are but like fleeting baites that haue no hookes,
Which may well take, but cannot well retaine:
He that began to yeeld to th' outward grace,
And then the treasures of the mind doth proue:
He, who as 't were was with the maske in loue,
What doth he thinke when as he sees the face?
No doubt being lim'd by th' outward colours so,
That inward worth would neuer let him go.

SONET CIV.

Long time I did thy cruelties detest,
And blaz'd thy rigour in a thousand lines:
But now through my complaints thy vertue shines,
That was but working all things for the best:
Thou of my rash affections held'st the raines,
And spying dangerous sparkes come from my fires,
Didst wisely temper my enflam'd desires,
With some chast fauours, mixt with sweet disdaines:
And when thou saw'st I did all hope despise,
And look'd like one that wrestled with despaire,
Then of my safetie thy exceeding care,
Show'd that I kept thine heart, thou but thine eyes:
For whilst thy reason did thy fancies tame,
I saw the smoke, although thou hidst the flame.

SONET CV.

Should I the treasure of my life betake, [marre,
To thought-toss'd breath whose babling might it
Words with affection wing'd might flee too farre,
And once sent forth can neuer be brought backe:

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Nor will I trust mine eyes, whose partiall lookes
Haue oft conspir'd for to betray my mind,
And would their light still to one obiect bind,
While as the fornace of my bosome smokes:
No, no, my loue, and that which makes me thrall,
Shall onely be entrusted to my soule,
So may I stray, yet none my course controule,
Whilst though orethrowne, none triumphs for my fall:
My thoughts, while as confin'd within my brest,
Shall onely priuie to my passions rest.

SONET CVI.

Awake, my Muse, and leaue to dreame of loues,
Shake off soft fancie's chaines, I must be free,
I'le perch no more, vpon the mirtle tree,
Nor glide through th' aire with beautie's sacred doues;
But with Ioue's stately bird I'le leaue my nest,
And trie my sight against Apolloe's raies:
Then if that ought my ventrous course dismaies,
Vpon the oliue's boughes I'le light and rest:
I'le tune my accents to a trumpet now,
And seeke the laurell in another field,
Thus I that once, as beautie meanes did yeeld,
Did diuers garments on my thoughts bestow:
Like Icarus I feare, vnwisely bold,
Am purpos'd others' passions now t' vnfold.

SONG X.

Farewell sweet fancies, and once deare delights,
The treasures of my life, which made me proue
That vnaccomplish'd ioy that charm'd the sprights,
And whilst by it I onely seem'd to moue,
Did hold my rauish'd soule, big with desire,
That tasting those, to greater did aspire.

Farewell free thraldome, freedome that was thrall,
While as I led a solitary life,
Yet neuer lesse alone, whilst arm'd for all,
My thoughts were busied with an endlesse strife;
For then not hauing bound my selfe to any,
I being bound to none, was bound to many.

Great god, that tam'st the gods' old-witted child,
Whose temples brests, whose altars are men's hearts,
From my heart's fort thy legions are exil'd,
And Hymen's torch hath burn'd out all thy darts:
Since I in end haue bound my selfe to one,
That by this meanes I may be bound to none.

Thou daintie goddesse with the soft white skinne,
To whom so many offrings dayly smoke,
Were beautie's processe yet for to begin,
That sentence I would labour to reuoke:
Which on mount Ida as thy smiles did charme,
The Phrigian shepheard gaue to his owne harme.

And if the question were refer'd to mee,
On whom I would bestow the ball of gold,
I feare me Venus should be last of three,
For with the thunderer's sister I would hold,
Whose honest flames pent in a lawfull bounds,
No feare disturbs, nor yet no shame confounds.

I mind to speake no more of beautie's doue,
The peacocke is the bird whose fame I'le raise;
Not that I Argos need to watch my loue,
But so his mistris Iuno for to praise:
And if I wish his eyes, then it shall be,
That I with many eyes my loue may see.

Then farewell crossing ioyes, and ioyfull crosses,
Most bitter sweets, and yet most sugred sowers,
Most hurtfull gaines, yet most commodious losses,
That made my yeares to flee away like howers,
And spent the spring-time of mine age in vaine,
Which now my summer must redeeme againe.

O welcome easie yoke, sweet bondage come,
I seeke not from thy toiles for to be shielded,
But I am well content to be orecome,
Since that I must commaund when I haue yeelded:
Then here I quit both Cupid and his mother,
And do resigne my selfe t' obtaine another.

DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORD'S IVDGEMENT.

ENCOMIUM BY DRUMMOND.

Like Sophocles (the hearers in a trance)
With crimson Cothurne, on a stately stage, [glance)
If thou march forth (where all with pomp doth
To mone the monarchs of the world's first age:
Or if like Phœbus thou thy selfe advance; [badge,
All bright with sacred flames, known by Heaven's
To make a day, of dayes which scornes the rage:
Whilst, when they end, it, what should come, doth scance.

Thy Phœnix-Muse still wing'd with wonders flyes,
Praise of our brookes, staine to old Pindus springs,
And who thee follow would, scarce with their eyes
Can reach the spheare where thou most sweetly sings.
Though string'd with starres, Heavens, Orpheus harpe enrolle,
More worthy thine to blaze about the pole.

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DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORD'S IVDGEMENT.

THE FIRST HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

God by his workes demonstratively prov'd;
His providence (impugning Atheisme) urg'd;
The divels from Heaven, from Eden man remov'd;
Of guilty guests the world by water purg'd;
Who never sinu'd to dye for sinne behov'd;
Those who him scourg'd in God's great wrath are [past,
scourg'd;
Some temporall plagues and fearefull judgements
Are cited here as figures of the last.

Thou, of whose power (not reach'd by reason's height)
The sea a drop, we th' earth a mote may call:
And for whose trophees, stately to the sight,
The azure arke was rear'd (although too small)
And from the lampe of whose most glorious light
The Sun (a sparke) weake, for weake eyes did fall,
Breath thou a heavenly fury in my brest:
I sing the sabbath of eternall rest.

Though every where discern'd, no where confin'd,
O thou, whose feet the clouds (as dust) afford,
Whose voyce the thunder, and whose breath the [thy word,
winde,
Whose foot-stoole th' Earth, seate Heaven, works of
Guards, hosts of angels moving by thy minde,
Whose weapons, famine, tempest, pest, and sword;
My cloudy knowledge by thy wisdome cleare,
And by my weakeneese make thy power appeare.

Loe, ravish'd (Lord) with pleasure of thy love,
I feele my soule enflam'd with sacred fires,
Thy judgements, and thy mercies, whil'st I move,
To celebrate, my Muse with zeale aspires;
Lord, by thy helpe this enterprise approve,
That successe so may second my desires,
Make Sathan's race to tremble at my lines,
And thine rejoyce while as thy glory shines.

Ye blinded soules, who even in frailty trust,
By moment's pleasures earning endlesse paine,
Whil'st charg'd with heavy chaines, vile slaves to lust,
Of earth, and earthly, till en-earth'd againe;
Heare, hold, and weigh my words, for once ye must
The strange effects of what I tell sustaine:
I goe to sing (or thunder) in your eares,
A Heaven of comfort, or a Hell of feares.

All my transported thoughts at randome flye,
And where to fixe, no solid ground can finde,
Whil'st silent wondring makes a setled eye,
What huge amazement hath o'rewhelm'd my minde?
How some dare scorne (as if a fabulous lye)
That they should rise whom death to dust doth binde,
And like to beasts, a beastly life they leade,
Who nought attend save death when they are dead.

But yet what I admir'd, not strange doth seeme,
When as I heare (O Heavens should such have [breath:)
That there be men (if men we may esteeme
Trunkes that are void of soules, soules void of faith,)
Who all this world the worke of fortune deeme,
Not hoping mercy, nor yet fearing wrath,
There is no God, fooles in their hearts doe say,
Yet make their hearts their gods, and them obey.

The stately Heavens which glory doth array,
Are mirrours of God's admirable might; [the day,
There, whence forth spreads the night, forth springs
He fix'd the fountaines of this temporall light,
Where stately stars enstall'd, some stand, some stray,
All sparks of his great power (though small yet [bright.)
By what none utter can, no, not conceive,
All of his greatnesse, shadowes may perceive.

What glorious lights through christall lanternes [glance,
(As alwaies burning with their Maker's love)
Spheares keepe one musicke, they one measure
Like influence below, like course above, [dance,
And all by order led, not drawne by chance,
With majestie (as still in triumph) move.
And (liberall of their store) seeme shouting thus;
"Looke up all soules, and gaze on God through us."

This pond'rous masse (though oft deform'd) still faire,
Great in our sight, yet then a starre more small,
Is ballanc'd (as a mote) amid'st the ayre;
None knowes what way, yet to no side doth fall,
And yearely springs, growes ripe, fades, falles, rich, [bare,
Men's mother first, still mistresse, yet their thrall.
It centers Heavens, Heavens compasse it, both be
Bookes where God's pow'r the ignorant may see.

What ebbes, flowes, swels, and sinks, who fixme doth [keep?
Whil'st floods from th' earth burst in abundance out,
As she her brood did wash, or for them weepe:
Who (having life) what dead things prove, dare doubt;
Who first did found the dungeons of the deepe?
But one in all, ore all, above, about:
The floods for our delight, first calme were set,
But storme and roare, since men did God forget.

Who parts the swelling spouts that sift the raine?
Who reines the winds, the waters doth empale?
Who frownes in stormes, then smiles in calmes againe,
And doth dispense the treasures of the haile?
Whose bow doth bended in the clouds remaine?
Whose darts (dread thunder-bolts) make men look [pale?
Even thus these things to show his power aspire,
As shadowes doe the Sunne, as smoke doth fire.

God visibly invisible who raignes,
Soule of all soules, whose light each light directs,
All first did freely make, and still maintaines,
The greatest rules, the meanest not neglects;
Fore-knowes the end of all that he ordaines,
His will each cause, each cause breeds fit effects,
Who did make all, all thus could onely leade,
None could make all, but who was never made.

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Vile dogge, who wouldst the ground of truth ore-throw,
Thy selfe to marke thy darkened judgement leade.
For (if thy selfe) thou must thy Maker know,
Who all thy members providently made,
Thy feet tread th' earth (to be contemn'd) laid low,
To looke on Heaven exalted was thy head.
That there thou might'st the stately mansion see, [be.
From whence thou art, where thou should'st seeke to

The world in soules, God's image cleare may see,
Though mirrours brus'd when false, sparks dim'd far flowne,
They in strict bounds, strict bonds, kept captive be,
Yet walke ore all this all, and know not known;
Yea soare to Heaven, as from their burden free,
And there see things which cannot well be showne.
None can conceive, all must admire his might,
Of whom each atome gives so great a light.

When troubled conscience reads accusing scroules,
Which witness'd are even by the breast's own brood;
O what a terrour wounds remording soules,
Who poyson finde what seem'd a pleasant food!
A secret pow'r their wand'ring thoughts controules,
And (damning evill) an author proves of good.
Thus here some mindes a map of Hell doe lend,
To show what horrours damned soules attend.

To grant a God, the Divel may make men wise,
Whose apparitions atheists must upbraid,
Who borrowing bodies, doth himselfe disguise,
Lest some his uglinesse might make afraid:
Yet oft in monstrous formes doth roaring rise,
Till even (as charm'd) the charmer stands dismaid.
He bellowing forth abhominable lyes,
Blood in his mouth, and terrour in his eyes.

Who saves the world lest that it ruin'd be
By him whose thoughts (as arrowes) ayme at ill,
Save one that rules the world by his decree;
Who makes his power not equall with his will?
Of which (not left to plague at pleasure free)
He (foro'd) affords a testimony still.
From every thing thus springs to God some praise,
Men, angels, divels, all must his glory raise.

Though trusting more, yet some transgresse as much
As those who unto God draw never neare:
For what the first not see, the last not touch,
Th' ones' eyes are blinde, the others' are not cleare:
Their mindes (false mirrours) frame a god, for such
As waters straight things crooked make appeare.
Their faith is never firme, their love not bright,
As ankers without holds, fires without light.

Their judgements fond, by frailty all confinde,
Whose soule (as water) vanity devoures;
Doe faine in God what in themselves they finde,
And by their weaknesse judge the pow'r of pow'rs;
Then (the unbounded bounding by their minde)
Would staine Heaven's garden with terrestriall [flowres.
"Men still imagine others as they are,
And measure all things by corruption's square."

They thinke that God soft pleasure doth affect,
And jocund, lofty, lull'd in ease, as great,
Doth scorne, contemne, or at the least neglect
Man's fickle, abject, and laborious state,
That he disdaines to guerdon, or correct
Man's good or euill, as free from love, or hate.

That when th' Earth is his prospect from the skies,
As men on beasts, on men he casts his eyes.

No, high in Heaven from whence he bindes, and frees,
He in voluptuous ease not wallowing lyes;
What was, what is, what shall be, all he sees,
Weighs every worke, each heart in secret tryes,
Doth all record, then daily by degrees
Gives, or abstracts his grace, cause, end, both spies.
His contemplation farre transcends our reach,
Yet what fits us to know, his word doth teach.

Then to confirme what was affirm'd before,
That no God is, or God doth not regard,
Who doe blaspheme (say fooles) or who adore,
This oft due vengeance wants, and that reward,
Then godly men the wicked prosper more,
Who seeme at freedome, and the others snar'd.
Such (as they thinke) feele paine, and dreame but joy,
Whil'st they what can be wish'd, doe all enjoy.

The Sunne in all like comfort doth infuse,
The raine to all by equall portions parts,
Heaven's treasures all alike both have, and use,
Which God to all (as lov'd alike) imparts;
Each minde's free state like passions doe abuse,
Each burd'nous body by like sicknesse smarts.
Thus all alive alike all fortunes try,
And as the bad, even so the best doe dye.

O men most simple, and yet more then mad,
Whose foolish hearts sinne wholy hath subdu'd,
Whil'st good men now are griev'd, though you be glad,
They weake, (yet pure) you strong, (yet stain'd, and [lew'd)
Huge are the oddes betwixt the best and bad
Which darkely here, hence shall be cleerely view'd.
When of God's wrath the winde sifts soules at last,
They shall abide, you vanish at a blast.

God's benefits though like to both design'd,
Whil'st judgement doth upon weake sight depend,
Yet th' inward eyes a mighty difference finde,
To ballance them whil'st spirituall thoughts ascend,
The gift is one, but not the giver's minde,
The use is one, but not the user's end.
God so would clogge the one, the other raise,
Those take themselves to please, they him to praise.

The godly ill, the wicked good may have,
And both may be whil'st here, pleas'd, or annoy'd:
But as they are, all make what they receive,
Not real of it selfe, but as imploy'd;
Those temporall treasures monuments doe leave,
As by a blessing, or a curse convoy'd.
But this is sure, what ever God doth send,
To good men's good, to evill men's ill doth tend.

God, soules to cure, doth divers balmes apply,
Whil'st his intent the successe still doth crowne;
Some are press'd downe, lest they should swell too high, [downe:
Some are rais'd high, lest that they should sinke
Some must have wealth, their charity to try,
Some poverty, their patience to renowne.
"He who made all, knowes all, and as they neede
Not as they wish, makes things with his succeed."

Since worldly things, God makes both sorts possesse,
Whose use in them a gratefulnesse should move:
Let us seeke greater things (though seeming lesse)
Which for one sort doe onely proper prove,
That heavenly grace, whose power none can expresse,
Whose fruits are vertue, zeale, faith, hope, and love.

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'The godly may the wicked's treasures gaine,
But theirs the wicked never can attaine."

Ah, why should soules for senseleese riches care!
They mercy neede, it is a way to wrath:
The first man he was made, the rest borne bare;
Those floting treasures come, and goe with breath.
Not mortals' goods, no, mortalls' evils they are,
Which (since but dead) can nothing give save death.
Their seed base eare, their fruit is torturing paine,
A losse when found, oft lost, the looser's gaine.

The greatest good that by such wealth is sought,
Are flattering pleasures, which (whil'st fawning) stayne,
A smoke, a shadow, froth, a dreame, a thought,
Light, sliding, fraile, abusing, fond, all vaine;
Which (whil'st they last, but showes) to end soon
Of bravest thoughts, the liberty restraine. [brought,
As of Heaven's beauties, clouds would make us doubt,
Through mists of mindes, the sprite peeps faintly out.

That king (of men admir'd, of God belov'd,)
Whom such none did preceede, nor yet succeede,
Who wisedome's minion, virtue's patterne prov'd,
Did show what heighth of blisse this Earth could breed,
Whose minde and fortune in like measure mov'd,
Whil'st wealth and wit striv'd which should most exceed,
Even he was cross'd alive, and scorn'd when dead,
By too much happineese, unhappy made.

Her store, franke Nature prodigally spent,
To make that prince more than a prince esteem'd,
Whilst Art to emulate her mistresse bent, [seem'd,
Though borrowing strength from her, yet stronger
He nothing lack'd, which might a minde content,
What once he wish'd, or but to wish was deem'd.
For, thoughts of thousands rested on his will,
"Great fortunes finde obsequious followers still."

With God the Father, he who did conferre,
And of the sonne plac'd for a figure stood,
He to God's law did his vile lust preferre,
His lust as boundleese as a raging floud;
Who would have thought he could so grosly erre,
Even to serve idols, scorne a God so good?
"The strong in faith (when destitute of grace)
Like men disarm'd, fall faintly from their place."

God's way cannot be found, his course not knowne,
As hearts he did enlarge, or else restraine,
Some were made saints, who saints had once orethrowne,
Some once thought holy, turn'd to be prophane,
To mocke men's judgement, justifie his owne,
Whil'st God by both did magnifi'd remaine.
Let none presume, nor yet all hope despise;
When standing, feare, when falne, still strive to rise.

Through Hell to Heaven since our Redeemer past,
Thinke that all pleasure purchas'd is with paine,
Though the first death, none shall the second taste,
Who are with God eternally to raigne;
Chus'd, call'd, made holy, just and glorious last,
Twixt Heaven and Earth they have a spirituall chaine,
Whose fastening faith, whose linkes are all of love,
Through clouds by God's own hand stretch'd from above.

Let not the godly men affliction feare,
God wrestle may with some, but none orethrowes,
Who gives the burden, gives the strength to beare;
And best reward the greatest service owes,
Those who would reape, they at the first must eare;
God's love, his faith, a good man's trouble showes.
"Those whom God tryes, he gives them power to stand,
He Iacob toss'd, and help'd, both by one hand."

Loe, since first chus'd ere made, much more ere
Th' elected are not lost when as they stray, [prov'd,
And let none aske what so to doe God mov'd:
His will his word, his word our will should sway;
He hated Esau, and he Iacob lov'd,
Hath not the potter power to use the clay?
And though his vessels could, why should they plead,
If to dishonour, or to honour made?

Some dare tempt God, presuming of his grace,
And proudly sinne, (as sav'd assur'd to be)
Nor care not much what course they doe imbrace,
Since nought (they say) can change God's first decree: [trace:
No, none findes Heaven, but heavenly wayes must
The badge the bearer showes, the fruits the tree.
Who doubt, doe good, as those who would deserve,
Who trust, be thankefull, both God better serve.

With gifts fit for their state, all are endu'd;
Grace mercy still, wrath justice doth convoy;
God cleares their sight of whom he will be view'd,
And blindes them here, whom hence he will destroy;
Those whom he did elect, them he renew'd, [joy:
Those whom he leaves, they sinne, and sinne with
Such live like beasts, but worse (when dead) remaine, [paine:
Beasts dead, lose sense, death gives them sense with

This froward race that to confusion runnes,
Through selfe-presumption, or distrust of God,
Shall once disgorge the surfet of their sinnes,
Whil'st what seems light, then proves a burd'nous lode,
With them in judgement once when God beginnes
To beat, to bruise them with an iron rod:
"Whil'st aiery pleasures, leaden anguish bring,
Exhausted honey leaves a bitter sting."

Yet wicked men, whom foule affections blinde,
Dare say (O now that Heaven not brimstone raynes!)
Let us alive have what contents the minde,
And dread (when dead) threats of imagin'd paines;
The debt we sweet, the interest easie finde,
At least the payment long deferr'd remaines:
Who shadowes feare whilst they the substance keepe,
But start at dreames, when they securely sleepe.

Ah, filthy wretch, more high thy fancies lift,
(That doth encroach which thou would'st thus delay)
Then eagle, arrow, shippe, or winde, more swift,
(Match'd onely by it selfe) time posts away,
Straight of all soules, God shall the secrets sift,
And private thoughts, with publike shouts display.
Then when time's glasse (not to be turn'd) is runne,
Their griefe still growes, whose joyes were scarce begun.

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Whil'st rais'd in haste, when soules from him rebell,
By inundations of impetuous sinne,
The flouds of God's deep indignation swell,
Till torment's torrents furiously come in,
Damnation's mirrours, models of the Hell,
To show what hence not ends, may here beginne.
Then let me sing some of God's judgements past,
That who them heare, may tremble at the last.

That glorious angell bearer of the light,
The morning's eye, the messenger of day,
Of all the bands above esteem'd most bright,
(As is amongst the rest the month of May)
He whom those gifts should humbled have of right,
Did (swolne with pride) from him who gave them
And sought (a traitour) to usurpe his seate, [stray,
Yea worse (if worse may be) did prove ingrate.

Their starry tailes the pompous peacocks spreade,
As of all birds the basenesse thus to prove,
So Lucifer who did Hell's legions leade,
Was with himselfe preposterously in love;
But better angels, scorning such a head,
No flattering hope to leave their Lord could move.
"Those who grow proud, presuming of their state,
They others doe contemne, them others hate."

The Divell to all an easie way affords,
That strife which, one devis'd, all did conclude,
Their armour malice, blasphemy their swords,
Darts sharp'd by envy, onely aym'd at good:
They when they met, did need to use no words,
The thoughts of others, who soone understood.
By bodies grosse when they no hindrance have,
Pure sprites (at freedome) all things may conceive.

As where uncleannesse is, the ravens repaire,
The spotted band swarm'd where he spu'd his gall,
Who fondly durst with God (foule foole) compare,
And his apostasie applauded all;
Then to usurpe Heaven's throne did bend their care,
So hasting on the horrour of their fall, [strayes)
Whose trayterous head made (like a whore that
His flaming beauties prodigall of rayes.

Whil'st vainely puft up with preposterous aymes,
He even from God his treasure striv'd to steale,
The angels good (those not deserving names)
With sacred ardour, boldly did appeale; [flames,
Their eyes shot lightning, and their breath smok'd
As ravish'd with God's love, burnt up with zeale.
All lifted up their flight, their voyce, their hands,
Then sang God's praise, rebuk'd rebellious bands.

This mutiny a monstrous tumult bred,
The place of peace all plenish'd thus with armes;
Bright Michael forth a glorious squadron led,
Which forc'd the fiends to apprehend their harmes,
The lights of Heaven look'd pale, clouds (thundring) shed,
Winds (roaring trumpets) bellow'd loud alarmes:
Thinke what was fain'd to be at Phlegra bounds,
Of this a shadow, ecchoes but of sounds.

O damned dog, who in a happy state,
Could not thyselfe, would not have others bide:
Of sinne, death, Hell, thou open didst the gate,
Ambition's bellowes, fountaine of all pride,
Who force in Heaven, in Paradice deceit,
On earth us'd both, a traitour alwaies try'd.
O first the ground, still guilty of all evils, [divels.
Since whom God angels made, thou mad'st them

When them he view'd, whose power nought can expresse,
To whose least nod the greatest things are thrall,
Although his word, his looke, his thought, or lesse,
Might them have made dust, ayre, or what more small,
Yet he (their pride though purpos'd to represse)
Grac'd by a blow, disdain'd to let them fall,
But them reserv'd for more opprobrious stripes,
As first of sinne, still of his judgement types.

Those scorned rivals, God would judge, not fight,
And then themselves none else, more fit could finde,
Brands for his rage, (whil'st flaming at the height)
To cleare their knowledge it with terrour shin'd;
Whose guilty weakenesse match'd with his pure
Did at an instant vanish like a winde. [might,
"Their conscience fir'd, who doe from God rebell,
Hell first is plac'd in them, then they in Hell."

That damned crue, God having spy'd a space,
First, lightning lookes, then thundred forth those words,
"Baites for my wrath, that have abus'd my grace,
As once of light, of darkenesse now be lords,
Where order is, since forfeiting your place,
Passe where confusion every thing affords.
And use your spight to pine, and to be pin'd,
Not angels, no, doe evils as divels design'd."

If we great things with small things may compare,
Or with their Maker, things that have been made,
Marke when the falcon fierce soares through the ayre,
The little feathered flockes fall downe as dead;
As darkenesse flyes, Heaven (like a bride) lookes faire,
When Phœbus forth doth fiery coursers leade,
Like some bride-groome bent for his wedding place,
Or like a mighty man to runne his race.

Even so as lightning (flashing from the sky)
Doth dye as it descends, scarce seen when gone,
More fast then follow could a thought, or eye,
Heaven's banish'd rebels fell downe every one;
Then abject runnagates over all did flye,
As seeking deserts where to howle and moane.
O what a deadly storme did then begin,
When Heaven rain'd divels to drown the world with sin!

That forge of fraud, evils centre, spheare of pride,
From blisse above, whom God's owne breath had blowne;
He, who his strength in Heaven in vaine had try'd,
(As dogs bite stones for him who hath them throwne)
Did hunt God's image, when in Adam spy'd,
And (grudging at his state) despis'd his owne:
It never ended yet, which then began,
His hate to God, his envy unto man.

Ere tainted first with that most fatall crime,
Then Adam liv'd more blest then can be thought:
Babe, infant, childe, youth, man, all at one time,
Form'd in perfection, having need of nought,
To Paradice preferr'd from abject slime,
A graine of th' earth to rule it all was brought.
With him whom to content, all did contend,
God walk'd, and talk'd, as a familiar friend.

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Then of his pleasures to heape up the store,
God Eva did create with beauties rare,
Such as no women had since; none before,
Thinke what it is to be divinely faire,
And then imagine her a great deale more;
She, principall, the rest but copies are/
No height of words can her perfections hit,
The worke was matchlesse, as the workeman's wit.

The world's first father what great joyes did fill,
Whil'st prince of Paradice from trouble free,
The fairest creature entertain'd him still;
No rivall was, he could not jealous be,
But wretched prov'd, in having all his will,
And yet discharg'd the tasting of one tree.
"Let one have all things good, abstract some toy,
That want more grieves, then all he hath gives joy."

Through Eden's garden, stately Evah stray'd,
Where beauteous flowers her beauties backe re-
By nature's selfe, and not by art array'd, [glanc'd
Which pure (not blushing) boldly were advanc'd;
With dangling haires the wanton Zephyres play'd,
And in rich rings their floting gold enhaunc'd.
All things concurr'd, which pleasure could incite,
So that she seem'd the centre of delight.

Then could she not well thinke, who now can tell
What banquetted her sight with objects rare?
Birds striv'd for her whose songs should most excell,
The odoriferous flowres perfum'd the ayre:
Yet did her breath of all most sweetly smell,
Not then distemper'd with intemperate fare.
No mixtures strange compos'd corrupting food,
All naturally was sweet, all simply good.

But ah! when she the apples faire did spy,
Which (since reserv'd) were thought to be the best;
Their fained pretiousnesse enflam'd to try,
Because discharg'd, she look'd where they did rest,
Luxuriously abandon'd to the eye,
Swolne, languishing (like them upon her brest.)
"Ah curiousnesse, first cause of all our ill,
And yet the plague which most torments us still!"

On them she (doubtfull) earnestly did gaze,
The hand oft times advanc'd, and oft drawne backe,
Whil'st Sathan cunningly her parts did praise,
And in a serpent thus his course did take:
"Your state is high, you may more high it raise,
And may (with ease) your selves immortall make.
This precious fruit God you forbids to eate,
Lest (knowing good and evill) you match his state."

Those fatall fruits which poison'd were with sinne,
She (having tasted) made her husband prove;
What could not words of such a Sirene winne?
O woe to man, that woman thus can move!
He him to hide (his fall's first marke) did rinne[1],
Whom knowledge now had learn'd to loath and
love. [darke,
Death from that tree did shoot through shadowes
His rest an apple, beauty was his marke.

[1] A Scotiscism for *run*, which frequently occurs in these poems. *C.*

Thus good and evill they learn'd to know by this,
But ah, the good was gone, the evill to be;
Thus monstrously when having done amisse,
They cloathing sought, (of bondage a decree)
"Loe, the first fruits of mortals knowledge is,
Their nakednesse, and hard estate to see:
Thus curiousnesse to knowledge is the guide,
And it to misery, all toiles when tryde."

Marke Adam's answer when his Maker crav'd,
If that his will had beene by him transgress'd;
"The woman (Lord) whom I from thee receiv'd,
Did make me eate, as who my soule possess'd:"
The woman said, "the serpent me deceiv'd:"
Both burden'd others, none the fault confess'd.
Which custome still their faulty race doth use,
"All first doe runne to hide, next to excuse."

But he who tryes the reynes, and views the heart,
(As through the clouds) doth through fraile bodies
And is not mock'd by men's ridiculous art, [see,
By which their crimes encreast, more odious be:
Who proudly sinne, they must submissely smart,
Loe, God craves count of what he did decree.
And those who joyn'd in sinne, are punish'd all,
All Adam's partners crush'd were with his fall.

Thus God first damn'd the fountaine of deceit,
"O most accurst of all the beasts which breed,
Still wallowing in the dust (a loathsome state)
Drawn on thy belly basely shalt thou feed;
The woman thee, thou shalt the woman hate.
Which hatred still inherit shall her seed.
Whose fierce effects both mutually shall feele,
Whil'st he shall breake thy head, thou bruise his
heele.

"And woman weake, whose thought each fancy
blowes,
I will encrease thy griefe, thy joyes restraine,
And since thy judgement doth depend on showes,
Thou to thy husband subject shalt remaine:
And (bringing forth thy brood with bitter throwes)
What was thy pleasure sown, shalt reape with paine.
Those beauties now which mustred are with pride,
In withered wrinckles, ruinous age shall hide.

"Fond Adam, thou (obeying thus thy wife)
What I commanded violate that durst:
Cares shall exhaust thy dayes, paines end thy life,
Whil'st for thy cause the earth becomes accurst,
With thornes and thistles, guerdoning thy strife,
Who sweating for thy food, art like to burst.
And looke no more for rest, for toile thou must,
Till whence first com'd, thou be turn'd back to dust."

By angels arm'd barr'd from the pleasant place,
When wretched Adam's pilgrimage was past,
The tree of sinne o're-shadowing all his race,
They from their minds all love of God did cast,
Them to reclaime who did contemne his grace,
Who weary was with striving at the last,
And of the world a harvest made by raine,
Did straight resolve to try new seede againe.

Yet since that Noah uprightly had liv'd,
He and his race stood safe on horrour's height,
And when all creatures' ruine was contriv'd,
Did live secure the forty-day-long night:
To make the world repent, that good man striv'd,
His swelling engine building in their sight.

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"But with the wicked what can well succeed,
In whom perswasions obstinacy breed."

Whil'st sin ore-flow'd the world, God' swrath ore-flam'd, [pours,
Which when rais'd high, downe flouds of vengeance
As Noah's preaching oft times had proclaim'd,
(Heavens threatning straight to drown the highest towers.) [stream'd,
Clouds clustred darkenesse, lightnings terrour
And rumbling thunders usher'd ugly shoures;
Whil'st ravenous tempests swallow'd up the light,
Day (dead for feare) brought forth abortive night.

From guests prophane that th' Earth might be redeem'd,
The lights of Heaven quench'd in their lanternes lay,
The cloudy conduits but one cisterne seem'd,
Whil'st (save the waters) all things did decay:
The fire drown'd out, Heavens all dissolv'd were deem'd,
Ayre water grew, the earth as wash'd away:
By monstrous storms, whil'st all things were ore-turn'd, [burn'd.
Then (save God's wrath) in all the world nought

Men to the mountaines did for helpe repaire,
Whence them the waves did violently chase;
In nature's scorne, came scaly squadrons there,
The forrest's guests inheriting their place:
By too much water, no, for lacke of ayre,
All were confounded in a little space.
"One creature needs all th' elements to live,
But death to all one element can give."

That moving masse against the storme did strive,
Which all the creatures of the world contayn'd;
As through the deepes it through the clouds did drive,
Not by the compasse, nor the rudder rayn'd:
No port, no land was, where it could arrive,
Whil'st th' earth with waters levell all remain'd.
The waves (the world all else as hush'd) at once,
Roard forth a consort with men's dying grones.

But when ore all God's breath did ruine blow,
The arke with others sinne from death did save:
Him whom the raging flouds did not orethrow,
Who (of God's judgements judge) did all perceive
A little liquor did at last o'rethrow,
Which to his sonne to mocke occasion gave.
"Thus drunkennesse disdainefull scorne doth breed,
A fertile vice which others still succeed."

As the first world did first by pride offend,
Whose burning rage to such a height did runne,
That it to quench, God did the waters bend:
O drunkennesse, the second world's first sinne,
The course of vice that element must end,
Which is oppos'd to that which did begin.
In every thing God's justice we may spy, [dry."
"As floods drown'd pride, flames drunkennesse must

The peopled world soone left the Lord to feare,
And Sathan in their soules did raise his throne;
O what a burden, Nature, do'st thou beare,
Since that to sinne and live seeme both but one!
Men Babel's towers against the starres did reare,
Since like deserving, fearing what was gone,
As though that God could but one plague command;
(Ah, fooles) what strength against his strength can stand?

Whil'st fondly they proud weaknesse did bewray,
(Who can the deeps of his high judgements sound?)
By making their owne tongues their hearts betray,
The thund'rer straight those Titans did confound:
Here divers tongues the worke of men did stay,
Which afterwards the worke of God did ground.
"One meanes made Christians joyne, and Ethnicks jarre,
Did helpe th' apostles, Babel's builders marre."

When purpos'd to dissolve quicke clouds of dust,
God's wrath (as stubble) sinners doth devoure;
That towne to sacke, which had not ten men just,
He brimstone rain'd (O most prodigious shoure!)
Their bodies burn'd, whose soules were burn'd with lust,
What fayre was, ugly, what was sweet, grew sowre,
Yet of that fire, Lot scap'd the great deluge,
"God's holy mountaine is a sure refuge."

I thinke not of the ruine of those states,
Which since but strangers to the ground of grace,
Were carried head-long with their owne conceits,
And even (though brightly) blindely ran their race:
God's firme decrees, which fondly they call'd fates,
Did bound their glory in a little space. [mindes,
Whil'st tempests huge toss'd their tumultuous
Like reeds by rivers wav'ring with all windes.

Such rais'd not for their good, but for God's ends,
When bent his owne to punish, or support,
Doe (as his arrowes) hit but where he tends,
Else of themselves their power doth not import;
His spotted flocke, when he to purge intends,
They are but tooles us'd in a servile sort,
To fanne or cleanse, such fannes or besomes are,
Which afterwards he not in wrath doth spare.

Proud Ashur first did daunt all other soiles,
Till barbarous Persia did become her head;
The Greekes did glory in the Persian's spoiles,
Whose prince at last, Rome did in triumph leade;
Rome (ravishing the earth) bred bloudy broiles,
Yet was by whom she scorn'd a widdow made.
"The world a tennis-court, the rackets fates,
Great kings are balls, when God will tosse their states."

To them whom God to doe great things doth chuse,
He generous mindes, and noble thoughts imparts,
And doth in them all qualities infuse,
That are requir'd to act heroicke parts;
Of matters base, then making others muse,
He breaks their sprites, and vilifies their hearts.
"As greatnesse still a gallant minde preceeds,
A staggering courage ruine still succeeds."

Of Greece and Rome, the glory mounting high,
Did minds amaze, (made all the Muses song)
On both the wings of worth, whil'st it did flye,
By valour rais'd, borne up on learning long;
But (loe) both base in abject bondage lye, [strong.
Whose brood proves now as faint, as once thought
That with their empires (made their enemies' spoiles)
Their sprites seeme too transferr'd to forraine soiles.

For, nations once which strangers were to fame,
On whom (as monsters) civill lands did gaze;
Those who in scorne did them barbarians name,
Doe now farre passe in all which merits praise:
Thus glorie's throne is made the seate of shame,
Who were obscure, doe honour highest raise.

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"Nought constant is below, no, not true worth,
It melted south, and freezes in the north."

What heart not quakes to thinke what scroules re-
The vengeance huge inflicted oft below? [cord,
Not onely Gentiles thus as then abhorr'd,
High indignation justly did orethrow;
That heritage long labour'd by the Lord,
Which (as his portion) he would onely owe.
As loath'd for sinne, or for repentance lov'd,
God's minion still, or slave to strangers prov'd.

By monstrous plagues, God did his power expresse
In Nilus' bounds, which yet admir'd remaines,
The subtile sorcerers forcing to confesse,
That his owne finger pointed out their paines;
The seas retir'd would not his will transgresse,
Till squadrons march'd upon their virgin playnes.
He gloriously triumph'd ore Pharaoh's host,
What Israel sav'd, that the Egyptians lost.

God made not wonders strange to Iacob's brood,
When their great journey boldly was begun,
Over them a cloud by day, by night fire stood,
A guide, a guard, a shadow, and a sunne,
Rockes vomited a floud, Heavens rain'd down food,
Canaan was miraculously wonne.
Their armes did armies spoile, huge gyants kill,
Weake blasts breach'd walls, the Sun (as charm'd) stood still.

But who can thinke and trust, trust, not admire,
That those ingrate to such a God could prove;
Who oft had seen (above their owne desire)
His power by wonders, and by gifts his love?
Yet they provok'd the holy one to ire,
And did the mightie's indignation move.
Till as abhorr'd, the land did spue them forth,
And Euphrates did swallow Iordan's worth.

That realme, the world's first froth, and now the lees,
Of which for Israel, angels hosts had slaine;
The Lord transplanting men (as men doe trees)
It Israel made a captive to remaine:
The stately temple nought from ruine frees,
Whose sacred vessels, Ethnicks did prophane.
Yet (when repenting) all turn'd backe by faith:
"Sole mortal's teares doe quench th' immortals wrath."

Of all the workes, which God for us hath wrought,
None more to stray opinion's course permits,
Then our salvation, offred, urg'd, not sought,
And curious nature's course the truth worst hits:
What was contemn'd, a pretious treasure bought,
A mystery surmounting vulgar wits.
"The worker, not the worke, must move our minde:
Celestiall secrets, faith (not reason) findes."

O! who could looke for glory from the dust?
Or for a Saviour fettred in the grave? [trust,
The power which wrought it, must give power to
Else nature's strength will but make wit to rave:
O justice mercifull, O mercy just!
He gave his best below'd his foes to save.
And even to suffer, suffer did his Sonne,
"The victory over Hell is hardly wonne."

The word was flesh, the God-head dwelt with men,
Invisible, yet subject to the sight,
He whom no bounds could bound, was bounded then,
Whil'st th' earthly darkenesse clouded heavenly light:
Birds had their nests, and every beast a den,
Yet had he nought who did owe all of right.
No kinde of thing the wicked world could move,
Not wonders done below, words from above.

Those wonders then which sacred writs record,
Did some convert, a multitude amaze,
What did not God's owne word doe by a word?
Lame ranne, deafe heard, dumb spake, divels fled, dead raise,
Of servants servant, whil'st of lords the Lord,
Did seeke but his owne paine, man's good, God's praise.
To marry Heaven with Earth whil'st he began,
God without mother, without father man.

Who never did begin, he would begin,
That life's chiefe fountaine might of life be reav'd;
The innocent would beare the weight of sinne,
That by his sufferings, sinners might be sav'd,
Yet that which God must give, and none can winne,
(Though offred freely) many not receiv'd.
Whil'st on a tree Christ gain'd (when tortur'd most)
What by a tree for pleasure Adam lost.

The world's great Iudge was judg'd, and worldlings stood,
Even glorie's glory, glorying to disgrace;
They damn'd as evill the author of all good,
(Though death of death) who unto death gave place:
Ah, for our ransome offering up his bloud,
Great was the warre he had to make our peace!
The heire of Heaven daign'd to descend to Hell,
That in the Heaven, hell-worthy men might dwell.

The Father saw the Sonne surcharg'd with woe,
Yet would to calme his griefe, no favour show;
For man could not repay, nor God forgoe,
That debt which the first man did justly owe:
Christ (as a God) could not have suffered so,
Nor have as man prevail'd, but both below.
He men most grac'd, when men him most disgrac'd:
Iustice and mercy mutually imbrac'd.

When God confirm'd with many fearefull wonder,
The great worke which was wrought for them he lov'd,
Heaven (clad with darknesse mourn'd) th' Earth sob'd asunder:
Thus creatures wanting sense, where highly mov'd,
Who should have had, had none, nor could not ponder,
What did import the anguish that he prov'd.
But of his torments strange which did abound,
Ah, man's ingratitude did deepest wound.

O! wicked off-spring of a godly sire,
Who saw the Saviour of the world arise,
That which your fathers did so oft desire,
Yet could not get that which you did despise:
Who mercy mock'd, prepare your selves for ire.
He lives, he lives, whose death you did devise.
His bloud (not spent in vaine) must wash, or drowne:
Those whom it doth not save, it shall sinke downe.

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To rest on them and theirs, Iewes who did cry,
For Christ's contemned bloud, had what they sought;
"Then bloud, no burden with more weight doth lye,"
Even as they his, so was their orethrow wrought:
They by the Roman power did make him dye,
And them the Roman power to ruine brought:
Whil'st for their cause, God every thing had curst,
Rome's mildest emperour prov'd for them the worst.

Ierusalem the faire, Iehovah's love,
Repudiated by disdainefull wrath,
A bastard race did beare, whom nought could move;
A vile adultresse violating faith;
Then did the world's delight her terrour prove,
And harmes perform'd fore-told by sacred breath:
Nought rested where the stately city stood,
Save heapes of horrour rais'd of dust and bloud.

But (murd'ring saints) in wickednesse grown bold,
That town which long was drunk, last drown'd with bloud;
That town by which who bought the world was sold,
Sold with disgrace, beheld her scorned brood:
Them lov'd by God, men did in honour hold,
And loath'd by God, with them in horrour stood.
Then Iewes whom God high rais'd, and low doth bow,
What name more glorious once, more odious now?

When of salvation, joyfull newes were spread,
With spirituall grace, all nations to bedew,
Whil'st famish'd soules that sacred nectar fed,
The Lord strange judgements, millious made to view,
And those who first fierce persecutions bred,
A jealous God with vengeance did pursue.
The wrath that he against his servants beares,
Is kindled by their sinne, quench'd by their teares.

By him who first 'gainst Christ did ensignes pitch,
His brother, mother, wife, and selfe was slaine;
The great apostate wounded in a ditch,
Did grant with griefe the Galileans raigne;
Of him whose errours did whole realmes bewitch,
The death most vile, did viler doctrine staine.
"A monstrous death doth monstrous lives attend,
And what all is, is judged by the end."

He who made Himen's torch drop bloud, and teares,
(The nation most humane, growne inhumane)
Did bloud (when dead) at mouth, nose, eyes, and [eares,
As vomiting his surfet so againe:
In crime, and crowne like charge his brother beares;
The bloudy band by mutuall blowes was slaine.
The king, the duke, the fryer, devis'd that ill,
The king, the duke, the fryer, the king did kill.

Whose sight is so eclips'd which now not sees,
In every kingdome, province, towne, and race,
On princes, subjects, men of all degrees, [trace?
What weighty judgements, sinners' steppes doe
Which not the crowne, more then the cottage frees?
The wicked man (sayes God) shall have no peace.
"A countenance calme may maske a stormy minde,
But guiltinesse no perfect ease can finde."

Those temporall plagues are but small smokes of ire,
To breach a breast which is not arm'd with faith,
And are when God due vengeance doth require,
Of indignation drops, weake sparkes of wrath;
As lightning is to Hell's eternall fire,
Or to a tempest huge, a little breath.

So are all these of this which I proclaime,
A puffe, a glance, a shadow, or a dreame.

As weigh'd by God, still ballanc'd hangs this round,
Which sinne (grown heavy) now quite downward beares;
Exhausted courage, horrour shall confound,
Till Hope's high towers rest all oreflow'd with feares:
All shall together fall, as by one wound,
Not having time to flye, no, not for teares.
On day as night (as on the wearied sleepe)
Death steales on life, and judgement's way doth sweep.

All clearely see who life's short race doe rinne,
Though this last judgement they would not admit,
That fatall doome inflicted first for sinne,
Which (whil'st not look'd for) doth most certaine hit,
And of all soules the processe doth beginne;
For straight when death arrests, the Iudge doth sit.
To beare this charge, all fortifie the minde,
"As death us leaves, so judgement shall us finde."

Death each man daily sees, but none fore-sees,
The wage of sinne, the iubilee of cares,
First judgement threatned base corruption's lees,
Inheritance that serves all Adam's heires,
And marshalling (not partiall) all degrees,
The charge enjoyn'd for no respect that spares;
What agues, wounds, thoughts, pains, all breaching breath,
Are heraulds, serjeants, vshers, posts of Death.

Death dores to enter at, and darts to wound,
Hath as the Heaven hath starres, or sea hath sands;
What though not sicke, not stab'd, not choak'd, burnt, drown'd,
Age, matchlesse enemy, all at last commands?
O what designes the emperour pale doth bound,
Built of bare bones, whose arch triumphall stands!
Ah, for one's errour, all the world hath wept,
The golden fruit, a leaden dragon kept.

Then since Sinne's hang-man, nature's utter fue,
By whom true life is found, life's shadow lost,
A thousand fancies interrupting so,
When least expected, doth importune most:
Haste, haste your reck'nings, all must pay, and goe,
Guests of the world, poore passengers that post,
"And let us strive (a change thus wisely made)
To dye alive, that we may live when dead."

All thinke whil'st sound, what sicknesse may succeed,
How in the bed imprison'd ye may be,
When every object loathsomnesse doth breed,
Within, without, that soule, or eyes can see,
To trembling nature, which still death doth dread,
Whil'st griefe paints horrour in a high degree,
The body in the bed, thoughts in it soule,
The conscience casting up a bitter scroule.

But when th' externall powers begin to faile,
That neither tongue can give, nor eares receive,
Friends (wretched comforters) retir'd to waile,
To agonize the soule alone doe leave,
Which Sathan straight with squadrons doth assaile,
Then bent to force whom first he did deceive;
Who once entic'd, then to accuse beginnes,
To wakened soules upbraiding buried sinnes.

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That fatall conflict which all flesh doth feare,
By helpes from Heaven, which foughten out, and wonne,
Whil'st soules to Heaven triumphing angels beare,
This mortall race magnanimously runne:
Of them that are to decke the highest sphere,
The soule shall shine more glorious then the Sunne.
Whil'st cloath'd with righteousnesse, a Priest, a King,
Hell, where 's thy victory, Death, where thy sting?

O! when to part, God doth the soule permit,
Rais'd from her shell, a pearle for Sion chus'd,
She recollects (accomplish'd ere she flit)
Her faculties amidst fraile flesh diffus'd;
As judgement, reason, memory, and wit,
Then all refin'd, no more to be abus'd.
And parts in triumph, free from earthly toiles,
Yet longs perchance to gather up her spoiles.

Let those great plagues (smokes of our Maker's ire)
Make all in time their inward state reforme,
Those plagues of which, loe, even to sing I tyre,
Ah, what doe those who beare their ugly forme!
Yet they but kindlings are of endlesse fire,
And little drops which doe foregoe a storme.
Look, look, with clouds Heaven's bosome now doth swell,
To blow the wicked to the lowest Hell.

DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORD'S IVDGEMENT.

THE SECOND HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

That threatned time which must the world appall,
Is (that all may amend) by signes fore-showne,
Warres rumour'd are, the gospell preach'd o're all,
Some Iewes convert, the antichrist growes knowne:
Divels rage, vice raigaes, zeale cooles, faith failes, stars fall,
All sorts of plagues have the last trumpet blowne:
And by prodigious signes it may appeare,
That of the Sonne of man the signe drawes neare.

Though thundring down those who transgresse his lawes,
And with disdaine his bounty do abuse:
As adamants doe iron, repentance drawes
The Lord to love them whom he first did chuse;
A space retir'd from the tempestuous waves,
The port of mercy must refresh my Muse;
Whose ventrous flight all loftinesse must leave,
And plainly sing what all men should conceive.

The Lord delights not in a sinner's death,
But sheepe which stray, toiles to recover still;
To please a sonne, who had deserv'd his wrath,
His calfe (long fed) the father straight did kill:
Not for the best whose thoughts (sway'd by his breath)
Had squar'd his actions onely to his will;
His calfe; God's lamb, were given the lost to gaine,
His best sonne griev'd, God's onely Sonne was slaine.

Who can expresse, consider, or conceive,
Our Maker's mercy, our Redeemer's love,
Or of that sprite the power, which who receive,
By sacred ardour ravish'd are above;
O! to create, to sanctifie, to save,
Ingratitude to gratefulnesse may move:
Who weighs those works (else damned were his state)
Must (if no more) be griev'd to be ingrate.

First, ere by ends beginnings could be prov'd,
Whil'st time nor place, to limit nought attain'd,
All wholy holy, wholy to be lov'd,
God in himselfe, and all in him remain'd:
Whil'st both the Sunne, and spheare in which he mov'd,
That which contain'd, and that which was contain'd;
Truth lightned light, all in perfection stood,
More high then thoughts can reach, all God, all good.

All this alone the Lord would not possesse,
But would have some who taste his goodnesse might,
Which (when bestow'd) in no degree growes lesse;
What darker growes the Sunne by giving light?
Yet, not that grace oreflow'd, as in excesse:
All was (of purpose) providently right.
His glorie's witnesses God men did raise,
That they might it admire, him serve, and praise.

When God in us no kinde of good could see,
Save that which his, we not our owne could call,
Great was his favour, making us to be
Even ere we were, much lesse deserv'd at all;
What? since in us affection must be free,
Who dare presume to make our Maker's thrall?
He first us freely made, when nought, of nought,
And (when sinne's slaves) with his own bloud us bought.

Though sometime some, inspir'd by God, we see,
Do gratefull, yea, not meritorious deeds;
The fruit, not root of mercie's saving tree,
Which was Christ's crosse whence all our rest proceeds;
As owing most, they should most humble be,
To him whose grace in them such motions breeds;
From whom so good a minde, and means, they had,
Where others were abandon'd to be bad.

The Lord to those whose souls produce his seale,
Doth give good things, as who them justly owes,
Bound by his promise, pleaded with true zeale;
Which all the arguments of wrath orethrows,
Whil'st they from it to mercy do appeale,
Which justifies all that repentance shows;
God sinnes confess'd with griefe, with joy forgives,
That which faith humbly seeks, power freely gives.

He who (when pilgrims) all their trouble sees,
The faithfull souls from danger doth secure;
And them from fetters of corruption frees,
As griev'd that mortals should such griefe endure;
But now for them (whom he to save decrees)
He shall true rest perpetually assure,
At that great court which must determine all,
Even till Christ rise as Iudge, from Adam's fall.

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Their bloud, which tyrants (by evill angels led)
Like worthlesse waters lavish'd on the dust,
From out the altar cries, all that was shed,
From Abel till (and since) Zachary the just,
To see the wicked with confusion cled,
When judg'd by him in whom they would not trust.
" The sorrow of his saints doth move God much:
No sweeter incense then the sighs of such."

God is not slack as worldings do suppose,
But onely patient, willing all to winne;
Time's consummation quickly shall disclose
The period of mortality and sinne,
And for the same his servants to dispose,
Else charg'd by signes the processe doth begin,
Signes which each day upbraid us with the last,
Few are to come, some present, many past.

What fatall warnings do that time presage,
A due attendance in the world to breed:
(Though oftner now) some us'd in every age,
And some more monstrous, straight the day preceed:
Ah! flie the flames of that encroaching rage,
And arme against these terrours that succeed:
For whom the first not frights, the last confounds,
As whilst the lightning shines, the thunder wounds.

Whilst threatning worldlings with the last deluge,
Old Noah scorne acquir'd, but never trust:
Though building in their sight his owne refuge,
So were the people blinde with pride and lust;
And ere the coming of the generall Iudge,
To damne the bad, and justifie the just,
Even when the tokens come, which Christ advis'd,
As Noah's then, Christ's words are now despis'd.

As life's last day hath unto none beene showne,
That still (attending death) all might live right:
So that great iudgement's day is kept unknowne,
To make us watch, as Christ were still in sight;
Like virgins wise with oyle still of our owne,
That when the bridegroome comes, we want not light.
" Live still, as looking death should us surprise,
And go to beds, and graves, as we would rise."

O what great wonder that so few are found,
Whom those strange signes make griev'd, or glad,
appeare! [found,
Though that day haste which should their souls con-
Or from corruption make them ever cleare.
If holy Ierome thought he heard the sound
Of that great trumpet thundring in his eare,
What jealous cares should in our brests be lodg'd,
Since greater sinners, nearer to be judg'd?

When will to man, or rather man to will,
Was freely given, straight discord did begin:
Though brethren borne, th' one did the other kill,
Of those who first were made life's race to runne.
Thus striving (as it seem'd) who did most ill,
The father fell, the sonne did sink in sinne.
Love Adam lost, but Cain did kindle wrath,
The author breeding, th' actor bringing death.

Thus at the first contentious worldlings jarr'd,
Of all the world when onely two were heires;
And when that nations were, then nations warr'd,
Oft sowing hopes, and reaping but despaires;
Base avarice, pride, and ambition marr'd
All concord first, and fram'd death divers snares:
" Though as a winde soone vanish doth our breath;
We furnish feathers for the wings of death."

Lo, as the sacred register records,
Strife is (still boyling mortall men's desires)
The thing most fertile that the world affords,
Of which each little sparke may breed great fires.
Yet that portentuous warre which Christ's owne words
Cites as a signe when judgement th' Earth requires,
It is not that which vaine ambition bends,
By partiall passions rais'd for private ends.

Such was the warre which in each age was mov'd,
When by preposterous cares from rest restrain'd:
Bent to be more then men, men monsters prov'd,
Who (lords of others) slaves themselves remain'd.
For, whilest advancement vaine they fondly lov'd,
The Devill their souls, whilest they but bodies gain'd;
So with their owne disturbing every state,
They bought Hell's horrors at too high a rate.

Christ came below, that souls might be releev'd,
Not to breed peace, but worse then civill warres:
Broyls amongst brethen, scarce to be beleev'd;
Even twixt the sonne and syre engendring jarres.
" God must be pleas'd who ever else be griev'd;
The gospel's growth no tyrant's malice marres.
As Ægypt's burdens Israel's strength did crowne,
The truth most mounts when men would presse it
downe."

Those warres that come before that fatall day,
End things begun, and endlesse things begin:
Are not us'd broils which states with steele array,
Whilest worldlings would but worldly treasures
winne.
No, even religion shall make peace decay:
And godlinesse be made the ground of sinne.
Then let the world expect no peace againe,
When sacred causes breed effects prophane.

Such warres have beene, some such are yet to be,
What must not once plague Adam's cursed brood?
Ah, that the world so oft those flames did see,
Which zeale had kindled to be quench'd with bloud,
Whilst disagreeing thoughts in deeds agree,
Some bent for spritual, some for temporall good,
" Hell's fire-brands rage, whilst zeale doth weakly
When policy puts on religion's cloke." [smoke,

All nations once the gospel's light shall see,
That ignorance no just excuse may breed,
Truth spreads in spite of persecution free:
The bloud of martyrs is the churche's seed,
That it receiv'd, or they condemn'd may be,
All on the word their soules may sometime feed,
The word by which all help, or harme must have,
" Those knowledge damnes, whom conscience can-
not save."

When bent to mitigate his Father's wrath,
Man's mortall veile the God-head did disguise,
The world's Redeemer was engag'd to death,
And rais'd himself to show how we should rise;
Those twelve whose doctrine builded on his breath,
To beare his yoke all nations did advise,
They terrours first, and then did comfort sound,
For, ere the gospell heale, the law must wound.

In simple men who servile trades had us'de,
(The wisest of the world are greatest fools)
The Holy Ghost one truth, all tongues infus'de,
And made them teach who never knew the schools;
Yea, with more power the souls of men they brus'd,
Then rhetorick could do with golden rules,

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"The sprite (when God the souls of men converts)
Doth move the teachers' tongues, the hearers' hearts."

The south was first of soveraignitie the seat,
From whence it springing, spread to neighbouring parts,
And then some states did strive how to be great,
By motall vertues, and by martiall arts,
Till colder climats did controll that heat,
Both showing stronger hands, and stouter hearts,
And whilst each prince was onely prais'd as strong,
The way to greatnesse, went by ruine long.

The light of Heaven first in the east did shine,
Then ranne the course kept by the earthly light,
And did (as zeale in realmes) rise, and decline,
Still giving day to some, to others night,
The faith of man yet toil'd it to refine,
And left no land till loath'd, not forc'd, no flight,
Christ's light did still amongst the Gadarens shine,
Till to his presence they preferr'd their swine.

Where are these churches seven, those lanterns seven,
Once Asia's glory, grac'd by sacred scroules?
With monsters now, as then with martyrs even,
The Turke their bodies, Sathan rules their soules,
Lands then obscure are lifted up to Heaven,
Whose souls like linxes look, whilst theirs like owles,
Those whom the word renown'd, are knowne no more,
Those know God best, who scarce knew men before.

The world's chiefe state old Rome with glory gain'd,
Of which the losse her nephew's shame did seale,
The gospel's truth at Rome long taught remain'd;
But now she would the same too much conceale,
Thus temp'rall power, and spiritual, both Rome stain'd,
Growne cold in courage first, and last in zeale,
The church first stood by toils, whil'st poore, still pure,
And straight whilst rich then rent, fell when secure.

From off'ring grace no storme the word can stay,
Ere judgement come to those who will receive,
In this last age time doth new worlds display;
That Christ a church over all the Earth may have,
His righteousnesse shall barbarous realmes array,
If their first love more civill lands will leave,
America to Europe may succeed,
God may of stones raise up to Abram seed.

The gospell clearly preach'd in every place,
To lands of which our fathers could not tell,
And when the Gentiles all are drawne to grace,
Which in the new Ierusalem should dwell,
Then shall the stubborne Iews that truth imbrace,
From which with such disdaine they did rebell;
Who first the law, shall last the gospell have,
Christ whom he first did call, shall last receive.

When God would but be serv'd by Iacob's brood
(By his owne mercy, not their merits mov'd)
The Gentiles did what to their eyes seem'd good,
And, Sathan's slaves, the works of darknesse lov'd:
They unto idols offred up their bloud,
Yea (bow'd to beasts) then beasts more beastly prov'd,
Those whom God did not chuse, a god did chuse,
And what they made, did for their maker use.

But when that onely soile too narrow seem'd,
To bound God's glory, or to bound his grace;
The Gentiles' soules from Sathan he redeem'd,
And unto Shem's did joyne of Iaphet's race:
The bastard bands as lawfull were esteem'd;
The strangers entred in the children's place.
Who had beene infidels imbrac'd the faith,
Whilst mercie's minious vessels were of wrath.

That chosen flock whom to himself he drew,
Who saw not Iacob's fault, nor Israel's sinne:
When we regener'd, they degener'd grew;
To lend us light their darknesse did begin. [slew.
Yea, worse then we when worst, God's saints they
And when that his wine-yard they entred in,
They first his servants kil'd, and then his sonne,
"Nought grows more fast then mischiefe when begun."

Sonnes of the second match whom Christ should crowne,
Ah, brag not you as heritours of grace:
The naturall branches they were broken downe,
And we (wilde olives) planted in their place.
Feare, feare, lest seas of sinnes our soules do drowne,
Shall he spare us who spar'd not Abram's race?
As they for lack of faith, so may we fall;
"What springs in some, is rooted in us all."

Till ours be full though Israel's light lyes spent,
Our light shall once them to salvation leade;
Is God like man that he should now repent,
That promise which to Abram's seed was made?
For his great harvest ere that Christ be bent,
The Iews shall have a church, and him their head.
Both Iews and Gentiles once, one church shall prove.
We feare their law, they shall our gospell love.

This signe it seemes might soone accomplish'd be,
Were not where now remaines that race of Shems,
The Gentiles' dregges, and idols which they see,
Makes them loath all, for what their law condemnes;
To be baptisde yet some of them agree, [hemnes;
Whil'st them their mates, their mates the world con-
And why should we not seek to have them sav'd,
Since first from them salvation we receiv'd?

When the evangell most toil'd souls to winne,
Even then there was a falling from the faith:
The antichrist his kingdome did begin
To poyson souls, yet, ere the day of wrath,
Once shall perdition's childe, that man of sinne,
Be to the world reveal'd, a prey to death.
God may by tyrants scourge his church when griev'd,
Yet shall the scourge be scourg'd, the church reliev'd.

The antichrist should come with power and might,
By signes and wonders to delude the eyes:
Thus Sathan seemes an angell oft of light,
That who the truth contemn'd, may trust in lyes:
And this with justice stands, even in God's sight,
That he in darknesse fall, the light who flyes:
"And, oh! this is the uttermost of ill,
When God abandons worldlings to their will."

This adversary of Christ's heavenly word,
Should straight himselfe extoll by Sathan's wit,
Over all that is call'd God, or is ador'd;
And of iniquity no meanes omit,
Though worthy of the world to be abhorr'd;
He in the church of God, as God, shall sit:

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This hypocrite huge mischiefes borne to breed,
Should look like God, yet prove a devill indeed.

This mysterie of sinne which God doth hate,
Even in Paul's time began, and since endur'd:
Yet could not then be knowne, till from the gate,
That which then stop'd, was razde, and it assur'd;
The Romane power was at that time so great,
That of lesse states the luster it obscur'd;
The let which then remain'd, while as remov'd,
This antichrist, the next aspirer prov'd.

That spirituall plague which poysons many lands,
Is not the Turke, nor Mahomet his saint;
Nor none who Christ to crosse directly stands;
He whom the sprite takes such great paines to paint,
It must be one who in the church commands,
No foe confess'd, but a professor faint.
For if all did him know, none would him know,
A foe (thought friend) gives the most dangerous blow.

Ere that day come which should the just adorne,
And shall discover every secret thought,
The antichrist whose badge whole lands have borne,
The prophet false which lying wonders wrought,
The beast with the blasphemous mouth and horne
Shall be reveal'd, and to confusion brought.
"For causes hid though God a space spare some,
Their judgements are more heavy when they come."

Th' effronted whore prophetically showne
By holy Iohn in his mysterious scrouls,
Whom kings and nations to their shame should owne,
The Devil's chiefe bawd adulterating souls;
Though scandaliz'd, and to the world made knowne,
By mingling poyson with her pleasant bouls,
Yet shall her cousening beauties courted be,
Till all at last her fall with horrour see.

The part where that great whore her court should hold,
Vile Babylon, abhominable towne,
Where every thing, even souls of men, are sold,
Low in the dust to lye, shall be brought downe:
Her nakednesse all nations shall behold,
And hold that odious which had once renowne;
But her discovery, and her ruine's way,
Are hid till that due time the same display.

Flie, faithfull Christians, from that sea of sinne,
Who hate the whore, and from the horned beast
Flie, flie in time, before their griefe begin,
Lest as their pleasures, so their plagues you taste;
When as the lambe the victory doth winne,
He of fat things will make his flock a feast.
This cloud dispers'd, the Sunne shall shine more bright,
Whil'st darknesse past endeeres the present light.

Now in the dangerous dayes of this last age,
When as he knowes Christ doth to come prepare,
The Divell shall like a rearing lyon rage,
Still catching soules with many a subtile snare,
Whil'st his fierce wrath no mischiefe can assuage,
Some by presumption fall, some by despaire,
And if this time not shortened were, deceiv'd,
God's chosen children hardly could be sav'd.

Some for a glorious use who once did serve,
As starres to th' eyes, cleare lights of soules esteem'd,
Loe (stumbling blockes) from their first course did swerve,
Not what they were, else were not what they seem'd,
And justly damn'd (light's foes) as they deserve,
From darknesse more shall never be redeem'd:
"Church-angels all, all for examples me,
So that their fall doth many thousands bruise."

Men so the world shall love, religion hate,
That all true zeale shall in contempt be brought,
The spirituall light's eclipse shall grow so great,
That lyes the truth, truth shall a lye be thought:
Yet some shall weigh their workes at such a rate,
As they themselves, not Christ, their soules had bought:
All just to seeme, not be, their wits shall wrest,
Not bent to edifie, but to contest.

Some signes are gone, which registred were found,
To rouze the world before that dreadfull blast;
But, ah! what all now see, and I must sound,
I wish they were to come, or else were past;
Those signes, those sinnes I sing, doe warne, shall
This age, too ag'd, and worthy to be last.
It signes that shadow'd were, doth so designe,
I must historifie, and not divine.

That his should warie be, Christ gave advice,
Since thousands were to be seduc'd by lyes;
The Divell (whil'st all adore their owne device)
Doth taint men's hearts, or else upbraid their eyes,
The froth of vertue, and the dregs of vice,
Which onely last, the world's last time implyes.
Not griev'd, no, not asham'd, of sinne some vaunt;
Impiety doth so vaine mindes supplant.

Men with themselves so much in love remaine,
They poore within, without themselves adorne,
And (if not gorgeous) garments doe disdaine,
Though the first badge of bondage that was borne,
Yet pampred bodies, famish'd soules retaine,
Which seeke the shadow, and the substance scorne.
"Ere high advanc'd, all once must humble prove,
Those first themselves must loath, whom God will love."

The greatest number now prophanely sweares,
And dare to brawle, or jest, name God in vaine,
Yet that Heaven thunder, or th' Earth burst, not feares,
Lest so they crush'd or swallowed should remaine:
Some vomit forth (pollating purer eares)
Words which them first, and others after staine,
"A filthy tongue, and a blasphemous mouth,
Of Sathan's seed doe show a mighty growth."

That avarice which the apostle told,
When as the world declines, men's mindes should sway,
Doth rage so now, that even their God for gold,
Not onely men, men in our time betray;
To Sathan some for gaine their soules have sold,
Whil'st what their hearts hold truth, their words gaine-say.
"By Ethnickes once those must condemn'd remaine,
Who change religion, worldly things to gaine."

What age ere this so many children saw,
Who with their parents (O unhappy strife)
Doe plead at law, though wrouging nature's law,
And helpe to haste their death, who gave them life?
Now vertuous words to vitious deeds doe draw:
The love of God is rare, of pleasure rife:
"This darknesse showes that it drawes neare the night,
Sinne then must shortly fall, since at the height."

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Then even the most of misery to make,
The soules of some which (alwaies ill) grow worse,
(All sense quite lost) in sinne such pleasure take,
That frozen mindes can melt in no remorse;
No threatned terrours can their conscience wake,
Sinne hath so much, the sprite so little force.
"No physicke for the sicke, which live as sound,
A sore past sense doth show a deadly wound."

As such a burden it did burst to beare, [shake,
(Through horrour of our sinnes) the Earth doth
And shall it selfe ofttimes asunder teare,
Ere Christ his iudgement manifest doth make;
Or else I know not, if it quake for feare
Of that great fyre which should it shortly take;
The living Earth to move, dead Earth doth move,
Yet earthly men then th' Earth more earthly prove.

In forraine parts whose ruines fame renownes,
In indignation of her sinfull seed,
(As men should doe their eyes) the Earth God drownes, [freede)
Which (that some captiv'd aire may straight be
Doth vomit mountaines, and doth swallow townes;
The world's foundation brandish'd, like a reed,
Whil'st with pale hearts the panting people thinke,
That Hell will ryse, or that the Heaven will sinke.

One earth-quake toss'd the Turke's imperiall head,
Dayes sensible, but violent some howers,
Till in that towne a monstrous breach was made,
(As charg'd at once by all the damned powers)
I know not whether buried first, or dead,
Troupes seem'd to striue in falling with their towers,
Whilst those who stoode long trembling did attend,
That all the world (at least themselves) should end.

Twixt Rome and Naples once (in Envie's eye)
What stately townes did the world's conquerours found,
Which now wee not (noe, not their ruines) spie,
Since layde more low then levell with the ground?
They with all theirs en-earth'd by earth-quakes lye,
Whose stones (drawne down where darkenes doth abound)
Like Sisiphus perchance a number roules,
Else Dis builds dungeons for the damned soules.

Late neare those parts whose ruines men admire,
Where wealth superfluous idle wonders wrought,
An earth-quake strange amazement did acquire,
A plaine conceav'd, and forth a mountaine brought,
Which diuers dayes disgorged flames of fyre,
And stones whose substance was consum'd to nought;
Hell's fyre it seem'd which (as God's wrath) did rise,
Growne great, flam'd forth, upbraiding sinners' eyes.

Last in this land our eyes saw one of late,
Whose terrour from some mynds rests not remoov'd,
Then any else as strange, though not soe great,
Not violent, but universall prov'd,
As if of Nature's course the threatned date,
All at one houre this kingdome trembling moov'd;
The old state lothing, longing for a new,
Th' Earth leapes for joy, as straight to have her due.

But ah! who walkes, when rock'd is all this round,
Or stryves to stand though even the Earth thus starts?
Though God doth tosse this ball till it rebound,
Who, lest it part, from his corruption parts?
Ah! that the world soe senceleese should be found,
Both Heaven and Earth doe shake, but not men's hearts;
Since for his word the world disdaynes to bow,
Dumbe creatures doe denounce God's iudgments now.

I thinke the Earth by such strange throwes would tell,
How much she doth her present state despise;
Or else all those who in her bowels dwell,
Doe rouze themselves, as ready now to ryse:
Her belly thus growne big doth seeme to swell,
As one whose travell soone should her surprise;
And yet her broode she viper-like must free,
Whose course must end when theirs beginnes to be.

As God that day of doome strives to make knowne,
By monstrous signes which may amaze the mynde,
That judgment great by judgements is foreshowne,
Whil'st all the weapons of his wrath have shin'd,
That others may (whil'st some rest thus o'rethrowne)
Stand in the furnace of affliction fin'd;
"For still the wretched most religious prove,
And oft examples more then doctrine move."

The sword of God shall once be drunke with bloode,
And surfet on the flesh of thousands slaine
Of those who (following evill) doe flie from good,
And (scorning Christ) professe to be prophane,
From God's wine-presse of wrath shall flowe a floode,
Which shall with blood their horses' bridles staine;
None may abide, nor yet can flie his sight,
When arm'd with vengeance God doth thundring fight,

When, father-like, God chastising his childe,
Plagu'd all the subjects for their soveraigne's crime,
What thousands then were from the world exil'd?
Even in three dayes (so soon turnes flesh to slime)
The Earth made waste, men had no more defil'd,
Had but one angell warr'd a little time:
Since by God's word the world did made remaine,
Lesse then his look may ruine it againe.

The pestilence of wrath chiefe weapon thought,
Which of all plagues, the plague is onely call'd,
As if all else (respecting it) were nought,
It hath so much the mindes of men appall'd;
That wound by God's own hand seems onely wrought,
Whose mediate meanes scarce rest to reason thrall'd:
That which we not conceive, admire we must,
And in God's power above our knowledge trust.

That poyson'd dart, whose strength none can gaine-stand,
God us'd but rarely (when enflam'd with wrath)
And had it once been brandish'd in his hand,
All trembling stood (as 'twixt the jawes of death)
Then now it selfe, the fame more mov'd this land,
Of that great frenzy which infects the breath:
"A thing thought strange, by habite homely proves.
What first all griefe, at last all sense removes."

Once in one age, few dayes, and in few parts,
The pest some people to repentance urg'd,
And did with terrour strike the strongest hearts,
Whil'st his vineyard the Heaven's great husband purg'd,
The quiver of whose wrath did raine downe darts,
By which of late what kingdome was not scourg'd?
So that men now not feare that whip of God,
Like boyes oft beaten, that contemne the rod.

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e, in this stately ile, admir'd so much,
hat province, no, what towne hath not been pyn'd
that abhorr'd disease, which strikes who touch,
hil'st byles the body, madnesse swels the minde?
, of some townes, the anguish hath been such,
nt all, all hope of safety had resign'd:
hil'st friends no comfort gave, no, no reliefe,
e sicknesse onely (not the death) bred griefe.

his raging ague bursts so ugly out,
ll men of those whom they love best, are dread;
hil'st danger all in every thing doe doubt, [fled,
en by the plague (made plagues) as plagues are
nd are with horrour compass'd round about,
hen that contagion through the ayre is spread;
he ayre which first our breath (abus'd) doth staine,
poison'd so, but poisons us againe.

hat thing more wretched can imagin'd be,
hen is a towne where once the pest abounds?
here not one sense rests from some trouble free;
hree doe infect, and two (though pure) beare
wounds;
ft in one hole heapes throwne at once we see,
s where to bury fear'd for want of bounds:
ea, whil'st in plaints they spend their plaguy
breath,
f all things that are fear'd, the least is death.

Death (whil'st no drugge this feavers force ore-
ft, ere the patient the physitian clames, [throwes)
he ayre they draw their heate more high still
blowes,
ill even what should refresh, then most enflames;
Of damned soules the state their torment showes,
Who gnash their teeth as cold, whil'st fry'd with
flames:
And 'twixt their paines this difference but comes in,
Death ends the one, the other doth beginne.

To plague those parts where Christ's owne troops
do dwell,
The angell that destroyes hath most been bent,
That whom words could not move, wounds might
Ere ruine come, in time now to repent, [compell,
By paine on Earth, made thinke of paine in Hell,
As this they flye, that that they may prevent.
"What can discourage those whom Christ doth love,
To whom evill good, griefe joy, death life doth
prove?"

Where we should alwaies strive the Heaven to gaine,
By prayers, plaints, and charitable deeds,
To raise up earth on earth, our strength we straine,
So base a courage, worldly honour breeds;
This doth provoke the darts of God's disdaine,
By which of some the wounded conscience bleeds:
"All head-long runne to Hell, whose way is even;
But by a narrow path are drawn to Heaven."

Of vengeance now the store-house opened stands,
O what a weight of wrath the world (ah) beares!
Through terrour straight, why tremble not all lands,
When God in rage a throne of justice reares?
And poures downe plagues whil'st brandishing his
brands,
The pest now past, straight famine breeds new feares.
"Still thinke that mischiefe never comes alone,
Who worse presage the present lesse bemone."

Since that the world doth loath celestiall food,
That spirituall manna which soule's nectar proves,
By grace drawne forth from the Redeemer's bloud,
A gift (and no reward) given where he loves,
Those who terrestriall things thinke onely good,
Them want shall try, whom no abundance moves:
"For, ah, of some so fat the bodies be,
That of their soules they not the leannesse see.

God's creatures (oft condemn'd) shall once accuse
Those who in wantonnesse them vainely spent,
And justly, what unjustly they abuse,
Shall unto them more sparingly be lent,
That which they now superfluously use,
Shall (made a curse) not nature's need content.
"A barren soule should have a barren earth,
Oft temporall plenty breeds a spirituall dearth."

Those in the dust who still prophanely roule,
Whose thorny thoughts doe choake that heavenly
seed,
Which by the word was sown in every soule,
Shall likewise want what should their bodies feed:
What most they trust, shall once their hopes con-
troule,
By earthly hunger, heavenly thirst to breed.
Thus those (like babes) whose judgement is not
deepe,
Who scorn'd a treasure, shall for trifles weepe.

What sauces strange (a fault which custome cloakes)
To urge the bodie's appetite are made,
Which nature's selfe sufficiently provokes?
But of the soule, when carnall cares it leade,
The appetite which (ah) even nature choakes,
What art is us'd to quicken it when dead?
Whil'st bodies doe too much, soules nought disgest,
But when the others' fast, are fit to feast.

Base belly-gods, whose food is Sathan's bate,
Whose judgements to your taste rest onely thrall,
The lord in wrath shall cut away your meate,
And for your honey, furnish you with gall,
Like loathsome beasts since you the acornes eate,
Yet looke not up to see from whence they fall;
Sonnes prodigall, who from your father swerve,
You keeping worse then swine, shall justly sterve.

To waken some which sleepe in sinne as dead,
The Lord ere Christ doe come all states to try,
Since but abus'd, shall breake the staffe of bread,
And as we him, make th' earth us fruits deny;
The corne shall wither, and the grasse shall fade,
Then men to nurse, since rather bent to dye;
As dutifull to him by whom they breed,
God's creatures pure, his rebels scorne to feed.

Now in this time, which is the last esteem'd,
The sprites impure doe all in one conspire,
And worke that God by men may be blasphem'd,
To purchase partners of eternall fire,
That who should them condemne, hath us redeem'd,
Makes envy blow the bellowes of their ire,
Till wicked angels irritated thus,
Not seeke their safety, but to ruine us.

More neare doth draw salvation to the just,
The more the dragon's minde doth envy wound,
That men (the slaves of death, the sonnes of dust)
As heires of Heaven, with glory should be crown'd,
And that perpetuall paines they suffer must,
Though (all immortall) to no bodies bound:

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"Hearts gall'd with envy storme at every thing,
Whom still their harme, or some one's good must sting."

Man's foe who first confusion did devise,
(By long experience growne profound in skill)
Through strength oft try'd our weaknesse doth despise,
And knowes what best may serve each soule to kill:
He unawares our passions doth surprise,
And to betray our wit, corrupts our will. [win,
"Whom God not guards, those Sathan soon may
Whil'st force doth charge without, and fraud within."

That heire of Hell, whom justly God rejects,
(Who sought by subtilty all soules to blinde)
Not onely shafts in secret now directs,
By inspirations poysoning the minde,
But even a banner boldly he erects,
As this world's prince by publike power design'd:
From shape to shape, this Proteus thus removes,
Who first a foxe, and last a lyon proves.

He, since his kingdome now should end so soone,
Doth many Circes and Medeas make,
That can obscure the Sunne, and charme the Moone,
Raise up the dead, and make the living quake,
Whil'st they by pictures, persons have undone,
Doe give to some, from others' substance take:
Three elements their tyranny doth thrall,
But oft the fourth takes vengeance of them all.

Whil'st in his hand the bolts of death he beares,
Still watching soules the crafty hunter lyes
With inward fancies, and with outward feares,
Whom he may tempt, continually he tryes;
Whil'st (rumbling horrour) sounds assault the eares,
And monstrous formes paint terrour in the eyes:
He who with God even in the Heaven durst strive,
Thinks soon on Earth men's ruine to contrive.

As many did possess'd by sprits remaine,
When first Christ came, salvation to beginne,
So likewise now before he come againe,
Some bodies daily which they enter in,
By desp'rate meanes would be dispatch'd of paine,
Else (bound in body) loose their soules to sinne,
And if that God not interpos'd his power,
Hell's tyrant straight would every soule devoure.

In some whom God permits him to abuse,
The prince of darknesse doth at divers houres,
His subtile substance fraudfully infuse
Till they his sprite, his sprite their soules devours:
He as his owne doth all their members use,
And they (as babes with knives) worke with his
O monstrous union, miracle of evils, [powers.
Which thus with men incorporates the divels!

When erst in Delphos, after ugly cryes,
The priestresse Pythia, seeming to be sage,
Big by the Divell, delivered was of lyes,
She to the terrour of that senselesse age,
Still panting, swolne, Hell flaming through her eyes,
Roar'd forth responses by propheticke rage;
And to her lord whil'st prostituted thus,
An image was of whom he fils with us.

Of those who are possess'd in such a sort,
Some to themselves whom Sathan doth accuse,
They mad (or he in them) doe bragge, or sport,
And whil'st they would the lookers on abuse;
Doe secrets (to themselves not known) report,
And of all tongues the eloquence can use:
All what each age devis'd observing still,
"The Divell knowes much, but bends it all to ill."

O Heavens, be hid, and lose thy light, O Sunne!
Since in the world (O what a fearefull thing!)
The Divell of some so great a power hath wonne,
That what was theirs, he doth in bondage bring,
Then from their body speakes (as from a tunne)
As sounds from bels, or flouds through rockes do
Deare Saviour rise, and in a just disdaine, [ring.
This serpent bruise, this leviathan reyne.

The Sunne and Moone now oftentimes look pale,
(As if asham'd the shame of men to see)
Or else grown old, their force beginnes to faile,
That thus so oft ecclips'd their beauties be,
And ore their glow, darknesse doth prevaile,
Whil'st faint for griefe, their ruine they fore-see:
For (as superfluous) they must shortly fall,
When as the light of light doth lighten all.

The heavenly bodies (as growne now lesse strong)
Doe seeme more slacke (as weary of their race)
So that time rests reform'd (as quite runne wrong)
All clymats still new temperatures embrace,
What strange effects must follow then ere long?
Some starres seem new, and others change their
So altred is the starry court's estate, [place;
Astrologues want intelligence of late.

Each element by divers signes hath showne,
That shortly evill must be discern'd from good;
The Earth (ag'd mother) loe, is barren growne,
Whose wombe oft worne, now torne, doth faile in brood,
And may (since staggering else) be soone orethrown:
What wonder? weake through age, and drunk with bloud,
With bloud, which still to God for vengeance cryes,
And (as ore-burden'd) groning, groveling lyes.

The liquid legions by tumultuous bands
(Whose bellowing billowes to transcend contend)
Do oft usurpe, and sometime leave the lands,
Still stor'd with monsters, which a storme portend,
Whil'st, crown'd with clouds, each murmuring mountaine stands,
Which acted first, but suffer must in end:
A mighty change, Heaven's Monarch now concludes,
Flouds first quench'd flames, flames straight shall kindle flouds.

The ayre whose power impetuous nought can bound,
Doth cite all soules to God's great parliament,
Whil'st thundring tempests roare a rumbling sound,
And the last trumpet's terrour represent;
Those blasts denounce the ruine of this round,
Which Heaven in showres seemes weeping to lament:
Thus waters wash, winds wipe, and both conspire,
That th' Earth (so purg'd) may be prepar'd for fire.

The water th' earth, the ayre would it o'rethrow,
Whose rage by ruine onely is represt,
The high things still insulting ore the low,
Till once the highest have consum'd the rest;
The fourth must end what the first three fore-show,
Whose proofe is last reserv'd, as thought the best:
A fyery tryall strictly tryes each thing,
And all at last doth to perfection bring.

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Then Nature's selfe, not strong as of before,
Yeelds fruits deform'd, as from a bastard seed,
That monstrous mindes may be admir'd no more,
Whil'st monstrous bodies more amazement breed:
All the portentuous brood of beasts abhorre,
And (since prodigious) ominously dread.
Since all things change from what they first have been,
All (in another forme) shall soone be seen.

Few signes, or none, remaine men's mindes to move,
Till of the Sonne of man, the signe crave sight;
That glory which unspeakeable doth prove,
Christ's substance, no, his shadow, yet our light,
Whose majesty, and beauty, from above,
Shall, ere he shine, make all about be bright:
The comming of the lord, that signe bewrayes,
As lightning thunder, as the Sunne his rayes.

Yet this vile age (what rage?) some mockers breeds,
That big with scorne, disdainfully dare say,
"What change mad mindes with such fond fancies feeds, [stray?
From formes first known, since nought below doth
The summer harvest, winter spring succeeds,
The Moon doth shine by night, the Sunne by day;
Males procreate, and females doe conceive,
Some daily life doe lose, some it receive."

O atheists vile, else Christians void of care,
From God's tribunall who in vaine appeale,
That Christ to judge the world doth straight prepare,
You thus (contemning signes) a signe reveale,
Whose hearts obdur'd, the nearenesse doth declare,
Of your damnation's, our salvation's seale:
And whil'st your heart both Heaven and Hell derides,
Your judgement Heaven, your torment Hell provides.

Yet foolish soules their pleasures still affect,
(And marrying wives) what mirth may move devise,
But whil'st asleep their safety they neglect,
Christ (as a thiefe) against them shall arise,
And (in a rage) when they him least expect,
Shall sloathfull servants suddenly surprise,
Who then shall wish (whil'st frighted on each side)
That from his face them hills, them hells, might hide.

O multitude, O multitude as sand!
A day of horrour strange shall straight appeare,
Come down, and in the threshing valley stand,
The threshing valley, loe, the lord drawes neare,
And else doth take (take heed) his fanne in hand;
Light soules, as chaffe with winde, doe vanish here:
The harvest ripe, and the wine-presse is full,
Yea, wickednesse ore-flowes, all hearts are dull.

Seale, viall, trumpet, seaventh, opens, powres, sounds,
What doth not intimate God's great decree,
Which Nature's course, man's faith, God's mercy bounds,
Even in a time, when time noe more shall be;
The fyre is kindling else which all confounds;
God's hand (loe) writes, his ballance rais'd we see:
When soules are weigh'd (God's wondrous workes to crowne)
The weighty must mount up, the light fall downe.

But ere the deepes of wrath I enter in,
When as repentance shall no more have place,
As God a time deferres some soules to winne,
I will suspend my furie for a space,
That ere the height of horrour doe begiinne,
My thoughts may bath amid'st the springs of grace,
To cleare some soules which Sathan seekes to blinde,
Lord purge my sp'rit, illuminate my minde.

DOOMES-DAY.

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORD'S IVDGMENT.

THE THIRD HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Whilst angels him convoy, and saints attend,
(The Heavens as smoke all fled before his face)
Christ through the clouds with glory doth descend,
With majestie and terrour, power and grace;
What flye, walke, grow, swimme, all what may end, doe end.
Earth, aire, and sea, all purg'd in little space:
Strange preparations that great court preceede,
Where all must meete whom any age did breede.

Immortall monarch, ruler of the rounds,
Embalme my bosome with a secret grace,
Whilst, lifted up above the vulgar bounds,
A path not pav'd my spirit aspires to trace,
That I with brazen breath may roare forth sounds,
To shake the heart, fixe palenesse in the face:
Lord, make my swelling voice (a mighty winde)
Lift up the low, beate downe the loftie minde.

What dreadfull sound doth thunder in myne eares?
What pompous splendour doth transport myne eyes?
I wot not what above my selfe me beares,
He comes, he comes who all hearts' secrets tryes.
Shout, shout for joy who long have rayn'de downe teares. [prise:
Houle, houle for griefe you who vaine ioyes most
Now shall be built, and on eternall grounds,
The height of horrour, pleasure passing bounds.

Now (noe more firme) the firmament doth flie,
As leapes the deere fled from the hunter's face;
Loe, like a drunkard reeles the cristall skie;
As garments old degraded from their grace,
All folded up Heaven's blew pavilion spie,
Which with a noyse doth vanish from the place;
The lanterne burnt, light utters utter worth,
Drawne are the hangings, majestie comes forth.

Who can abide the glory of that sight,
Which kills the living, and the dead doth rayse,
With squadrons compass'de, angels flaming bright,
Whom thousands serve, ten thousand thousands praise?
My soule entranc'd is ravish'd with that light,
Which in a moment shall the world amaze;
That of our sprite which doth the powers condense,
Of muddy mortalls farre transcends the sense.

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A fyre before him no resistence findes,
Fierce sounds of horrour thunder in each eare,
The noyse of armies, tempests, and whirlewindes,
A weight of wrath, more than ten worlds can beare;
Thinke what a terrour stings distracted mindes,
When mountaines melt, and valleys burst for feare;
What? what must this in guilty mortalls breede,
While all this all doth tremble like a reede?

The God of battels battell doth intend,
To daunt the nations, and to fetter kings;
He with all flesh in judgment to contend,
At mid-night comes as on the morning wings.
O! tyme's last period expectations end,
Which due rewards for what hath past then brings;
The Lord's great day, a day of wrath, and paine,
Whose night of darkenesse never cleares againe.

That element still cleare in spight of nights,
Which (as most subtle) mounted up above,
To kindle there perchance those glorious lights,
Which dy'd by it, as deck'd by beauty, move;
Or else of curious thoughts too ventrous flights,
(As which may not be touch'd) a bounds to prove,
That they presume not higher things to see,
Than are the elements of which they be.

Marke how th' Eolian bands loos'd from the bounds,
Where them in fetters their commander keeps,
(As if the angry sprite of all the rounds)
Like tyrants rage, till Heaven to quench them weeps.
Whose rumbling fury, whil'st it all confounds,
Doth cleave the clouds, and part the deepest deeps,
By noyse above, and violence below,
Th' earthquakes and thunder both at once to show.

Even so fire which was made (nought to annoy)
To liquid limits clos'd with clouds retire,
Lest what it fosters, it might else destroy,
O! when enlarg'd! and kindled by God's ire,
It him at mid-night doth as torch convoy,
All, all will seeme a piramide of fire:
To God what is this universall frame?
Now but a mote, at last a little flame?

The axel-trees on which Heaven's round doth move,
Shrunke from their burden, both fall broken down;
Those which to pilots point out from above,
Their wayes through waves to riches or renowne,
And so (though fix'd) the strayers helpers prove,
Night's stately lampes borne in an azure crowne:
Those guiding starres, may (as not needfull) fall,
When worldlings' wandrings are accomplish'd all.

The vagabonds above, lascivious lights, [mire,
Which from fond mindes that did their course ad-
By strange effects observ'd from severall heights,
(As deities) idol's altars did acquire, [sights,
Thrown from their spheres, expos'd to mortals'
(As abject ashes, excrements of fire:)
They (whilst thus ruin'd) farre from what before,
Shall damne the nations which did them adore.

With lodgings twelve design'd by severall signs,
Now falls that building more than cristall cleare,
Which daye's bright eye (though circling all) confines,
Still tempring times, and seasoning the yeare;
All temporall light (no more to rise) declines,
That glory may eternally appeare:
All then made infinite, no bounds attend,
Times and half times quite past, time takes an end.

As slimy vapours whil'st like starres they fall,
Shot from their place, do hurle alongst the skie,
Then Pleiades, Arcturus, Orion, all
The glistering troupes (lights languishing) doe dye;
Like other creatures to confusion thrall,
They from the flames (as sparkes from fire) doe flye;
The Heavens at last, griev'd for their falling spheares,
(All else dry'd up) weep down their stars for teares.

As leaves from trees, the stars from Heaven doe shake,
Darke clouds of smoke, exhausting those of raine,
The Moone all turnes to bloud, the Sunne grows
blacke,
Which (whil'st prodigious formes they doe retaine)
Of vengeance badges, signs of ruine make,
And not ecclips'd by usual meanes remaine:
Those common lights obscur'd, the just shine bright,
The wicked enter in eternall night.

Whil'st staggering reels this universall frame,
The Lord doth tread on clouds, enstall'd in state,
His scepter iron, his throne a fiery flame,
To bruise the mighty, and to fine the great;
Who of his glory can the greatnesse dreame,
That once was valued at a little rate?
He by his word did first make all of nought,
And by his word shall judge all of each thought.

When God his people did together draw,
On Sion's mount to register his will,
He (that they might attend with reverent aw)
Came clad with clouds (sterne trumpets sounding
shrill) [law)
And threatened death (whil'st thundering forth his
To all that durst approach the trembling hill:
What compassed with death, he thus did give,
Ah, who can keep, or violate, and live?

Since this confounding forme did, mindes to tame,
(That of their yoke all might the burden know)
Those dreadfull statutes terribly proclaime;
All flesh for feare shall fade away below,
How they were kept when God a count doth claime,
A time of terrour more than words can show.
He gave in mercy, shall exact with ire,
The mountaine smok'd, the world shall burn on fire.

In spite of nature's powers, which then expire,
Through liquid limits breaking from above,
Loe, downwards tends the tempest of this fire;
The airie region doth a fornace prove,
To boile her guests (as vessell of God's ire)
Which tortur'd there can no where else remove:
Flames which should still for their confusion rage,
Thus kindled first perchance nought can asswage.

The growing creatures which do mount so high,
And as their earthly bounds they did disdaine,
Would (whil'st their tops encroach upon the skie)
Base men upbraid, who not their strength do straine
With heavenly helps still higher up to flie,
And spurne at th' Earth where rooted they remaine;
Those leavie bands while as they fanne the ayre,
As fittest baits for fire first kindle there.

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Who can imagine this and yet not mourne?
What battell must succeed this huge alarme?
Of Lebanon the stately cedars burne,
The pines of Idus fall without an arme;
The fertile forrests all to flames do turne,
And waste the world which they were wont to warme.
To plague proud sinners every thing accords,
What comfort once, confusion now affords.

The smoking mountains melt like wax away,
Else sink for feare (O more than fearfull things!)
They which the fields with rivers did array,
As if to quench their heat, drink up their springs;
Like faded flowers, their drouping tops decay,
Which (crown'd with clouds) stretch'd through the aire their wings,
As did the raine, whil'st fire doth seize all bounds,
What last the first, the last at first confounds.

Then of that birth hills shall delivered be,
Which big by Nature they so long have borne,
Though it fond mortals (slaves by being free)
To make abortives have their bellies torne:
Gold (as when Midas wish, O just decree!)
Shall flow superfluous avarice to scorn.
What of all else did measure once the worth,
Shall then lye loath'd by th'aguous Earth spu'd forth.

The godly king's wise sonne from Ophir brought,
With ethnicks joyn'd (all welcome are for gaines)
What Spanyards now in other worlds have sought,
That golden fleece still wonne, and worne with paines:
And yet at last what all this trouble wrought,
From molten mountains shall ore-flow the plains.
Ah, ah curst gold, what mak'st thou men not do,
Since sought over all the Earth, and in it too?

Fond curiousnesse made our first parents fall,
And since the same hath still held downe their race;
Whose judgments were to senselesse things made thrall,
Which God most low, and they most high do place;
Nought in themselves, to us by us made all,
The which we first, and then they all things grace;
But (straight dissolv'd) they shall to Hell repaire,
To brave a multitude, by them drawne there.

At Heaven (when hence) if certaine to arrive,
Then these barbarians what could much annoy,
Who naked walke, eate hearbes, for nothing strive,
But scorne our toyls, whose treasure is their toy?
As Adam first (when innocent) they live,
And goldlesse thus the golden age enjoy;
We barbarous are in deeds, and they in show,
Too little they, and ah, too much we know.

What huge deluge of flames enflames my minde,
Whil'st inward ardour that without endeeres?
A light (ore-flowing light) doth make me blinde,
The sea a lanterne, th' earth a lampe appeares:
That cristall covering burn'd which it confin'de,
The way to ruin fatall lightning cleares.
Dust equals all that unto it return:
All creatures now one funerall fire doth burne.

The stately birds which sacred were to Iove,
Whose portraits did great emperours powers adorne,
Whil'st generously their race they strive to prove,
Which Titan's beames with bended eyes had borne,
Shall fall downe headlongs burning from above,
(As Phaeton was fayn'd) ambition's scorne.

"As fit to fall who of themselves presume,
Those raging wrath doth at the first consume."

The sixth and last of that unmatched kinde,
(If each of them doth live a thousand yeares)
Shall sabbath have in ashes still confin'd,
Whose birth, death, nest, and tombe all one appeares,
That only bird which ore all others shin'd,
(As ore small lights that which night's darknesse cleares.)
He from renewing of his age by fire,
Shall be prevented ere that it expire.

The salamander which still Vulcan lov'd,
And those small wormes which in hot waters dwell,
They live by fire, or dye, if thence remov'de,
But those last flames shall both from breath expell;
Those creatures thus by burning heat oft prov'd,
Show tortur'd souls may pine, yet breath in Hell:
If those in fire (and with delight) remaine,
May not the wicked live in fire with paine.

That pompous bird which still in triumph beares,
Rould in a circle his ostentive taile,
With starres (as if to brave the starry spheares)
Then seemes at once to walk, to flie, to saile,
His flesh (which to corrupt so long forbeares)
Against destruction shall not now prevaile.
Those painted fowls shall then be baits for fire,
As painted fools be now for endlesse ire.

The Indian griphon, terrour of all eyes,
That flying giant, Nimrod of the ayre,
The scalie dragon which in ambush lyes
To watch his enemy with a martiall care,
Though breathing flames, touch'd by a flame straight dyes,
And all wing'd monsters made (since hurtfull) rare:
"Types of strong tyrants which the weake oppresse,
Those ravenous great ones pray upon the lesse."

Their nimble feathers then shall nought import,
Which with their wings both levell sea and land,
The falcon fierce, and all that active sort,
Which by their burden grace a prince's hand:
And (they for pray, their bearers bent for sport)
Do thrall great monarchs which even men command:
Ere falne on earth their ashes quenched be,
Whom soar'd of late aloft men scarce could see.

Those birds (but turn'd to dust) again shall raine,
Which mutinous Israel with a curse receiv'd;
And those for sport so prodigally slaine,
For which (what shame) some belly-monsters crav'd,
Long necks (like cranes) their tastes to entertaine,
From which the phenix hardly can be sav'd.
"In bodies base whose bellies still are full,
The souls are made (choak'd with grosse vapours) dull."

The feather'd flocks which by a notion strange,
(I know not how inspir'd, or what they see)
Or if their inward following outward change,
As true astrologues gathering stormes forsee,
In quaking clouds their murmuring troups which range,
To waile, or warne the world, hiv'd on some tree.
Nought unto them this generall wrack foreshows,
Men, angels, no, not Christ (as man) fore-knows.

The rage of time these changelings to appease,
Like fained friends who fortune only woo:
Which haunt each soile whil'st there they finde their ease,
Though I confesse this shows their greatnesse too,
Who at their will use kingdomes as they please;
Even more then monarchs with great hosts can do.

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But yet where ere they be, they then shall fall,
God's armie, yea, his arme doth stretch ore all.

Those which themselves in civill warres do match,
Whose sound triumphall lyons puts to flight,
The morning ushers, urging sleeps dispatch,
Whose wings applaud their voice saluting light,
The labourer's horologe, ordinary watch,
Whose course, by Nature rul'd, goes alwayes right.
Those trumpetters dissolving many dreame,
May then not see the day which they proclaime.

So suddenly all shall with ruine meet,
That even the fowl which still doth streames pursue,
As if to wash, or hide, her loath'd black feet,
Then swimmes in state proud of her snowie hue:
Who us'd with tragick notes (though sad, yet sweet)
To make Meander's nymphs her dying rue.
She then surpris'd, not dreaming of her death,
Shall not have time to tune her plaintive breath.

The winged squadrons which by feeling finde
A body (though invisible) of aire,
Both solid, vaste, clos'd, open, free, confin'de,
Whil'st weight by lightnesse, stays by moving there;
As swimmers waves, those flyers beat the winde,
Borne by their burdens, miracles if rare.
The feathers fir'd whil'st stretched armes do shrink,
Though thus made lighter, they more heavy sink.

That sort which diving deep, and soaring high,
(Like some too subtle trusting double wayes)
Which swimme with fishes, and with fowls do flie;
While still their course the present fortune sways.
At last in vaine their liquid fortresse trie,
Of wrath the weapons nought save ruine stayes.
To flie the ayre downe in the deeps they bend,
For want of ayre down in the deeps they end.

Wing'd alchymists that quintessence the flowers,
As oft-times drown'd before, now burn'd shall be,
Then measuring artists by their numbrous powers:
Whose works' proportions better do agree,
Which do by colonies uncharge their bowres,
Kill idle ones, sting foes, what needs foresee:
Men talk of vertue, bees do practise it,
Even justice, temperance, fortitude, and wit.

What agony doth thus my soul invest?
I think I see Heaven burne, Hell's gulphs all gape,
My panting heart doth beat upon my breast,
As urging passage that it thence may scape,
Reft from my self, yet no where else, I rest,
Of what I was, reserving but the shape.
My haires are bended up, swolne are mines eyes,
My tongue in silence mind's amazement tyes.

Who can but dreame what furies plague thy soule,
Poore sinfull wretch who then art toss'd with breath?
Whil'st desp'rate anguish no way can controule
The raging torrent of consuming wrath,
In every corner where thy eyes can roule,
Their sweetest shows more bitter are than death.
Who can expresse thy feelings, or thy feares,
Which even repentance cannot help with teares?

To look aloft if thou dar'st raise thy sight,
Weigh'd downe (as damn'd by guilty actions gone)
What horrour, terrour, errour, all affright
Thee; trembling thee, who out of time do'st grone?
Oft shalt thou wish that thee false mountains might
Hide from his face who sits upon the throne.

But, ah! in vaine a lurking place is sought,
Nought can be covered now, no, not one thought.

The dreadfull noise which that great day proclaimes,
When mix'd with sighs and shouts from mortals here;
O how deform'd a forme confusion frames!
None can well think till that it selfe appeare:
Whil'st clouds of smoke delivered are of flames,
They darken would their birth, it them would cleare,
But whil'st both strive, none victory attaines;
This endlesse darknesse bodes, that endlesse paines.

If seeking help from thy first parent's slyme,
Loe Plutoe's palace, dungeons of despaire,
(As fir'de by furies) kindled by thy crime,
Bent to encroach upon forbidden ayre,
Do gape to swallow thee before the time,
Whom they fore-see damn'd for a dweller there:
Heaven over thy head, Hell burns beneath thy feet,
As both in rage, to fight with flames would meet.

With owlie eyes which horrid lightnings blinde,
This to admire the reprobate not need;
Match'd with the horrours of a guilty minde,
Nought from without but pleasure can proceed:
Sinke in their bosomes' Hells and they shall finde
More ugly things a greater feare to breed.
"Of all most loath'd since first the world began,
No greater monster than a wicked man."

All sorts of creatures soone consum'd remaine,
Crush'd by their death whose lives on them depend;
(Their treasons partners whom they entertaine)
Man's forfeiture doth too to them extend,
Whom since they can no further serve againe,
(True vassals thus) then with their lords will end,
Though oft they them like tyrants did abuse,
Whom as ingrate their dusts that day accuse.

Ere it we can call com'd, that which is past,
Charg'd with corruption slowly I pursue,
Since without hope to reach, though following fast,
That which (like lightning) quickly scapes the view:
I, where I cannot walk, a compasse cast,
And must seek wayes to common knowledge due:
For mortals' eares my Muse tunes what she sings,
With earthly colours painting heavenly things.

When that great deluge of a generall wrath,
To purge the Earth (which sinne had stain'd) did tend,
So to prolong their little puffes of breath,
High mountains' tops both sexes did ascend:
But what strong fort can hold out against death?
Them (where they runne for help) it did attend:
With paine and feare, choak'd, dash'd, (ere dying dead)
Death doubled so was but more grievous made.

So when the flaming waves of wasting fire
Over all the world do riotously rage,
Some to the deeps for safety shall retyre,
As Thetis kisse could Vulcan's wrath asswage;
But that lieutenant of his maker's ire,
Makes all the elements straight beare his badge:
Scorch'd earth, made open, swallows thousands downe,
Aire thickned choaks with smoke, and water drowne.

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The halting Lemnian highly shall revenge
The ancient scorne of other equall powers: [strange)
Both strong and swift, though lame, (what wonder
He then (turn'd furious) all the rest devoures,
Whose fierceneesse first his mother toils to change,
But (having him embrac'd) she likewise loures,
And with her sonne doth furiously conspire,
Straight from pure ayre, then all transform'd in fire.

This heat with horrour may congeale all hearts,
Life's bellows toss'd by breath which still do move;
That fanne which doth refresh the inward parts,
Even it shall make the breast a fornace prove.
That signe of life which oft arrives and parts,
Boils all within, elsé burnes it selfe above.
At that dread day denouncing endlesse night,
All smoke, not breath, whil'st flames give onely light.

That stormie tyrant which usurpes the ayre,
Whil'st wooll (rain'd down from Heaven) doth him
A liquid pillar hanging at each haire, [enfold;
Sneez'd fiercely forth when shaking all for cold:
He clad with flames a fierie leader there,
Makes feeble Vulcan by his aid more bold;
Whose bellows, fostred by the other's blast,
May soone forge ruine, instruments to waste.

The land's great creature, nurceling of the east,
Which loves extremely, and with zeale adores,
In sprite and nature both above a beast, [roares:
Whil'st charg'd with men he through the battell
And his arm'd match (of monsters not the least)
Whose scales defensive, horne invasive goares,
Whil'st foming flames, (as other to provoke)
Straight joyn'd in dust, their battell ends in smoke.

The craftie fox, which numbers do deceive,
To get, not be, a prey, shall be a prey;
The embrion's enemy, women's that conceive,
As who might give him death, their birth to stay:
That ravenous woolfe which bloud would always
All then a thought more quickly shall decay. [have,
No strength then stands, such weaknesse went before,
And subtill tricks can then deceive no more.

The hart whose hornes (as greatnesse is to all)
Do seeme to grace, are burdens to the head, [pall,
With swift (though slender) legges, when wounds ap-
Which cures himselfe where nature doth him leade;
Then with great eyes, weake heart, oft danger's thrall,
The warie hare (whose feare oft sport hath made)
Doth seek by swiftnesse death in vaine to shunne,
As if a flight of flames could be out-runne.

The painted panther which not fear'd doth gore,
Like some whose beauteous face foule mindes de-
The tyger tygrish, past expressing more, [fame;
Since cruelty is noted by his name;
The able ounce, strong beare, and foming boare,
(Man's rebels, since God did man his proclaime)
Though fierce are faint, and know not where to turne:
They see the forrests, their old refuge, burne.

The mildest beasts importing greatest gaine,
Which others' crimes made altars onely touch,
By whom they clothe, and feed, not crying slaine,
The Christian's image onely true when such,
Their growing snowes which art's fraile colours staine,
Were wrong'd, when fain'd of gold, since worth more
much:
But pretious things the owners' harmes oft breed,
The fleeces' flames the bodies' doe succeed.

The flocks for profit us'd in every part,
Though them to serve they make their masters bow,
And are the idols of a greedy heart,
Which (like old Egypt) doth adore a cow,
Like Hannibal's, which Fabius mock'd by art,
As walking torches, all runne madding now:
By Phebus tickled they to startle us'd,
But Vulcan ruder makes them rage confus'd.

Their martiall chieftan mastive's rage to stay,
(Pasiphae's lover, Venus' daily slave,) [stray,
With brandish'd hornes (as mustering) first doth
Then throwes them down in guard a match to crave;
Straight (like the Colchian buls, ere Iason's prey)
He flames (not fain'd) doth breath, but not to brave;
Like that of Phalaris, whom one did fill,
He tortur'd (bellowing) doth lye bullering still.

Of all the beasts by men domesticke made,
The most obsequious, and obedient still,
The fawning dog, which where we list we leade,
And wants but words to doe all that we will,
Which loves his lord extremely, even when dead,
And on his tombe, for griefe, himselfe doth kill,
He doth with tongue stretch'd forth, to pant begin,
Which straight when fir'd drawn back, burns all
within.

The generous horse, the gallant's greatest friend,
In peace for ease, and in effect for warre,
Which to his lord (when weary) legges doth lend,
To flye, or chase, in sport, or earnest farre,
A Pegasus he through the ayre would bend,
Till that his course (turn'd Centaure) man doth
marre;
His waving treasures fir'd, to flye from death,
He first the winde out-runnes, and then his breath.

This squadrons' king that doth for fight prepare,
(As threatning all the world) doth raging goe,
His foot doth beat the earth, his tayle the ayre,
Mad to be hurt, and yet not finde a foe,
But soone his shoulders rough the fire makes bare,
And melts his strength which was admired so:
Death doth to rest, arrest his rowling eyes;
Loe, in a little dust the lyon lyes.

Those poys'nous troupes in Africk's fields which
stray,
In death all fertile, as the first began,
By looke, by touch, by wound, and every way,
True serpent's heires in hatred unto man,
Which God (still good) in deserts makes to stay,
To waste the world, though doing what they can:
But whil'st they houle, scritch, barke, bray, hurle,
hisse, spout,
Their inward fire soon meets with that without.

The crocodile with running deepes in love,
By land and water of tyrannicke pow'r,
With upmost iawes which (and none else) do move,
Whose cleansing first is sweet, oft after sow'r;
And oft his crime his punishment doth prove,
Whil'st a devouring bait train'd to devoure:
He neither now can fight, nor yet retire,
His scaly armour is no proofe for fire.

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The beast (though haunting deeps) not there confin'd, [head,
Whose haires as pretious decke each great man's
Before like eagles', like a swan's behinde,
Whose feet (as oares) to manage streames are made,
To waste the liquid wayes not needing winde,
Whose tayle his course doth as a rudder leade,
A sparke (falne from a tree) may then confound,
Him with his teeth that now strikes trees to ground.

The otter black where finne-wing'd troups repaire,
Fresh rivers' robber, which his prey doth chuse,
And all that kinde, nor fish, nor flesh that are,
But do two elements (amphibions) use,
Not able to touch th' earth, nor to draw th' aire
In waters they their kindled skinnes infuse:
But yet can refuge finde in neither soile,
They burne on the earth, and in the deeps do boile.

Flouds seeme to groane which beasts' incursion maymes,
All altered then which look't of late like glasse,
And murmur at the stayning of their streames,
By carkasses flot-flotting in a masse,
A moving bridge whil'st every channell frames,
When as there are no passengers to passe.
With beasts all buried waters are prese'd downe,
Whil'st both at once their burdens burn, and drowne.

The crystals quicke which slowly us'd to go,
And others' heat by coldnesse did allay,
(As if then griev'd to be polluted so)
Growne red with rage, boil'd up, pop-popling stay,
And tread in triumph on their breathlesse foe,
Whose ashes with their sands they levell lay.
But Vulcan now a victor in each place,
By violence doth all these nymphs embrace.

The dwellers of the deeps not harm'd in ought,
When first vice all, and next the waters drown'd,
So since by some more sacred still are thought,
As whom sinne's scourge did onely not confound,
The elements not pure to purge now brought,
Are likewise ruin'd by this generall wound.
The fishes then are boil'd in every flood,
Yet finde no eater that can relish food.

All which corruption onely serves to feed,
When it doth end, doth end, so Heaven designes:
Nought save the soule which doth from God proceed,
Over death triumphs, and still is pless'd, else pynes,
Death not man's essence, but his sinne did breed,
And it with it, the end of time confines.
Then death and life shall never meet againe,
The state then taken always doth remaine.

Salt seas, fresh streames, the fish which loves to change,
(The rivers' prince esteem'd by dainty tastes)
Which through the ocean though at large he range,
The bounds him bred to see yet yearly hastes;
Ah, man oft wants (O monster more then strange)
This kinde affection common even to beasts.
That salmond fresh for which so many strive,
May then be had, boil'd where it liv'd alive.

The trout, the eele, and all that watrie brood,
Which without feet or wings can make much way,
Then leape aloft, forc'd by the raging flood,
Not as they us'd before, for sport, or prey: [stood,
That which (once freez'd) their glasse to gaze in
Now (turn'd to flames) makes what it bred decay.

Those which to take men did all snares allow,
All without baits, or nets, are taken now.

These flouds which first did fields with streames array,
The rivers foure by sacred writ made knowne,
Which (since farre sundry) make their wits to stray,
Who Paradise drawne by their dreames have showne,
As turn'd from it, or it from them away;
In all the earth their strength shall be ore-throwne.
Whom first high pleasures, horrours huge last bound,
(As if for griefe) they vanish from the ground.

The fertile Nilus never rashly mov'd,
Which (ag'd in trauell) many countrey knows,
Whose inundation by the labourer lov'd,
As barrennesse or plenty it fore-shows,
From divers meanes (but doubtfull all) is prov'd;
"Oft nature's work all reason's power ore-throws:"
The ancients wondred not to finde his head,
But it shall all invisible be made.

Heaven's indignation seizing on all things,
The greatest waters languish in their way;
The little brooks, exhausted in their springs,
For poverty cannot their tribute pay:
Of moisture spoil'd the earth craves help, not brings;
"The mighty thus left to themselves decay;
Great powers compos'd make but of many one,
Whose weaknesse shows it selfe when left alone."

That floud whose fame more great than waters strayd, [owe,
Whose race (like it) more then their own would
Which from the Appennines oft gathering ayde,
Would those orethrow, who did the world orethrow,
Which though unstable, only stable stay'd,
In that great city where all else fell low:
It which so long familiar was with fame,
Shall be (dry'd up) an unregarded streame.

The sheep-heard's mirrours, all like silver pure,
Which curious eyes delighted were to see, [dure,
When flames from Heaven their beauties must en-
No creature then left from confusion free,
Even they shall grow more ugly and obscure,
Then the infernall flouds are fain'd to be:
Of their long course, there shall no signe remaine,
Worse then that lake where brimstone once did raine.

Whil'st Thetis bent to court, those streames (as vaine)
That on themselves to gaze, strive time to winne,
And liquid serpents winding through the plaine,
(As if to sting the earth oft gathered in)
Seeme to attend the remnant of their traine,
Them to out-goe, that nearer wayes would runne:
Even in that pompe surpris'd dry'd are their deeps,
Whose widow'd bed scarce their impression keeps.

That floud which doth his name from silver take,
The sea-like Obbe, and others of the Indes;
Over which a bridge men by no meanes can make,
Whil'st one born there (amazing strangers' mindes)
On straw or reeds, with one behinde his backe,
Can crosse them all, both scorning waves and windes:
Their empty channels may be troad on dry,
(Though pav'd with pearles) then pretious in no eye.

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The great which change before they end their race,
Salt floods, fresh seas, by mutual bands as past,
Which th'ocean charge, and though repuls'd a space,
Yet make a breach and enter at the last,
Which from the earth (that strives them to embrace)
Now haste with speed, and straight a compasse cast:
They then for helpe to Neptune seeke in vaine,
By Vulcan ravish'd ere his waves they gaine.

The raging rampire which doth alwaies move,
Whose floting waves entrench the solid round,
And (whil'st by Titan's kisse drawne up above)
From Heaven's alembicke dropt upon the ground,
Of fruits and plants, the vitall bloud doe prove,
And foster all that on the Earth are found:
It likewise yeelds to the Eternal's ire,
Loe, all the sea not serves to quench this fire.

Yet did the sea presage this threatned ill,
With ugly roarings ere that it arriv'd,
As if contending all Hell's fires to kill,
By violence to burst, whil'st through it driv'd,
Which must make monstrous sounds jar-jaring still,
As heate with cold, with moisture drynesse striv'd:
Whil'st love-like thundring, Pluto doth grow proud,
Even as when fires force passage through a cloud.

O what strange sight, not to be borne with eyes!
That tennis-court where oft the windes too bold,
What still rebounded toss'd unto the skies,
And to the ground from thence have head-longs rol'd,
Doth now in raging rounds, not furrowes rise,
Then hosts of heate, as us'd to be of cold:
All government the liquid state neglects,
Whil'st Vulcan's hammer, Neptune's trident breks.

When this huge vessell doth to boyle begin,
What can it fill with matter fit to purge?
The Earth as else without, if throwne within,
With all her creatures kept but for a scourge,
To wash away the foulenesse of that sinne,
Which on fraile flesh, strong nature oft doth urge:
But ah, my thoughts are vaine, this cannot be,
Seas cleanse not sinne, sinne doth defile the sea.

O foule contagion, spreading still to death,
What pest most odious can with thee compare?
Which first by thoughts conceiv'd, then born with breath,
Doth straight infect the sea, the earth, the ayre,
Which, damn'd in justice, and chastis'd in wrath,
Doth show that God no creature's spots will spare:
All scourges must be scourg'd, and even the fire,
As but impure, must feele th' effects of ire.

That restlesse element which never sleepes,
But by it selfe, when by nought else, is wrought,
Which joynes all lands, yet them asunder keepes,
It (ruine's rocke) for refuge last is sought,
For troupes doe throw themselves amidst the deeps,
As if death reft, then given, lesse griefe were thought:
"Thus is despaire hot sonne of father cold,
Rash without hope, and without courage bold."

The loving alcion, trusty to her mate,
The which (save this) no other storme could catch,
Whose arke not erres amid'st the going gate,
Though none in it with art the waves doth watch,
To many monsters, as expos'd a bait,
Which moving sits, and in the deepes doth hatch:
She of her nest, against the waves presumes,
But never look't for fire which all consumes.

The greatest monster of the ocean's brood,
Which lodg'd griev'd Ionas harmelesse in his wombe,
And did disgest (yet to be fed) a food,
A buried quicke man in a living tombe, [flood,
Doth (monstrous masse) now tumble through the
As scorning force could make him to succumbe:
But straight his finnes all fir'd, a farre doe shine,
As if some Pharos, but a deathfull signe.

That little wonder decking Thetis bowre,
Whose adamantine touch there strongly bindes
(Though both it saile and swimme) a wooden towre,
For which man's wit no show of reason findes;
O matchlesse vertue, admirable power, [winds!
Which fights and foiles alone, sailes, oares, waves,
Of all which live it that most strength hath shown,
Press'd down by vulgar bands doth dye unknown.

That moving mountaine in a fearefull forme,
Which compassing a ship, it downewards flings,
And even in calmes doth vomit forth a storme,
Whose bloud (all poison) where it touches stings,
That monstrous masse, if serpent, eele, or worme,
To hastie ruine his owne greatnesse brings:
"The greatest sought for harmes are soonest spy'd,
Where little ones a little thing will hide."

Of all the humid host, the most esteem'd,
The gentle dolphins (where the deepths doe roare)
Which (not ingrate) who them redeem'd, redeem'd,
Him help'd alive, and did when dead deplore;
Of which one once with musicke ravish'd seem'd,
When carrying Arion safely to the shore:
Those which delight so much in pleasant sounds,
The contrary preventing fire confounds.

The fairest nymph which haunts the floting state,
To whose great beauty, Thetis envy beares,
The ocean's Muse, from whose sweet sounds (soule's
The lord of Ithaca did stop his eares, [bate)
Of what she was most proud, that hastes her fate;
The golden haires which she dishevel'd weares:
Then whil'st they burne, her head seemes crown'd with light:
Thus showes maske misery, and mocke the sight.

Those which from slight, by slight their lives oft
The angler drawing scorned lines to land, [winne,
Whil'st some do cast forth hooks, some draw them in,
And some benumme the gazing holder's hand;
They can finde helpe in neither force, nor finne,
In scale, in shell, on rocke, in mudde, or sand:
Whil'st Triton's sounds to tragick notes doe turne,
They in the deeps are boil'd, or on the banks do burne.

The floting lodgings that all soiles doe try, [stray,
Which whil'st they walke on waves, and burden'd
Seeme swimming mountaines, castles that doe flye,
Which cannons arme, and ensignes doe array,
At first for smoke they nought about them spy,
Till all their sayles (on fire) doe cleare their way:
Whil'st flouds and flames doe all their force imploy,
As if they strived, which should the ship destroy.

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The liquid labyrinth, thou who first did'st prove,
No doubt thy desp'rate heart was arm'd with steele,
Did not the waves and clouds which alwaies move,
(Firme objects wanting) make thy eyes to reele?
Then he who first did steale fire from above,
Thou greater torments do'st deserve to feele:
He onely sought the fire to quicken breath,
And thou the water, as a way to death.

O! hatefull monster, since the world began,
Which with thine owne could never yet be pleas'd,
For lacke of rayment cold, for hunger wan,
With what thou hast, though many might be eas'd,
Thou poison'st first the quiet minde of man,
Whose fury since can never be appeas'd:
But seekes both sea and land with endlesse care,
And wants but wings to violate the aire.

That which encroach'd on every bordering shore,
By oft renu'd assaults usurping myles,
Shall then all ebbe, not flowing as before,
Whil'st travelling Thetis doth bring forth new iles,
Which birth soone old, to be embrac'd no more,
She loth to leave, oft turnes, and kissing smiles:
Till all the world one withered masse appeares,
Spoil'd of all moisture, save man's fruitlesse teares.

What hideous object! what a horrid sight!
O terrour strange which even I quake to thinke!
Where all of late was levell at one height, [sinke,
Their mountaine's mount, and fields farre down do
All pav'd with monsters, which if painting right,
Feare would make paper blacke, and pale my inke:
The seas with horrour so arrest my hand,
I must amaz'd retire me to the land.

The land where pleasure lodg'd, where rest did rest,
Which did abound in fruits, in fowles, and beasts,
Of which (all good) none could discerne the best,
In number more (though many) then men's tastes,
Which should refresh fraile nature when distress'd,
Though them fond man superfluously wastes:
Till that the Earth doth to a chaos turne, [burne.
Which since his teares not wash, his sinnes shall

Where are the flowry fields, the fishy streames,
The pasturing mountaines, and the fertile plaines,
With shadowes oft, oft clad with Titan's beames,
As of Heaven's pleasures types, and of Hell's paines?
(Thus in our brest, some thoughts each moment claimes,
To curbe rash joy with contemplation's raines:)
Where are all those delights in league with sense,
Which make a Heaven when here, a Hell when hence?

Thou who thy thoughts from no fond course reclaimes,
But do'st thy eyes with pleasant objects cloy,
And let'st thy heart have all at which it aymes,
Bent of the sonnes of men to want no joy;
Those to thy sleeping soule are all but dreames,
Which waking findes this treasure but a toy:
Thinke, thinke, when all confounded thus remaines,
If temporall joy be worth eternall paines.

Those stately townes, whose towres did brave Heaven's rounds,
Their kingdome's quintessence for wealth and skill,
A state's abridgement drawn in little bounds,
Which are (whil'st them guests of all lands doe fill)
Mappes of the world, deduc'd from divers grounds
Where all life's parts are act'd, both good and ill,
Which barbarous customes founded to remove,
Most civill first, most subtile last did prove.

Those which great monarchs strongly striv'd to owe,
(As which oft times a kingdome's keyes doe prove)
By mines like earth-quakes shaken from below,
By sulphurous thunder battered from above,
Yet (as orethrown) them hopelesse to ore-throw,
With scorned squadrons did disdain'd remove:
Those which at powers of armed emperours spurn'd,
Are at an instant then, charg'd, sack'd, and burn'd.

Brave citizens which have resisted long,
Till their dismantled towne all naked stands,
And are by weakenesse left unto the strong,
All taken, kill'd, or sold (like beasts) in bands,
As bound of right to suffer all the wrong,
Of railing tongues, or of outragious hands:
They of this last assault no type can see;
Even worse then was, or can imagin'd be.

Ah! if one house when onely fir'd by chance,
Doth straight confound a city all with feare,
What minde can think, though thoughts the same entrance,
How those inhabitants themselves shall beare,
Whose townes (like lightning) vanish with a glance,
Whil'st them a moment doth in pieces teare?
This with amazement may benumme the minde,
But will seeme small, a greater then divin'd.

Base miser, thou who by all meanes hast us'd,
To bruise the poore, and on their spoiles to feed,
In measure, weight, and quality abus'd,
Whil'st of all evils, dearth is the least they dread,
That wealth by thee even to thy selfe refus'd,
Which might of thousands have releev'd the need:
Shall all in flames upbraid thee with Hell's fire,
Whose use then at thy hands God will require.

Thou who to riches wast preferr'd from nought,
Though once but poore, contemn'd, of base degree,
For whom at length all realmes by shippes were sought,
So that no winde could blow but serving thee,
Yet would not comfort those who starv'd in ought,
Not mindefull what thou wast, nor what to be:
As naked born, thou naked shalt returne,
Else kept to see thy wealth, thy selfe next burne.

Those stately statues which great townes doe grace,
And monuments (as rare) which mindes amaze,
The world's seven wonders, wondred at a space,
Whil'st strangers long did on their reliques gaze,
If that ere then time doe them not deface,
A little flash shall even their ruines [illegible],
Which onely serve to witnesse to [illegible]
Their idle builder's vanity and mi[illegible]

Those palaces amongst rare thing[illegible]
Which architectors' numbrous a[illegible]
With interlaced roofes, embos[illegible]
On marbled walles which cost[illegible]
Though rich without, yet w[illegible]
A richer riches, which wit[illegible]
Past emulation, admirati[illegible]
All their great pompe.

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Those second Edens, gardens of delight,
Where time's bright patron justly parts the houres,
Where men to gaze, all objects doe invite,
In alwaies lying walkes, and growing bowres,
In smelling beds with pleasure ravish'd quite,
Whil'st wandring in a labyrinth of flowers,
Where art with nature still for praise contends,
A strife though oft times judg'd, which never ends:

Where Flora's treasures with Pomona's strive,
Low shining groves with shadow'd lights above,
Whil'st art (by engines rais'd,) doth water drive,
Borne through the ayre an uncouth way to prove,
And by all sounds which creatures can contrive,
To melt in mirth, would melancholy move:
Those pleasant parts shall straight abhorr'd remaine,
As where salt sowne, or showres of brimstone raine.

Those walking worms, which (with worms' spoiles array'd)
Would purchase homage from each credulous eye,
And yet (as asses) worth an asse not weigh'd,
Whil'st having nought of worth, but what they buy,
They shall see that which so their fancies sway'd,
The Tyrian purple, and th' Assyrian dye:
Of pride the badges, and the baits of lust,
Though kept with toile from dust, all turn'd to dust.

Those glorious roomes of darkenesse, robbing night,
Where even the walls rich garments doe invest,
Where ivory beds, with gold all glancing bright,
Are made for show, as others are for rest,
And objects need to entertaine the sight,
Which lodge (since great) a seldome sleeping guest:
Now at this last alarme to them who live,
They then a cottage no more comfort give.

Those pretious stones which most in worth excell,
For vertue least, for vanity much sought,
Pearles, rubies, diamonds, from rocke, from shell,
From depths of floods, from mountains' entrails brought,
Made gods with men, whose Heaven is batching Hell,
Prys'd by opinion, but by substance bought:
The sweet perfumes, and all which is esteem'd,
Wast (by the owners' wish) not once redeem'd.

That dreadfull storme as striving to begin,
Mount Ætna's flames, which roare while as supprest,
And that which swallowing Nature's student in,
Did him digest, who could it not digest,
And all those hills whence streames of sulphur run,
Shall with their fires, then fortifie the rest:
Whose generall floud, whil'st it the world ore-comes,
None knowes where kindled first, nor whence it comes.

The lucrous coal (though black) a pretious stone,
Whose force as Vulcan will, makes Mars to bend,
Of Albion's jewels second unto none,
To art and nature both a speciall friend,
Then when of it the needfull use is gone;
What it maintain'd, it likewise helps to end.
And thus the Earth (though cold) with fire then stor'd,
To burne it selfe materials doth afford.

Those bathing springs which free physitians prove,
Yet for all evils one onely cure can show,
The which may seeme whil'st boyling up above,
A part of Phlegeton ore-flow'd below:
But for man's health nought can from thence remove,
Where he doth dwell who would the world orethrow.
Then every one of them to Hell repaires,
Or else a greater heat doth drink up theirs.

Great monarchs, whom ambitious hopes do drive,
To raise their owne by razing others' thrones,
Who spare no wayes that there they may arrive,
Through orphan's teares, man's bloud, and woman's groans,
And all those earthly mindes which for th' earth strive,
By passing bounds, and altering setled stones;
All such that day not lords of their owne grave,
Shall have no earth, nor them no earth shall have.

The Earth, as glorying in her changed state,
With face all bright with flames, seemes lightning smiles,
Whil'st free from wounds and toils, indur'd of late,
Oft burn'd, oft freez'd, which every day defiles,
Though forc'd she must conceive (a fertile mate)
Her husband's hopes who often times beguiles.
And as she would revenge all troubles past,
She yeelds up man whom she had hid at last.

That element which, onely needing aid,
May be made more, and doth on others feed,
Whose piercing powers can in no bounds be staid;
Such bodies small that thickned rarenesse breed,
The onely essence, which can not be weigh'd,
And void of weight, doth alwayes upward speed.
That soone may seize on all when once set free,
Which infinitly multipli'd may be.

But lest my furie be too farre declip'd,
That with the flames to flie have striv'd in vaine,
I must a space within my selfe confin'd,
Fresh succours seek to charge of new againe;
So great amazement hath ore-whelm'd my minde,
That now I in an agony remaine.
But he who did in fierie tongues descend,
As through the fire, will leade me to the end.

DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORD'S IVDGEMENT.

THE FOURTH HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

A hideous trumpet horriblie doth sound;
Who sleep in graves a mighty voyce doth wake;
By angels (messengers) charg'd from each ground,
All flesh comes forth that ever soule did take;
Seas give account of all whom they have drown'd;
The Earth her guests long hid in haste gives backe:
Those who then live are at an instant chang'd,
Though not from life, yet still from death estrang'd.

So great a power my sacred guide imparts,
That still my Muse doth raise her vent'rous flight,
Though with confusion compass'd on all parts,
My troubled thoughts dare on no object light;
The world by flames (a charmer) justly smarts,
Whose ashes now seeme to upbraid my sight;

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Though feares would quench those fires my breast that burne,
Yet I must sing, that thousands else may mourne.

To plague proud man who look'd of late aloft,
The Earth still pure, till made by him uncleane,
By whome, as fierce for blood, or by lust soft,
She (forc'd to beare) in both abus'd had beene,
Straight (as a strumpet prostituted oft)
Now by her lovers naked shall be seene;
An odious masse (even in her owners' eyes)
(As bruis'd by thunder) whilst she with'red lyes.

Now of all states the fatall period comes,
Which showes how time was short, world's greatnesse small;
Fierce Vulcan's fury Neptune's so orecomes,
That not one drop remaines to weepe his fall;
Loe, all the world one continent becomes,
Whereas save man no creature lives at all;
The sea to earth, the earth all turnes to fire,
A monstrous comet threatning coming ire.

O! what a vault I see of angels' wings,
Whose greater brightnesse makes the fires decline!
A glorious guard fit for the King of kings,
Whilst they (like rayes) about that Sunne doe shine.
But, O! his presence (past expressing) brings
A reall glory all in all divine;
All as from darkenesse looke upon this light,
Whilst flames (as mysts) doe flie before his sight.

Those blessed bands in state of grace which stood,
(As ministers admitted unto God)
To mortalls sometime which tould tidings good,
And oft did strike with indignation's rod;
They, who till com'd, this time not understood,
With Christ arise all ready at his nod;
And free from envy which did marre their mates,
Doe seeke with joy the partners of their states.

The dregs of Adam's race shall soone disclose
What God's decree involv'd in clouds doth keepe,
That time, that time, which must confound all those,
Whose thoughts are plung'd in pleasure's groundlesse deepe,
Even then perchance (that nature may repose)
When all the senses buried are in sleepe;
Ah! how those eyes unclos'd amaz'd remaine,
Which from that time should never close againe.

O ten times curst! whom Christ that time shall finde,
Still hatching evill, defrauding Nature's due,
Whilst darkenesse makes the eyes (though open) blinde,
And makes the minde what it affects to view,
Which (wing'd with thoughts) fare swifter then the winde,
Though (still confin'd) doth all, over all, pursue;
What doubtfull projects flote within his brest,
Who dreames yet sleepes not, lyes, but doth not rest.

When that crown'd bird which Peter's braggs did scorne
(As still a friend to light) seemes to cite light,
Some more conceive then ever could be borne,
Whilst big with monsters of imagin'd might,
And aiery names with shadowes to adorne,
Doe build high hopes which fall, ere at the height;
Such bosomes serpents nurse whose stings they try,
Pride, æmulation, envy, lelousie.

As prick'd with thorne some in their beds doe roule,
Whilst charg'd with thoughts, which but their cares abuse,
And make that mettall idols of their soule;
Which in a calfe the Iewes great Iudge did bruise;
Their greedy course whilst nothing can controule,
Though having more then they themselves can use;
Like them who drinke more then they can digest,
Who keepe the appetite, but not the taste.

The Devill in darkenesse held most powerfull still,
Some when retir'd imagine mischiefe strange,
And to shed blood doe dedicate their will,
Whilst tortur'd with a fury of revenge;
More guilty he who in his heart doth kill,
Although his course (if disappointed) change;
Then he who doth by chance one's death procure,
"No member guilty, if the minde be pure."

Though beds should be as private graves for rest,
While as death's image doth seize living dust,
Yet some (runne mad) as raging in a pest,
Voluptuouslie their fancies surfet must,
A filthie fury poysoning the brest,
With strange delights of a prodigious lust;
The which whilst walking so corrupts their will,
That when they sleepe, it doth delude them still.

Not onely shall this sudden charge surprise,
Such in their sinnes as do from God rebell,
But even all those who evils by night devise,
As loving darknesse, shall in darknesse dwell:
Who with a conscience calme all feares despise,
Not having hope of Heaven, nor feare of Hell:
Such to an owle make God inferiour be,
As if by night, night's maker nought could see.

Wing'd messengers may then even some arrest,
Who, rioting till quite exhausted all,
(Whil'st in their vomits wallowing they rest)
From men to beasts, from beasts to nought do fall:
Those dead (though living) who can but deteste,
As Nature's monsters mankinde to appall?
In them who have their reason drown'd in wine,
No sparke of God's, nor Nature's light doth shine.

Some rating pleasure at too high a price,
Who with the light do lay all shame aside,
Do prostitute their souls to every vice;
If not then free (by beastlinesse) from pride;
Then their whole states oft venture on the dice,
As who in nought but fortune do confide;
By many odious oath such mock God's might,
True works of darkenesse worthy of the night.

Fond worldlings there involv'd in vaine delight,
Who to the senses fraile indulgent are,
And (as soft sounds the courage do invite)
With measur'd madnesse march upon the aire;
Whil'st from themselves by pleasure ravish'd quite,
What it provokes no kinde of sport they spare;
Their eares attending musick's soule to have,
Of this dread blast the first assault receive.

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By stratagems a captaine boldly wise,
His enemie's campe (not look'd for)oft confounds,
But when he first doth sentinels surprise,
That all about the neighbouring bounds rebounds,
In breasts unarm'd what terrour strange doth rise,
Whil'st drummes yeeld deadly, trumpets lively sounds? [blinde,
Whil'st shouts make deafe, amazement dumbe, dust
Ere swords the bodie, feare doth kill the minde.

So shall it be with all those broken bands,
(As for the godly they watch still prepar'd)
Then when life's Lord doth come to judge all lands;
Like fishes angled, or like beasts ensnar'd, [brands,
Those whom Hell's badge for endlesse darknesse
Not having power to wish, are straight despair'd;
And soone do see what now they not attend,
Ere thought by them begun, all at an end.

What hideous charge all to compeer compels,
Whose sound may show what breath the blast doth feed?
No cannons, thunders, tempests, trumpets, bells,
Nor yet all joyn'd, so huge a noise could breed;
Since heard in Heaven, on Earth, and in the Hells,
Till dreadfull silence doth over all succeed:
The hearkening world seemes all become one eare,
The grave gives place, the dead his voice do heare.

All you who on, or in the dust, do lodge,
A great great court I cite you to attend,
Even at Christ's instance where himselfe is Iudge,
To heare that sentence which none can suspend,
Of boundlesse joyes, or else of anguish huge,
Which he doth give (as you deserv'd) in th' end.
What from his servant's mouth none would conceive,
Heare from himselfe, even what doth damne, or save.

Passe, passe, swift angels, ore each region range,
Force all to rise who ever downe did lye;
What in their essence th' elements did change,
Bid them restore, that Christ all flesh may spie;
You are the gatherers, this that vintage strange,
Which in all souls what stuffe hath beene, must try;
Twixt Heaven and Hell this is a judgement great,
To judge each one their owne, contentions date.

The word them gives by which they thus are sought,
Power to obey, else were the charge but vaine,
That word which first did make them all of nought,
May now of something make them soone againe;
Past numbring, numbers are together brought,
That some may thinke what bounds can them con-
Who makes the dead to rise at his decree, [taine:
May make a roome where they may marshall'd be.

The heavenly soules which with fraile bodies bound,
Did act together on this earthly stage,
Though subtile they of divers deeps did sound,
In which grosse organs could not then engage:
Yet in all actions equall partners found,
By reason led or head-long borne by rage.
Though once divorc'd, they marry must againe,
To joyne in joy, or in eternall paine.

Those heavenly sparks which are flowne up above,
To shine in glory, and in zeale to burne;
And shall of pleasure the perfection prove,
With mortall vails which mask'd of late did mourne:
They from their place a moment must remove,
With Christ in triumph glorious to returne;
Their twice-borne bodies when put on they have,
First from the belly, last now from the grave.

Those gather up their garments from the dust,
Which prison'd are in Pluto's ugly cels,
Though loath to part thence, where returne they must,
As then their conscience inwardly them tels,
They know their Iudge as terrible, as just,
Will but confirme their holding of the Hells,
Yet all their processe must deduced be,
That saints God's justice, and their faults may see.

Foure elements with foure complexions make,
This mortall masse soone rais'd, and soone ore-throwne,
And when that it turns to corruption backe,
With what accrest each doth crave back the owne,
The waters all the liquid substance take,
Th' ayre breath, fire active heat, th' earth earth well known.
Which all though thus in their first fountains drown'd,
Not take nor leave, but are the same still found.

The Lord doth not (which some would fondly doubt)
As once in Eden a creation use,
As if the first consum'd were all worne out,
That he not knows their substance where to chuse,
No these same bodies which we beare about,
The Lord will raise, and cleare or else accuse:
When done by God, then wonders are not strange,
The quality and nothing else doth change.

Of our fraile spoils each part (where made a prey)
He who doth watch our dust will straight require;
That which the waters washed have away,
What was in flames exhausted by the fire,
That which (winde's scorn) toss'd through the ayre did stray,
And what to earth all rotten did retire:
All at an instant shall together go,
To reconstinue, not beginning so.

The husband's hopes, which Ceres first renown'd,
Must buried rot, made lesse, to be made more;
Yet wrestle up (though in the earth still bound)
In forme more pleasant, multipli'd in store:
So shall our dust (though swallow'd in the ground)
Spring from corruption brighter then before;
In bodies new, whose state none can surmise,
Laid mortall downe, but must immortall rise.

Those creeping creatures which with silks conceive,
Bred first of seed, their food with toils acquite,
Then what they gaine must all to others leave,
And lye (stretch't out) wrapt up in funerall white:
Yet straight reviv'd, where buried burst the grave,
And mount aloft with wings all altered quite.
In wormes (men's types) those who do mark this change,
How can they thinke the resurrection strange?

As man like milk was at the first pour'd out,
Then straight like cheese turn'd all to cruds at once,
Till clad with skinne (his sex made free from doubt)
With sinews joyn'd, and fortifi'd with bones;
When as the Moone hath chang'd thrice, thrice about,
He doth burst forth, neglecting mother's groans,
And (though from him at first as weake teares flow)
Doth straight of God a talking image grow.

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So sowne by death where fests fraile mortals' seed,
The earth conceiv'd, shall straight (big-bellyed) shake,
And though at first a moving masse doth breed,
Not travell shall till time her birth ripe make,
Whil'st vitall moysture ashes dry doth feed,
That marrow bones, bones flesh, flesh skinne doth take,
Till all at last unto perfection worne,
Graves are delivered, mankinde is new borne.

The spritual powers shall soone have repossess'd,
Their ancient roomes restor'd to them by grace,
Which were (they thence by nature's rigour press'd)
To death by sinne morgag'd but for a space;
But now (they free who had beene thus distress'd)
All members move, power pour'd in every place.
What could corrupt all worne unto an end,
They spritualll bodies, bodied sprits ascend.

Then shall not weaknesse (passing each degree)
A progresse have perfection to attaine,
But from infirmity made freely free,
They shape, proportion, strength, and knowledge gaine;
All qualities at once accomplis'd be,
That to augment there nothing doth remaine:
The first and second birth do differ farre,
First men were made, now rais'd, then grew, now are.

Some Gentiles fond who from the truth did stray,
(When by th' apostles told) did scorne this once,
Yet trusted grounds which vaine inventions lay,
By fabulous doctrine learn'd, and fools at once,
That by Prometheus men were made of clay,
And by Deucalion quickened out of stones.
Thus had their souls to see the truth no eyes,
"Who loath the light, God gives them over to lyes."

Great armies oft as if one body move,
Whose soul it seemes the trumpet's sound doth sway,
So when this charge is thundred from above,
One moment makes who were, or are, obey.
O strange alarme! what must this meeting prove,
Where ruine onely hath prepar'd the way? There,
All knowne when mustred (though not numbred)
A dreadfull censor no man's spot will spare.

Those which the deeps disgested did containe,
As bent to drink those who them oft did drink,
To heaven exhal'd, though still'd through fruits by raine,
That dainty tastes more delicate them think:
Their trunks drawn down when once throwne up sink:
Though dead and buried, move, not swimme, nor again,
A death which drunkards do deserve to have,
To lye with liquor in a liquid grave.

Of them whom Thetis kiss'd till kil'd of late,
Whilst their three mates they in her bosome leave,
Some winds, and waves, against each rock do beat,
Till them for food the scalie troups receave;
That fishes men, men may those fishes eat,
Chang'd quality, and forme, whose flesh may have.
Man's substance it may transubstantiate oft,
But shall the same that first, mount last aloft.

Muse, do not strive above thy strength to mount,
As mortal's braines those hosts could comprehend,
Which not sea's sands, nor yet Heaven's starres can count,
Whil'st swarming forth their judgment to attend,
They arithmetick's rules do farre surmount; end,
When, rais'd from dust, more thick then dust in th'
But yet a part most knowne by fame design'd,
May leave a more impression in the minde.

The first great troupe issuing from the deep,
Which long have wandred with the watrie brood,
Which glutted Neptune in his caves did keep,
When all his guests were surfeited of food,
Are those amid'st the roaring waves who sleep,
Since first they fell drown'd by the generall flood:
Those who of God the threatenings still did scorne,
Till Death at once one fleece ore all had shorne.

What deluge strange doth from that deluge flow,
Of monstrous people terrible to see?
Whose stature shows what time they had to grow;
The dwarfes with them, with us would giants be:
Ere bended was the many colour'd bow,
All that had falne rise from corruption free.
Where raging deeps had justly lodg'd their dust,
Still drown'd when dead, who burn'd alive with lust.

Thence comes the tyrant who did sway the state,
Where fertile Nilus mollifies the minde;
Whom (to confirme his owne with wonders great)
God did obdure, and made by brightnesse blinde,
With guilded slaves, which, flattering his conceit,
The Lord to him would needs inferior finde.
Those all like him by his example made,
As oft to sinne he shall to judgement leade.

Mad men to whom by wond'rous blows abroad,
The arme of God had justly terrour brought;
Foole that had seene the proofe of Aron's rod,
What danger was thou might'st in time have thought,
Whil'st vaine magicians emulating God,
The same in show, but not in substance wrought:
Vaine sophists (to be mock'd) but mock the eyes,
Truth, (naked) truth, lyes are (though painted) lyes.

What made the doubt, that he whom thou didst spie,
Turne streames to bloud, might mixe them with thy bloud,
That he who made thy land's first borne to dye,
Would save the lives of (his friend) Abraham's brood,
Where his might march he who the deeps did dry,
That he would make them drowne who him withstood? blinde,
"But those whom God will lose he makes them
Those head-long ruine who are for wrack design'd."

They who with haste the Hebrew host pursu'd,
Whose glancing armes each eye, shouts fill'd each eare,
Who lack'd no stately show, which might when view'd,
In them breed courage, and in others feare,
Their foes contemn'd (as if they were subdu'd)
Who did themselves as if in triumph beare:
And (spuing blasphemy from pride's low height)
Even challenge durst the Lord of hosts to fight.

Loe, from the mudde they now creepe poorely out,
As from a prison which upbraids their blame,
And spoil'd of all which compass'd them about,
Rise naked up, yet kept by feare from shame;
The trumpet makes them tremble (though earst stout)
As thinking it their sentence will proclaime;
And even great Pharo, vile amidst his owne,
Can by no signe more then the rest be knowne.

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What fools then rise who never could be pleas'd,
Though settled owners of a fertile ground?
Where under them even thousands were well eas'd,
And, thien their masters, more contentment found;
Whose trait'rous hopes still on new conquests seas'd
Till death did show how little might them bound:
That as all lands could but strict limits give,
Last for the seas (vaste like their minds) did strive.

Ah, for man's madnesse who enough can mourne,
From whom still pure that there may rest no place,
Who makes his rage even in the deeps to burne,
And (standing) runnes in walking woods his race;
Makes Neptune's azure all to crimson turne,
And fills with blood the wrinckles of his face?
What thirst of mischiefe thus torments man still,
That it no sea can quench, nor land can fill?

The Grecian seas shall give those bodies back,
(When floting Athens camp'd in wooden walls)
Which mountains plains, and floods dry fields would make, [thralls,
Scourg'd all the windes, rank'd nature with their
Which all conspir'd seem'd to procure their wrack,
Both sea and land made famous by their falls,
As if that king who could not count his host,
Had sought all means by which they might be lost.

All Salamina's straits disgorge againe,
Those whom they swallow'd and digested had;
But broken squadrons are restor'd in vaine,
Since with no armes, no, with no garment clad,
Whil'st both the parts then joyn'd in one remaine,
Great is the number, but the cause is bad:
Who striv'd for state, both as most abject bow:
Greeks and Barbarians no way differ now.

By this last blast those do assemble all,
At divers times who in the deeps fell dead,
By him almost preventing Persia's fall,
Who the Greeke empire had abortive made,
Who, charg'd with chains, lay for his father thrall,
An act more great then all his hosts to leade:
"From vertue's height this generous course did come,
A man most vitious armies might ore-come."

The last great act which Athens did intend,
Defrauded thousands of their funerall right,
Which did presage their greatnesse neere an end,
Whose state then chang'd, as having past the height:
Those to pursue that then did armies send,
From that time forth, did for their confines fight:
"A mighty towne whose growing nought could stay,
When com'd to faile, doth vanish soone away.

Their greatest captaine fondly then remov'd,
The other cold, procur'd what he divin'd,
Who happy first, last, most unhappy prov'd,
Whilst superstition vilified his minde;
But Siracusa yet to stand behov'd,
Whose conquest was for greater foes design'd;
And those by sea to get more land who striv'd,
Drown'd in the sea were of all land depriv'd.

Faire Sicile long still by great states was sought,
As fertile fields weake owners did entise,
The fatall lists where Rome and Carthage fought,
When all the world was made the victor's prise,
Thy bounds (oft-bath'd with blood) was dearely bought,
Which strangers still, else tyrants did surprise;
Thy sea, the stage where death oft act'd with wounds,
Must muster many when the trumpet sounds.

Earst Athens, Pyrrhus, Carthage, Rome in ire,
(Their hungry hopes whilst Ceres fill'd with dreames)
To daunt that people proudly did aspire,
Not fearing Scilla, nor Charibdis' streames,
Nor thund'ring Ætna vomiting forth fire,
Nor Vulcan's forge, nor monstrous giants' names;
No, Plutoe's selfe, who wedded in those fields,
His conquer'd Helis to greedy men he yeelds.

Those whose great valour did so honour wrong,
That each eternall pen it yet renownes,
Who rivals liv'd in love of glory long,
And though but cities did dispose of crownes,
Those two by sea did strive who was most strong,
As all the Earth could not containe two townes:
"Each state the world lesse then it selfe contrives,
A just proportion ruine onely gives."

That haughty race which kings in triumph led,
(All not well pleas'd with parting of the spoiles)
That fishes might aswell as beasts be fed,
(The land else glutted by their guilty broiles)
Did on the sea a sea of blood once shed,
Which (wash'd by waves away) might foile their foiles,
That them to plague no furie place could finde;
All objects raz'd which might upbraid the minde.

A spatious field the waters did afford,
Where floting armies might their forces try,
When free men fighting who should be their lord,
With too much valour did their bondage buy,
Whilst Eolus did rage, and Neptune roar'd
More cruell creatures then themselves to spy;
"Men of all else which this large circuite fill,
Most subtile are, and violent in ill."

From liquid fields were carcasses are rife,
Now with this troupe Volteius passage finds,
Who were more bold then fortunate in strife,
And dying did triumph ore foes, waves, winds,
Of fame too greedie, prodigall of life,
As those whose soules were strangers to their minds;
"Who lose their owne to gaine from others breath,
Life by opinion seeke, for certaine death."

When as two brothers that were bound in law,
Did pledge their lives who onely should be free,
Pale Neptune once at Actium wondring saw,
His crystall walkes all as congeal'd in tree,
Which from their kingdomes diverse kings did draw,
To know whose slaves they were ordayn'd to be;
As both (till clear'd) from what they crav'd would stand;
Two on the sea did fight for all the land.

To save themselves, or others to confound,
When lofty legions did a purpose take,
Of winds, waves, armes, oares, shouts, blows groanes, the sound,
Gave bold men courage, made the cowards quake,
Whilst floating forests mutually did wound,
Which Neptune, Mars, and Eolas made shake;
The bellies (big with men) abortive burst,
By thundring engines violated first.

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When this encounter had made many smart,
A stately meeting, terrible to thinke,
Ships without kindnesse kiss'd, yet loath to part,
Stood strugling long which should the other sinke,
Till some oft pierc'd, and past all hope of art,
For poyson last (as deep'rat) floods did drinke;
And that none might their conquer'd ensignes claime,
Slipt under seas, as if to hide their shame.

But haughtie Romans storm'd to be with-stood,
And us'd to conquer, marvel'd to be match'd;
From floods in vaine some drinking back their blood,
Halfe kill'd, halfe drown'd, death by two darts dispatch'd; [flood,
There where they fought whil'st bodies pav'd the
Till emptie first, no wooden cave was catch'd: [books,
"O how that life seemes foule which blots fame's
In glorie's glasse whil'st generous courage looks!"

Whil'st Mars as yet a doubtful iudge did prove,
The barbarous queene fled with Pelusian slaves,
And who lov'd her, did straight with her remove,
Not fearing, no, as who in feavers raves:
He fled not foes, but follow'd on his love,
For whom the hope of all the world he leaves:
Who vanquish'd armies oft, a woman foil'd,
Who all of all, him of himselfe she spoil'd.

The seas surrender at that dreadfull blast,
Troups of all lands which in their deeps did fall,
In discord then, but rise in league at last,
The cause growne common which doth joyne them all;
Not only ancients famous in times past,
But Turks and Christians thence a voice doth call,
Whom even when raging, raging floods supprest,
That waves might tosse them still who would not rest.

What turband band abandons Thetis' bowres,
By their misfortune fortunate to fame,
Who by a royall pen's eternall powers, [claime?
Reft back from death, life, whil'st men breath do
How those (still Turks) were baptiz'd in few houres,
Where azure fields foam'd forth a hoarie streame:
This my great Phœbus tun'd to trumpets' sounds,
Whose stately accents each strange tongue rebounds.

Not onely thus by barbarous hands ore-throwne,
Some whom Christ bought a floting tombe confines,
But by themselves (like Pagans spoil'd) though
In liquid plaines a number breath resignes, [knowne,
Whil'st those who toile to make the world their owne,
Do with devotion paint most damn'd designes:
That they when all things else have fail'd for baits,
May superstition use to angle states.

When haughtie Philip with this isle in love,
Whose rage to raigne no reason could appease;
As oft by fraud, it last by force would prove,
To barren Spaine whose fertile fields did please;
He sent huge hulks which did like mountains move,
As townes for traffique, palaces for ease;
And of all sorts did furnish forth a band,
As if to people, not to win, a land.

To brave the Heavens whil'st giants would assay,
The Lord their power would wonderfully bound;
One little bark their navy did dismay,
A woman did the mighty man confound;
All elements did arme their course to stay,
That wicked men might not pollute our ground:
For pride disdain'd, for cruelty abhorr'd,
Spaine beg'd (a slave) where looking to be lord.

O happie those for whom the Heavens will fight,
Of angels armies campe about them still, [light,
Whil'st haile and thunder from Heaven's store-house
Arm'd winters are pour'd out, sterne tempests kill;
The stormy winds conjur'd in time charge right,
As train'd in warre to spend their power with skill.
"Still to the author mischiefe doth return,
And in the fires they make the wicked burn."

The tumid region numbers doth afford,
Who onely there could quench ambition's fire;
And avarice hath it with many stor'd,
Who onely there could bound their vaste desire;
Though each of them had of much wealth beene lord,
Who by no meanes contentment could acquire,
Till (like themselves) still taking, fill'd with nought,
The sea and Hell them to abundance brought.

What heavy thoughts their quaking hearts do move,
When with each wave a wound Death seemes to give;
Which rais'd up high like battering engines prove,
That so to charge do for advantage strive,
(Save sudden lightnings flash out from above)
Clouds masking Heaven, ore all do darknesse drive.
That whilst they nothing see, and too much heare,
Falne on the deeps Hell's shaddow doth appeare.

Some scap'd such stormes, whil'st they secure remaine,
Surpris'd by pirats suddenly despaire,
Whose cruell avarice to render vaine,
They yeeld (as faint) till they to them repaire,
Then powder kindled by a lingring traine,
Straight all at once are thundred through the ayre:
In water burn'd, weake thralls kill victors strong,
And suffring, act, revenge preventing wrong.

Thus by the sea a number is bewray'd,
Whose dying eyes a friend did never close,
Not in their fathers', no, in no tombe lay'd,
Which had when dead no part where to repose,
But are by waves to every rocke betray'd,
Till this last day doe of all flesh dispose,
Which as would seeme most ready those may finde,
Whom th' earth not burdens, winding-sheets not binde.

The face of th' earth like those a number yeelds,
Who for last lodgings could not get a grave,
Yet where they fell, as having wonne the fields,
Them (dead a time) from all who liv'd did reave,
Throwne in the dust, drawne from their bloudy shields,
Whil'st naked there, they what they clad did save:
Till beasts with some did runne, with some fowles flye:
As bodies first, bones bare at last did lye.

The bloud of some did staine that golden age,
To strike with iron ere malice did invent,
On ruine's altar offring up to rage, [bent;"
"Wrath wants not weapons when for mischiefe
Then indignation mortals did assuage, [rent,
With stones, sharpe stings, and what by force was
From gored bellies, bowels did gush out,
And heads with braines were compassed about.

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Ist when men spy'd whil'st venging wrong by chance,
That life was lodg'd in such a fortresse fraile,
To court vaine-glory which to fooles did glance,
Some (as for sport) their neighbours did assaile;
Then last, their state of purpose to advance,
Stray'd valour would by violence prevaile:
All armies first were by ambition led,
Till avarice a greater fury bred.

Who first from death by deeds redeem'd their [names,
And eminent magnanimously grew,
Their fancies frying in ambition's flames)
They onely praise, not profit did pursue;
And as for glory, who contend at games,
Sought others to exceell, not to subdue:
Such Scythia one, another Egypt gave,
From conquer'd lands who did but honour crave.

Those weapons first were found, which pierc'd or bruis'd,
Ere dreadful Cyclops made their hammers reele;
Of Mars chiefe minions, sword and launce were us'd,
Ere men did march (as statues) all of steele;
What fury in proud mindes this rage infus'd,
That they would suffer to make others feele,
And strive to further, ere to hinder ill,
Then save themselves, more bent their mates to kill?

What mountains were of murd'red bodies made,
Which till falne dust, the dust did not receive,
Of Ashur, Persia, Greekes and Romans dead, [have,
Who whil'st that they more earth, them earth would
Whil'st of the world each striving to be head,
Those members maim'd which it to rule did crave?
Then though all lands one onely did adore,
As pent in too strict bounds, yet one sought more.

Of bones unburied, what huge heaps were rear'd
By Teutons, Cimbers, Gaules, great by doing harmes,
By Vandals, Allans, Hunnes, and Goths long fear'd,
Danes, Longobards, and Sarazens in swarmes?
For which long time those fields could not be ear'd,
Where they to death had offred up their armes:
Whil'st where to live, to winne more lands then set,
Where they might dye, who onely land could get.

Then Nature strong, as in her perfect age,
As bees their swarmes, lands colonies sent forth,
Which forc'd by wants, or mov'd by generous rage,
In tempests huge inunded from the north;
Else that high hopes dream'd riches might asswage,
They sought the south as held of greatest worth:
To what it pleas'd, whil'st power a right did claime,
Oft with their dwellers, countries chang'd the name.

That heathenish host by Iuda so abhorr'd,
Whose captaine's railings vengeance to contrive,
A godly king did spread before the Lord,
Whose wrong his soule did most of peace deprive,
Till that an angell with just fury stor'd,
Did kill of thousands thrice threescore and five:
Those who blaspheming God by him were slaine,
Must rise with feare to looke on God againe.

Thence thousands rise with strangers, or their owne,
Where still to broyles the Grecians were inclin'd,
Where all the world at fortune's dice was throwne,
'Twixt sire and sonne in law, not love combin'd;
By vertues clients fall, which fields were knowne,
Of all, who onely the state's good design'd:
"None vertue should adore, all reverence must,
Men should delight in it, not in it trust."

Thence (never buried) many bodie springs,
Where of all lands oft armies did contend,
Kill'd by the senate, emperours, or kings,
But most by him who did to Carthage send,
(Reft from Rome's nobles) bushels full of rings,
And by barbarians lords of all in th' end:
Thus Italy all nations did obey,
And to all nations was expos'd a prey.

That field yeelds thousands, where wrong squaring right,
(For famous captaines twise a fatall stage)
Great Pompey did with Mithridates fight,
And Tamberlaine the terrour of that age,
On lightning Baiazet did thund'ring light,
Tam'd for a foot-stoole in an iron cage:
Thus that great monarch was made worse then thrall,
"Pride hated stands, and doth unpittied fall."

All then must march at this last trumpet's sound,
Who fields entomb'd, damn'd flouds, and ditches fill'd,
Whil'st Ottoman to make his crescent round,
Bloud (as but water) prodigally spill'd;
His bassaes now rise groning from the ground,
Which oft by him, or else for him were kil'd:
And as for bondage borne (free but from graves)
Did live to him, and dyed to Satan slaves.

By violence, death divers did surprise,
Still since the world first peopled did remaine,
But men in mischiefe fondly growne more wise,
By bolts unseene, some now of late are slaine,
Since some new Sulmons, no, divels did devise,
Those sulphurous engines bragging God againe:
Which men, yea towres, and townes, in pieces teare,
Then thunder now, men more the canon feare.

Those soone start up which fell, whil'st as lesse strong
By Vulcan forc'd succumbing Thetis ror'd,
And thundring forth the horrour of her wrong,
The burden urg'd, straight in disdaine restor'd,
The ayery region raging all along,
Which death to them did suddenly afford:
And by a blow most strange, no scarre then found,
The bones all broken, and the flesh still sound.

Those whom of th' earth the superfice as forc'd,
Did beare, not bury, suffer, not receive,
By men even dead (as oft alive) extorc'd,
To avarice, else cruelty, still slave,
Those shall from dust no sooner be divorc'd,
Then they who sought the centre for a grave;
Whose bodies with their soules did seeme to strive,
Which first at Hell should with most haste arrive.

The mutinous Hebrewes, who gainst him repinde,
Whose face (as glorie's rayes reflecting still)
Com'd from the thunderer like cleare lightning shin'd,
God's secretary who first penn'd his will;
As soone as they whose dust no weight confin'd,
They rise whom th' earth did bury first, then kill:
To offer bent (pride burning in their breasts)
As like himselfe, whom Pluto tooke for priests.

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That scorn'd diviner is with them expos'd,
(Fooles who fore-know, not for their fate provide)
Who by his wife, when lurking was disclos'd,
And whom at last the earth did as strangely hide,
And that the cave which burn'd might so be clos'd,
He as Rome's best who under ground did ride:
There greedy to doe good, or fame to give,
That where his body dyed, his name might live.

Some feaver strange, when surfeits seeme to move,
Those of the earth, who in the entrails dwell,
Whil'st it (though trembling) raging seemes to prove,
If it may drinke the world, and spue forth Hell,
They from the dust as quickly shall remove,
As those by powder, who in powder fell:
By tyrants fierce whil'st pin'd, no, freed from paine,
Who faine on th' earth, or toss'd through th' ayre remain.

Now Orpheus shall not need (as poets faine)
To charm the Furies with harmonious sounds,
Nor Hercules by violence in vaine,
To force the dungeons of the shadowy bounds,
The guests below shall once turne backe againe,
To see (what they have lost) superior rounds:
The prince of darkuesse will be pleas'd with this,
Since sure to have them judg'd for ever his.

The Earth her entrails quickly shall discharge,
That God at once all who had soules may see,
All prisoners at last, death must enlarge,
At that great iubily, as once set free,
Who were so long in passing Charon's barge,
Soone from oblivion's floud, brought backe shall be:
Ere Cerberus can barke, all shall be gone,
And ere they can be miss'd, turn'd every one.

Those whom soft Egypt, alwaies slave to lust,
By spices, oyntments, balmes, and odours rare,
To scorne corruption, and to mocke the dust,
Did keep (when lost) with a ridiculous care,
And us'd as pledges oft to purchase trust,
Their bones worth nought when clad, worth lesse when bare,
Their vailes renu'd, no sooner they resume,
Then whom at first corruption did consume.

Those pyramides whose points seem'd (threatning Heaven)
Not solitary tombes, but courted thrones;
The huge Mausoleum, one of wonders seaven;
That obeliske, which grac'd Augustus' bones;
Late monuments those æmulous to eaven,
Of marble, porphyr, iaspe, and precious stones:
None hides his guest from this great Iudge's sight,
Nor yet him sends more gorgeous to the light.

Of place the distance, distant time not breeds,
Some who a field impurpled by their fall,
Whose entrails straight another mansion needs,
Lest else corruption might encroach on all,
Their bodies, friends (as oft for pompe succeeds)
Not seeme (farre borne) to burie, but enstall:
But though each part a severall kingdome takes,
A sudden union now one moment makes.

That dreame-diviner by two tribes call'd Syre,
(Though by them lost) who did his brothers save,
His dust from Goshen quickly shall retire,
And with the rest, a second Hymen have,
Where though long dead, as faith did first inspire,
His bones for his, possession did receive:
Or since by him so benefited once,
That land ingrate to frustrate of his bones.

The third time then some live, from tombes rais'd
(Their resurrection represented else) [twice,
Whom death (it seem'd) did but a while disguise,
For acting wonders which amazement tels;
When wak'd by force, as who did drousie rise,
They drawne from Lethe, or oblivion's cels:
Straight with the place all priviledge did leave,
Made as who dream'd, or in high feavers rave.

Till soar'd from hence, where they so long have striv'd,
Still charg'd with flesh, all soules infirme remaine;
And with their burdens those who were reviv'd,
Their former frailties did resume againe;
So that unknowing where a space they liv'd,
Maym'd memory was bounded by the braine:
Through earthly organs spectacles impure,
Soules reach but objects, such as they procure.

Some fondly curious, would have then enquir'd,
What lodgings last those both-world-guests did leave,
Which (if remembred) reverenc'd, and admir'd,
They would not wrong by words what none conceive;
Great Paul (whose selfe could not tell how) retir'd,
Whom the third Heaven (when ravish'd) did receive:
He what he saw return'd, could not relate,
Past mortals' senses, to immortals great.

Such soules when last to their first tents turn'd backe,
Their toiles thereby, and others' glory grew, [make,
Whilst to the world that way, God cleare would
That faith (when firme) might death it selfe subdue;
But then they flesh as when first left did take,
Which now at last the Lord will all renue,
Their resurection when no time confines, [signes.
Whil'st rais'd, ripe fruits, of what they first were

Thus the great Tisbit strangely did restore,
(That none might trouble have who gave him rest)
Hersonne whose victuals did when waste, grow more;
Like to the like, when in like state distrest,
That prophet did, who crav'd his sprit in store,
Not to be press'd by such a second guest, [sleep,
Whose grave wak'd one, that there he might not
Where he (when dead) a quickening power did keep.

The blest Bethanian highly shall rejoyce,
When next he cals who show'd such tender love.
As even to weep for him, as a chiefe choice,
Till he was brought (free from white bands) above,
The first who in the grave did heare that voice,
Which from all graves must make their guests remove:
And greater power when glorified may show,
Then from fraile flesh, when but breath'd forth below.

Those soone start up, who quickly come to light,
As to applaud what was accomplish't knowne,
Christ's acting sufferings (when most low) at height,
That the last part on this world's stage was showne;
Else to upbraid, as a prodigious sight,
Them who did haste what bent to have ore-throwne:
And others all thus rais'd, more glad doe rise,
Of soules birth once, then of their bodies thrice.

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There come those two, from whence no flesh can know,
Yet not more soone then whom fraile eyes saw dead,
Of which as types one to each world did show,
That mortals might be straight immortall made,
Grosse bodies mount, and some death not orethrow,
A labyrinth whence nature none can leade:
In most evill times most good to be mark'd so,
Those did from hence man's common way not goe.

That godly man, by God judg'd just to be,
Translated was, that he might not see death,
Since it kill'd him, his Lord despis'd to see,
Whil'st poyson'd with vile men's blasphemous breath;
Or else at last from pangs and horrours free,
He priviledg'd from all the signes of wrath,
Did part, not dye, from sinne, not life estrang'd;
"Soules must remove, else have their lodging chang'd."

Whil'st him, save God, who ought disdain'd to feare,
Vile Baal's scourge, of kings who scorn'd the ire,
With flaming steeds a burning coach did beare,
The winde made wagoner, an angell squire,
'Twixt this grosse globe, and the celestiall sphere,
Zeale triumph did, even as it fought, with fire:
That Heaven and Earth both might his glory know,
As earst his toiles, when but contemn'd below.

As where he lives or lyes, to turne, or stay,
To dispute easie is, hard to conclude;
The Lord perchance committed him to clay,
As one with whom he on Mount Tabor stood:
Else not dissolv'd, but chang'd when borne away,
And (some thinke) kept a part yet to doe good:
For without all, no saints perfected be,
The maid-borne body so Heavens onely see.

A loud alarme, still doubling from above,
(The word eternall may make breath abound)
All this vast circuit doth a trumpet prove,
Whose concave wastes not, but maintains the sound,
At the first blast, nought else save it did move,
As driry silence had prepar'd the ground;
But till all ears be fill'd it higher swels,
A horrid echo roaring from the Hells.

Those guilty soules what further comfort shields,
From sleepe whose conscience with the body starts,
Even when they see (as grasse) ov'r all the fields,
Men grow about them? O what frozen hearts!
Earth labour'd long, a monstrous harvest yeelds,
Which straight Heaven's husband, loe, grinds, sifts, and parts:
Who can but thinke how such endure this sight?
And yet what they attend, makes it seeme light.

He who them hates when God the just doth grace,
Both griefe and envy torture him at once,
Of two who rest companions in one place,
Th' one pleas'd, is glad, the other desp'rate, mones;
Th' one parts as pointed for eternall peace,
The other sign'd for paine, stayes, howls, and groanes.
Thus of the godlie's good the first degree,
Is, from the wicked that they parted be.

Those creatures who by death did never fall,
That fatall summons do no sooner heare,
Then those whom it forth from the dust doth call,
Where they had slept even many a hundred yeare,
Soules' lodgings thus which had been ruin'd all,
Straight builded then, first perfect do appeare.
The just they first, the reprobate last move,
Which sink below, whil'st th' others flie above.

Those temples then which not dissolv'd still stay,
(A mystery difficult to conceive)
All debt of death (not dying) shall defray,
The other life straight com'd, ere this them leave,
The bodies then (all frailty burn'd away)
Well quintessenc'd, new qualities receive, [dead,
Which though still quicke, yet in their sinnes quite
Ere mortall prov'd, shall be immortall made.

If oft to gaze a multitude remaines,
To hold his court whil'st it some prince attends;
When being met with many stately traines,
He makes a musters of imagin'd friends:
(As by small brooks a floud swolne when it raines)
Till that on him it seemes the world depends.
That pompe to all a reverent awe imparts,
And strikes with terrour malefactors' hearts.

Thinke with what glory Christ his course doth runne,
Whil'st thundring terrour, and yet lightning grace,
He might come clad with starres, crown'd with the Sunne,
But to his brightnesse such (as base) give place:
His court at first of heavenly hosts begun,
From hence enlarg'd is in a little space.
O what strange noise doth all the world rebound,
Whil'st angels sing, saints shout, and trumpets sound.

My ravish'd soule (transcending reason's reach)
So earnest is to surfet on this sight,
That it disdaines what may high thoughts impeach,
Whil'st mounting up to contemplation's height;
Which flight so farre doth passe the power of speech,
That onely silence can pursue it right.
And that my sprit may be refresh'd that way,
It must a space amid'st dumbe pleasures stray.

DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORD'S IVDGMENT.

THE FIFTH HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

A great assembly doth with state begin,
And of some soules the processe is ureigh'd,
So more to tax the Iews', and Christians' sinne,
Here in the balance is before them layd,
Each Ethnick's part to be compar'd, brought in
In judgment now, their errours to upbraid:
Yet all excuses, which such can revolve,
Do damne but others, not themselves absolve.

O WHAT strange sight! what monstrous meeting [now?
One moment musters all the ages gone;
Borne, flown, driv'n, or drawn up, I wot not how,
Large is that crowne which compasses the throne;
All for each time whom Nature did allow,
What numbers must they make when joyn'd in one?

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Whil'st I do looke about, below, on high,
Still clouds of people do confine mine eye.

Oft thousands were in populous squadrons set,
Whil'st haughty monarchs others' empires sought,
But nor men now, more nations last are met,
Who once in all, but differ then in nought,
No severall customes, usuall censures get,
As when some civile, some are barbarous thought,
No garments mark'd, nor signe of hand, nor head:
All naked judg'd, as they at first were made.

What store of tongues oft hungry eares have fed?
Since men from one, did more at Babel take,
And these (licentious) many bastards bred,
Which (mixt like mules) did strange conjunctions make;
But now at last all by one language led,
(Confusion's curse remov'd) as first turne backe,
At least the judge none to interpret needs,
No heart from him hides thoughts, the tongue lesse deeds.

The spatious world at first could scarce containe
Them whom one age by common course brought forth,
Though both by sea and land more ground to gaine,
With colonies disper'st, east, west, south, north,
Who all their wits for wayes to live did strayne,
Yet, dreaming glory, vaunted showes of worth:
Th' Earth whil'st her entrails every one did teare,
Was forc'd to bury whom she could not beare.

Death walkes so slowly with his sleepy pace,
(Though last not look'd for oft times he arrive)
That even to haste man's never resting race,
Both warre and sicknesse violently strive;
What Nature's selfe would bound in little space,
Art to precipitate doth meanes contrive:
Else th' Earth surcharg'd would starve her nurslings soon,
Too populous mankinde by it selfe undone.

But loe all these who had beene guests below,
Since first an angell Eden came to guard,
This huge assembly join'd in one, doth show,
From whence none can escape, nor can be spar'd,
Yet now no ground, no, not no grave they owe,
No strife for marches, lands alike are shar'd:
None for old claimes then doth another cite,
But even of them all memory would quite.

No kinsman, friend, nor old acquaintance here,
Though long disjoyn'd, and soone perchance to part,
Doe meet as men by mutuall duties deare,
With pleasant count'nance, and affecting heart;
That fatall doome to be pronounc'd so neere,
(Which joy or griefe for ever must impart)
With racking cares doth so distract the minde,
That then no other thought a place can finde.

No tyrant here (attended by his thralles)
Doth terrour give, no, but doth it receive,
And now imperiously no master calls,
A humble servant, nor a fawning slave,
That height of minde a present feare appalles,
And breakes that swelling which made many rave:
Though now great difference be of mortals made,
"All shall meet equals, but must first be dead."

Though some whose greatnesse thousands had ere-throwne,
So that their fame (trac'd by amazement) flyes,
Are here scarce mark'd, till for confusion showne,
When all their deeds the Heaven's great Counsel tryes;
Yet others are then earst made better known,
Who whil'st alive deluded credulous eyes,
And seem'd in show, as angels once of light,
But are the children of eternall night.

Worst at that time, these trembling troupes endure,
Who know, yet not performe their master's will,
Though judgements threaten, promises allure,
To follow what is good, and flye from ill,
Whose senses false against their soules conjure,
That spiritualll power which God inspires to kill:
Who doe neglect, I, and despise that grace,
Which even with angels purchase might a place.

With high disdaine of soules the soveraigne mov'd,
A kindled count'nance, flames forth terrour then,
At them who seem'd religion to have lov'd,
Vile hypocrites, curst excrements of men,
And their vast hearts (the cosening maske remov'd)
Show each thing that they thought, both where, and when:
Till much to wonder, godly men are brought,
Who mark them monsters, whom they saints had thought.

That troupe on Sathan's coat God's badge which beares,
Who hatching mischiefe, holinesse pretend,
With whoorish sighs, and with adulterous teares,
Their actions all to court opinion tend;
Weigh'd words, school'd looks, squar'd steps, fain'd griefes, and fears,
As others' earst betray themselves in end:
"All judgements then from errour's maze redeem'd,
Do see things as they were, not as they seem'd."

Can any minde conceive their great distresse,
Who (whil'st ambition at vaine ends doth ayme)
As wit rul'd all, or that all went by guesse,
So for their course a faction strong to frame,
Have no religion, any do professe,
A lump of wax, a show, an idle name;
They then shall finde though once not trusting it,
Slight craft but folly, simple goodnesse wit.

Some (too secure) do ballance justice light,
And some with dreames (whil'st desp'rate) mercies range,
But such dissemblers mounting mischiefe's height,
Then both these two bred blasphemie more strange:
They mock God's wisedome, providence, and might,
As who not knows, not cares, or may not venge:
Christ of the worst the worst sort to define,
Their portion did with hypocrites assigne.

As colours (when compar'd) best knowne appeare,
The truth of all exactly to disclose,
So some may make (when they are matched here)
On more sure grounds the judgement to repose:
We see God doth (that things may be made cleare)
To persons persons, sinne to sinne oppose,
That crimes found monstrous though of lesse degree,
May make the more abhominable be.

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That queene whose name Heaven's register still
beares,
What king they had the Hebrews so to teach,
Who came from farre (neglecting vulgar feares)
A mortal's sight, and temporall ends to reach,
And as most happy envy did their eares,
Who might enjoy the treasures of his speech,
She (whil'st wit's wonders did her minde amaze)
Damn'd liberall fame as niggard of his praise.

She may that day be parallell'd with some,
When humaniz'd our Saviour did remaine,
Who one (more great then Solomon) at home,
Not sought, not heard, but did when found disdaine:
What monstrous madnesse did their minds ore-
come,
Who had, like swine, such pearles expos'd in vaine?
An Ethnicke thus may damne the Hebrews then,
A stranger natives, and a woman men,

Wo to Bethsaida, and Corazin burst,
Whom Tyrus straight, and Sidon may appall;
They (had they seene thy sights no more accurst)
In dust with sackcloth had lamented all;
And Capernaum, who mock mercy durst,
Though high as Heaven, low downe to Hell shall fall:
That which thou saw'st had filthy Sodom seene,
It long a city crown'd with bayes had beene.

That stately towne whence fame at first did sound,
Whose greatnesse once all nations did admire,
When her the Lord had threatned to confound,
Straight prostrated to pacifie his ire,
All (wrapt in sackcloth) grovelings on the ground,
Who humbled soone a pardon did acquire.
She may condemne a number of this age,
Who, when rebuk'd for sinne, not grieve but rage.

Those who of old without the law did live,
And (to themselves a law) lov'd good, loath'd ill;
May for more blisse, at least lesse torment strive,
With those who had it; yet contemn'd it still:
For them fraile glory, or plaine good, did drive,
Where these a hop'd reward, paine fear'd, knowne
will:
Then muse some of the Gentile's deeds burst forth,
Till Christians blush who come behinde in worth.

Though God, nor what he crav'd was then not
knowne,
Yet of religion a degener'd seed,
Industrious Nature in each heart had sowen,
Which fruits (though wilde) did in abundance breed,
And their great zeale which was to idols showen,
Shall damne their coldnesse who the scriptures
reade:
They left, did stray, who call'd were, truth neglect,
These foolish are, they wicked in effect.

Learn'd Athen's glory, wisedome-lovers light,
Did utter things which angels tongues might deck,
Though sure to scape God's scourge, each creature's
sight,
Yet, he would vice (loath'd for it selfe) reject,
And as his daemon did direct him right;
Last, when accus'd, a martyr in effect,
Life's race well runne, glad innocent to dye,
Did (idols damn'd) all Gods (save one) deny.

His scholar next for vertue's treasure lov'd,
By all the world divine was justly call'd:
Whil'st nought by faith, by nature too much mov'd,
The third (his master who all Asia thrall'd)
Who thought of God, much said, but little prov'd,
For all his knowledge, said as quite appall'd,
With paine he ranne, with doubt did end his race,
Then did the thing of things entreat for grace.

By speculation of a pregnant minde,
With Nature wrestling, though by her ore-throwne,
Those did of force by dumbe perswasions finde
A power supreame, by speaking works oft showne;
Whom they (though thus in time and state borne
blinde)
Did seek not call'd, did reverence though not knowne:
Not seeking Heaven, the way to it they trac'd,
And (faithlesse trusting) what not reach'd, embrac'd.

May not such men damne many thousands now,
Who fall confounded in so great a light?
Though learn'd in all which reason doth allow,
They have God's will, Heaven's way, directed right,
Yet worse then these that to base idols bow,
What grip't not feele, not see what is in sight,
But atheists vile abhominable die,
Whose hearts, whose deeds the Deity do deny.

These excrements of th' Earth, the Heaven's refuse,
Of mankinde monsters, Nature's utter staine,
Who do religion as a garment use,
And think both Heaven and Hell names which some
faine,
O when they finde (who now of this doth muse?)
A court, a iudge, a devill, a place of paine;
Since neither faith, nor arguments could move,
The demonstration terrible shall prove.

The soules of such impiety more spoils,
Then following idols Laban who did stray;
Then fugitives who (fled from sundry soils)
Their gods as goods did beare with them away;
Then that sackt towne whose foe (to mock their
foils)
Said, "Let their angry gods with them still stay:"
Such superstitions, atheists are prophane,
They grant no God, and these too many faine.

The idol's prelats who long earnest stood,
Bath'd th' earth with teares, did th' aire with sighs
condense;
And call'd on Baal all deform'd with blood,
As like their idols having lost all sense:
They may upbraid a troupe of Levie's brood,
Who (wanting zeale) with ought but paines dis-
pense:
Then whil'st (though vow'd to Heaven) they Earth
embrace:
But for meere forme do coldly use their place.

You who of God the will reveal'd neglect,
And do his law not labour to fulfill,
Mark how the Ethnicks idols did affect,
In dangerous times depending on their will,
And did of them the answers much respect,
Though enigmatick, and ambiguous still.
In th' end whose fraud, or ignorance appear'd,
Which save th' events no commentary clear'd.

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What trust from men had that horn'd devill procur'd,
Whose oracle (renown'd through many lands)
By labour huge, paine, heat, and thirst endur'd,
Made many haunt his solitary sands,
And ere his harme by him could be procur'd,
Did quite confound Cambyses and his bands;
Whom he ador'd who that king's kingdome reft,
Whom Cato scorn'd, and unconsulted left.

Who hath not heard by fame strange tales oft told,
Of him to whom at Delphos troups did throng,
Who finely could equivocate of old,
Abhomination of all nations long,
Whom to accuse the Lydian king was bold
As false, ingrate, and having done him wrong:
Though he them all deceiv'd who him ador'd,
Yet was his temple with rich treasures stor'd.

To smooth those mindes which were of light depriv'd,
Them through all parts who (still triumphing) went,
(Whil'st Hell's black hosts to guard their altars striv'd) [and rent,
Storms, thunders, earth-quakes, swallow'd, bruis'd
And them (as theirs) to Stygian darknesse driv'd,
Who good design'd, but of an ill intent:
"Thus sacriledge is plagu'd as worst of evils,
Let none rob churches, though they be the Devil's."

Not onely these two celebrated be, [gave,
To whom strange shapes, and names, as soils, they
But from a number what Heaven did decree,
The simple people credulous did crave:
Who did not trust the Dodonean tree,
And how that Apis food did take, or leave?
Though Plutoe's name no oracle would chuse,
Till at Christ's birth all fail'd, he all did use.

The famous Sibylls (admirable thought)
By times and places which distinguish'd were,
Of which one's books twice scorn'd, thrice valu'd,
Rome strictly kept with a religious care. [bought,
From which her fates she long with reverence sought,
As all charactred mystically there.
The great regard which to their books was borne,
May justly damne them who the Scriptures scorne.

These sonnes of Rechab who did wine contemne,
So to obey their earthly father still,
If that obedience (eminent in them)
Check'd who despis'd their spritual parent's will;
May not they once the stubbornesse condemne,
Of carelesse Christians prone to nought save ill?
Who not like them fraile pleasures do forbeare,
But even Christ's easie yoke do irke to beare?

They who did trust all that which was divin'd,
By raving augures drunk with sacred boules,
Each circumstance commenting to their minde,
Of eatings, entrails, cryes, and flights of fowls:
Ecclipses, thundrings, meteors of each kinde,
As sure presages thought, poore simple soules,
Their testimony may a number grieve,
Who what great prophets told would not beleeve.

Some Gentiles once whose knowledge was not cleare,
Who to religion blindly did aspire, [deare,
By treasures, toils, and what they thought most
Of idols sought to pacifie the ire:
And lesse then naturall, heavenly to appeare,
Did offer up their children in the fire:
Thus as we should (though in the ground they err'd)
What they thought God to all things they preferr'd.

For Phrigian warre the Grecian generall kept,
By windes adverse whil'st stay'd on Aulis' coast,
(As his advice the rigorous augur lent)
To expiate his crime, and free the host,
He (in a sacrifice) before he went,
To get a whore his virgin-daughter lost,
And did (in show) as much to scape a stounne,
As Abraham aym'd or Ipthee did performe.

No man can think, and not for horrour start,
What sacrifice some barbarous Indians us'd,
Whil'st oft of men bow'd back on stones by art,
(A meanes to bend the breast, and belly chus'd)
The smoking entrails, and the panting heart,
They in their zeale most barbarously abus'd.
Whose ugly priest his lord resembled right,
In colour, forme, and minde, a monstrous sight.

Religion's reverence when in soules infus'd,
(Though with false grounds) doth absolutely sway,
Rome's second king for this a nymphe's name us'd,
And Africk's victor oft alone did stay;
Long with his hind Sertorius troups abus'd,
And Mahomet his Dove did trust betray:
Where shows prepost'rous did prevaile so much,
What would the truth reveal'd have done with such?

That for his glory which God did direct,
Who do deny, abstract, or who impaires,
And his adopted day (prophane) neglect, [theirs,
Who made all dayes, wrought six, and numbers
Then unto them he justly may object,
How Gentiles long with superstitious cares
Their idols' feasts solemnly did observe,
And though in forme, not in intent did swerve.

What thousands did to Iove's Olympicks throng,
Which (kept precisely) time's great count did found;
The Pythian sports their patron prais'd as strong,
Who the great serpent, did a lesse confound:
Old Saturn (Sathan) he was honour'd long,
Where slaves like lords, both did like beasts abound;
His feast was grac'd by mutuall gifts and gaines,
Who had two faces, and so many names.

The Isthmian playes which Theseus first began,
To honour Neptune numbers did afford;
In naked troups the Lupercalianes ranne
With leathern thongs for beating others stor'd;
With mysteries which commons could not scanne,
(For Dis a dowry) Ceres was ador'd,
And Rome's good goddesse, author of much ill,
Though Clodius was disclos'd, did cloake such still.

With old Silenus staggering in a trance,
For Thebes great drunkard feasts they did decree,
Whil'st first a victor, then a god by chance,
His fierie breeding never quench'd could be;
Troups of all sorts transported in a dance,
At his strange orgies howling went to see.
With ivie darts of women madding still,
One her own sonne, a band did Clio's kill.

You who with slack desires not hot, nor cold,
Each sacred thought when scarce conceiv'd do kill,
Mark them who were to their owne fancies sold,
How that their zeale (though blinde) was fervent
Whose altars, feasts, and oracles of old, [still:
They reverenc'd more then you the great God's will.
Their augurs they observ'd with much respect,
You prophets and evangelists neglect.

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With works of worth (good in a high degree)
Some infidels did such perfections show,
That by our best they hardly match'd can be,
Whil'st we admire their strength, our weaknesse know,
And if my Maker's will not govern'd me
To aske no reason where I reverence ow
Oft would I grieve, and even strange thoughts embrace,
That such good natures should have had no grace.

These Persian kings whom prophets' pennes renowne,
What Ashur took did to God's flock restore,
And relicts made to build their church, and towne,
Both rendring theirs, and aiding them with more,
Of them two brothers (striving for the crowne)
With mutuall gifts kept kindnesse as before,
Yea, he who raign'd, the other grac't, and rais'd;
A rare example, never match'd, oft prais'd.

Straight when one nam'd a message from the lord,
The wicked Eglon rose, (all pride suppresst)
And (as he dream'd) with sacred robes decor'd,
When Greeks' great monarch saw the Iews' great priest,
Their God (ere knowne) with reverence he ador'd,
And (as they crav'd) did leave their realme in rest:
Such kings who God and his did thus respect,
May damne who God do know, yet him neglect.

Who parents' honour more then Gentiles sought?
All Sparta's youth to reverence th' ancients us'd;
That so his syre from bondage might be brought,
The gallant Cimon fetters not refus'd;
These two by Solon who were happy thought,
Did draw their mother's coach as horses chus'd:
Though (as was promis'd) not long life to try,
They in the temple (well employ'd) did dye.

More of their children Romans did exact,
Then God commands, or nature doth admit;
He from himselfe whom freedome did distract,
Did (his two sonnes accus'd) in judgement sit;
(Vnhappy he who ever prais'd the fact)
And them to death austerely did commit:
This, as their crime, Rome's state, his credit urg'd,
By some of force, best by himselfe was purg'd.

That valorous youth who strict command receiv'd,
(His father absent) for no fight to presse,
By courage flatter'd, and by th' enemies brav'd,
That for a battall did himselfe addresse;
His syre return'd, would no way have him sav'd,
But since his will, warre's right, he durst transgresse,
Both as a victor, and a rebell made,
Caus'd first to crowne, and then strike off his head.

Thus (whil'st admir'd) Rome's liberties first lampe,
And her sterne captaine, daunting nature farre,
Th' one in the towne, the other in the campe,
Left rare examples both for peace and warre,
Which eminent in every minde did stampe
The reverence due to them that rulers are;
"Too fond on fame, or in their course sincere,
Good citizens, but fathers too severe."

Though this strict course which parents thus did take,
To grace their charge, did but from rigour flow,
All (though they may not spoile, what God doth make)
May boldly use what they so much doe owe;
Some Ethnickes' children, if we doe looke backe,
By piety did admirable grow:
"And onely then when just affections shine,
By being naturall, men doe prove divine."

Rude Coriolanus, (high disdaine conceiv'd)
Wrong'd by a part of Rome, reveng'd on all,
When left by friends, by foes with joy receiv'd,
He made them quake who did the world appall;
And when no hope was how they might be sav'd,
"(Loe, nought save kindenesse can make courage thrall)"
His mother's teares to melt his rigour serv'd,
Who lost himselfe that his might be preserv'd.

The weaker sexe, to piety more prone,
By rare examples, oft have beene renown'd,
When many murthers were bewail'd by none,
An isle's whole men in bloud by women drown'd,
The aged Thoas (stolne out from his throne)
His daughter sav'd, though next him to be crown'd,
Whose lord (though milde) one cruell did acquire,
Who kill'd her children, where she sav'd her sire.

Where all were ill, that lady onely good,
Who though she had (of worth what wonders rife?)
Incestuous parents, brothers stain'd with bloud,
Time, state, sexe, race, oppos'd, with all at strife,
Blinde father led, griev'd mother's comfort stood,
Her brothers' funerals urg'd with ventred life:
In Thebes she altars more deserv'd to have,
Then one to wine, to lust another slave.

The Heaven's great monarch with such favour fram'd
His law to nature, nature to his law,
That even in parts where he was never nam'd,
At least his precepts where they never saw,
To bragge of good, of evill to be asham'd,
A borne instinct, depth in each brest did draw:
As some from vice strict statutes did restraine,
Some freely vertuous, did great glory gaine.

Those two brave princes first for worth and place,
The glory of the Greeke and Persian states,
And of Rome's brood, the best for warre, or peace,
Who (Carthage conquering) stablish'd floting fates,
Those three (at fortune's height, whom youth did grace,)
Had captives noble, gallant, fayre, great baits:
Yet them not wrong'd, though won, and from their foes,
But sav'd their honour, and asswag'd their woes.

That hunter stout, the forc'd Amazon's sonne,
Though tempted oft by most unlawfull lust,
He not by threatnings, nor allurements wonne,
Liv'd godlesse, godly, where no law was, just,
Yet one (bul's sister right) enraged runne,
To worke his death, abus'd his father's trust:
Till him fierce horses, rent, not tainted still,
A martyr's image for not doing ill.

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He who was sav'd when lost, and lost when sav'd,
Who did his father kill, and mother wed,
Was still (thoughts pure) not guilty, but deceiv'd;
For, when he knew where errour had him led,
(His eyes pull'd out, no comfort more receiv'd,)
A greater griefe repentance never bred:
As kings from law, free (as unknowne) from shame,
Yet (his owne iudge) he no excuse would frame.

That powerfull speaker, who did Lais leave,
And scorn'd to buy remorse at such a rate,
Last may to plead against those Christians crave,
Sold to their owne, and others' lusts of late,
In sinne's exchange, who filthy traffique have,
(Save what she gave, they sell) vile Sodome's mate:
But those are worse, by an imposed price,
Who farme God's statutes, and doe value vice.

As onely iewell which doth it array,
Shame's crimson ensignes, beautie's credit save;
The vestall virgins who from fame did stray,
(Straight buried quicke) to thousands terrour gave;
These who still pure, in their first state did stay,
Were carried, crown'd, in triumph to the grave:
Then valour, shamefastnesse more praise deserves,
That doth force others, this it selfe preserves.

That second sexe, if as the first, as free,
To burst out all which bashfull thoughts restraine,
For continency in a high degree,
The Gentiles' scroules a number would containe;
But women all in this unhappy be, [gaine,
None knowes, save one, what praise they sometime
Who, with his vice, their vertue keepes unknowne,
And onely they get fame when quite orethrowne.

If scaping Tarquin, Lucrece quite obscure,
Would have concealed the foule attempt for shame,
And, loth more harme or scandall to procure,
Had had (if chast) for chastity no fame,
But when deflow'd to prove her selfe still pure.
So to prevent an ignominious name:
Steele onely help'd, shame gave the wound indeed,
The modest matron did but blush, not bleed.

What women have their mates more dearely lov'd,
Then she whose death redeem'd Admetus' life?
Then she whose part the burning embers prov'd;
Then pale Paulina, in a generous strife?
Then she (high courage by affection mov'd)
Who said, (when having try'd the fatall knife)
"Have, have, deare Pætus, this gives me no paine,
But when thou wound'st thy selfe, then am I slaine?"

What course for chastnesse can more glory claime,
Then thrall'd Virginia's, virgin still to stand,
On honour's altar, offred up to fame,
Forc'd for affection, by the father's hand,
Who chus'd no childe to have, ere one with shame;
As courage, rage, and vertue did command:
Syre, lover, luster, childe, whose part was chiefe,
For kindenesse, madnesse, high disdaine, and griefe?

The Gentiles' mindes with lofty fancies great,
Though violent, and subject oft to change,
They did encroach by strength on every state,
Whil'st bent for conquest, glory, or revenge,
Yet loath'd they gaines, which grew by base deceit,
With Spartans onely stealing was not strange:
But, though too sharpe their youth ore-look'd a space,
All when surpris'd, were punish'd with disgrace.

Of sinnes discharg'd, though theft the least would seeme,
Not against God, but men, scarce that indeed,
Not life, nor honour, what they may redeeme,
Perchance superfluous, and another's need,
Yet then to kill, scorne parents, lust, blasphemie,
This both more danger and disgrace doth breed:
Ah, earthly drosse the greatest care imparts!
Theeves, but men's goods, their goods doe steale their hearts.

Some Ethnickes were so farre from robbing ought,
Or coveting what was another's right,
That what they had by birth, by gift, or bought,
They spar'd to spend for pleasure as they might.
But (whil'st their lives were vertue's mirrours thought)
They by rare temperance reach'd perfections height:
Whil'st bodie's needs, minde's treasures they pursu'd,
They first themselves, and then the world subdu'd.

That famous Thales, one of seven, thought wise,
The golden badge who each to other gave,
When some him scorn'd, who riches did despise,
As what himselfe not able was to have,
His pregnant sprite new traffique did devise,
Which (when enrich'd) he straight, as loath'd, did leave:
To show good wits, might such things quickly gaine,
But should their strength for greater treasures straine.

That city sack't, whereas his wealth was thought,
Then Croesus, or then Crassus richer he,
Who said, when ask'd if he were rob'd of ought,
By one who purpos'd it restor'd should be,
Of fortunes some, of minde, he could rob nought,
My treasure where I goe is still with me:
Such goods indeed divine should wit bewitch,
Which (th' owners not more poore) make others rich.

The world's great conquerour, conquer'd did remaine,
By him who was within his tub retir'd,
Since holding nought of him, as in disdaine,
To let the Sunne shine free, who him requir'd;
Whil'st those about scarce could their wrath restraine,
The king cry'd out, as who his course admir'd:
"If Alexander not, this so moves me,
That I, no doubt, Diogenes would be."

This show'd the greatnesse of that monarch's minde;
They must be all philosophers or kings,
Who would the world to serve their humour binde,
So to contemne, or to command all things;
As few the one, all may the other finde,
And what first had the most contentment brings:
Great conquests trouble, where contempt may please,
The one yeelds glory, and the other ease.

Who Greece did grace, the best man whom she bred,
To worke his friend's content, his enemie's harmes,
Who made the Thebans of their neighbours dread,
By active studies, philosophicke armes,
Who left for children, conquests where he led,
And dy'd victorious, compast with alarmes:
He was though still in charge, and honoured most,
(As poore) when dead entomb'd at common cost.

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O Nature's glory, Fortune's pheniX, stay!
I must admire that which I seldome see,
Though (when once rais'd) thy vertue might make way,
How could'st thou, poore, grow great, great, not rich be?
Heaven to the world this wonder would bewray,
That poverty and greatnesse might agree:
But though thy worth, the time, the state conspir'd,
So poore a magistrate might be admir'd.

In trust with money, Cato's care was such,
That he himselfe, not onely did no wrong,
But in his shadow would let no man touch,
What any way did to the state belong;
This man's integrity renown'd so much,
Then Cæsar (as more just) esteem'd more strong:
It many thousands may one day accuse,
Who (questors) did their charge corruptly use.

Rome's ancient consuls from the plough retir'd,
To fight great kings, and conquer forraine states,
In food and garments meane, for minde admir'd,
Did scorne gold offred, loath corruption's baits,
Where some (though knowing God) to wealth aspir'd.
By treason, usury, and all deceits:
If the first Cato doth in Hell remaine,
He may be censor to appoint their paine.

Bloud was so odious in each Ethnicke's sight,
That who did kill (as inhumane) none lov'd,
Save when just warre, or law, whil'st ballanc'd right,
Did kindle courage, or the judgement mov'd;
The wise Pericles, though long great, he might
As foe, or judge, have fierce or rigorous prov'd,
He bragg'd, when dying, that in Athen's towne,
None, by his meanes, had worne a mourning gowne.

Farre from tast-pleasing charmes which harme us must,
(So as more simple, I doe thinke lesse bad)
They who of soules did transmigrations trust,
All cruelty in such a horrour had,
That they would neither kill for sport, nor lust,
What moov'd, or felt, for ought which suffred, sad:
These who abhorr'd by death, to nurse their life,
With lewes who grudg'd for flesh, may stand in strife.

Milde lenity in Sicile's tyrant shin'd,
When one (though damn'd to dye) enlarg'd a space,
If not returning at the time assign'd,
Did binde a friend, his danger to embrace,
And when come backe, with a most generous minde,
He did redeeme his pledge, and urg'd his place:
That man (though mercilesse) a pardon gave,
And with such two, to be a third did crave.

As if that each man's griefe had beene his owne,
One's death to signe, scarce Titus could endure;
The like by Nero (but in showe) was showne,
A fatall warrant when one did procure,
Who wish'd that letters he had never knowne,
That, as his heart, his hand might have been pure:
Of meekenesse thus that monster did esteeme,
"No nature is so bad, but good would seeme."

They who inrag'd did tyrannize in Rome,
And all who from their mindes did pitty barre,
With that black band in judgement once may come,
Who call'd inquisitors tormentors are,
And may in justice plead a milder doome,
Nor these in cruelty who passe them farre;
Since then strange tortures which they frame of late,
None us'd on th' Earth, nor fain'd in Hell more great.

Of Christians' scandall, infamie of men,
You sheepe in show, but ravenous wolves indeede,
Whilst vow'd religious, irreligious then,
Who fayne devotion whilst you mischiefe breede,
And doe detest the persecutions ten,
Yet by one endlesse doe them all exceede;
Who make religion as an art of evills,
A privilege for men to turne quite devills;

You who (breath weigh'd as winde, and blood as dust)
Ambiguously equivocating rave,
Who vent out faith to trafficke so for trust,
Glose on an oath, with warrant doe deceave,
Then you, earst Gentiles, Barbars now more just;
If lesse religion, yet more faith they have;
Marke what of theirs may once upbraid your shame,
Who have no sence of sinne, nor care of fame.

To those of Athens once a course propos'd,
Which (as he told who onely heard it nam'd)
Great profit might afford, but if disclos'd,
As monstrous was as any could be dream'd,
They (though a multitude) all well dispos'd,
Ere further known that purpose quite disclaim'd;
What thing so worthie as would be defrai'd,
By honour's losse to bitter tongues betraid?

That stout Athenian whom great Xerxes sought,
Who (twise deluded) had his death design'd,
And long the same would with great summes have bought,
(His memory did so torment his mind)
Yet came to him though warranted by nought
Save that he thought a generous foe to find;
Not like to them who from faith given have swerv'd,
Who trusted him (though hated) he preserv'd.

Those two whose rigour first did Rome displease,
Who long great captaines, last great tyrants grew,
Whilst bent what way to murther with most ease,
By papers one, by signes another slew;
Of those one once, on whom foes sought to seaze,
Fled to his rivall danger did eschew;
And he, though cruell, false, and his chiefe foe,
Yet would, when trusted, not take vengeance soe.

Fabricius did his enemy advise,
That his phisitian poyson did intend,
And with great scorne his judgement did despise,
Who had foes just, a traytour to his friend;
And this to doe nought else did him entise,
But that no crime might his reproach pretend;
This man all treason did abhorre soe much,
That even suspition could his fame not touch,

Rome's second founder, who Gaule's rage did stay,
When by assault, a citty bent to take,
A schoole-master his students did betray,
Their parents soe all supplicants to make;
He who did loath to vanquish such a way,
Him naked straight, them stor'd with rods, sent back,
That they his stripes with interest might restore,
All beating him, who did beate them before.

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When Zamae's field had chang'd Italian fates,
Whilst there conferr'd (not fear'd to be deceav'd)
The two great leaders of the rivall states,
Of warre's chiefe chiefes the Carthaginian crav'd,
He plab't himselfe next two of former dates,
Whilst, though not nam'd, his foe more praise receav'd,
To whom he told, if not ore-com'd by thee,
Then I had thought my selfe first of the three.

A law too popular bent to have crost,
Whilst all the senate was conjur'd in one,
When Marius fail'd, in whom they trusted most,
That all with him from their first course were gone,
Then brave Metellus not his courage lost,
But us'de those words, not yeelding when alone,
"A pilot's part in calmes can not be spi'd,
In dangerous times true worth is onely tri'd."

To part the world those who did first agree,
When in his shippe for nought save feasting stor'd,
One offered was by seising upon three;
Of all their empires to bee onely lord;
But weighing duty in a high degree,
To stray from faith that infidell abhorr'd;
And (though thus tempted) from his faith not fell;
In this, this Pompey, Cæsar did excell.

A number such as I have marked here,
Of vertue zealous, jealous of their fame,
Who held both faith, and mutuall duties deere,
Did treason loath, and all what fraude did frame,
At last in judgment boldly may compeere,
Those who more knowledge had the more to blame,
What men did cov'nant, what God did command,
Both humane, divine, who brake every band.

He who chang'd nature's course, did nations daunt,
Who made great hostes to flie, the Sunne to stay,
He even to those whom purpos'd to supplant,
Like to provoke who did him first betray,
Did firmely keepe what he did rashly graunt:
"None can his owne, by others' faults defray:
To violate an oath all should forbeare, [sweare."
And thinke (though not to whom) by whom they

O what great losse did Christians once receave!
By Ladislaus, urg'd to be perjur'd, [crave,
Whilst Turkes from Christ for vengeance due did
Since he (by him prophan'd) had beene injur'd?
Was he not false who freed one to deceave?
But though his pardon, God's was not procur'd;
"Those who with strangers upright not remaine,
Do both themselves and their religion staine."

Then shall the maske from monsters be remoov'd,
Who keepe whilst cruell piety in show,
And false to friends, to princes traitors prov'd,
The bonds of nature (vipers vile) orethrow,
With fire in darknesse ominously lov'd,
Who (Nero's wish) would kill all with one blow;
Like rebells bent to cloake rebellion still,
Who faining God to serve, his servants kill.

That which can reach to Heaven, and God embrace,
The soule's chiefe treasure whilst kept free from staine,
On Earth a vertue, and in Heaven a grace,
Which flow'd from God, we fixe on him againe,
Religion's oracle, the ground of peace,
Which onely serves all trust to entertaine;
"If wanting faith, of good exhausted then,
None can converse with God, nor yet with men."

That pretious pledge, that voluntary band,
Both heavenly, earthly, necessarily us'd,
Which can the key of hearts, of Heavens command,
A beauteous virgin, vile when once abus'd,
Who prostituted now in every land,
For feare of fraud, when offered, is refus'd,
Since she corrupted serv'd to snare the just;
Wrong'd confidence more harmes, then cold distrust.

Base avarice, matcht with ambition blind,
(Faith forfeiting) have so ennobled art,
That in this age the differing two might find,
Fit cause for each of them to act his part,
He who still laugh'd, yet nothing did allow,
He who still weeping at each thing repin'd;
If th' one scorn'd folly, th'other evills would waile,
For both of them fitt objects would not faile.

Ah, save those two what can the world afford!
One would still sway, the other sinke the mind,
Yet who mockes all with most delight is stor'd,
No moment's pleasure can the other find;
Who laughes, he lives, as if of all things lord;
Who weepes, himselfe a slave to all doth bind;
"But follies all to miseries doe turne, [mourne."
And he shall hence have joy, who heere doth

These Gentiles thus who great examples gave,
And though not godly, given to vertue liv'd,
Though aym'd at oft, could not the centre have,
Hoys'd all their sailes, but at no port arriv'd,
Their deeds damne others, but themselves not save,
For their owne glory, not for God's, who striv'd;
And (as they hop'd) the world did give them fame,
But since not sought, they can no further claime.

They who on Earth did with great pleasure passe,
That time and course which fates (they thought) decreed,
And when death did dissolve this mortall masse,
Would guesse, or else dispute, what should succeed,
Whil'st (as first shining) breaking last like glasse,
If soules immortall were, they doubts did breed:
Yet by their fancies freed themselves from paines,
To walke with joy along'st th' Elysian plaines

What cold amazement then their mindes confounds,
Whil'st from his tombe each one astonish'd starts,
And heares strange trumpets (thundring forth dread sounds)
Cite naked bodies, yea with naked hearts,
The flying serjeants circling flaming rounds,
So to assemble people from all parts;
At that tribunall which with terrour shines,
To give account of all their soule's designes.

Yet when they heare who liv'd in light accus'd
Of crimes more odious then they did commit,
And that their deeds, as arguments are us'd
To damne them more, who worse did use their wit,
In hope their ignorance should be excus'd,
By that great judge (who lightning flames) doth sit:
It seemes (whil'st this some comfort first implyes)
A little courage from despaire doth rise.

They by all shifts doe seeke themselves to cleare,
Whom nought from errour offred to reclaime,
"Had we (say they) O Lord but chanc'd to heare,
As Ninive a prophet in thy name,
No doubt (disdaining what we hold most deare)
Thy word had serv'd rules for our deeds to frame:
As they with sack-cloth, humbled in the dust,
We griev'd for sinne, had fix'd in thee our trust.

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"Of thee what people could more knowledge have,
Then by thy selfe had at the first been showne?
Who could give backe more then they did receive?
Or honour thee whom they had never known?
Ah, how could we the light of nature leave,
Or whil'st thy will was bid, but use our owne?
Shall we be judg'd by lawes, not given to us,
What not commanded, violating thus?"

That looke which can cure some, wound others too,
As Peter's comfort, doth breed their despaires;
They finde that what their rebell syre did doe,
Had forfeited himselfe, and all his heires, [wooe,
A prince when wrong'd should not vile traitours
But when entreated (hearkning to their cares)
Is (if he grant of grace, that they may live)
Milde if he doe forgive, just not to give.

Of our first father, of grosse earth the sonne,
(Fruits of forbidden fruits which all concerne)
As did the crime, the costly knowledge wonne,
Went to his race, which without bookes all learne,
So that thenceforth bright wisedome was begunne,
Which of all things with judgement might discerne,
And (rotten branches of a poison'd root) [fruit.
Each soule doth hatch some seeds of that blacke

The fatall heires of knowing ill and good,
Ere statutes grav'd in stone were set in sight,
How God was pleas'd, or griev'd, they understood,
As the first errour did direct them right,
So that all those who were before the floud,
Were damn'd, or sav'd, judg'd by innated light:
That science rob'd, which Nature's law did prove,
Of ignorance all colour did remove.

O! how the Ethnickes then with grievous moanes,
For desp'rate anguish roaring, horrour howle,
A heavy murmur, with rebounding groanes,
Doth breathe abroad the burthen of each soule;
Some who of late had been enstall'd in thrones,
Are then abhorr'd, as Stygian monsters foule:
O what strange change is at an instant wrought!
Most wretched they, who had been happy thought.

DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORD'S IVDGEMENT.

THE SIXTH HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Some who themselves prophanely did defile,
And gave to creatures what to God was due;
Some whom with bloud, ambition did beguile,
Who honour sought where horrour did ensue,
Doe here with witches meet, and strangely vile,
Some parricides and traitours in a crue,
Who wanting all that unto grace belong'd,
Most vainely God, man violently wrong'd.

Some who below with pomp their progresse past,
Of what they once claim'd all, no part possesse;
Who (scarce confin'd by all this compasse vast)
As straited, strugling for more roome did presse,
They now not strive for state, all would be last,
By ruine levell'd, equall in distresse:
Who usher'd oft with guards, did gorgeous stand,
Are (naked now) throng'd in a vulgar band.

Two troupes' great terrour cannot be conceiv'd,
Which (as in sinne) in judgement joyn'd remaine;
In image this, in essence that God brav'd,
His honour given away, his servants slaine;
Th' one (furious) rag'd, and th' other (foolish) rav'd,
Prophanely cruell, cruelly prophane:
None thought in all so many to have seene,
As murth'rers and idolaters have beene.

Of monstrous bands, I know not whom to name,
For labours past, who then receive their wage,
As stain'd with bloud, or wrapt in guilty shame,
Whil'st loos'd in lust, or bended up by rage,
Not knowne to me by sight, no, not by fame,
There numbers come, drawne out of every age:
Yet some most eminent may be exprest,
To make the world conjecture of the rest.

I see that charle (a godly stocke's first staine)
Whose avarice no limits had allow'd,
His daughters bawd, both prostitute for gaine,
To coosned Iacob sold, but not endow'd;
He, though with him God's prophet did remaine,
Who to dumb blockes abhominably bow'd:
Shall then behold his throne with state erect'd,
Whom all his race had serv'd, and he neglect'd.

Those with long lives in contemplation still,
Who first did study starres, and measure Heaven,
As of some learning, authors of much ill,
On nature's course to dote, too fondly given,
From whom he fled (as was his father's will)
Whose faith (a patterne) th' Earth could never
eaven:
Not that he fear'd by them, infect'd to be,
No, no, he loath'd what God dislik't to see.

These curious braines that search'd Heaven's hidden store,
(Superiour powers for strange effects admir'd)
For the Creator, creatures did adore,
And in all formes, as fancie's fits inspir'd;
A trembling troupe they now howle-howling roare,
All that abhorr'd to which they once aspir'd:
And idols which for them no voice could use,
Though powerlesse then, have power now to accuse.

That land voluptuous, which had beene so long
By different soveraignes absolutely sway'd,
Yeelds dolorous troupes which durst to God doe
wrong,
And more then him their follie's dreames obey'd,
In true worth faint, in superstition strong,
Who bow'd to basenesse, and to weakenesse pray'd:
Who to vile creatures, deities did allow,
A crocodile ador'd, an oxe, a cow.

These who by habite, Hebrew-haters grew,
And with his arke durst God in triumph leade,
Who them when victors captive did subdue,
In Gath, and Ashdod, thousands falling dead,
Their abject idole damnes that heathnish crue,
Who falne before God's tent, low homage made:
Where, then that blocke, more blockish they remain'd,
The place ador'd, which his crush'd carcasse stain'd.

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These are Bell's priests who for themselves to shift,
Would needs their God a monstrous glutton prove,
Till Daniel did disclose their fraudfull drift,
And (as his bargaine was) did them remove,
Then, these for God who did a dragon lift,
Which without force he forc'd, such to disprove,
And many thousands bursting forth deepe groanes,
Who prostituted soules to stockes and stones.

What millions, loe, pale, quaking, cry despair'd,
Which always sinn'd, yet never mercy claim'd,
And whilst that they for Heav'n's great God not car'd,
Did dote on that which they themselves had fram'd,
By Dagon, Baal, and Ashtaroth snar'd,
By Milcom, Molech, Nisroch deities dream'd;
Which could not raise themselves when once they fell,
Yet could who them ador'd cast down to Hell.

There stand two soveraignes of the world's first state;
The first is he who so prophanely rail'd,
Whose host an angell plagu'd with slaughter great,
Till forc'd to flie, his high designes all fail'd,
Loath'd as a monster, safe in no retreate,
Not altar's right, nor father's name avail'd;
But by his sonnes, before his God, kill'd there,
Idolatry and blood both venged were.

The next is he who that huge statue fram'd,
To be ador'd at every trompet's sound,
To whom the prophet twise told what he dream'd,
First of great empires, last what would confound,
Who with a haughty heart (fond foole) proclaim'd,
"Is not this Babel, which my hands did found?"
Then did abash'd with beastes a beaste abide,
Type of God's judgements, spectacle of pride.

What mighty monarchs follow after those,
Withwhom light's throne so great regard had wonne,
That of their empire purpos'd to dispose,
All met before daie's progresse was begunne,
Then vow'd their judgement should on him repose,
Whose courser's ney did first salute the Sunne;
A gallant coosnage, one the crowne did gaine,
Whose horse, or foote-groome, had more right to raigne.

The Greekes, though subtle, raving in this sort,
With idoles earst defil'd, were latt orethrowne;
From their high wittes bright nature did extort,
That some great God rul'd all things as his own;
Yea, some farre gone (though of the end still short)
Rais'd altars up unto a God unknown;
Yet by the multitude their state was borne,
Though those dumbe deities some durst clearely scorne.

One, who not fear'd that they themselves could venge,
Once with such taunts, as none but blockes could beare,
With loves of gold, his cloake of cloth did change,
For winter warme, for summer light to weare,
Then since his sire had none, as in him strange,
From Æsculapius his long beard did teare;
Thus he himselfe with spoiles of gods did fraught,
They impotent, he impudent, both naught.

What thinke those senatours when Christ they see,
Who whilst inform'd what fame of him was runne;
Of mortall ends that from suspition free,
He by great wonders confidence had wonne;
Since they to him no temples would decree,
Whose God-head without them had beene begunne;
O how they quake that he their counse must try,
Whose deity they did trust, yet durst deny!

Rome coin'd (Heaven's rivall) deities as thought best,
And temples did, (as judge of God's) allow,
To fortune one, by fortune all the rest,
For flattery, bravery, or a doubtfull vow;
What thing esteem'd had not some altar dress'd,
Save fatall money which made all to bow?
But (still dissemblers) they the truth abhorr'd,
It (though no God profess'd) was most ador'd.

March forth you gallants greedy of respect,
Who did not rightly wooe, but ravish fame,
(Though seeming vertuous) vitious in effect,
To court fraile echoes of a dying name,
And ere the world such errours could detect,
Though thrown in Hell, did heavenly honours claime,
Marke what vaine pompes and deities do availe,
Which first your selves, then thousands made to faile.

You, who of old did Candie's king adore,
As who might all the hosts of Heaven command,
Where millions now upbraiding him do roare,
Loe, how the naked wretch doth quivering stand,
(Then all the rest condemn'd for mischiefe more)
Whil'st thought Heaven's God, Hell's guide in every land,
He father's state, and sister's shame did reave,
A parricide, incestuous, lust's vile slave.

Loe, his adultrous brood, Amphitrio's scorne,
Right father's heire, ador'd for doing ill,
Whose fame, by fabulous deeds, aloft was borne,
Yet but great robber, did lesse robbers kill,
Till by a poyson'd shirt, last justly torne,
As whil'st alive by lust's vile harpies still:
Now he who once was fain'd to force the Hell,
There damn'd to darknesse may for ever dwell.

He trembleth now who spurning still at peace,
With brags, the ayre, with blows did beat the ground,
And she with whom whil'st bent to sport a space,
He who brav'd others did lye basely bound;
Then that lame dolt who prov'd his owne disgrace,
With him (their like) by whom the fraud was found.
What godly gods? what worth with titles even,
Thus seeking Hell, to stumble upon Heaven.

These do not scape who first for vertue knowne,
Rais'd from Iove's thigh, or head, dress'd wines, and oyles,
Nor she by whom for food first corne was sown,
To furnish fields with autumn's pretious spoils,
Nor none of them by whom prais'd arts were shown,
To barre vice-breeding sloth by needfull toils:
Since they usurp'd what did to God belong,
And were, whil'st doing right, intending wrong.

Not onely Gentiles who prophanely rav'd,
Do now curse those by whom they were beguil'd,
And Inde's new world, ere borne, in sinne conceiv'd,
From whom the light of God was farre exil'd,
But even these Iews whose soules the truth perceiv'd,
(With spirituall whoredome publickly defil'd)
They who ingrate, great benefits abus'd,
Loe, quite confounded, can not be excus'd.

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O wretched troupe which did so grosly stray,
When God with you (as friends) did freely treat,
Who even whil'st Moses in ambassage lay,
In place of him a senselesse calfe did seat;
This, what you parting robb'd, did thus repay,
When turn'd to such an use, as Ægypt's fate;
Where his great works forgot who did you leade,
And you such fools to trust in what you made?

Next them stand these when in Canaan plac'd,
And all perform'd what promis'd was before;
Who their appointed way no longer trac'd,
God's law, and wonders, not remembred more,
Who barbarous customes where they came embrac'd,
And did the idols of the land adore, [mourne,
Yea, whil'st set free, when God had heard them
Who to their vomit did like dogges returne.

The Iews' first king, first mark'd who did begin,
By loath'd selfe-slaughter to prevent world's shame;
Though glory glos'd upon a ground of sinne,
Whil'st Gentiles sought to justifie their fame,
Feare but prevayl'd where courage came not in;
They weakenesse show, did of true worth but dreame:
Saul's end for soules is the most dangerous crime,
Which for repentance doth not leave a time.

From seeking asses he was rais'd to raigne,
And when enstall'd soone forfeited his right;
Once prophecied amongst the prophet's traine,
Then hunted was with sprits which loath'd the light;
Spar'd heathnish Agag whom he should have slaine,
And kill'd God's priests, though precious in his sight;
He ever abject was, or did insult,
Did first with God, last with the Devill consult.

He who made Israel sinne, forc'd, and entis'd,
O what huge anguish in his soule doth sit!
Who with religion policy disguis'd,
In heavenly things of too much worldly wit, [pris'd,
Whose hand stretch'd forth to strike, even then sur-
Was hurt, and heal'd, by him whom bent to hit:
The altar rent, as was his heart with feares,
The ashes falne, as should have done his teares.

Vp hatefull Achab, horrour of thy race, [thought,
Whose heart, then hands durst do, more mischiefe
When quaking to behold Christ's flaming face,
The cheape vine-garden shall be dearly bought;
O bitter grapes, hard to digest, no grace,
When thy tumultuous minde to light is brought;
And for his cause whose life thou thus did'st reave,
Dogges did thy bloud, devils do thy soule receave.

You sisters faire whom God did love so much,
Both basely humbled did dishonour'd range,
He (abject rivals) jealous made of such,
Whose vilenesse did exempt them from revenge:
Mouth dumbe, eares deafe, eyes blinde, hands could
not touch, [change?
What monstrous madnesse could procure this
Law, wonders, prophets, promise nought could move,
For infinite deserts, a gratefull love.

Some kings of Iuda idols did imbrace,
As he whose sonne through fire polluted went,
That hatefull Ahaz, Achab's steps did trace,
Next whom one more did sinne, but did repent;
And one before link'd with the loathsome race,
With him did perish, whom to follow bent. [moves,
"From them who make bad leagues the Lord re-
And often-times the friendship fatall proves."

Of Israel's monarchs to worke mischiefe sold,
When nearly mark'd I scarce misse any one,
Save it be Iehu killing (as God would)
His hated rivals to attaine a throne,
Who (though the course of Dan was not controul'd)
Of foure heires crown'd succeeded was when gone:
The rest with idols filthily defil'd,
Do finde how farre their judgement was beguil'd.

With Ahab match'd as fit to be his mate,
He stands, who both God's grace, men's love abus'd,
Who to be worse then worst did prove ingrate,
More evill then all whom God before refus'd:
His feare (as fault) not comes in my conceit;
When justly thus by God's great priest accus'd,
Was this (vile monster) a reward to me?
And couldst thou kill his sonne who did save thee?

With these now nam'd of idoll-serving bands,
What number loe (time past) their folly findes?
Some dead, some yet alive, whom in all lands,
Opinion clouds, or ignorance quite blindes;
Whil'st humbled to the worke of mortall hands,
Some simplie trust, some would comment their
mindes:
But that command beares no exception now,
Which before images discharg'd to bow.

O what dread troupe doth with strange aspects rise!
I think their eyes flame fire, their hands drop blood?
Those whose proud hearts did all the world despise,
That at their power abus'd astonish'd stood,
Did murther, robbery, sacriledge disguise,
With shows of valour, which their brags made good:
Where is that courage vaunted of so oft?
Whil'st crush'd with fears they dare not look aloft.

When as God's sonnes did with men's daughters lye,
Of the first world behold a bloudy traine;
But chiefly two most eminent I spie,
A barbarous murtherer, and a bragger vain:
He who to God durst with disdaine reply,
When for his brother ask'd (whom he had slain)
"Am I his keeper?" and I think he thought
Take up his offering, help'd thy favour ought?

This moth of minds, base spite, selfe-torturing gall,
Made devils to lose what he them once had given,
Then bent to be like God made man to fall,
Himselfe from Eden, and his Sonne from Heaven,
To which all children still by nature thrall,
(Though for their harme) with others would be even:
A childish vice which onely weaknesse beares,
"One what he wants, in others hates, or feares."

With him who first confusion did conspire,
The swaggerer's patron next in ranke is rang'd,
If seven-fold vengeance Cain did require,
Times seventy seven who vow'd to be reveng'd;
And told his wives that (insolent in ire) [chang'd.
He wounds for words, and death for wounds ex-
But who thus rioting did burden eares,
(With terrour freez'd) is all benumm'd with fears.

That hairy hunter given to sport with bloud,
Ere borne contentious, in the wombe prophane,
Who (as estrang'd from knowing what was good)
His birth-right sold, some pottage so to gaine:
Who further likewise gave, allur'd by food,
That which once scorn'd, was after beg'd in vaine:
This man still foolish findes his fault too late,
Whil'st being nam'd with them whom God doth hate.

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These mighty monarchs whom rash fame call'd great,
Who once (world's idols) thousands made to bow,
Whil'st gorgeous courts with a prodigious state,
Too superstitiously did pompe allow;
O how farre chang'd! from what they were of late,
Them who brav'd hosts, a look makes tremble now;
Quench'd are these fires which once their breasts did burne,
And majesty to misery doth turne.

There he whom first a diademe did fraught,
That famous hunter founding Ashur's throne,
Whose sport was glory, when he kingdomes caught,
The hounds halfe-men whose liberty was gone:
World's first example, who by practise taught,
That many thousands might be rul'd by one.
With terrour numbers Nimrod's name did strike,
When thundring down all where he went alike.

Next comes his heire, who first by right did claime
That which another's violence did take,
Yet then the father, worthy of more blame,
Who bondage would hereditary make;
And to great Niniveh did give the name,
Which turn'd God's threatning by repentance back.
Lord where no right was, where just lord a slave,
Who suffred ruine by the power he gave.

With prais'd Sesostris whom vaine pride did snare,
Despis'd Pelusium yeelds a bloudy band,
What Pharoes, Ptolomies, and sultanes there,
(Though once thought terrible) do trembling stand?
And well it seemes that valour then was rare,
When easie conquest grac'd so soft a land.
What seem'd their glory then, doth prove their shame,
Who quench'd with bloud what kindled was for fame.

O! what sterne troups I with Vexores see,
Whose courage was not (like their climate) cold,
But bent themselves extreamely to be free,
Oft by their strength encroaching states control'd;
Of barbarous squadrons monstrous numbers be,
Who did great acts which fame doth not unfold,
O! had they had as happy pennes as swords,
How many might have match'd with Rome's chief lords?

To daunt the Medes that prince who first aspir'd,
Where wading long, at last was drown'd in bloud;
One fondly charg'd, and with disgrace retir'd,
Where losse did harme, to gaine had done no good;
And he who Attick figges to have acquir'd,
Would tosse a hill, force winde, drink up a flood;
With those stand stayn'd with bloud all Persia's kings,
Save some to follow lust who left all things.

What quaking squadrons do together throng,
Whom (art's great nursery) pregnant Greece brought forth,
Whose fame their funerals doth survive so long,
First sounded south, still echo'd in the north,
Whom flattering pennes did praise for doing wrong,
Whil'st mindes abus'd did dote on shows of worth:
Who thought grave pride a modest minde disclos'd,
And valour vertue, though to ill dispos'd.

Learn'd Athen's founder, fabulously great,
(Both sexes slaughtered) gain'd a glorious name,
And by much mischiefe mounting up a state,
Did drinke of death, whil'st thirsting but for fame;
Some virgins gain'd by force, some by deceit,
The Devill scarce scap'd from his adulterous ayme,
Who by vile murther, rapes, and fraud made knowne,
Broke first his father's necke, and then his owne.

These of their times who were esteem'd the best,
And with strict laws did what they pleas'd allow,
Licurgus, Minos, Solon, and the rest,
Then all their mates, more paine attends them now,
Who heavenly wits to worldly wayes did wrest,
And but to Nature, not to God did bow;
They (save politick) all religion scorn'd,
And what they fain'd (as com'd from God) adorn'd.

Two who agreed to enterchange their raigne,
With griev'd Adrastus mutually do mone,
Who forty nine alone (one fled) had slaine,
He dare not now behold the face of one;
Where is that valour vaunted of in vaine,
By that great bragger at the Argive throne?
Whil'st quite confounded these do quivering stand,
The cruell Creon last comes to their band.

What then avails (though prais'd so much of late)
When neere swolne Ilion Death threw famous darts;
Old Priam's pompe, proud Agamemnon's state,
Achilles' swift foot; Hector's hand and heart,
Ulysses' shifts, the valour of his mate,
Old Nestor's speech, or Ajax his mad part:
All vagabonds, or violently dy'd,
And what did manhood seeme, is murther try'd.

Then yeelds that towne which laws whil'st kept did save,
The crafty Ephor, and the halting king;
One captaine greedy, two that were too brave,
Whom famous ruines both to death did bring;
Last him who place to none in courage gave,
From whom when dead a serpent forth did spring:
Who to strict laws love out of time had showne,
And offered freedome where it was not knowne.

From Pallas towne there flows a famous brood,
Who first foil'd Persians, with his gallant sonne;
He who by stratagems victorious stood,
And he whose gravenesse great regard had wonne;
He who both eminent in ill, and good,
All fortune's wayes had resolutely runne:
With numbers more whom former glory grieves,
And then from shame, nor paine, them not relieves.

Few Thebes gives that were renown'd in armes,
Two fain'd great gods, two found great friends I see;
Then, that Corinthian bent for tyrants' harmes,
Who kill'd his brother, Syracuse set free;
Who brav'd Rome's consul famous for alarmes;
Last Grecian great-man rank'd in this degree:
Who for some drudge when farre mistaken said,
He for deformity a pennance paid.

Neare those great Greeks their neighbour doth arise,
First forraine prince who them to bondage brought;
Who did great things, but did farre more devise,
And laid the ground where the great builder wrought;
Yet was much taxed by that age precise,
For faults which moderne times not strange have thought:

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That mightie father farre more fame had wonne,
If not but vsher to so great a sonne.

He who in one all kingdomes would combine,
And more perform'd then others dar'd to vaunt,
Who wish'd more worlds, whom this could not confine,
Whose fulnesse famine, wealth gave sense of want;
With fortune drunk (not as was thought with wine)
Who all without him, nought within did daunt:
Who, from so many life and state did take,
O what large count must that great monarch make!

By Persia's fall who did his empire found,
Is back'd by them whom he with fame did place,
One kill'd in Ægypt, and another crown'd,
Whose following heires were compass'd with disgrace,
And all the rest for mischiefe most renown'd,
In Greece or Syria who did raise their race. [kings,
Whose lord (made childlesse) prov'd a stocke of
Of whom when dead each feather turn'd to wings.

Next Macedon's, Epirus' prince doth come,
Whose state so oft as Fortune's dice was throwne,
Who but Levinius, did not Rome orecome,
And onely was by victory orethrowne;
How Alexander might have match'd with Rome,
By whom (a sparke falne from his power) was shown:
To whom he shew whose tongue such wonders wrought,
That ease with ease which with such toile he sought.

O what huge troupe of Tiber's brood I see,
Whose glory shame, whose conquest proves no gaine:
Who were thought happie, then most wretched be,
And wish for flight their eagle's wings in vaine;
A smoking dungeon Heavens for all decree,
At severall times whom th' Earth could not containe;
With shadows clad they in strict bounds do dwell,
Who spoil'd the world, scorn'd Heavens, and conquer'd Hell.

There Rome's first king his deitie dearely buies,
Who bred with wolves did leave a ravenous broode;
And he for peace who coin'd religious lies,
His forg'd devotion now can doe no good;
This judgement straight those haughty princes tries,
Who famishing for fame, were drunk with blood,
Till bended pride long procreating hate,
Last, loos'd in lust, did alter all the state.

Of Rome (when free) whom fame from death redeemes,
The worldly worth what volume could record?
Huge Livie's worke imaginary seemes,
An epick poem with perfection stor'd,
Where numbers are whose parts time more esteemes,
Then all whom poets' pennes with dreames decor'd,
But though quick Nature quint-essenc'd the mind,
The soules, in senses wrapt, continued blind.

He who alone did brave the Thuscan band
On Tiber's bridge, and did the towne maintaine;
Five kill'd, Rome's champion, who did onely stand,
Till sister's slaughter did his triumph staine;
In raging flames, who freely rush'd his hand,
Which for the chiefe had but a second slaine;
Where (Fabians) force you me? and Scipios brave?
What famous families remembrance crave?

These two when barr'd from hope of life's delights
The sire, and sonne, whom no man else would even,
In fearefull formes, who with prodigious rites,
Men's horrour here (how monstrous then to Heaven?)
Where fatall offerings to th' infernall sprites,
With soule and bodie prodigally given:
Though once much prais'd, all now their folly tell,
Who hurl'd of purpose headlong unto Hell.

Now Pompeie's triumphes more torment his minde,
Then when Pharsalia crush'd him with despaires;
That emulous old man (Parthia's prey) did finde,
With avarice ambition hardly shares;
First, to fierce warre, last, to soft ease inclin'd,
Lucullus here for both condemn'd repaires;
That triumvir stands with this troupe annoid,
Who first the state, and then himselfe destroid.

Rome many had who made her empire great,
Whilst they but praise, and statues striv'd to gaine,
Two Catos onely studied for the state,
And with strict lawes would liberty retaine;
But when expir'd to prorogate her date,
Two Brutes more brave her ruines would maintaine;
Yet were their aimes and ends in th' end not eaven,
Whose glory was their God, and Rome their Heaven.

Thou whose high heart boil'd in ambition soe,
(As pride had thee) to have the world surpris'd,
Who weigh'd but whither, not what way to goe,
(What ow'd to frends, or state, all bands despis'd)
Where bound ingrate, not francke but to thy foe,
The first of th' emperors, and then all more pris'd;
Thou for thy faults not onely charg'd may be,
But for all theirs who had their power from thee.

His heire (lesse stout, more strong) the way prepar'd,
What this man courted, bravely to embrace,
Tooke from these two with whom the world was shar'd,
By fraud the one's, by force the other's place,
Yet was (high hope must some way be impair'd)
Infortunate in family and race;
How could his state and wife in peace be left,
Since from just owners both before were reft?

Then Varro's losse, or Iulia's fame forlorne,
A greater griefe doth racke his guilty minde;
That deep dissembler, fomie Capreä's scorne,
(His heart pour'd forth) must now unmask his minde;
That cruell prince who in the camp was borne,
A servant good, a master bad design'd;
The stupid dolt drawn by the heeles to raigne,
Their pleasure past all must repay with paine.

Though once too fierce, O how that squadron faints!
(Which make hearts quake, and haires for horrour
Who durst prophanely persecute God's saints, [rise)
With greater paines then paper can comprise,
Who not regarding groanes, nor just complaints,
(More hard then flint) all pitty did despise;
They now in vaine from Christ compassion claime,
Whom in his members they so oft did maime.

Unnaturall Nero, monster more then strange,
With all to rage, who reason's reynes resign'd,
And through the world, as wolves for bloud did range,
As sakelesse soules by them, they now are pin'd,
That brave man scapes not, who did something
When Plinie's letters mollified his minde: [change,

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Those ten whom nought can cleare, no, not excuse,
Of martyrs millions cheerfully accuse.

There throng great emperours, people's idols once,
All bright with steele, whom armies did attend,
Whil'st ancient kings fell downe before their thrones,
That them as vassals they would but defend;
Soules shak'd (brests earth-quakes) do rebound with groans,
Whil'st griefe doth breake what pride so long did bend:
Who judging kings, gave lawes to every land,
Poore, naked, base, in judgement trembling stand.

Ere through twelve roomes the Sunne had run his race,
Three quickly rais'd, and ruin'd, did semaine,
(That to the grave he might not goe in peace)
A wretched old man forc'd by fates to raigne;
Who liv'd too soft, did stoutly death embrace,
That damnes him most, which greatest praise did gaine:
Then he who had no sense, save onely taste,
By chance an emperour, should have beene a beast.

He who the state when thus distress'd, restor'd,
Whom first for emperour, easterne parts did know,
The best and worst that nature could afford,
Whose sonnes (farre differing) at the height did show,
And these whose raignes adoption's course decor'd,
Who all to worth, would fortune nothing owe,
Till unto him, whose vertue fame had wonne,
A serpent-wife did beare a tigrish sonne.

When once of state that mystery was knowne,
How emperours might for private men's regards,
Be made abroad, the senates will not shown,
By forraine armies, or prætorian guards,
Then (worth not we gh'd) all order quite orethrown,
The world was bought with promised rewards:
Such bent to please, or (scorn'd) to fury mov'd,
They slavish still, or then tyrannicke prov'd.

Yet from that height of foule confusion's rage.
When every province emperours did proclaime,
Some raign'd, whose acts of state did grace the stage,
By rebels' ruines, strangers put to shame,
Which might have match'd the best of any age,
If they had beene as fortunate to fame:
But barbarous times for great things grosly touch,
Aurelian, Claudius, Probus, and some such.

Huge numbers now my wandring thoughts amaze,
Of barbarous parts which did for state contest;
Rome's greatest rivall, sunne-parch'd people's praise,
The reall rare bird, fables all the rest,
Which to fame's zenith did her glory raise,
Then fell in ashes, none, when not the best:
That haughty towne, whose worth her foe preferres,
She Africke's phenix, Hannibal was her's.

He whom oft victor Roman troupes did see,
Whose campe of many sorts still calme did prove,
The world's third captaine, scarce scap'd first to be,
Men, cities, Alpes, all opposites above,
(When Carthage rendred, onely living free)
To warre for him, who did great monarchs move:
He whil'st alive, though banish'd poore and old,
Still jealous Rome in feare of him did hold.

That queene of nations, absolutely great,
When crush'd by those whom she so oft did wound,
Though she deserv'd what could be hatch'd by hate,
Yet these rude bands which did her pride confound,
Like tempests still encroaching on each state,
Till Europe's beauties all in bloud were drown'd:
As actors first shall suffer once in ire,
Like unregarded rods thrown in the fire.

Rome's emulous sister, Easterne Empires height,
Who did by parting dissipate her power,
(Though Christians call'd) barbarians brings to light,
Whose lust to raigne did all things else devoure,
Who others oft (all dayes to them turn'd night)
When eyelesse made, entomb'd within a tower:
Bloud, friendship, duty wrong'd, with shameful wounds,
Who plagu'd with darknesse, darknesse them confounds.

That stately towne selected to command,
To scepters happy, great against her will,
Who (though the emperour fell) did empresse stand,
Divorc'd, not widow'd, match'd with monarchs still,
She renders, joyn'd, a sometime differing band,
Of Ethnickes, Christians, Turkes, all dama'd for ill:
Huge is the troupe which doth from that part, part,
No turban hides the head, nor art the heart.

A savage troupe, the divels in order range,
Which lavish of men's lives their ends to gaine,
As Nature's bastards, quite from kinde to change,
Had (for first act of state) their brethren slaine,
That after it no murther might seeme strange;
An ominous entry to a bloudy raigne:
And well it may be said, he much commands,
Who, when he likes, men's lives, and still their lands.

That Turke who boldly past the bordering flood,
In Adrian's towne a barbarous throne to raise,
He brings a band of Ottoman's sterne brood,
Yet yeelds to one, who did the world amaze,
Whil'st in Bizantium he victorious stood,
And Roman power did absolutely raze:
For soules, and bodies, mischiefes worst to frame,
Cars'd Mahomet, damn'd be that fatall name.

Proud Selimus, who with a monstrous spleene,
Thy father's ruine labour'dst long to worke,
And gladly would'st a parricide have beene,
A tyrant, I, what can be worse? a Turke,
Though once ostentive, curious to be seene,
Thou in some corner now would'st wish to lurke:
The soldan slayne, and mamaluckes orethrown,
Who then sought'st all, thou now art not thine own.

Rhodes conquer'd quite, all Hungarie ore-runne,
He, who caus'd place upon Vienna's height,
His gaping moone, not fill'd with kingdomes wonne,
Though but a badge of change, portending night,
Lest Europe's empire had a hazard runne,
When two great armies were afraid to fight:
Great Soliman, sole-man by Turkes thought still,
Whom could he spare, who his owne sonne did kill?

'Twixt Turkes and Christians now no trumpets sound,
(Their warres of late transferr'd to other lands;)
The Persian doth the Turkish conquest bound,
Of too much weight, and borne with borrow'd hands,
Which their supporters threaten to confound:
As mamaluckes, and the prætorian bands,

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Did Egypt's prince, and Rome's, chuse in times past,
The janisaries may make Turkes at last.

Of cold Muscovians, and of scorched Mores,
From differing tropickes, now the troupes are great;
That stout Numidian (Scipio's friend) deplores
That long he liv'd, and yet had learn'd too late;
Fierce Saladine, whose fame each story stores,
Whose fatall badge upbraids each mortal's state,
That sultaine, loe, doth lead a tawny trayne,
Who Iuda spoil'd, bragg'd France, and conquer'd Spaine.

With men whose fame was registred with bloud,
Who from true worth to reach vaine dreames enclin'd, [rude)
Some women come who had (made milde, grown
A female face, too masculine a minde,
Who though first fram'd to propagate men's brood,
(From nature stray'd) toyl'd to destroy their kinde:
By differing meanes both sexes grace their state,
I scorne men's coynesse, women's stoutnesse hate.

There Ashur's empresse, who disguis'd did raigne,
Till (as by her his syre) slaine by her sonne;
The Scythian queene who scoff'd with high disdaine,
At Cyrus' head, when toss'd within a tunne:
She who by emperours' spoiles did glory gaine,
Zenobia chast, who did no danger shunne:
That which they bragg'd of once, they now bemone,
The Amazons all tremble at this throne.

There quaking squadrons (press'd with feares) conveene,
Who monsters of their sexe, to nature strange,
In warre not onely violent were seene,
Whil'st spurr'd by hate, ambition, or revenge.
But brigants fierce, and homicides have beene,
Even where most bound to love, when bent to change:
Such when once stray'd in mischiefe's depth they dive,
What thing so bad which they dare not contrive.

With aspects fierce, O what a cruell crew!
Milde nature's horrour, worse then can be deem'd,
Who barbarous, yea, abhominable grew, [deem'd,
And wrought their wreake whom they should have re-
Who with kinde blond did unkinde hands imbrue,
For vile revenges, monsters mad esteem'd:
Whose rage did reach to such a height of evils,
That humane malice did exceed the Devil's.

There Media's monarch, ruine of the state,
Whose nephewe's saver when for death forth borne,
Had for reward from him, his sonne for meat,
And (that his soule might be in pieces torne)
The head was brought while he the rest did eate,
A high disdaine, dissolv'd in bitter scorne:
Who can but thinke what griefe he did conceive,
Sonne's murtherer, mourner, bearer, beere, and grave.

Then he whose part oft Athen's stage did tell,
Who by his brother drest like food did finde,
Whil'st boyling rage (pent up) last high did swell,
And bursted out in a most barbarous kinde;
Though both (not jealous) may inhabite Hell,
Yet vengeance still doth so possesse his minde:
That, if of ease he any thought attaines,
It onely is to see his brother's paines.

Those two so neare (yet farre estrang'd) in bloud,
Though Greeks, yet barbarous, quite from nature stray'd,
To make his brother swallow his owne brood,
(So farre that fury of revenge him sway'd)
Of which, the one did dresse (prodigious food)
A childe, his nephew, innocent, betray'd:
Now in one dungeon, they together dwell,
No jealousie nor envy stings in Hell.

'Twixt Pandion's daughters, wretched Tereus stands,
Of which the one (by double wrong abus'd)
With tongue restor'd, the vengeance due demands,
For brutish lust, and barbarous rigour us'd,
As having stain'd his stomacke, and her hands,
By him the other is as much accus'd:
A sister kinde, or with all love at strife,
A monstrous mother, an outragious wife.

She grieves, whom long distract'd, strange thoughts did move,
To venge her brother, or her sonne to slay,
A sister, mother, doubtfull which to prove,
Till tender kindenesse to strong rage gave way,
Proud of men's praise, and of a ladie's love,
Whil'st his, the boare, he, Atalanta's prey:
Thus even whil'st fortune fawn'd, fates did destroy,
"O what small bounds abide 'twixt griefe and joy!"

Of queenes accurst, whose names may horrour breed,
There Iuda, Israel, each of them gives one,
The tigris who destroy'd the royall seed,
And even too dearely purchased a throne,
Yet one, preserv'd, did to the state succeed,
And, justly guerdon'd, was her rigour gone:
As from God's favour, from his temple driv'd,
That murtherer's ruine quickly was contriv'd.

That hatefull Hebrew, queene of Sidon's race,
Who durst attempt a warre against the Lord,
And prophets kill'd, or them farre off did chase,
Yet Baal's temples with abundance stor'd,
That prostituted trunke, and painted face,
Were head-longs hurl'd, by dogges to be devour'd:
Yet did that judgement but to her remaine,
An earnest penny of eternall paine.

That great enchauntresse, magicke's power ore-thrown,
Who, then the bull she tam'd, more mad did prove,
Whil'st she (his babes all torne in pieces sowne)
From following her, her father did remove;
What cruell wonder hath like this beene knowne?
One of the sexe most milde, fierce when in love:
No doubt the Divell did rule both heart and hands,
For witchcraft, murther, his by double bands.

From dungeons darke, blacke squadrons part a space,
(That they for ever sentenc'd may returne)
By covenant the Divel's peculiar race,
Who hyr'd by him, against the Heavens did spurne,
And, when detected, dying with disgrace,
(As martyrs) did for their profession burne:
This ominous end presaging more distresse,
They here began their portion to possesse.

She, who at Endor, by her king secur'd, [stand,
Long murmuring charmes, a monstrous masse did
Then did attest, protest, curs'd, and conjur'd,
Till she (Hell's slave) her master did command,
And (if not Samuel) one like him procur'd,
To rise and tell all that they did demand,

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That witch the honour hath with many such,
To live with him whom she did love so much.

Some who, (all magicke's mysteries well known)
For temporall toyes, eternity have lost,
And did but mocke the eyes (false wonders shown)
Like him who would have bought the Holy Ghost;
Their Lord at last with rigour urg'd his owne,
And all that cosening skill too dearely cost,
Their mangled members dasht against the stones,
Whil'st he to search their soules, crush'd all their bones.

Some subtle sorcerers, whom the world commends,
This horrid art to such perfection bring,
That slaves can sell their lords for severall ends,
By magicke's meanes imprison'd in a ring,
Whose owners with their lord (as his deare friends)
May by this pledge advise of every thing:
So that such sprites were entertain'd for spies,
Which told some truth, to purchase trust for lyes.

There some who first (not stray'd from Nature's ground)
Were bent to know what fate 's in clouds obscur'd,
Whom (when march'd neare) no limits more could bound,
But they would have all what could be procur'd;
And by wrong spies, God's secrets sought to sound,
As (magicke's band) astrologie allur'd;
When in Heaven's garden once allow'd to be,
Who tempted were to the forbidden tree.

Of that base sort a multitude doth swarme,
Which (though not curious) simple, or in want,
Did (when themselves abus'd) abuse, and charme,
Then sprites impure, to practise ill did hant;
Could doe themselves no good, did others harme,
Rais'd divels, and tempests, but could nothing dant:
When damn'd at last, they this advantage gaine,
That with their masters, they are mates in paine.

So many sorts of wicked men design'd,
Worse then the worst, what troupe doe I perceive?
Muse, though thou loath that I should presse my minde
With passive thoughts, such monsters to conceive,
Yet let the end for such vile soules assign'd,
In every heart a burd'nous horrour leave:
Which is so farre estrang'd from my conceit,
I feare to lessen what I would dilate.

What barbarous traitours, execrable bands
From breasts depth earth-quakes cast up swelling groanes?
Vile assasines, who durst with impious hands
Rise up against the Lord's anointed ones,
And all neglect, that Heaven or th'Earth commands,
The sword not fear'd, no reverence unto thrones:
Whom so to mischiefe, Satan head-long roules,
That for another's life they give their soules.

O! how they quake with a dejected face,
Who sought (Heaven's horrour) for their soveraigne's end,
Some (as next kinsmen ayming at his place)
Swift Nature's course impatient to attend,
Some having purchas'd power, by warre or peace,
(All right contemn'd) who would by force ascend:
As troupes who knew not God, this squadron fill,
There want not others who did know his will.

There Absolom so absolutely faire,
Who would embosom'd be by proud base arts,
Yet fell himselfe, his father bent to snare,
And lost his whole in stealing others' hearts;
He farre puff'd up, dy'd wavering in the ayre,
The shamefull forme upbraiding vaunted parts:
A growing gallowes, grasping tumide hope,
The winde was hang-man, and his haires the rope.

Ah! must I staine the pureness of my rymes,
With such as we from mindes should quite seclude?
Damn'd be their memory, unknowne their crymes;
Of acts so ill examples are not good,
And yet have we not seene even in our times,
How th' Earth abus'd, beares a prodigious brood:
Who fayning godlinesse, from God rebell,
And will seeke Heaven even in the depths of Hell.

Up, hypocrite ingrate, who wast entic'd
To kill that king, who did your sect advance,
By strangers lov'd, at home by all despis'd,
From whom when stolne from Pole, one neere stole [France,
Had he not falne even there where they devis'd,
The monstrous massacre! great God what chance!
Else was he urg'd, all dignity put downe,
To quite his kingdome for a naked crowne.

That villaine vile whom all the world abhorr'd,
To kill that king who durst lend Death a dart,
Who oft had scap'd the cannon and the sword,
And banish'd had the authors of base art,
Since not his tooth, why was their state restor'd?
Who tooke but it, in earnest of the heart:
Blinde zeale, soule's frenzy, now makes many rave;
Can mischiefe merit, or can murther save?

Yet those vile crimes (though with amazement nam'd)
Seeme common slaughters when I them compare,
With that strange treason through the world proclaim'd,
Which bragg'd to blow all Britaine in the ayre;
Of this damn'd plot, the Divell may be asham'd,
Which had no patterne, and can have no heire:
Both prince and peeres, it threatning straight t' orethrow,
(Like Nero's wish) had kill'd all at one blow.

When Stygian states in dungeons darke conspir'd,
All Albian's orethrow, Britaine's utter end,
To be dispatch'd as paper spent when fir'd, [head,
Which mysticke bragge, when none could compre-
Our Salomon (no doubt by God inspir'd)
Did straight conjecture what he did intend:
Great prince, great poet, all divine, what three?
With whom on Earth was God, if not with thee?

Hell's emissaries with confusion stor'd,
Whose damn'd devices, none enough can hate,
Though they should be by all the world abhorr'd,
As Nature's scandall, vipers of a state,
Yet are they prais'd of some, yea, and ador'd,
Since by religion justifi'd of late:
Some miracles were fain'd, one true is wrought,
That monsters martyrs, murtherers saints are thought.

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Who can but burst those moderne times to touch,
Whil'st bloudy hearts, and hands, can smooth their breath? [much
When some (though Christians) are commended
For suffering, no, even for inflicting death?
It may indeed be justly said of such,
They burne in zeale, worke wonders out of faith,
Who fire whole kingdomes for religion's love,
And to seeme holy, homicides will prove.

Next those great men whose fame so glorious flyes,
Who rag'd with fury, or for folly rav'd,
And bended up with pride, or slack't with lyes,
Idolatry, or murther, still conceiv'd,
A dastard troupe stands with dejected eyes,
Whose tainted life, world's shame, Heaven's judgment crav'd: [chase,
Heards of such hearts, Hell's hounds, with horrour
Who basely wicked, wickedly were base.

DOOMES-DAY.

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORD'S IVDGMENT.

THE SEVENTH HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

To vice abandon'd, those who basely liv'd,
And sold their soules to be the slaves of lust;
Blasphemers, drunkards, gluttons, all who striv'd
To pamper flesh, and did to frailty trust,
False iudges, witnesses, who fraud contriv'd,
Or were in that which they profess'd, unjust:
All learned men who have their gifts abus'd;
But chiefly church-men are at last accus'd.

Lo, some whom Fortune like her selfe made blinde,
Who sacred greatnesse did most grosly staine,
Involv'd in vices, and of such a kinde,
That them to taxe, even Gentiles did attaine,
Though not thought sin, nor by no law declin'd,
Whose facts (as filthy) Nature did disdaine:
Who (following sense) from reason did rebell,
Long loath'd on th' Earth still tort'r'd in the Hell.

Assyria's king (no king before deprivd)
(Though others barbarous) first who beastly prov'd,
Who (faint for lust) effeminately liv'd,
Till by despaire to seeme couragious mov'd,
He (when he knew his ruine was contriv'd)
Did with himselfe burne all things which he lov'd:
This act was bad, yet praised for his best,
O who can thinke how hatefull were the rest!

Rome's ugly lord (power hatefull for his sake)
Whose vile desires could never be asswag'd,
Who (Nature's horrour) man to wife did take,
All whole to lust and gluttony engag'd,
Who did profusely feasts prodigious make,
A death disastrous (as his due) presag'd:
He it (though ill) all meanes prepar'd to grace,
Yet (alwaies foule) dy'd in a filthy place.

There stand world's great ones, who vaine joy enjoy'd,
While boundlesse lust still strange desires did breed,
Though gelded keepers jealously convoy'd
A female troupe, for fancy, not for need, [cloy'd,
Vast appetite, weake power, much wish'd, soone
A longing first, straight loathing did succeed:
That sinne so sweet, which nature most desires,
Doth here breed temporall, hence eternall fires.

The infant world great freedome did allow,
To those delights which people did the ground,
At least strict lawes did punish none as now,
For any fault that did not wedlocke wound,
And chastnesse then had beene a foolish vow,
When parents' praise a populous offspring crown'd.
Men then were forc'd with all degrees to wed,
Till some discents more lawfull limits bred.

That which God first in Eden did ordaine,
And with a wonder Christ confirmed too,
By which both sexes fortified remaine,
Two doubled ones, and a contracted two,
That sacred league who ever vow in vaine,
Although they thinke all secret what they doe:
It is a sinne which God so highly hates,
He markes it still with ruines of estates.

Amongst the Iewes where God most clearely wrought,
All women deem'd their husbands to deceive,
Straight by the priest to publicke tryall brought,
If guilty dyed, not guilty, did conceive; [thought,
Love and faith wrong'd, this crime so foule was
That when for sinne God would his people leave,
The prophets all adultery did name,
(lust bands dissolv'd) which did divorce with shame.

What raving madnesse doth enflame the minde
With curiousnesse, another's course to know?
When one the like by lawfull meanes may finde,
Why should he seeke to steale what others owe?
Which is (when reach'd) not such as was design'd
By fond conceit's imaginary show: [woe ends,
What (had with care) feare keeps, shame checks,
Man wrong'd, God griev'd, damnation last attends.

Though by like law both sexes bounded be,
Yet to the stronger, lesse restraint was showne,
Who (others' wives not touch'd) did else seeme free,
Where for each scape, a woman was orethrowne:
And forward fame (too partiall) as we see, [knowne:
More damnes them, if suspect, then men when
He, this way stray'd, to some more gallant seemes,
Where her (once stayn'd) the world no more esteemes.

From wives so farre their fellowes to preferre,
The generall judgement diverse reasons move;
If from their honour any way they erre,
Some may them use, though never truely love;
As him her fault, the husband's shames not her,
Whose treacherous part may more pernitious prove:
He but affords, and she receives disgrace,
He but augments, she falsifies the race.

A woman's worth, which Nature deckes, not art,
Opinion values, favour doth procure,
Whose glory is the conquest of a heart,
Which vertue doth, not vanity allure,
Where beauty, wit, and each respected part,
Are sham'd by her, but honour not a whore:

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Where false, or faint, men are disgrac'd two wayes,
A woman onely when from fame she strayes.

They who (all burning with voluptuous fires)
Did dandle lust as a delightfull guest,
And (making beauty bawd to base desires)
Did buy their colour so to sell the rest,
Loe, painted, false, or stolne, face, minde, attires,
All is beli'd, and badnesse is their best;
Deare proves the pleasure, bitter is the gaine,
Which black disgrace upbraides with endlesse paine.

There, beautie's goddesse with these daiuty Greekes,
Who did endeere the treasure of a face,
And (fond of that which idle fancy seekes)
Would kisse like doves, like ivie did embrace,
Red lippes, white hands, black eyes, curl'd haires, [grace;
smooth cheekes,
Which flattering smiles, and flaming lookes did
That once forc'd favour, but now hatred moves:
Then for Adonis greater griefe she proves.

With daughters two Love's Leda weepes in vaine,
(One by base sport transported for a space)
Who kill'd her husband, by her sonne was slaine:
Next, that great beauty which the Greekes would grace,
But by more lustre doe betray a staine,
Troy's fatall plague, the fable of each place,
Much courted once, she now detested stands,
(As kill'd for her) accus'd by murmuring bands.

Lascivious Lais much in Corinth knowne,
Who sold deare pleasure, pretious but by price;
That dame of goods ill gain'd for franknesse showne,
Whom Rome made goddesse that way never nice,
Brave chiefes for whores who thousands have ore-throwne,
Though striking hearts with horrour of that vice;
Lust breeds a plague of late which all doe loath,
As which still shame, death sometime, oft yeelds both.

That pompous queene admir'd so much for state,
When daunting them whose fame did hostes appall,
(World's conquerours conquer'd) who (then both
Made Cesar flie, and Antony to fall, [more great)
Rare courage! rais'd with a declining fate,
Who di'd triumphing, when design'd a thrall;
But for these faults which numbers did confound,
Then aspickes gave, shee feeles a deeper wound.

Rome's wanton dame doth thrust amid'st this throng,
(Soe sparkling lust empoison'd had her heart)
Who from the stewes when exercised long,
Made weary oft, not satisfi'd did part;
Yet match'd with Silius (made the vulgar song)
She forc'd grosse Claudius drowsily to start;
Who though that hee had cause to take her life,
Yet (strangely stupid) asked for his wife.

You who below have forfeited your fame,
And from their God so many doe divorce,
Who scarce can blush, though but a badge of shame,
Loe, what is all that you so much enforce!
A little flash, an extasie, a dreame, [morse:
Which loath'd when done, doth quickly leave re-
What fooles are these who for a fact so foule,
Lose fame and goods, the body and the soule?

To force them further who were else their owne,
(Things faire when neare, fall foule when once they touch)
More love nor reason, but no favour showne,
Some loos'd just int'rest urging it too much;
Lot's daughters this, and Tamar's rape hath showne,
Iocasta, Myrrha, Canace, and such;
Incestuous matches make a monstrous brood,
Loath'd are they now who tainted thus their blood.

O fatall ill, which man-kinde may bemone!
Must things unlawfull most affected be?
All Eden's fruits were freely given save one,
Yet Evah long'd for the forbidden tree,
Man ore all creatures plac'd (as in a throne)
Hath thrall'd himselfe, and in a base degree;
Vaine appetites, and an enormous lust,
Have brought him back more low then to the dust.

The Stygian tyrant nothing can asswage,
When ravishers upbraid th' intended wrong;
There Tereus, Nessus, all shall have their wage;
These guests ingrate, who for the bride did throng:
Then Shechem, Amnon, Tarquin, by lust's rage,
Who were to force infortunately strong;
Blood quenching lust, death venging honour's wound,
Euen in this world wrath did all those confound.

Such faults though great, match'd with more great, seeme lesse,
Those whom to pleasure weaknesse did betray,
They but the law, not nature did transgresse,
The sexe observ'd, in sort did onely stray:
Where some more vile then any can expresse,
Both God and Nature in such horrour have;
That if their sinne were not in scripture seene,
I should not thinke that it had ever beene.

That towne which was consum'd with showers of fire,
Where men first men, then angels striv'd to staine,
Of fearefull type of memorable ire!
Whose bounds still ugly like their sinne remaine,
Of which the world's great Iudge shall now enquire,
And for the same appoint some speciall paine:
That fault too foule not fit to be but nam'd,
Let good men thinke that it cannot be dream'd.

Woe now to them who from all bounds did swerve,
And (still intemp'rate) liv'd like abject beasts,
As wholly given their appetites to serve,
Whose pleasure did depend upon their tasts,
And whil'st the poore (for famine faint) did sterve,
With food superfluous rioted in feasts:
With Dives now tormented they remaine,
And envy beggars whom they did disdaine.

That proud Chaldean banquetting in state,
As bragging of God's spoils, puff'd up in heart,
Who drunke in minde, and surfeiting of meat,
To serve his use church-vessels did convert; [part:
Till this was seene his courage to abate,
Lo, thou art weigh'd, found light, thy kingdomes'
Who with his hand whil'st writing thus, did wound,
Must with his whole in judgement quite confound.

He with brave troops who bragg'd Bethulian walls,
Whose breast for blond, or wine, still raging boil'd,
Drinke forcing his, his sword a number's falls,
Who men of lives, of honour women spoil'd;
He, then when threatning all the world as thralls,
Whil'st most secure, eternally was foil'd;

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By sleep, by drink, by death, thrice senselesse made,
No wonder though a woman stole his head.

This filthy vice enfeebling nature's force,
Though other faults (foule in an high degree)
Make men like beasts, it onely makes them worse,
Since to be drunk beasts not so base can be;
From reason onely madnesse doth divorce
It both from sense, and reason, as we see:
A murtherer but procures the bodie's fall,
Where drunkennesse with it, soule's, fame's, and all.

When sinnes so much were cropt, this budded first,
And who stood safe on seas, by land made sinke,
The father scorn'd, the sonne became accurst,
Death's frighted remnant did for horrour shrinke;
He who was never mov'd with Sodome's worst,
When scap't from flames was all enflam'd with drinke,
And of those two so singular for grace,
Th' one lost a part, the other all his race.

That in this sort which made such men to fall,
Of piety though speciall patterns nam'd,
No doubt it cannot but confound them all,
Who in this kinde have such contentment dream'd,
That (to the same vow'd voluntary thrall)
They brag when fresh, where they should be asham'd,
Such onely when growne worst, least please the Devill,
Since then as dead, not able to do evill.

Though to be drunke one did no sinne commit,
Yet it is grosse, and ugly every way,
As that which spoils the grace, the strength, the wit,
The feet made stumble, and the tongue to stray;
And where a vertue is, quite smothering it,
Each weakenesse that one hath doth straight betray;
What vice like this, which all ills else includes,
Since sinfull, shamefull, hurting health and goods?

That race of Satan, like himselfe in lyes,
Must then tell truth to him who all things knows,
Of circling fraud who soone the centre tryes,
And doth perceive all their deceiving shows,
Whose promises (like spiders' webs for flyes)
A subtle snare the better sort ore-throws.
Who vainly vaunt amid'st their flying joyes,
That men with oaths, and babes are trap'd with toyes.

O now they spie how ill they play'd their parts,
When they revive abandonding the dust!
Plaine and transparant are their hollow hearts,
Which did delude the world, betraying trust;
Though subtle thought, then simple prove these arts,
Which onely serve to circumvent the just:
Such (ventring soules) base trifles bent to gaine,
Were first to shame, and last expos'd to paine.

As many meane men muster in this band,
By avarice made false, or forc'd by want,
There others are who kingdomes did command,
And save themselves striv'd every thing to daunt;
To rise ambitious, jealous how to stand,
By policy who thousands did supplant,
And all the world imbrac'd within their minde,
Till at the last by some few foots confin'd.

Kings joyn'd with subjects to be judg'd come in;
No deputies in person all compeere, [sinne;
No greatnesse guilds their guilt, no guards guard
No majestie save one breeds reverence here;
For treacherous treaties they in vaine begin,
By blam'd ambassadours themselves to cleare:
Power serves not now to countenance crimes with might,
Nor policy to cloake their course with slight.

That gorgeous king who kill'd Cassander's sonne,
By him prevented onely by one day,
With mutuall feasts, and curtesies begun,
Both faining love, when purpos'd to betray:
These finde withall who have such courses runne,
That generous plainnesse proves the better way;
No men more wretched then some greatest kings,
Both for omitting, and committing things.

They at this time not onely are accus'd,
For all which they directly did affect,
But even for others cannot be excus'd,
Whom they did raise, approve, or not correct;
Save greater torment when not rightly us'd.
Now soveraigne power doth purchase no respect:
"Of high imployments great accounts are crav'd,
And they must render most, who most receiv'd."

Faith (if once broke) doth so displease each minde,
That it not kept (even to an Ethnicke king)
The last in Iuda's throne (his crowne resign'd)
All charg'd with chaines to bondage base did bring;
Who saw his sonnes first kill'd, then was made blinde,
What more mishap a heart with griefe could sting?
He wretched was, not that his eyes were reft,
But to see ill that they too long were left.

Pale stand they now, who took God's name in vaine,
And have their soules for trifling ends forsworne;
Who hearts still straight, as simple did disdaine,
Whose wit could glose on vice, and vertue scorne,
Who thund'ring oaths the very ayre did staine;
O how they curse the houre that they were borne!
Such oft the Devill have call'd and God refus'd,
With imprecations, execrations us'd.

Of all these false ones which this time doth try,
With greatest wrath the Lord doth them pursue,
Who (forcing faith) were bold to sell a lye,
Affirming freely what they never knew:
With these vile hirelings which made Nabal dye,
A number more damn'd for this fault I view,
Which witnesses to try, no witnesse needs,
Their guilty conscience large confession breeds.

Troups which for spite durst urge a false complaint,
That tyrants might the saints of God commit,
With palenesse now their faces feare doth paint,
To witnesse wrong who did extend their wit:
Whilst they behold those whom they striv'd to taint,
With angels rank'd (in judging them) to sit:
The great accuser doth against them plead,
Whom once he pleas'd, that he them thence may leade.

Loe, as their bodies, naked are their minds,
(That maske remov'd which did them long disguise)
Whose vows, and oaths, but breath, went with the winds,
Not to secure, given onely to entice,
These nets of fraud, weav'd in so many kinds,
Whence poys'nous snakes did (hid with flowers) surprise,
All at an instant now is brought to light,
Which deep dissemblers had wrapt up in night.

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The chiefe of such whom here abhorr'd I view,
Is he whose words as oracles were thought;
Who by two councells did his king pursue,
Whose shame the one, whose life the other sought,
Not wise, though wittie, false whil'st speaking true
When all his plots were to confusion brought:
Who witnesse, partie, judge, and hangman too,
Damn'd by himselfe, left now the lesse to doe.

That great arch-patron of such cunning parts,
Is back'd by many drawne from southerne climes,
Who first to tongues driv'd honestie from hearts,
And bent to prosper car'd not by what crimes,
The Florentine made famous by these arts,
Hath tainted numbers even of moderne times:
Till subtilty is to such credit rais'd,
That falshood (when call'd policy) is prais'd.

Ah! this of zeale the sacred ardour cools,
And doth of atheists great abundance make,
Philosophers, physitians, lights of schools,
First causes hunting, do the second take,
By learning ignorant, by wit made fools,
O how their knowledge makes them now to quake!
Who wrong'd God's glory, and provok'd his wrath,
By forcing reason, and neglecting faith.

Who (nature's slaves, no grounds save hers would touch) [cerne,
Still studying th' Earth, not what did Heaven con-
They wish they had knowne more, else not so much,
Had had no light, else judgment to discerne,
Diagoras, Democritus, and such
Voluptuous epicures, and stoicks sterne:
This narrow search which all their soules must sift,
No subtle wit by sophistry can shift.

Though to all those whom sinne hath made to sinke,
(If pale repentance not by teares do purge)
This court yeelds feares, even more then men can thinke,
Of all his laws when God a count doth urge,
Yet chiefly they whose doomes made others shrinke,
If once accus'd, they cannot scape a scourge;
Of such below who should his place supplie,
The Lord (as jealous) all the wayes doth try.

They who were judges judgment must attend,
Whose hearts with conscience have no longer truce,
Whom bribes, hate, love, or other partiall end,
Did buy, wrest, bow, or any way seduce;
No law, nor practick can them now defend;
There is no hope this processe to reduce:
His sentences whose words are all of weight,
(Whence scarce pronounc'd) are executed straight.

He who to death did damne the Lord of life,
Vnhappy man how hatefull is his part!
When griev'd in minde, and warned by his wife,
He wash'd his hands, but would not purge his heart,
Yet for lesse paine with some he stands at strife,
Who give wrong doomes, yet not so much as smart:
But men to please since he the Lord contemn'd,
He must be judg'd by him whom he condemn'd.

One's monstrous crimes with torments how to match,
The devils do all concurre for vengeance great,
Who (when at sacred food) did mischiefe hatch,
A traitor, theefe, apostate, and ingrate,
Who made (when he his Lord to trap did watch)
A kisse (though love's chiefe signe) the badge of hate;
He sought his wreake who came the world to save,
What greater crime could all Hell's hosts conceive?

They who of late did at poore suiters grudge,
Yet for more rich men reasons could contrive,
(Though there were hope that gifts could calme this judge)
They naked are, and nothing have to give,
O what strange furies in their bosomes lodge!
Who wish to dye, and yet of force must live:
These who from others' plaints had barr'd their ears,
Spoke sighs in vaine, and raine downe flouds of teares.

Ye iudges, ye who with a little breath
Can ruine fortunes, and disgrace inflict,
Yea, sit securely (whil'st denouncing death)
In lives (though pretious) as but toyes, not strict;
Ye must be judg'd, and in a time of wrath,
When Christ himselfe to justice doth addict:
To rigour fierce then give not rashly place,
For if you scape, it onely is by grace.

All those whom power doth arme and glory decke,
Not onely are for their owne faults disprov'd,
But for all theirs whom they were bound to checke,
Yet where they ow'd just hate, not loath'd but lov'd:
His sonnes both kill'd, old Eli broke his necke,
Whom he (though tax'd) not mended, nor remov'd.
"Who punish may, and yet comport with sinne,
They lose themselves where they should others winne."

Some who would mocke the world, appearing pure,
So with fraile colours frailty to disguise,
Whil'st privately some person they procure
To execute the ill that they devise,
Though (shadow'd thus) they dreame themselves secure,
Whil'st gaine to them, to others hate doth rise:
Who indirectly thus a fault commit,
Are found more guilty by dissembling it.

That Edomite in Hell's black depths involv'd,
Whil'st he revenge, else guerdon did attend,
Who even in church, the priests ore-throw resolv'd,
And at devotion mischiefe did intend:
(With Heaven and Earth at once all bands dissolv'd)
Vile Doeg, dogge, both false to God, and friend:
Though true his words, the sense was wrong annex'd,
And now he finds what glose betrai'd the text.

Those base informers who (by envy led)
Three Hebrews' ruine did with fraud conspire,
Then was the fornace when with flames made red,
More fierce they finde the rage of sparkling ire,
And (neare that forme by which their eyes were fed)
They enter must, not be consum'd with fire:
Yet differ thus, these scap't, not touch'd againe,
Where they must alwayes burne with endlesse paine.

These leacherous iudges, infamie of age,
Who (for Susanna in an ambush plac'd)
Did runne (enflam'd with a voluptuous rage)
And living snows (all freez'd with feare) embrac'd,
Which treason did 'twixt two great straits engage,
To sinne in secret, or to dye disgrac'd;
They curse their course which so impetuous prov'd,
Twixt passions toss'd whil'st hating whom they lov'd.

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That froth of envy, bubble of base pride,
Who for one's cause a nation would ore-throw,
His whole in hazard, or he would abide
The triviall want of an externall show;
Yet bad what he for others did provide,
A rare example of vaine height brought low;
Who of the man whom he did most disdaine,
The bridle led, most abject of the traine.

When sometime match'd by emulating strife,
Black calumnie (swolne hate and envie's childe)
Damnes him with others (false records are rife)
By whom Apelles was from men exil'd,
Who (animating colours) colour'd life,
Till (by their eyes) men joy'd to be beguil'd:
Whil'st drawn by him an admirable peece,
It (as a treasure) was engross'd in Greece.

No vice below fraughts Pluto with more spoils
Than avarice, which nothing can controule;
(The heart with cares, the body tyr'd with toils)
Whil'st it (a tyrant) doth oppresse the soule,
And all the buds of rising vertue foils,
Too grosly base, and miserably foule;
Then it can never scape a generall hate,
Which one to found would ruine every state.

Not onely wretches all the world would wrong,
But even themselves defraud of what is due;
From all their treasures travell'd for so long,
Which they but owe, not use, not owe, but view,
Them fortune oft, death still to part is strong,
Who of all sinners have most cause to rue: [gaine,
They lose themselves that doubtfull heires may
The pleasures want of sinne, have but the paine.

By misery to finde his folly mov'd,
When fortune's dreames were vanish'd all away,
That Lydian king who Solon's speech approv'd,
Did clearly tell how greatnesse did betray,
And highly loath'd what he too much had lov'd;
Thoughts which for treasures, no, for trifles stray:
What even when pleasant he did then disdaine,
O how he hates it now when cause of paine!

That Roman who but such did rich esteeme,
As furnish might an hoast, yet want not feare,
When his sonne's head (whose hopes so great did seeme)
With horrour crown'd a bragging Parthian's speare,
Then all his wealth could not himselfe redeeme,
Kill'd oft ere dead, barbarians scoffes to beare;
Thus he who long below so rich did dwell,
Rob'd fortune, fame, and life, went poore to Hell.

She whose base mind they whom it pleas'd did scorne,
(Vile avarice so poison'd had her heart) [borne,
Whilst charg'd with all which foes left armes had
Did nothing get, yet they too much impart,
The words were kept, but not the sence was sworne,
The which, (though their deceit) was her desart;
But though that monstrous weight bruis'd all her
A greater now doth crush her all at once. [bones,

Of him whose touch made gold, when rich at will,
That ancient tale each miser's state hath showne,
Who steale from others, rob themselves poore still,
As borne to envy wealth, though even their owne;
Gold did his chests, but not his stomack fill,
Starv'd by abundance, by his wish ore-throwne;
He but in cares, such always asses be,
Since still in toile from burdens never free.

Then avarice that painefull guide to paine,
With greater troupes no sinne triumphes in Hell,
What fettered captives charg'd with guilty gaine;
Prey of their prey, their wreake by winning tell?
That glue of soules must them from Heaven restraine,
Who ti'd to it, on th' Earth would always dwell:
Such jealous fooles, they not enjoy, though match,
But build a nest where others are to hatch.

Of all those hearts which this curst hag doth stitch,
Though by the world they are detasted most,
Who are like him whom stealing did bewitch,
With gold, and garments, tainting Iosua's host,
Yet many are by farre worse meanes made rich,
Who more doe sinne, yet of their sinne dare boast;
Theeves oft (like him with Christ) get life by death,
Where such are onely kept for endlesse wrath.

They by their place who should all faults redresse,
And guard the weake against encroaching wrong,
If of their greatnesse they the ground transgresse,
(As for inflicting harme made only strong)
Though they a space by power the poore oppresse,
O! they shall find with griefe ere it be long,
How much it had imported to their state,
That they had striv'd to be more good then great.

Thou who rais'd high, should'st helpe the humble sort,
Yet, whilst thy pride all law and reason foiles,
The entrailes, yea, their marrow dost extort,
Bath'd by their sweat, annointed with their toiles,
Dost urge more then they owe, or can support,
Deare is thy state when purchas'd by such spoiles;
Though theft be much detasted at this time,
Oppression then shall prove the greater crime.

He who inferiours thus to ruine brings,
Who neither may resist nor dare complaine,
Though lawes approve, and custome cloke such things,
His course at last doth all unmask'd remaine;
Who late were lords, and kept a court like kings,
Of them whome once they rul'd no vantage gaine;
No bragges, nor bribes, no care nor friendship aides.
The judge in wrath with frownes their faults upbraids.

Though lofty tyrants first much mischiefe breed,
Their ravenous course whilst nothing can appease,
Yet others are who on their fall doe feed,
Whom so to humble it the Lord doth please,
Whose summes for interest principalls exceed,
A cosening favour, ruining with ease;
But Christ at last a iubilee doth sound,
His free from bands, who did them bind, are bound.

Then robbers, theeves, oppressours, usurers there,
One sort at least the Lord farre more doth hate,
His temple spoiling, who himselfe not spare,
Take what zeale gave, the fat of offerings eate,
What was allow'd the Levites for their share,
Prophanely us'd to found a private state:
They must thinke God lesse then the Devill to be,
Who thousands kill'd to keepe his altars free.

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What leaden weight the soules of them doth lode,
(Like those in waters, bubbles but of breath,)
With words outragious, who contest with God,
Though oft even here made spectacles of wrath,
By ruine's axe, not by correction's rod,
But'are for ever tortur'd after death:
What they must suffer cannot be devis'd,
When judg'd by him whom they so long despis'd.

He thundring vaunts, who did his pride proclaime,
And bright with brasse, like Rhodes' great statue shin'd,
With launce more grosse then any weaver's beame,
The masse most monstrous of the gyant's kinde,
Whil'st braving God, by seeking Israel's shame,
He first amaz'd, then fill'd with feare each minde:
An oxe in strength, and death, lesse in the last,
A small stone fell'd him which a boy did cast.

That moving mount of earth with others dread,
Who (trusting their owne strength) did God despise;
That king of Bashan (from his iron bed)
Who to oppugne God's people did arise;
Some who, like wolves, with flesh of men were fed,
As he whose eye Vlysses did surprise: [restraines,
Though huge, they quake, whil'st feare their pride
And with their strength, proportion'd are their paines.

With those who rail'd on God with horrour nam'd,
Stands Rabsache, whose breath the ayre defil'd,
And one who answer'd was when he exclaim'd,
Tell of the carpenter what doth the childe,
That he for him a fatall coffin fram'd,
Whom death soone seizing from the world exil'd:
Such did pursue, where nothing could be wonne,
Like foolish dogges that barke against the Sunne.

There Christ must make that barbarous king afraid,
From whose fierce rage for him, babes were not free,
That with just scorne, the great Augustus laid,
It better was his sow then sonne to be:
One durst God's praise usurpe, till quite dismaid,
His flattering troupes a judgment rare did see, [sum'd,
Whil'st him who, swolne with pride, so much pre-
A loathsome death by meanes most vile consum'd.

Great is the wrath which doth all them pursue,
That from the sabbath did profanely stray,
Gave man too much, to God not what was due,
Where all was ow'd, who nothing would repay;
Whose course ingrate, oft guerdon'd thus we view,
Their years are curs'd, who scorn'd to keep one day:
Nor doth his rage lesse flames against them raise,
Who seeke by it their sport, and not his praise.

Of those the griefe no soule save theirs conceives,
Who parents scorne, like nothing but their states;
By Cham's eternall curse, who not perceives
How much the Lord rebellious children hates?
Since all his race (hereditary slaves)
Are sold like beasts, and at more easie rates:
A monstrous merchandise, unnaturall gaine,
But thirst of gold, what dost thou not constraine?

Those soules which once enlightned were with grace,
Yet in Heaven's way abandon'd had their guide,
This present world (like Demas) to embrace,
Yea, worse, did fiercely fall, not weakely slide,
What fooles were they, who did give over their race,
For falsenesse, faintnesse, or preposterous pride?
Since, like their Lord, they needs would fall from light,
With him darke dungeons they deserve of right.

The man most mark'd amidst this damned traine,
Whose foule defection numbers did annoy,
Is he from schooles who Christians did restraine,
By ignorance the truth bent to destroy;
With him (well match'd) his master doth remaine.
Who fondly did too deepe a wit imploy:
Vile Porphyry, how wretched is thy state,
Who bought thy learning at too deare a rate?

Yet even then these, whose falles were marked most,
A number now are farre more guilty found,
These but themselves, they many thousands lost;
These seene were shum'd, they seeming friends did wound,
And where made captaines, did betray the host,
Not forward march'd, did but the trumpet sound:
Such teachers false, high indignation move,
Who, plac'd for lampes, did rockes of ruine prove.

They (whil'st their faith for worldly causes faints)
Who were made shepheards, do undoe their sheep,
Religion's casks, church dregges, dissembled saints,
Where trusted watch-men who fall first asleep;
O with what palenesse feare their faces paints,
For loosing them whom they were bound to keep!
Such pastors now stand for all those dismaid,
By their example, or neglect, who strai'd.

He (even as spurning at a wall of brasse)
Who (though God's priest) his people would misguid,
Where bound to blesse, who there to curse did passe,
Seem'd to consult, yet God to tempt but tri'd,
Who forc'd (when left) him to obey his asse,
Then it more grosse which first the angel spi'd;
Deare proves his counsell when their plaints begin,
Whom he by beauty did betray to sinne.

With Balaam now this age a troupe doth match,
Who (flattering Sirens) some with pleasure charme,
Whil'st they like tradesmen do their ta-ke dispatch,
Since neither hot, nor cold, spu'd forth loke-warme,
Whose scandalous life choaks what their words do hatch;
What profit precepts, whil'st examples harme?
"Of tainted fountains all do flie the streames:
As bright the Sunne, most pure are all his beames.

What great perfection can theologues reach,
Who learne their science as an art to gaine,
And, farre from practice, onely strive to preach?
Such wanting salt would season soules in vaine,
In actions earthly, spirituall but in speech,
Who buy promotions, sell Heaven's goods againe:
Their money curs'd, detasted may they dye,
Who, what none value can, would basely buy.

There are some priests whom foolish pride made rave,
(Like Isis' asse whose burden was ador'd)
Who of their parts too great opinion have,
And more affect than reason can afford;
Where humblenesse her chiefe abode should have,
A haughty minde must justly be abhorr'd;
Vile avarice, and pride, from Heaven accurst,
In all are ill, but in a church-man worst.

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Sinne sinfull still, and vice is vile in all,
But most abhorr'd by guides of soules when done,
Whose faults seeme ugly, though they be but small,
As stains in crystall, darknesse in the Moone;
They when they stumble make a number fall;
Where laws scarce urge, example leads us soone;
Woe to those shepheards who their flocks betray,
Whose trusted steps make all their followers stray.

Next comes a company then these more bad,
Who in some sort made eminent to be,
Did poyson draw, where others honey had,
Blinde by sinne's beams who could it selfe not see,
By curiousnesse grown grosse, by learning mad,
Where Adam rob'd the fruits, who rent the tree:
Confusion's slaves, whose course all union wrongs,
They part men's hearts, where Babel but the tongues.

Those soule's impostours, rocks of ruine borne,
Who what they fancied did too much esteeme,
And of religion held true grounds in scorne,
By strange opinions singular to seeme;
They who the church did teare, their hearts are torne,
Whose spiritnall errours nothing could redeeme;
Then all those atheists who the light deny'd
Strai'd hereticks are more pernicious try'd.

Their vaine divisions have much mischiefe wrought,
Christ's coat still torne, for lots (yet question'd) set,
The figures literall, letters figures thought,
Whil'st forging reasons, they the sense forget,
And catching all within their compasse brought,
Like poysnous spiders fram'd in aiery net;
Yet that the world might spie their damned state,
Still jarr'd amongst themselves, did others hate.

None gives religion a more dangerous wound,
(Of which firme union is a certaine signe) [found,
Then schismatics, whose dreames would truth con-
And do divide what faith should fast combine,
When learned doctors do dispute the ground,
How can weake vulgars but from light decline?
Whil'st parts are question'd all the whole in doubt,
First heresie, then atheisme doth burst out.

Whil'st false conceptions do abuse the braine,
Oft monstrous broods have all the world appall'd,
Even when apostles did themselves explaine,
Some strangely strai'd, yet scorn'd to be recall'd,
Whil'st grosly subtle, learnedly prophane,
To sp'rituall bondage voluntarily thrall'd:
Instruction loath'd, they shamelesse in offence,
Of living authors did pervert the sense.

Ere from men's mindes the gospel's purenesse past,
That vaunting sect which holy Iohn did hate,
With drunkards sober, liv'd with wantons chast,
And bragg'd by strength temptations to abate,
Till false by standing, them their strength did cast,
Whil'st stumbling blocks had fram'd for sinne a bait:
Then faults they fled farre greater did them staine,
Presumption devillish, weaknesse is humane.

From fountains pure what tainted streames did fall,
By which made drunke huge troups strange dreames conceiv'd,
Nestorians, Arrians to grosse errours thrall,
The Montanists and Donatists deceiv'd;
The Manichæans, and Pelagians all,
With millions else who admirably rav'd:
And when they once abandon'd had the light,
Thought all the world was wrong, they onely right.

These viprous broods whose course no reason rain'd,
Did when first borne their mother's belly teare,
Bred by contention, and by bloud maintain'd,
Who rent the church, pretending it to reare,
Then, with themselves, all who would trust them stain'd,
And them to Hell led headlong by the eare:
But who for patrons prais'd such once as saints,
They curse them now with multipli'd complaints.

Of all the gifts that garnish mortals here,
Though for perfection learning most imparts,
And to the deity draws her followers neare,
Scarce lesse then angels, more then men for parts,
Yet their accounts some scholars worst can cleare,
Who lodg'd their knowledge in corrupted hearts:
Whil'st lengthning life by memorable lines,
In spite of death extending bad designes.

Ah, of that troupe who can the torments dreame,
Of all Hell's hosts which with most horrour howls,
The scorne of knowledge, and the Muse's shame,
Who with vaine pleasures do empoyson soules,
And (reaching ruine) whil'st they toile for fame,
Do vomit volumes of contagious scrouls, [take)
Which bent for glory (though vaine thoughts they
Do but their sinnes, not them immortall make?

When dead to sinne, to ruine from the grave,
Though hid in th' earth infecting still the ayre!
What greater mischiefe could the Devill conceive,
Then like himselfe make men? what authors rare?
That they with life can wickedness not leave,
Whil'st bounding in one place, ore all a snare,
That course doth never end which they begin:
Death but their dayes, scarce doomsday bounds their sinne.

Of each divine who thoughts to time commits,
(Whil'st coseningconscience) racking reason's bounds,
With subtle logicke intricating wits,
(Sophisticating truth) which faith confounds,
Whose aguous fancies with infective fits,
The world abus'd, abusing sacred grounds;
Their writs which (wresting words) much mischiefe wrought,
To damne the author are in judgment brought.

Of these brave spirits (neglecting vulgar dates)
The tongues of time, interpreting the dead,
Who entertaine intelligence 'twixt states
By registring all what was famous made,
Of them I heare too many curse their fates,
(When trusted guides) who others wrong did leade;
And partially a lye for truth gave forth,
To colour vice, or derogate from worth.

And therefore, Muse, thy purenesse do not spill,
(Though griefe do make thee passionate to prove)
Loath them to taxe whom thou do'st reverence still,
But passe not publicke wrongs for private love,
And whil'st such faults all minds with feare do fill,
This them who live to change their course may move;
Ah, that Heaven's lampe might still direct our wayes,
Whom starres should crowne, and not terrestrial bayes.

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That sweet Maonian, minion of each minde,
Who first (creating fame) with time contract'd,
Then where he pleas'd, for favour it assign'd,
Made gods and men, till what he fain'd seem'd act'd,
All ey'd within, of force without quite blinde,
Whose contemplation never was distract'd;
Seven townes in vaine would hide him in their ground,
Whom all the world not at this time can bound.

Ah! this blinde guide made numbers walke astray,
By dreams and fables forcing them to fall,
Who now in darknesse do detaste the day,
And him (as chiefe) most tortur'd of them all;
The Devill could never purchase such a prey,
As those rare sprits, when once to him made thrall,
Since they to Hell made many thousands rinne,
With pleasant colours, masking ugly sinne.

Ye dainty wits, admir'd for rich conceits,
Which (Heaven's chiefe sparks) should mortals farre transcend,
For beauties fraile which time with moments dates,
Eternal treasures do not fondly spend;
Thinke of those angels (forfeiting their states)
Who from light's height to darknesse did descend:
Rise, rise (bright souls) and for true glory strive,
Ere here dissolv'd we may at Heaven arrive.

Though these great minds by Satan soone were snar'd,
As pride, ambition, vanity, revenge,
Of loftie thoughts the small repose impair'd,
Which forcing fame engendred monsters strange;
Huge numbers are (base if with those compar'd)
Who act'd, or aym'd much ill, and borne for change.
By divers wayes to severall sinnes were led,
Which all by drinke or avarice were bred.

Of many merchants none is then accus'd,
For ten-fold gaines (as partiall spite informes)
That by their hazards justly is excus'd,
Both day and night since toss'd by many stormes;
They onely smart who have the world abus'd,
Whil'st seeking substance, fraudfull in the formes;
False weights and measures do procure their paine,
Not for how much, but by what meanes they gaine.

There artizans (for too much art convict'd)
Who falsifi'd the trade that they profess'd,
For abject lucre to foule fraud addict'd,
In forme, or matter, trusted grounds transgress'd,
Not fearing shame, nor what could be inflict'd,
So for the time they some small gaines possess'd:
And when once tax'd, as quite estrang'd from troth,
Of minde to purge, they damn'd themselves by oath.

Of this base sort another squadron stands,
Which others lesse, but more themselves did wrong,
Who by their belly did exhaust their hands,
Then they to gaine, a masse to waste more strong,
Who still contentious (staines to civill lands)
To all disorders did confus'dly throng:
Whil'st always drunke they from no fault were free,
Till last by beggery that they bounded be.

Though base, not pass'd even beggars here are rife,
Who with procur'd or counterfeited sores,
That they might live, did lose all use of life,
Not entring churches, begg'd but at the doores,
Urg'd charity, and yet were still at strife,
By hand who helps them, them in heart abhorrs:
Adultrers, theeves, blasphemers, and ingrate,
The sinks of sinne, as poore in soules, as state.

Now mustring pride, no pompe, nor power protects,
Whil'st none so great as dares (when damn'd) reply,
Nor none so low whom this great Iudge neglects,
Life's strict accounts when coune in wrath to try;
Contempt, nor reverence, worke no such effects:
Mysts, whence they rose returu'd, vaine vapours dye:
For state or birth, all duties due time frees,
(Save parting paines) no difference in degrees.

Not onely soules for deeds are damn'd to fire,
Whose witness'd wrongs were from all colours free,
But even intentions, wishes, and desire,
Which (though none else) yet God himselfe did see;
The heart advanc'd, what member can retire?
The author it, the rest but actors be:
These bent for ill, whom casuall lets did bound,
Then some who acted are more guilty found.

Not onely now all these to paine must part,
Whom harmfull deeds well witness'd do accuse,
And who not seene (corrupted in the heart)
Were big with thoughts which Satan did infuse:
No, no, with them a number more must smart,
Who had more treasure then they daign'd to use:
This judgment generall all to triall brings,
Both for committed and omitted things.

These wealthie ones, whose steps the poore did trace,
Not help'd, not mark'd, not seene from such a height;
These who had power, and eminent in place,
Yet had no pitty when support they might;
These who had knowledge, and some seeds of grace,
Yet would with none communicate their light:
Woe, woe to them with whom God ventred most,
Whose talents hid (since not encreas'd) were lost.

They who by riches nought save pleasure sought,
And griev'd for nothing but when forc'd to dye,
To Heaven (poore soules) as hardly can be brought,
As cable-ropes come through a needle eye:
O what huge hosts even more than can be thought,
With shaking joints and chattering teeth I spie!
What fertile ages brought so many forth?
Yet most in number are the least in worth.

Hell's ways are large, Heaven's strict, I would proceed,
But words are weake to show what I conceive;
The squadrons damn'd so high a horrour breed,
To look on them that I of force must leave;
My Muse, which melts with griefe, doth comfort need,
Which, save from Heaven, I no where else can have:
Lord, cleare mine eyes, and let me see that band,
(The world all conquer'd) which in triumph stand.

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DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORD'S IVDGMENT.

THE EIGHTH HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The patriarchs, kings, and prophets most renown'd,
Who came with God by conference friends to be,
And (whil'st his law was of their lives the ground)
By him from wants and dangers were made free,
And in all temporall blessings did abound,
Yet did but Christ by types and figures see:
O how they joy now to behold his face,
Whom they by faith did whil'st they liv'd imbrace!

What sudden lightning cleares my cloudie brow,
And bends faint hopes to follow forth their aimes?
At Christ's right hand a band more bright doth bow,
Then summer's Sun when mustring all his beams;
The prospect of my thoughts is pleasant now;
Ioy doth disperse all melancholy dreames;
Hence, hence all ye whose sprits are still prophane,
This sacred ground no vulgar foot must staine.

The first of them that throng about the throne,
Is he, save God, who once no fellow had;
Of all the syre, and yet a sonne to none,
Was rich when naked, never poore till clad;
Long'd not, nor loath'd, nor griev'd, when as alone,
What could displease, where he was best, none bad?
Though never childe what childishnesse more
Who for an apple Paradise did change? [strange,

To that brave garden with all pleasure stor'd,
When banish'd Adam heavily look'd back,
As griev'd to thinke of what he had beene lord,
Whil'st every object anguish more did make;
An angry angel bragg'd him with a sword,
God threatned had, how could he comfort take?
A prince depriv'd, forc'd servile works to try,
So tortur'd first, and then condemn'd to dye.

But that short griefe, to endlesse joy is chang'd,
He lives more happy, that he once was dead,
The promis'd seed (so Evah was reveng'd)
Sting'd in the heele, did bruise the serpent's head;
O monstrous worke, from reason far estrang'd!
What harm'd him most, hath him more happy made:
He lives (where first he was in feare to fall)
(Free from restrictions) to no danger thrall.

Two doe succeed to this great sonne of slime,
(Though one was elder) eldest borne to light,
Who heard their father sigh forth many time,
His fall, wive's weakenesse, and the serpent's slight,
Not for the losse, griev'd onely for his crime,
And so much more, that it had wrong'd their right:
While as they him, and he his Maker lov'd,
His wail'd rebellion their obedience mov'd.

Loe, (next to Eden's) Adam's greatest losse, [taint,
That faithfull sheepheard, whom no staine could
First gold refin'd (all upright) free from drosse,
In whom (it seemes) Heaven piety would paint,
Since first (thus goodnesse mischiefe straight must
Whom persecution did designe a saint: [toss).

An innocent for gratefull offring slaine,
Whose suffring did a martyr's glory gaine.

The old man's griefe with comfort to asswage
(God's owne when weake are strengthened still by grace)
I here see Seth, who after Cain's rage
(A pledge of favour) fill'd his brother's place,
With other ancients of that infant age,
Most part of whom from him deriv'd their race:
In his sonne's time (whil'st vice had flow'd ov'r all)
On God againe, who then began to call.

He most is mark'd amidst this glorious traine,
Who walk'd with God, when here, as wholly his,
And such perfection did below attaine,
That death not tooke him as the custome is,
But as secur'd by priviledge from paine:
The fabulous Grecians fondly glaunc'd at this,
Yet fail'd in forme, and did pervert the sense,
No eagle, no, but angels bare him hence.

The time of Adam first much knowledge bred,
Who told Heaven's will, and warn'd how Satan rag'd,
For all were learn'd, though bookes they never read.
Whil'st many ages could not make one ag'd;
But when God's sonnes did with men's daughters wed,
(Though giants, weake) all were to vice engag'd:
And since all those were never purg'd till drown'd,
That time yeelds few for piety renown'd.

Most happy he who first (though scorn'd a space)
To preach repentance, eminently stood,
Both threatning judgment, and yet offering grace,
As he was made, to make the world grow good;
Then (all else lost) did save some of his race,
Their soules from sinne, their bodies from the floud:
And last (world's victor) even by angels prais'd,
His arke triumphall to the clouds was rais'd.

Whil'st widow'd fields, which seem'd their guests to waile,
(As all distill'd in teares) could not be dry'd;
The drooping flowers, with hanging heads grown pale,
Did seeme to mourne, that thus all creatures dy'd,
Lest th' earth (thus spoil'd) to bring forth fruits might faile,
Industrious Noah husbandry first try'd:
For which to him, fond antients, altars fram'd,
Whil'st Saturne, Ianus, and Ogyges nam'd.

O! what strange things by deare experience past,
Could this man tell, amazement to constraine?
Who saw the world first full, then all turn'd waste,
Yet liv'd himselfe to people it againe,
Till from his race great kings did rise at last,
Who him for syre not knew, or did disdaine:
Whil'st old (and poore perchance) with toyle and strife,
Glad (by his labour) to maintaine his life.

There are two sonnes whom anguish did entrance,
To heare the third their father's scorne proclaime,
Who forward, backward, blindely did advance,
Even from themselves to hide their father's shame,
Lest that their eyes had guilty beene by chance,
As sure their hearts could no such horrour dreame:
The father's blessing hath effectuall prov'd,
We see how Cham was curs'd, they truly lov'd.

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Shem, father's heire, a lampe of light design'd,
Melchisedech, a mighty prince, or priest,
With whom God did communicate his minde,
A speciall labourer after Noah's rest,
I see with him some others of his kinde,
Till Abram rose, who follow'd him for best;
Arpashad, Shelah, Eber, Pelag stand,
Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah in one band.

Of Iaphet's race at first, some forward throng,
(The rest, turn'd Gentiles, godliness did leave)
Who surfetting on nature's pleasures long,
At last (quite stumbling) drunke with vice did rave,
And when once stray'd, still more and more went wrong,
Till last recall'd, the Lord their seed did save:
In tents of Shem, since Iaphet came to dwell,
His numbers now doe all the rest excell.

Who shines so bright? I must to marke him stay,
The churche's stocke, from whom it did descend,
The first cleare lampe who did direct Heaven's way,
Perfection's patterne, imitation's end,
Whom righteousnesse did as a robe array,
Who eate with angels, was profess'd God's friend:
Of all the faithfull, call'd the father still,
Whose pleasure was to doe his Maker's will.

A straying stranger, he (whil'st poore he seem'd)
Gave Lot his choice of lands, so peace to bring,
And him when captive by the sword redeem'd,
Both liberall, valorous, yet a greater thing,
His friend once free, no treasure more esteem'd,
Who scorn'd to be beholding to a king:
Was onely weake when he disclaim'd his wife,
Not firme with God, or else too fond on life.

When Sodome's ruine justly was design'd,
God to this man whom he so dearely lov'd,
Would (ere effected) justifie his minde,
By his applause, as glad to be approv'd,
Who durst contest, but could ten good not finde,
Else by his meanes, Heaven's army was remov'd,
In league with God by sacrament receiv'd,
Who true religion heretable leav'd.

His lifted hand had aym'd the fatall wound,
(A course most strange, which thoughts can scarce embrace)
Yet not distracted, but in judgment sound,
To kill his sonne, and all the promis'd race; [bound)
(Whil'st faith triumph'd, both sense and reason
Till him an angell stayd (O wondrous case!)
"Her birth, who barren was, an offring made,
Had been by nature's course, not borne, nor dead."

He in whose bosome saints have had their rest,
Who was for God from friends and soile estrang'd,
Hath still his nephew neere (a wandring guest)
On fields too faire, his roving flockes who rang'd,
Which he at last, as ugly, did detest,
His wife transform'd, himselfe deform'd, both chang'd:
He, though not burn'd, yet smoak'd, had Sodome's smell, [fell.
Whil'st fled from flames, when safe, as choak'd he

That sacrifice (though offered) who not dy'd,
First type of Christ, his suffering who presag'd,
For whom God did (when famine was) provide,
And for dig'd fountaines budding broyles asswag'd,
Yea, was for father's cause, his guard and guide,
Till at his wealth for envy, heathens rag'd:
Though substance thought, that but a shadow darke-
Scarce of his riches pointed at a sparke.

There that great wrestler, halfe of one time's brood,
Who was ere borne against his brother bent,
And last us'd fraud, when force could doe no good,
(The meanes were bad, though happy the event)
But with Heaven's Monarch bravely struggling stood,
Till blest by force, he thence a victor went:
To dreame of angels, who on th' earth did lye,
A stone his pillow, curtain'd by the skye.

He thus whom God nor man could not appall,
(By beauty onely to turne captive mov'd)
Twice seven years sold, was made a wretches thrall,
And yet the time seem'd short because he lov'd;
Still when high thoughts his hopes to minde did call,
Rough blasts seem'd smooth, even suffrings pleasant prov'd:
No storme him mov'd, save onely Rachel's frowne,
Whose leavy garland did his labours crowne.

O happy shepheard! flattring but his flocke,
In minde a monarch, but more free from toyles,
Whose crowne an ivy wreath, whose throne some rocke,
His staffe a scepter, lord of many soiles,
At night the stars, all day the Sunne his clocke,
He fed his sheep, they him, proud of their spoiles:
And whil'st corrivall'd by encroaching beames,
Her eyes his glasse, and her's some crystall streames.

Whil'st poore, thus pleas'd, nought could occurre save good,
But straight when rich, he tortur'd did remaine,
His daughter ravish'd, sonnes involv'd in bloud,
The best belov'd (as he imagin'd) slaine,
When old and weake, forc'd farre to shift for food,
Whence (save his bones) nought was brought back againe:
"His dayes both few and evill, he last confest,
Not wealth nor honour, death yeelds onely rest".

But what rare beauties ravish now mine eyes,
Of which I thinke her one, who grosly fail'd.
By whom first man was borne, all mankinde dyes,
Whose errour still her ruin'd race hath wail'd?
But (rack'd with pangs which all her sexe oft tryes)
No doubt repentance many times prevaile:
Whilst breeding more to plant the world withall,
In place of one, whom she had made to fall.

She, whose great beauty, kings in vaine did crave,
First of her sexe, whom sacred pennes applaud,
Who yong, still barren, did when old conceive,
Yet (fondly curious) did her selfe defraud,
And made a mayd her equall of a slave,
Her rival's raiser, her owne husband's bawd:
For which due paine, she justly did abide,
"Of slaves preferr'd, none can endure the pride."

From drawing water, an attending mayd,
Whilst nobly humble, honourably kinde,
Straight (highly match'd) with gorgeous robes array'd,
By struggling twins, a mother was design'd,
Of which for one (as franke affection sway'd)
She boldly ventred, though her mate was blinde,
Whom she beguil'd, not wrong'd, and (calme in strife)
Though alwaies faithfull, was a cunning wife.

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Of rivall sisters emulous in love,
The churche's mothers, Iacob's joyes surmis'd,
The one's weake eyes, now bright as starres doe move,
Whom God would grace, when man too much despis'd;
She though least faire, yet did most fertile prove,
Whose mate loves oddes, found by opinion pris'd:
In minde, and armes, two brides at once embrac'd,
Whil'st sense and fancy, severall circuits trac'd.

Long after death she who to waile was spy'd,
When from compassion, Herod quite did swerve,
Not mercenarily match'd, whom for a bryde,
Twice seven yeares' service scarcely could deserve;
Yet (stain'd by breeding whil'st her syre was guide)
Imbezled idols, did with fraud preserve:
Long long'd to beare, yet by her wish was griev'd,
First known, whose death made Evah's curse beleev'd.

Her mother neere, that ravish'd daughter stayes,
Whose curiousnesse much mischiefe did procure;
A gorgeous beauty whil'st it guardlesse strayes,
If not inviting, doth at least allure;
O what huge evils a moment's sport repayes,
Her brothers murtherers, and her selfe a whore?
Here lust by bloud, and shame was purg'd by teares,
Such bitter fruits a woman's wandring beares.

The old arch-father's chiefe, whom Iewes renowne,
Their names by tribes distinguish did their race,
His father's strength who might have claym'd the crowne,
Had not his glory melted in disgrace,
Like water (when rais'd high) which must fall downe,
For pleasure foule, had forfeited his place,
Yet when his brothers would their brother kill,
Then, onely kinde, he stay'd th' intended ill.

Hearts big with vengeance, whil'st for bloud they long'd,
Two worst of twelve, in mischiefe, brothers sworne,
Man's sacred match, God's covenant, both wrong'd,
The mocke of marriage, circumcision's scorne,
To murther numbers by base treason throng'd,
Till for their fault (with inward anguish torne)
Their holy father, horrours height conceiv'd, [sav'd.
But though their wrath was curs'd, themselves were

He who himselfe with courage should acquite,
Still like a lyon fighting for his prey,
Stor'd with abundance, dandled with delight,
Whom all his brothers freely should obey,
With bloud of grapes made red, with milke made white,
Till Shilob came, who did the sceptre sway;
From him did spring the author of our peace,
The height of goodnesse, and the ground of grace.

But yet at home he was unhappy long,
His eldest sonne (high hopes defrauding) dead,
The next (too grosly working nature wrong)
Had straight God's judgement pour'd upon his head:
The third held backe from whom he did belong,
He (though their syre) to breed them heires was made,
A whore-like widow tempting him to lust,
Whom first he damn'd, but (bound by signes) held just.

Here are the rest of fertile Leah's brood,
And of the mayds for birth, who with her striv'd,
Not stayn'd as ill, nor yet much prais'd for good,
Who sheepheards still in vaguing lodgings liv'd,
Did sell their brother, brought their father food,
And highly griev'd for former harme contriv'd,
With them comes Rachel's last and dearest boy,
On whom his father doted oft for joy.

But then all these, one more transports me now,
Who did of dreames the mysteries unfold,
To whom Sunne, Moone, and starres eleven did bow,
As for their Atlas, who should them uphold;
"But envie's basenesse cannot worth allow:"
For, brag'd by death, he for a slave was sold:
Yet wrought they good, who mischiefe did intend,
A bad beginning for so brave an end.

In fortune's favour, and in strength for age,
To taste stayn'd pleasure, him by all their charmes,
Not beauty (grac'd by greatnesse) could engage,
Though offered, and alone, and in his armes;
Whil'st love to lust, and lust all turn'd to rage,
His chastuesse blame, his goodnesse bred him harmes:
The syre for love afflicted did remaine,
And onely he because of his disdaine.

He whom for state, affliction had prepar'd,
Whil'st from a prison to a palace brought,
Where, sold a slave, was straight a prince declar'd,
Clad with rich robes, the chiefe by suiters sought,
In time of plenty, who for famine car'd,
Sav'd all the subjects, yet the kingdome bought:
Both rich and godly, O how rare a thing!
Of God the prophet, minion of the king.

Not proud when prosp'ring, (as when rais'd ore-throwne)
His heart grew humble when his fortune great,
Where some for shame had not his brothers showne,
Whose scorned basenesse might his fame abate,
He (tenderly disposed to his owne)
Did from distresse redeeme their wretched state:
And, where (unnaturall) they had him betray'd,
Their cruelty with courtesie repay'd.

Thrice happy man, as high in worth as place,
Whose fortune's course did strangely ebbe and flow,
From murther, bondage, ruine, and disgrace,
In Pharoh's kingdome greatest prince to grow,
In whom true vertue garnish'd was with grace,
To gaine industrious, liberall to bestow:
And yet in this his chiefe contentment stood,
That he had liv'd to doe his father good.

Though fail'd in earthly, sharpe in spritual sight,
When Ioseph thought that Iacob was beguil'd,
Who (straight whil'st crossing) seeming wrong, went right,
Here are his sonnes from whom two tribes were stil'd;
In scattred Levie's roome, one rose in might,
What father knowes how God will blesse a childe?
Whil'st God his good by his owne vertue breeds,
The yongest thus the eldest oft exceeds.

When raging malice had put off her maske,
All kindenesse, duty, and compassion gone,
The straw abstracted, doubling still their taske,
Even mid-wives, murtherers, birth and death made one,
Here sundry are, who helpe from God did aske,
And under burdens heavily did grone:
"But though affliction force devotion's teares,
Curs'd are those workes which such oppression reares."

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From murther scap'd, by floods for death coffin'd,
He when scarce borne, whom God did strangely
Of reeds his cradle, rocking with the winde, [keepe,
As lulling him, the softly sounding deepe,
Did seeme to sing, (with kisses cold too kinde)
Hence, monsters, hence, doe not disturbe his sleepe:
Who makes our nymphs all passionate to prove,
Whil'st Egypt's princesse comes to court his love.

Yet with his race he rather choos'd to smart,
Then to be held for Pharoh's daughter's brood,
And with an Hebrew boldly taking part,
Kill'd one of Egypt who against him stood;
How could base envy poyson so a heart?
He guerdon'd was with ill for doing good,
Till in exile farre from his friends remov'd,
Great Pharoh's nurseling Iethro's shepheard prov'd.

Though low below, yet much esteem'd above,
He straight was choos'd a legate for the Lord,
And did to bragge a king Heaven's herauld prove,
By sounds from flames with rare instructions stor'd;
His sacred message wonders did approve,
That it confirm'd, he boldly might record:
The hand soone leprous, was as quickly pure, [cure.
Which drugges, nor charmes, did not procure, nor

His staffe, though stiffe, in bending circles turn'd,
Left frothy furrowes, where it till'd the ground;
Eyes, flamie globes (as sparkling poyson) burn'd,
Still stretch to strike, else threatening in a round,
Then arch'd, at th' earth (all rais'd in rain-bowes) spurn'd,
Whil'st waving colours did with feare confound:
Whose swelling horrour bragg'd some storme to be,
Both bow and shaft, an animated tree.

Who wonders not what wonders then were wrought,
Whil'st bent for God each element tooke armes?
Floods turn'd to bloud, forth croaking squadrons brought, [swarmes,
Th' earth, (pride to curbe) from dust rais'd abject
(Th' ayre glooming darke) black clouds of flies long fought;
Plagues, thunder, tempests, all inflicted harmes:
Till that the kingdome was with anguish fill'd,
Whil'st in each house the hop'd-for heire was kill'd.

The parted depths, that God might gaine renowne,
(Though liquid firme) with waves empall'd a way,
Till in one drop they all at once fell downe,
As which for Pharoh, in an ambush lay,
And (even whil'st walking dry) did thousands drowne,
Iewes' state a time, still Egypt's tombe to stay:
What slaughter huge! and yet no bloud was spill'd,
No striker seene; all by one blow were kill'd.

He dry'd the sea, from rockes a floud did draw,
Chiefe wonder-worker, wonderfull in all,
And yet a farre Canaan onely saw,
Since stumbling once, though free from any fall,
Heaven's oracle, the organ of the law;
When last (sinne's curse) his corps to death was thrall,
An angell it to hide from Satan reft,
That superstition had no relict left.

His brother first did gorgeous garments weare,
With robes in state, a consecrated priest,
And names of tribes in precious stones did reare,
With gold and silke embroydered on his brest,
Whose long worne staffe did straight ripe almonds beare,
And in the church a monument did rest: [beare,
He though he grudg'd, and Iews' first idoll made,
Was grac'd alive, and glorified when dead.

Their sister Miriam, mirrour of her kinde,
With flaming ardour, ravish'd up above,
To sing God's praise, she with true zeale inclin'd,
Scorn'd mortall matches, courting still his love,
Yet, envy once so tainted had her minde,
Her bodie's beauties all did leprous prove:
Till he whose harme she studied to contrive,
Her pardon sought, the meekest man alive.

He who from Israel forc'd the plague to part,
The bravest impe of that annoynted brood,
No thirst of praise, nor hatred in his heart,
Whose act seem'd ill, but his intent was good;
O happy man, how strange was his desert,
By murther saving, blest for shedding bloud!
"A godly zeale, which nothing can controule,
As pretious incense, offers up the soule."

Neere Moses stands that valorous brood of Nun,
By whose direction Israel reach'd her marke,
From whom for reverence, Iordan backe did runne,
As which would not presume to touch the arke;
He as his debtor did arrest the Sunne,
Till foes were kill'd, that it should not grow darke:
Weake hornes for trumpets sounding downe a wall,
It even ere breach'd (as breath away) did fall.

That man for worth, whom all the world renownes,
With greatest gallants rank'd by fame doth stand,
Their match in conquering, more in scorning crownes,
Who would but God obey, not men command,
And (nations ruin'd) razing states and townes,
Did not retaine, no, did but part their land:
This warriour onely held for great may be,
From avarice, and from ambition free.

His fellow spye, who would not witnesse wrong,
But high in minde, had gyants in contempt,
And breathing courage, staggering troupes among,
From abject feare, even dastards did exempt,
When eighty-six yeares old, both stout and strong,
A dangerous conquest bravely did attempt:
"Mindes cleare and calme, from guilty stormes secure,
Make nature's strength as double to endure."

Next him comes he who did his daughter wed,
Who was for valour a reward design'd,
But in that brest, what host could feare have bred,
Where love and courage both enflam'd the minde?
He (first of iudges) grudging squadrons led,
To curbe the pride of heathens' haughty kinde,
Who when that Israel to base idols bow'd,
To plague them suffred were, but not allow'd.

When Moab's monarch made God's people groane,
And them from bondage no way would enlarge,
He who Heaven's legat rais'd him from his throne,
A fatall message boldly to discharge;
And he who kill'd sixe hundred all alone,
Against whose goade, no steele could serve for targe,
"Those show fraile life, a prey of every hand,
Who (theirs contemn'd) another's will command.

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I see that dame whom Hebrewes honour most,
The glory of her sexe, a staine to men,
A prophetesse, a iudge, chiefe of an host,
Whose parts might furnish fame's most liberall pen;
Of such a one, no ethnicke scroule can boast,
Not martiall ladies, nor sybillacs ten:
What greater worth could any brest embrace,
In warre courageous, just in time of peace?

Next her comes he who did refuse to fight,
Unlesse her count'nance gave his courage life,
For which although his foes were put to flight,
The captaine's death gave glory to a wife;
Which, though he much presum'd, what judgement's height?
Nor sword, nor launce did grace, no, not a knife:
This did him kill, who armies did command,
A little naile, and in a woman's hand.

His mother said, (puff'd up by former broiles)
"What stayes my sonne? he some great matter tryes
The souldiers to reward, they part the spoiles,
Whil'st vaunting victors scorne the captives' cryes,
Some dainty lady doth defray his toyles,
His eares drinke praises, trophees feast his eyes:"
Thus she with dreames was flattered all the space,
Whil'st he (poore wretch) was dying with disgrace.

Who Baal spoil'd, his clients did deride,
(Though of his race the man neglected most) [hide,
From threshing wheate, which he for feare would
Did (call'd by God) come to command an host,
Whose favour twice by severall signes was try'd,
Whil'st staggering doubts his resolution crost:
The fields all faire, his fleece quite drench'd did lye,
And, when all else was wet, was onely dry.

This victory, God for his owne would stampe,
And lest that it had seem'd by numbers sway'd,
Of every thousand ten, but kept the campe,
The rest remov'd, and of those few who stay'd,
Each crush'd a pitcher, and held forth a lampe,
Brave sounds and lightning, to make men dismaid:
A barly cake most monstrous did appeare,
The sword of Gideon kill'd ere it came neare.

This man when offered fled a soveraigne's place,
So modest first, and afterwards devout,
With all the jewels which his troupes did grace,
An ephod made (though bright) his onely blote,
Which did procure the ruine of his race,
By making Iewes (too superstitious) dote:
"None should serve God, but as himselfe directs,
A good intention may breed bad effects."

That Gileadite, who, when exil'd from home,
In forraine parts a martiall man excell'd,
Not loathing all, for being wrong'd by some,
Did save their states, who him from his expell'd,
And Ammon's army two wayes did orecome,
To yeeld by reason, and by force compell'd: [fight,
"Men (not like beasts) should know for what they
That valour may maintaine, not make a right."

When haughty Ephraim out of time too bold,
And basely grudging at another's good,
With words outragious (arrogantly told)
Him to contemne whom God exalted, stood,
That sudden heate procur'd an endlesse cold,
The pride of thousands quickly quench'd with bloud,
First civile warre, that with the Iewes was seene,
Though since they oft have thus unhappy beene.

When generous Iephte, did with state returne,
The pointed object of a generall joy, [burne,
Whose daughter's brest with longing thoughts did
Whil'st she made haste, his triumph to convoy;
Can one from mirth be made so quickly mourne?
Who sav'd all else, must he his owne destroy?
She singing came, but straight went backe and wept,
A vow too rash to be so strictly kept.

That Nazarite (as singular renown'd)
Whose heads each haire, a man in strength contain'd,
Ah, then one woman, all more weake were found,
Whose charming bosome, glorie's colour stain'd,
She of his soule the mystery did sound,
Who first by bloud, and last for gold was gain'd:
His sacred secret he to her bewray'd,
And she him straight to all his foes betray'd.

Strange madnesse thus did raze his judgement's fort,
What none could force that he would needs afford;
This gorgeous creature, curious Nature's sport,
A living idoll, by blinde zeale ador'd,
She, she triumphs upon a doting sort,
Who will be slaves, even where there wants a lord:
And bearing sway, no reason some can move,
"Those who usurpe their power, must tyrants prove."

God by this man, strange wonders bent to show,
He curious riddles, sphinx-like, could contrive;
And as his strength, that men his wit might know,
To purchase praise by stratagems would strive;
Fields forc'd by fire, seem'd lightning from below,
Whil'st those who fled, that which they fled did drive:
This course it seemes did show his nature right,
The flames his force, the foxes show his slight.

His deeds farre past the reach of their conceit,
Who fain'd great persons, glosing on things gone;
He of a towne did raze the guarded gate,
And (braving numbers) carried it alone;
He (bursting bands) a thousand dayes did date,
And with no weapon, save an abject bone,
Which (whil'st in flouds of sweat he all was drench'd)
His rage with bloud, his thirst with water quench'd.

But what behold I now? how great a change?
His haires quite raz'd, hands bound, his eyes put out,
Gaz'd at by troupes (as if some monster strange)
Whom once they fear'd, the flocking Pagans flout,
Till desp'rate courage burning with revenge,
Pull'd downe their temple, smoothering all about,
Where thousands kill'd, life sold at no base rate,
A famous ruine rear'd his tombe in state.

Here with the rest, who judg'd the Hebrew race,
And them from foes, in justice did maintaine,
Though last in number, one comes first in place,
Whom long his mother (griev'd) had wish'd in vaine,
By prayer purchas'd, and bred up in grace,
Who, beg'd from God, was given him back againe,
By whom, when but a childe, he thrice was call'd,
A judge, and prophet, twise in state enstall'd.

Yet when fond Israel urg'd a king to have,
Though grieving God, this much did vex his minde,
The danger showne of that which they did crave,
Not onely freely he their prince design'd,
But when in wrath the Lord did quite him leave,
Did labour long that he might favour finde;
This course his heart free from ambition prov'd,
Who thus left rule, and his successour lov'd.

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Two Hebrews crown'd, he kill'd one heathnish king,
A reverent iudge who purchas'd true respect;
He all the people did together bring,
And boldly ask'd what person could object,
Whose oxe or asse he tooke, or any thing
For doing wrong, or justice to neglect;
A glorious challenge, and a vaunt not vaine,
To brave a state, as free from any staine.

Now marke I one, th' Earth bred no other such,
For temperance, patience, charitie, and love,
Whom God did praise, till Satan envied much,
And thus did tempt, that he this gold might prove;
Thou kept'st him so that none his state could touch,
This hireling's heart thy gifts doe onely move;
Let him but taste of ruine and disgrace,
And he will straight blaspheme thee to thy face.

His children feasting whil'st he pensive stands,
What strange ill newes straight all at once arrived?
Whilst th' asses fed, the oxen plow'd thy lands,
Sabæans hence them violently drived;
Rob'd are thy camels by Chaldean bands, [prived;
Thy sheepe of life flames (sent from Heaven) de-
Thy sonnes are smothered by a house's fall,
Save wee who speake, kill'd are thy servants all.

When passion first prevail'd (as one forlorne)
Their course impetuous did him so confound,
With head all spoil'd of haires, and garments torne,
He worship'd God (fall'n groveling on the ground)
Then said, "As by my dame first naked borne,
So naked last, dust must my body bound;
The Lord did give, the Lord doth take againe,
Blest be his name; I grieve, but not complaine."

With soares growne loathsome, of all wretches chiefe,
By friends quite left, by servants not obey'd,
"Curse God and die" (as desperate of reliefe)
His wife first cri'd, that had from duty strai'd;
Who came to comfort, did augment his griefe,
And thought those plagues his wickednesse bewrai'd,
Till charg'd with anguish grudging at the rod,
He (to debate his cause) durst chalenge God.

By golden speeches (with much power) express'd,
How short a time man wrapt in woes did live;
Last humbling him till he his fault confess'd,
The Lord did speake, as cited there to strive,
Who check'd his friends for having truth transgress'd,
And for his cause would only them forgive;
His riches doubled, multipli'd his race,
Both old, and happie, Iob did die in peace.

What stately troope doth dazell so my sight,
As for their worth, so in their number rare?
Those all are kings, as walking in God's light,
Who kept his law with a religious care,
And brave lieutenants did his battels fight,
Yea, highly griev'd, when false in any snare;
They now have gain'd (all weakenesses laid downe)
A boundlesse kingdome, an eternall crowne.

He whome the Lord to be a king design'd,
A shepheard boy (whilst reckning all his brood)
Whom his owne father scarce could call to mind,
Us'd (as a drudge) to beare his brother's food,
He (whilst at his high sprite the rest repin'd)
Did seale his valour with a giant's blood:
And for his love expôs'd to dangerous toiles,
In dowry gave two hundred Pagans' spoiles.

His thousands Saul, ten thousands David kill'd;
This envi'd praise with honour bred him harme:
Saul's troubled brest such iealous fancies fill'd,
That man whose musick did his dæmon charme,
His blood (oft ventred) greedie to have spill'd,
As for some conquest did great numbers arme:
And thought his state could in no safety prove,
Whilst such a gallant kept his people's love.

By madnesse fain'd forc'd to delude his foes,
He whom his merits onely did betray,
In wildernesses farre from all repose,
Was like a partridge hunted for a prey:
Yet twice to him God did his king expose,
And he discharg'd that any him should slay;
Thus of his raigne bent to abide the time,
He for a crowne would not commit a crime.

Yea, when the tyrant (tumbled from his seat)
By his owne hand (defrauding foes) was slaine,
He caus'd him dye who did the news relate,
His death to haste though vaunting but in vaine;
And having heard the ruine of his state,
He (straight made tender) could not teares restraine:
But us'd such griefe that it no pen can paint,
As witnesse may his passionate complaint.

A king, a prophet, valorous, devout,
That man to God's owne heart, choice of a land,
(None perfect here) him faults, even foule, did blot,
And where he fell, let no man bragge to stand,
By tempting beauty fondly made to dote,
He act'd adultery, murther did command:
And all his subjects caus'd to count (though dust)
As proud of numbers in his strength to trust.

Though these his faults repentance had defrai'd,
The plague for them troupes did from breath seclude,
His concubines deflowr'd, his force decay'd,
Chas'd by his sonne, he in great danger stood;
And was from building of the temple stai'd,
As one whose hands polluted were with bloud:
Last (fail'd, ere old) he left a bloudy will,
That who himselfe had spar'd, his sonne should kill.

There walks with him one link'd in love below,
From which not syre, nor state, his thoughts could bring,
A friendship such what fabulous penne can show?
In him save God it weigh'd downe every thing:
He with one man an army did ore-throw,
Both borne, and worthy, to have beene a king:
But farre more great, he (never faulty tri'd)
Whil'st bravely fighting, for his countrey dy'd.

He, when his wish was offred from above,
Who not (like Midas) basely gap'd for gold,
Nor yet (like Paris) urg'd a ladies love,
But wish'd for wisedome, judgement's height to hold,
Which first two dames about one childe did prove,
Whil'st who was mother kindnesse did unfold;
Of plants each vertue whether good or naught,
He from the cedar to the thistle taught.

But whil'st by riches riotously led,
And lull'd asleep with pleasures of this life,
He Pharoah's faults did with his daughter wed,
And entertain'd the idoll of each wife;
But last he was (when fulnesse loathing bred)
With all the world (as vanity) at strife,
And of all states he did the height attaine,
A foole, a wise man, holy, and prophane.

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There one who idols highly still abhorr'd,
And their confusion in such manner wrought,
That he his mother when she one ador'd,
Of state depriv'd, and to live private brought;
And yet (afraid) he Aram's help implor'd,
And (when diseas'd) not God, but physick sought;
Yet bravely broke the Ethiopian bands,
And here by God rank'd with good princes stands.

His sonne succeeds, a king by goodnesse great,
As just, religious, generally belov'd,
Yet joyn'd with Achab, one whom God did hate,
And by the prophet had his fault reprov'd,
But when huge armies came to raze his state,
His ardent zeale the Lord of hosts so mov'd:
That (as spectatour) he in safety stood,
Till all his enemies were ore-flow'd with bloud.

Now happie he who did all ill detest,
And godly, vertuous, singular, excell'd,
Not like his father, striving to be priest,
Who from the temple leprous was expell'd,
But building towns, and stately works, at rest,
To pay him tribute strangers were compell'd,
"Thus prosper they who do what God directs;
No danger dare approach where he protects."

When Ashur's captaine swolne with pride blasphem'd,
And durst our God with Gentiles' gods compare,
He who (that scorne then ruine worse esteem'd)
(When thus distress'd) did to his strength repaire;
Who oft from anguish hath his owne redeem'd,
And then himselfe a party did declare:
The Iews miraculously were freed from toils,
An angell fought, they came to take the spoiles.

By sicknesse charg'd to leave this lodge of clay,
(This life so sweet, death is so bitter thought)
With teares and sighs he humbly begg'd to stay,
And had a lease of yeares too dearly bought:
Sinne took advantage of this long delay,
And where not tax'd before, he folly wrought:
By vaunted treasures foolishly spread forth,
To make a prince enamour'd of their worth.

The last of those who fortunately raign'd,
Is he for first whom many would preferre,
The law restor'd, all read what it contain'd,
Who by his teares God's judgement did deferre,
By dead men's bones the heathenish altar stain'd,
He still liv'd well, did onely (dying) erre:
Whil'st without cause he needs would go to fight,
And by his losse did cloud all Iuda's light.

By God anointed comes another sort,
His great familiars, trusted with his will,
When sent to promise, threaten, or exhort,
Whom heavenly thoughts with sacred rage did fill;
One David's doome did from himselfe extort,
Who, even when doing, yet was damning ill:
Whil'st to a king, from God, he (wisely bold)
His stormy message figuratively told.

That Shilonite who (as from Heaven advis'd)
To Ieroboam prophesy'd a crowne, [guis'd)
And told his wife, (soone knowne though com'd dis-
Since falne from God, (all dignity put downe)
That (all their off-spring plagued and despis'd)
Her sonne should die, straight when she touch'd the towne:
By death made happie to prevent disgrace,
None else should have a grave of all their race.

That man of God whom God did earst imploy,
To bragge the altar, for a signe all torne,
Who nam'd the man who should it quite destroy,
Though after that for many yeares not borne;
And that old prophet would him still convoy,
Whose cosening kindnesse did his calling scorne:
He freely ly'd, truth did of force preferre,
His doome denouncing whom he made to erre.

When lying sprits had Achab's trust deceiv'd,
To tempt him forth for ruine and disgrace,
One truly told (as if at hand perceiv'd)
As shepheardlesse how Israel left their place,
The king enrag'd (as sure he should be sav'd)
Cri'd, "Keep him fast, till I returne in peace."
"If thou return'st in peace from mischiefe free,"
The prophet said, "then God speaks not by me."

Who clos'd the clouds, (of drought an ominous threat)
And (fed by ravens) wonderfully liv'd,
Who did (by spending) multiply her meat,
Whose breathlesse sonne he straight, when dead, reviv'd;
Flames swallow'd floods to show what God was great,
Which Baal's priests to follow fondly striv'd;
But all by him were as abuses slaine,
Who for their idoll strugled had in vaine.

By angels fed, for forty dayes to fast,
He reach'd mount Horeb, held for sacred ground,
Where first windes roar'd, next gaping earthquakes past,
Then flames of fire his daz'led sight did bound,
A murmur soft and quiet calme came last,
From which God spoke, as who his friend had found:
And straight he told in spite of tyrant's bosts,
How jealously he lov'd the Lord of hosts.

By bands of fiftie for his ruine sought,
Fire at his call from Heaven them twice did kill,
Till that to him unarm'd, who never fought,
A captaine with his troupes did yeeld, at will;
His cloake (as did the arke) a wonder wrought,
When parted Iordan, till he past, stood still;
He in his chariot did in state retire,
(As crown'd with glory) flashing flames of fire.

He who this great man's gift redoubled got,
A childe procur'd, and even when dead did cure,
Made leprous Naman free from any spot,
And, in his place, his greedy man impure;
Made weighty iron above the water flot,
And when Samaria famine did endure,
Did show that plenty should it soone releeve,
But he first dye, who would it not beleeve.

The Syrians counsell told to Israel's king,
That host in armes which bent to take him stood,
He (quite made blinde) amid'st their foes did bring,
Yet would not harme them, no, but gave them food;
Thus whil'st alive, well did he every thing,
And (even whil'st dying) alwayes doing good:
By homely signes he did to Ioash show,
How Aram's army he should thrice ore-throw.

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That some of Amos here much grac'd I spie,
Whose princely birth all parts conforme approve,
His threatnings thunder, comforts flowing flie;
This may sinke downe, that ravish up above,
No Greeke, nor Romane penne, could soare so high;
His speech (all power) may admiration move:
Whil'st lifting up all them in God who trust,
And levelling proud nations with the dust.

When God in wrath abandon'd had his owne,
Who not prevented, no, did ruine haste,
This man hath oft by sacred vision showne,
That straying Gentiles should be call'd at last;
Of Christ to come as cleare a witnesse knowne,
As were apostles proving what was past:
Twixt him and them this sympathie is found,
That martyrdome (the Christian badge) both crown'd.

He who long mourn'd (as but to anguish borne,
Still passionate) with elegiack straines,
For Iuda's bondage, haughty Babel's scorne,
The which (whil'st free) he oft as captive plaine;
For this by him upbraiding yokes were borne,
Still persecuted, yet despising paines:
He long was kept his propheay to stay,
In dungeons darke, a stranger to the day.

When Abraham's off-spring were transported all,
And what they would not trust, did feeling see,
Their daunted courage labouring to recall,
He who them told what God did then decree,
And that they should but for a time be thrall,
As confident as if they had beene free,
Did build their temple, painting every part,
As it at first was drawn within his heart.

He who declar'd (interpreting his dreame)
To Ashur's monarch, monarchs aim'd for great;
Whom straight for this he did a prince proclaime,
Yet in short space, what height of partiall hate!
A burning fornace (roaring forth a flame)
Of him and his two friends became the seat,
Till them an angel freed from fire's vast pow'r,
And who attended them did soone devoure.

Thus highly grac'd, and by this wonder knowne,
(Base envy onely mischiefe can asswage)
To lyons fierce he for a prey was throwne
Which touch'd not him, yet rent his foes in rage;
By strange descriptions mystically showne,
He figur'd forth the state of every age,
Yet did not know what he himselfe did teach,
No wonder then though it no other reach.

A number more fill up this happy band,
Who did their message faithfully performe,
And scorning danger, resolutely stand,
When raging tyrants at the truth would storme;
They as if signets in their master's hand,
Gave true impressions, keeping still one forme:
Not fearing paine, nor prizing pleasure ought,
Since onely God, and not themselves they sought.

When captiv'd Iews confus'dly forth did presse,
Though once for state distinguish'd all in ranks,
By bondage equall'd, fellows in distresse,
A rigorous marshall meriting no thanks,
Whil'st swelling breasts did strugling words represse,
Teares turn'd to floods, they melted on the banks:
All melodie by misery ore-come,
On trembling willows harps were hanging dumbe.

Even then whil'st thus all did for Sion mourne,
Their scattred remnant recollect'd with paine,
Three at three times to Iuda did returne,
The sacred vessels bearing back againe,
And for God's glory with such zeale did burne,
That though oft hindred, and neare to be slaine:
(Their ruin'd temple with great toile restor'd)
They kept the law, what was prophane abhorr'd.

Long after borne I see with them before,
That valorous widow who did free her towne,
By beauty arm'd, which purpos'd to decore,
(Though rich in robes) her modestie did crowne,
No wretch, nor lavish, must'ring Nature's store,
To brave an army vent'ring in a gowne:
She kill'd a captaine even amid'st his host,
And triumph'd had ere foes could know they lost.

To robeing eyes in ambush for delight,
(Her dainty treasures by strange fate betray'd)
The cheeks turn'd red, to see the rest so white,
Which (even when naked) shamefastnesse arrai'd,
Now pale for feare, and straight enflam'd for spite,
Both beautie's colours interchanging strai'd:
Lo, one who lov'd true honour more then fame,
A reall goodnesse, not a studied name.

She who for fairenesse choice of all her kinde,
Was made an empresse, yet how rare a thing!
Though faire of face, was farre more faire in minde;
This did please God, that did but please a king,
She when her race for ruine was design'd,
Them free from harme in greater grace did bring:
And with her uncle was for good reserv'd.
He Persia's prince, she all the Iews preserv'd.

When heathnish tyrants, insolently ill,
(What sacred was, made to confusion thrall)
Even on God's altar beasts uncleane would kill,
Abhomination desolating all;
Then, for their law some troupes were constant still,
And (suffring freely) did with courage fall:
A reverent ancient by strange tortures try'd,
And with seven sonnes a woman martyr dy'd.

At Modin first a worthie man did rise,
And straight kill'd one who striv'd to be prophane,
His sonnes all arm'd, the Pagans did despise,
And three of them did endlesse glory gaine,
Who oft took townes, foil'd hosts, did troops surprise,
Yet were at last unfortunately slaine:
One bravely fighting, did last wounds imbrace,
And two by friends betrai'd in time of peace.

With those else nam'd here stands a number more,
Well knowne to God, though not to fame, nor mee,
Who lov'd his prophets, and did him adore,
Though still devout, from superstition free,
Of their redemption confident before,
By faith (as com'd) who did their Saviour see:
Dark figures then just reckonings did contrive,
The law did damne, grace onely doth forgive.

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DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORD'S IVDGEMENT.

THE NINTH HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Christ's great fore-runner by him pris'd so much,
And those who his familiars were below,
Th' evangelists, apostles, and all such
As did him in the flesh when mortall know:
Then those who freely did their faith avouch,
And for the truth true constancy did show:
The churche's fathers, and the martyrs all,
Glad stand they here, who for Christ's cause did fall.

THE world at first against all good obdur'd,
That sacred statutes might men's judgements sway,
By wonders mov'd, by benefits allur'd,
Their temporall treasures prosp'ring every way;
By covenant who followed God secur'd,
He, even whil'st here, their service did defray,
As by the ancients evident appeares,
With plenty, peace, posterity, and yeares.

But when glad tidings went divulging grace,
And show the ground where soules should reape their good,
Those who the truth with ardour did imbrace,
And (it defending) resolutely stood,
Still toss'd with toiles, and in the world's disgrace,
Scarce having rest, till purchas'd by their blood:
They were so oft expos'd to scorne, and losse,
That Christians long were knowne but by their crosse.

Such (whilst transported with a sprituall ioy)
Contemplating their happinesse above,
(What Earth could give, all but esteem'd a toy)
Were ravish'd up to court their Maker's love,
Those paines which oft this mortall masse annoy,
Contentment gave, by hasting their remove:
And here by them no pleasure was imbrac'd,
Save when for God by some great suff'ring grac'd.

Loe, he whose voice vaste desarts made rebound,
In sprite Elias, and in like estate;
All cloth'd with haire, his loines a girdle bound;
With locusts joyn'd wilde hony serv'd for meat,
He (as Christ's trumpet) ere he came did sound,
"Repent, prepare, of men no man more great;"
Yet did he judge himselfe (farre short indeed)
Too base to serve who after should succeed.

He, humbly modest, (as too much esteem'd)
When baptisme's fountaine baptisme came to crave,
Since but a sinner, and to be redeem'd,
That which was sought, wish'd rather to receave;
Heavens (opening straight) to crave attendance seem'd,
From whence a voice this testimony gave;
(Whilst like a dove the sprite vpon him seaz'd)
"This is my Sonne, in whom I am well pleas'd."

This great ambassadour whom God did send,
Still taxing sinne, with wickednesse at strife,
A tyrant fierce admonish'd to amend,
Who slept in incest with his brother's wife;
What bloody gift to gratifie a friend?
(Too prodigall of such a pretious life)
He with his head vaine foolery did defray,
A wanton's wage, a doting dancer's prey.

Those three judg'd wise whom nought from Christ could barre,
Though strangely guided, yet to travell bold,
When having found him whom they sought so farre,
Did frankely offer incense, myrrhe, and gold;
His birth (enrich'd with raies) a flaming starre,
His death the Sunne (all wrapt in darkenesse) told:
But Sunne and Moone bare ciphers (reckning right)
And starres turn'd figures cannot count his light.

He who by him, whom nought save faith confines,
Had beene secur'd ere death his Lord to see,
When in the temple knowne by sprituall signes,
Did thus burst forth, glad in a high degree,
"The Gentiles' light, and Israel's glory shines,
Salvation comes to all who seeke it free:
Since thus thou hast perform'd the promis'd grace,
Lord let thy servant now depart in peace."

There comes that captaine (marching with the rest)
Who did beleeve, ere granted, well assur'd,
(His house held base to lodge so great a guest)
That by Christ's words his servant should be cur'd;
Then she (when check'd) who did for crummes contest,
And euen with dogs to be compar'd endur'd:
Thus some (though Gentiles) have so happie beene,
That with the Iewes no faith like theirs was seene.

That Israelite in whom no guile was founde,
Whose minde still pure from stormy waves was free;
He (lest that thronging troupes his sight should bound)
To looke on Christ who mounted on a tree;
The devills expell'd, who were diseas'd, made sound,
Earst wonder's obiects, numbers happie be,
First from short paines, from endlesse last secur'd,
Whose soules and bodies both at once were cur'd.

Haile, happie Mary! virgin great in grace,
Thy sexe's glory, the Eternall's love!
Whom high affection freely did imbrace,
By sacred flames ore-shadow'd from above;
Not bodie's forme, nor colour of a face,
To make this match did the Almighty move:
Her portion was an humble modest minde,
For which the Lord a state in Heaven design'd.

But how the deity could be joyn'd with dust,
Some curious brains (weake reason's captives) scan:
Not like fain'd love in flames enflam'd with lust,
Nor in a dove, as he came in a swan;
Who would be sav'd must absolutely trust,
No male enjoy'd, a mayd brought forth a man:
If by God's word cold earth did life receive,
A woman by his sprite might soone conceive.

What wonders rare do now enrich my ryme!
Still mayd, though mother, free from mortall seed,
Wive's childe, not husband's, and yet not her cryme,
Bigge by himselfe, who did her Maker breed;
Eternity was limited by time; [ceed:
Small bounds did bound who doth all bounds ex-

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How highly, Mary, shouldst thou be esteem'd,
Since Evah's fault was by thy birth redeem'd?

More then all women blessed in thy bloud,
Thou first for him, he for us all did smart,
Who borrow'd milk, but pay'd for it his bloud,
And what thou hadst was his, not thy desart,
Who with the rest of death in danger stood,
Whil'st from his crosse he did these words impart:
"Look, woman, on thy sonne:" then might'st thou [see,
How he (a lambe) was offred up for thee.

She who, long childiesse, last conceiv'd a sonne,
As first an angell did to her divine,
Still till the time that thrise three times were runne,
Whose husband's dumbenesse prov'd a certaine signe,
Her to salute when Mary had begun,
The babe for joy her wombe could scarce confine:
Whose mother prais'd the blessed virgin's state,
As by her birth who did indeed grow great.

I see those sisters shining in this ranke, [dead,
Whose brother Christ first wail'd, then rais'd when
But chiefly she who circumspectly franke,
A precious oyntment pour'd upon his head;
Though others grudg'd, Christ her for this did thank,
And it for ever memorable made:
Then unto her as one before held deare,
(Pale death dispatch'd) did at the first appeare.

Thrice glorious twelve whose parts no tongue can tell,
As his companions by our Lord imbrac'd,
To binde, and loose, with power of Heaven and Hell,
(Still working wonders wonderfully grac'd)
With whom the Holy Ghost did come to dwell,
Who now with Christ to judge the world are plac'd:
You by your suffrings conquer'd have farre more,
Then all men else, by acts, since, or before.

True grounds neglect'd, the doting vulgar throng,
To servile meanes do so ascribe events,
The gospell planting, that to scape such wrong,
God us'd none great in power, nor rich in rents,
But simple trades-men, neither learn'd, nor strong,
Brought up in fishing, or in making tents,
That thus all might their heavenly message know,
The which to earthly helps would nothing owe.

He who did first great faith in Christ display,
Which flesh nor bloud could not to him impart,
Commended thus, commanded straight away,
As turn'd a tempter taught by Satan's art,
Whose speech did tend salvation's course to stay,
Then Iudas worse in words, though true in heart:
His pitie cruell, milde the traitor's spite;
This hasted grace, that would have barr'd it quite.

Still of that minde to fight at last he aym'd,
And rashly did cut one of Malchus' eares;
But, loe, this lyon by a cock was tam'd; [feares,
This bragger straight a mayd ore-whelm'd with
So that remorsefull, angry, and asham'd,
He would have hid his face with flouds of teares:
Yet, even when weeping, with more strength was stor'd,
Then when he walk'd on waves, or drew his sword.

Though shaken like a reed, at length a rocke,
In spite of tempests he was constant found,
Whom jealously Christ trusted with his flocke,
Who thrise deny'd him, thrise by promise bound;
Yet of the church (though once a stumbling block)
A speciall pillar, not the onely ground:
He girt himselfe when yong in freedome still,
But when grown old, was girt against his will.

That disciple stil'd by his master's love,
By speaking signes whom silent Peter pray'd,
As one whose credit more then his could move,
To learne by whom the Lord should be betray'd,
Whose bosome did so oft his pillow prove,
Who many thought till Christ return'd had stayd:
These words for him might great regard have wonne;
"Man, see thy mother; woman, see thy Sonne."

Though Christ disprov'd their foolish strife for state,
If oddes there were, I this man chiefe would call,
Whose life so long, whose troubles were so great,
Two persecutions seene, and Sion's fall;
This eagle's flight no brightnesse could abate,
Whose ravish'd thoughts have comprehended all:
His gospell clearely showes things that were past,
His revelation what should come at last.

There he who first incredulous was found,
Else could not trust what he desir'd so much,
Still wanting faith till he had try'd the wound,
To see too curious, grosse when he did touch:
Yet last, the truth did to farre Indians sound,
This fault to helpe his fervent zeale was such:
Thus having seene and felt, beleeve he must,
But happy those who never saw, yet trust.

That eunuch who could reade, but not conceive,
Till Christ's apostle taught to him a space,
Who as he strangely came, so did him leave,
In Nature lesse, made more then man by grace;
He whom his chariot then daign'd to receive,
Whil'st running by, as worthy of no place,
Rais'd now above himselfe with reverence seene,
Perchance shall judge his Ethiopian queene.

Those barbarous Iewes, O how they suffer must!
When seeing him exalted in their sight,
Whom (though as singular entitled just)
They hurl'd downe head-longs from a temple's height,
Then crush'd his braines, when wallowing in the dust,
As so to quench their citie's second light,
Who of their church rul'd the converted state,
The first of bishops, both in time and seat.

He for whose cause two good men jarr'd in will,
Since falling once, not fit to suffer thought,
Yet (never after tax'd) stood constant still,
And was by Venice for her patron sought;
That rare physitian, whose celestiall skill
Cur'd wounded soules by balme from Iuda brought:
Those two, whose pennes seem'd drawne from angel's [wings,
Did write two registers of sacred things.

But what rare person doth pursue my sight,
Whom Christ of purpose came againe to call?
Who straight grew blinde whil'st looking on the light,
And rose more strong when bruised by a fall,
Though none of the first twelve each way as bright,
He travell'd, acted, suffred more then all:
This wondrous change, what weight of words can [paint?
A persecutor first, and then a saint.

His speech, more powerfull then could flow from art,
Where eloquence the greatest glory had,
Caus'd learn'd philosophers, amaz'd, to start,
(Their God unknowne best knowne, the rest prov'd [bad)
Made Felix quake, Agrippa neere convert,
Till foolish Festus thought he had beene mad;

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His voyce harmonious angels' sounds might eaven,
Not knowing how since ravish'd up to Heaven.

That sacred vessell by the Lord elect'd, [grace,
From whom each soule might draw forth streames of
Who doing, suffering, never was deject'd,
Though beaten, bound, in prison, and disgrace,
He boldly did professe what he affect'd,
And kept the faith, till finishing his race
At fatall Rome, the mother of much ill,
Where with his bloud at last he seal'd his will.

I next see him who minds so much did sway,
That Paul Mercurius, he was held for Iove,
Till both scarce priests, (with garlands crown'd)
could stay,
From offring buls, as to their gods above;
But whil'st the truth they frankely did display,
What sudden chance so huge a change could move?
Them whom they thus as gods would have ador'd,
They straight did stone, as if turn'd divels, abhorr'd.

That publican who did in scroules digest
Those treasures first, whose power each conscience
binds:
He whose few lines doe some strange things attest,
From grounds (though true) which now no reader
findes:
He who was choic'd by Lot, and all the rest
Whose feet Christ wash'd, to humble haughty
mindes,
Which forme, in vaine, some fondly would affect,
Though bow'd in show, whil'st swelling in effect.

Then with those twelve, some happy men did haunt,
(Heaven's messengers, evangelizing peace)
As he who watred after Paul did plant,
And circumcis'd to please the Hebrew race,
He (full of faith) who did fraile passions daunt,
Halfe Iew, halfe Gentile; joyning both in grace:
Next Silas, Titus and a troupe I spy,
Who with th' apostles did their travels try.

She, rais'd from death, and prais'd for doing well,
Who charitable garments made and gave,
That theatirian, who did purple sell,
But greater treasure freely did receive;
That lady call'd elect, as to excell,
Who hath already fame, shall glory have:
Some of this sexe, beside with those are found,
Whose piety eternall pennes renown'd.

Those guiltlesse babes at Bethel kill'd by guesse,
(Loe, jealous mindes each shadow doth affright)
That martyrs were before they could professe,
By suffring happy, ere to doe of might,
They now in Heaven a glorious state possesse,
And from world's toiles, by time did take their
flight:
Thus falne for Christ, before at all they stood,
Those dy'd as Christians, baptiz'd with their bloud.

There he whom Iacob's farre degener'd race,
By calumnies accus'd, with partiall spite,
The martyr's mirrour, eminent in place,
Who sacred scriptures did solemnly cite,
Whil'st like an angell shining was his face,
Not pale for feare, no, lightning forth delight:
For, he those suffrings farre more glorious thought,
Then all the wonders that by him were wrought.

This happy elder, first of the first seven,
(Whil'st hem'd about by a tumultuous band)
Did looke aloft to the inviting Heaven,
And saw the sonne of man at God's right hand,
Whose charity he onely then did even,
To pray for them, who stoning him did stand:
Stones bruis'd his body, but could harme no more,
His ravish'd soule had fled to Heaven before.

Whil'st ten fierce stormes the Christian state did
tosse,
With blasts of blasphemy, and shoures of bloud,
They, not by signes charactring then their crosse,
Did beare it selfe, and try'd by tortures stood;
Of honour, fortune, friends, or life, the losse,
Did passe (as trifles) for a greater good: [heart,
Paine (scorn'd) but rais'd, not rack'd their soule nor
Who (even when suffring) act'd the bravest part.

My Muse (ingenuous) gladly would burst forth,
Their praise (when burning) who triumph'd in hearts,
Of whom each one deserves (respecting worth)
An epicke poeme, grac'd by all the arts;
Would God she could translate unto the north,
Their vertue's relicts, not terrestriall parts:
Which (even in soules enshrin'd) might reverence
As hence in glory, living here by fame. [claime,

Those learned doctors, primitively great,
The churche's ancients, whom account we may,
As foster-fathers of her infant state,
Lights set ere noone, yet lightning all the day,
Who did Christ's cause by words, by bookes debate,
And banish'd, tortur'd, kill'd, did constant stay:
What rare examples for each following age,
To scorne the fury of a tyrant's rage?

When good Ignatius, (highly to be priz'd)
Was brag'd by beasts, which roar'd with rouling eyes,
He boldly said (their gaping jawes despis'd)
"Fine wheate for Christ this grinding now me tryes;"
Not like that sect which was by one devis'd,
Who had his name, whom Heaven farre differing
Ignatians to inflict, not suffer fire, [spyes:
Whose too great sprits to vexe the world conspire.

There Smyrna's angell, whom Iohn did affect,
In stormy times who did a light appeare,
Whom easterne churches did to Rome direct,
Of Hester's feast the question'd time to cleare,
His death fore-dream'd, as falling in effect,
(Sayd) urg'd to leave his lord (so long held deare:)
"Whom I for master fourescore yeares did try,
And found so good, I will his servant dye."

Like sayles with winde, fire's curling waves did swell,
From Heaven encourag'd to continue good,
(As gold refin'd, whose brightnesse doth excell)
All crown'd with flames, the reverent old man stood;
(A sacrifice which did most sweetly smell)
They burn'd not him, he quench'd them with his
To hide his dust, the Pagans did accord, [bloud:
Lest the beholders had the same ador'd.

When Iustine sought (as learning did direct)
How one might arme for death, vaine pleasures loath,
Whil'st Christians' courage nothing could deject,
(Though try'd extreamely) confident in both,
So that their course bred vertue in effect,
Philosophy but superficiall froth:
He needs would try who did their grounds devise,
Whence resolution did so bravely rise.

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And when baptiz'd, his braines first clouds were past,
The gospel's light he clearely came to know,
Then, what he gain'd, resolv'd to use, not wast,
Straight what he learn'd, did teach, Christ's truth to show,
Till (out of envy) beath'nish Crescens last,
When learning fail'd, did him by art orethrow:
Who added one unto the Christian feasts,
Long toss'd by men, and torne in th' end by beasts.

When charg'd with yeares (to dye by Nature ply'd)
Of body weake, but vigorous in minde,
When silver haires (with bloud in crimson dy'd)
Wept rubies downe, whil'st th' eyes still tearelesse shin'd,
The wrinckles (raz'd by wounds) could not be spy'd,
By scourging, scorning, torturing, threatning, pin'd:
Old Photinus and Simeon where long plac'd,
Ierusalem, and Lions highly grac'd.

Then Ireneus after doth succeed
To Photinus, in merit, and in place,
Who, whil'st church-rites did great contention breed,
Would not for them disturbe the common peace;
With him Tertullian, Tullian thrise indeed,
For wit and skill, which learning's height did grace:
What pen can to their pennes afford due praise,
Which did afflicted faith defend and raise.

By mother's care from martyrdome restrayn'd,
He who for death confirm'd his father's will,
But, though in scriptures by long practise train'd,
One text for chastnesse did interpret ill,
And (even by that in which he gloried stayn'd)
Too superstitiously disposed still:
By offring incense, idols did adore,
To scape disgrace from a detested More.

Barr'd from that church where falne he made the breach,
Whil'st high remorse his guilty minde did racke,
At Sion urg'd some sacred part to teach,
These words of God his ground did chance to make,
"My righteousnesse why should a sinner preach,
Or in his mouth my testimony take?"
Then quite confounded, leaving longing eares,
Though words were stay'd, he talk'd with God in teares.

There he (though once to damned arts a prey)
Who for true knowledge singular did prove,
And did the church (admir'd by Affricke) sway,
Of Rome's old rivall, when with fame in love,
With righteousnesse all Christians to array,
Who long by tongue, and still by pen doth move:
With greater power then whilst on th' Earth he stood,
"Writs grow, when watred with the author's bloud."

With this bright troupe, Christ's champion doth approach,
Whose torture, no, whose triumph I must praise,
Then earst Elias in his fyery coach,
Who did himselfe to Heaven more bravely raise,
Whil'st on his gridiron flames did fast encroach,
Those words of his the hearers did amaze:
"Now tyrant chuse, since here halfe broil'd I rest,
If rosted flesh, or raw, doth please thee best."

From Alexandria, sundry I behold,
Who at this meeting joyfully doe shout,
As Athanasius for the truth still bold,
By Arians banish'd, but not brought to doubt,
And that Paphnutius, (happy man when old)
Of whom the eyes Christ's en'mies had bor'd out,
Whose seate disfigur'd, Constantine did kisse,
Of faith a trophee, and a badge of blisse.

The easterne churches first did Christ embrace,
And drew their faith from fountaines that were pure;
What famous doctours, singular for grace, [secure?
Have clear'd those parts, though at this time obs-
What glorious martyrs, crowning there their race,
The fyrie tryall, gold-like did endure?
To thinke of them, my soule for anguish groanes;
Ah, that base Turkes should tread upon their bones!

But since, deare Muse, to grace all worth inclin'd,
Two's fame of force, thy offring must procure,
A modest virgin, faire of face and minde,
Whose soule and body all men prais'd as pure;
She for Christ's faith was to a stewes confin'd,
There (worse then death) vile basenesse to endure:
Where she, though chast, a strumpet's name should gaine,
(Though innocent) forc'd sinne to entertaine.

Oft in her cheekes shame kindled vertue's flames,
Though in pale ashes quickly quench'd by feares;
Yet death to force the desp'rate virgin dreames,
And haughty fancies, stormy courage reares,
Whose generous fury straight religion tames,
Yet could not calme sad sighes, nor dry salt teares:
She (as her enemy) beauty did abhorre,
The leprous envy'd, wish'd to be a More.

Whil'st thus perplex'd the pensive maid did sit,
With hands a crosse, eyes lifted to the sky,
Her fame more weigh'd then life, Christ more then it,
Which she must leave, or him she must deny;
There was no hope for force, nor place for wit,
When one comes in, as if her first to try:
But in his garments bids her flye away,
And he in hers would as a woman stay.

When Theodora, Didymus did leave,
(Those names of theirs deserve to be express'd)
His danger first he could not but conceive,
A man soone knowne, a Christian he confess'd,
"Who could," said he, "of worth but seeke to save,
A woman's honour, a poore mayd distress'd?
And since you her but for religion blame, [shame!"
Should thoughts so pure be cross'd by publike

He straight was damn'd to death by partiall hate,
Though charg'd for nothing but for doing good,
And she who heard the danger of his state,
Came him to free, by offring up her bloud:
Both striv'd for death; magnanimous debate!
Whil'st with religion, vertue emulous stood:
They generously devout, devoutly brave,
Taught Gentiles worth, true zeale to Christians gave.

A tyrant, when contemn'd, more fierce doth prove,
Much haste was us'd, that both might fall by fire;
Bright were the flames of their immortall love,
Which never burn'd with any base desire:
This match contract'd below, perform'd above,
God grac'd with angels in Heaven's highest quire:

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And as their ashes, soules conjoyn'd did flye,
Whil'st each for th' other, both for Christ did dye.

Not onely men (whom courage bold doth make)
By conscience prick'd, and by their honour bound,
Nor women fraile, who for each terrour quake,
And cannot see, much lesse endure a wound;
Even children yong did resolution take,
Of paines with parents happy partners found:
That from low grounds may rise a glorious height,
"God by weake meanes most magnifies his might."

What pen can paint, or yet what heart conceive,
When Christians first to plant the gospell toil'd,
To them what trouble Pagans daily gave,
Still banish'd, scourg'd, of place and fortunes spoil'd?
Not suffred to have life, no, nor a grave, [broil'd:
Drown'd, burn'd, beheaded, torne with beasts, and
Their ashes swallow'd, or dispers'd for spite,
As if their being to abolish quite.

Rome's bishops then with care did keep their flocke,
(A sacrifice to every tyrant's wrath)
Not puffed up presuming of a rock,
But, Peter-like, in teares, in bands, and death,
More strong then he when challeng'd by a cock,
For forfeiting the glory of his faith:
Then mitres now with pompe so proudly borne,
More glorious crownes those martyrs did adorne.

Those pastors then, farre from contentious pride,
All worldly honours did as rocks eschue,
And onely carefull how their flocke to guide,
Not rich, nor haughty, poore, and humble grew;
None striv'd for place, but where to lurke not spy'd,
Whil'st to their charge still martyrdome was due:
Kings' subjects true, though subject to their wrath,
Not torturing others, suffring for the faith.

O treacherous riches, hatching many harmes!
The world's corrupter, though chiefe ground of trust,
Of peace the poyson, daunting men in armes,
The foile of laws, a tempter to the just,
Nurse of all vice, who can allure with charmes,
Till even the chast (at last for thee) do lust;
The onely bawd who dost abuse each state;
Yet for all this whom none on Earth doth hate.

Thou, riches, thou, thou didst deprave each part,
By which Rome's church had flourish'd first so long,
Empoysoning with pride her bishop's heart,
More weak with God, when with the world grown
strong;
That gift which Constantine was said t' impart,
If forg'd, or true, did make them first go wrong:
A wooden chalice golden priests did use,
A golden chalice wooden priests abuse.

When once grown great, and lords of many lands,
Church-rulers prov'd the cause of shedding bloud;
The Guelphs and Gibilins oft arm'd in bands,
Till on an emp'rour one triumphing stood;
And whil'st a sword flam'd terrour in his hands,
The scorned keyes one drown'd in Tiber's flood:
Not to perswade, but to compell they went,
As earst to save, then how to ruine bent.

But though smooth calmes had blunted many a
Where persecution quickned all before, [minde,
Yet some to zeale, franke gratefulnesse did binde,
Even in these times remisse remark'd the more;
And whil'st by others' foils more bright they shin'd,
Their faith by fruits did (though secure) decore:

Oft that which roaring windes could not have reft,
Some flatter'd by the Sunne have freely left.

There Mylan's glory, whom (by grace rais'd high)
In civill charge the church would needs acquire,
Not suting first, then fayning to deny,
He not the place, the place did him require,
Which when procur'd, he did so well supply,
That his perfection all men did admire:
Who from his church an emp'rour did exclude,
Till by repentance purg'd from guiltlesse bloud.

Bizantium's bishop for true Christian care,
Then all her patriarks may more glory claime,
For eloquence, who exquisitely rare,
A mouth of gold made justly grace his name,
Which taxing sinne, did never person spare,
But even in princes what was ill did blame;
O how this all the world's affection moves,
When eloquence of truth the lanterne proves!

That painfull labourer in the fields of grace,
Interpreting the truth, translating right,
Who for his dwelling singled out the place,
Where first our Saviour view'd this changling light;
And of fraile thoughts disturbing fleshly peace,
This judgement last with horrour at the height,
Did apprehend (as marking flaming spheares)
That still Christ's trumpet thundred in his eares.

That mother, whose kinde teares with ardour shed,
Wise Ambrose said could not in vaine be spent,
Here comes her sonne whom with such care she bred,
Much for his body, for his soule more bent;
Through errour's maze long intricately led,
A friend, and she oft urging to repent:
His eare did move his eye to reade these lines,
By which (made famous) his conversion shines.

And thus what travell huge behov'd to be,
Ere this great person to the light was brought?
Who still in toile, the world from harme to free,
Then earst Alcides, with more monsters fought,
Of heresies most horrible to see,
Whose learned workes a full confusion wrought;
And yet of them he did some faults redresse,
Even strong in that, his weakenesse to confesse.

When barbarous Vandals did that place besiege,
Where this rare pastor his attendance gave,
Not able to resist their boundlesse rage,
Who (grosse) such parts as his could not conceive,
To flye their force, he yeelded unto age,
His towne (ere stayn'd) in purity to leave:
Whose happy rule still lasted with his life:
Thus at his funerals teares of force were rife.

Whil'st emulous judgements who but fame affect,
To praise themselves, all others would abate;
And where familiar, leaving due respect,
All what they reach, prize at an easie rate;
In living men, the world doth worth neglect,
Mark'd carelesly, by envy, or by hate:
And they, when gone, are by the world admir'd,
As he was straight when once from hence retir'd.

Thus Hippo's bishop, th' ornament of arts,
Scarce free from stormes, was harbour'd in his port,
When rancour raging in the Arians' hearts,
In Affricke made the Christians' peace but short;
Neare thousands five, dispers'd in sundry parts,
Were after kill'd by cruelties' worst sort:
And some dismembred, yet enjoy'd their breath,
Who (living martyrs) had triumph'd ore death.

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A generall meeting publikely decreed,
As to consult about the churche's state,
Foure hundred fathers joyn'd themselves with speed,
Where doubts did challenge, freely to debate;
Ah! can religion so much mischiefe breed,
As under trust to show the height of hate?
Religion's show, God's bishops did beguile:
Who met for peace, went parting in exile.

Then some were burn'd to terrifie the rest,
Whose banishment their constancy decor'd,
Till that fierce tyrant (Affricke's fatall pest)
For erring Arians fought against the Lord,
And dy'd by vermine, with a stormy brest,
Whil'st (as his minde) his body was abhorr'd:
Thus he like Herod, like to him did end, [attend."
"Such monsters strange, strange judgements doe

Loe, selfe-divisions still the church did marre,
Superfluous knowledge toiling clouds to cleare;
Worse then with Turkes, with Christians, Christians jarre;
In levell grounds, all ruptures most appeare,
And each small distance seemes exceeding farre,
In them who (if not joyn'd) are naught, though neare:
Those curious doubts which good men doe eschew,
Make many atheists, and doe better few.

But, vent'rous Muse, a troupe we now must trace,
Prais'd for their rarenesse at the higher rate,
As eminent for parts, as in their place,
Their people's better each way as in state;
Them soveraignty did show, they it did grace,
Not by opinion, but with reason great:
Fraile diadems did earst adorne their brow,
These everlasting are, which decke them now.

Great Constantine, who but commend thee must?
Afflicting furies thou didst soone asswage,
Whom (ere adventring) victory to trust,
A signe in Heaven for surety did engage;
Thou quench'd in Tiber's streames a tyrant's lust,
Which did in Rome exorbitantly rage:
And (persecution brought unto an end)
The Christian faith didst first by armes defend.

Though great with power, a stranger still to pride,
By warre prevailing, yet a friend to peace,
He rul'd, not raign'd, world's emperour, no, her guide,
As then with men, now high with God in place;
He for the church (as father) did provide,
And to be gorgeous, brought her from disgrace:
That she who late for feare durst not be seene,
Straight rais'd with pompe, was courted as a queene.

A brave intention bad effects may breed,
And things once good may be deprav'd by time;
This prince, bent to supply the churche's need,
Did taint that purenesse which adorn'd her prime,
And choak'd with surfet, where he sought to feed,
The guiltlesse authour of a casuall crime:
That towne for Christians thus which rear'd he had,
The Turkes' chiefe seate, makes many a Christian sad.

His father once (as heath'nish) did pretend,
That in his oampe no Christian more should dwell,
And numbers (straight lest him they should offend)
From their profession impudently fell;
But them who constant were, he did commend,
And from his court the others did expell:
For those whose basenesse all men thus might view,
Since false to God, could not to him be true.

Next comes a lady crown'd with glory forth,
Of these first two the mother, and the wife,
Whose birth and vertue did adorne the north,
Where first this ile did give such goodnesse life;
O how great persons doe make worth more worth!
Her zeale in thousands bred a godly strife,
Like Sparta's queene for beauty, and in name,
Not of so great, but of farre better fame.

Devotion at the height, (yet not a sinne)
The scorn'd extreame did come so neare to touch,
That they who follow'd, did fall grosly in;
Thus superstition taught, by zeale grew such,
Which pilgrimage and relicts did begin;
That crosse she found, did since crosse Christ too much:
Of whose true crosse, we but by suff'ring share,
Here but of wood, her sonnes was drawn in th' ayre.

That emp'rour's sight doth next my thoughts invite,
Who was by Ambrose from the church restrain'd,
Whil'st once (transported with impetuous spite)
His place in time of peace with bloud he stayn'd;
Rome's power by parting, who did ruine quite,
Though his weake sonnes (when halfe) too much attain'd:
He dy'd in time, whil'st still held good and great,
Ere barbarous squadrons came to crush the state.

That ebbing time can but few emp'rours show,
For piety, or any worth renown'd,
Some servants rose (while as their lords fell low)
Deserving and desiring to be crown'd,
As he who did Alaricus orethrow,
Whose beaten remnant did his boast confound,
Though victor still, and (save him) wanting none;
So great a moment may depend on one.

Brave Ætius thus a bloudy praise may claime,
Who more perform'd then emp'rours durst attempt;
That great commander, with the martiall name,
Who Italy from bondage did exempt, [fame,
Whose trophees fill'd both th' east and west with
Yet dy'd a beggar, sunke below contempt:
That eunuch (mock'd) repaid his empresse soone,
Who spun a web which never was undone.

I scarce can know a Christian at this houre,
Of them who sway'd the empire of the east,
Whose soveraignty seem'd sweet, but still prov'd soure,
(Who raign'd in state, oft ending like a beast)
Though image-breakers, foes to papall power,
In whose vast minde, religion's part was least:
Those barb'rous lords whom dying Greece did breed,
Were types of Turkes that after should succeed.

Brave Martell's soune, great Charles, the pride of France,
To plague the Pagans heritably borne,
Who over th' Alpes his ensignes did advance,
The German's terrour, the Italian's scorne,
Who from old foes begg'd helpe (what worse could chance?)
And with new titles did a Gaule adorne:
Ambition here joyn'd two by mutuall hopes,
But since few emp'rours could agree with popes.

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That dignity whose virgin flower was due,
To brave commanders, victory to crowne,
Whil'st but in name, and not in essence true,
A Roman relict in a Grecian towne,
They gave it him, (as after did ensue)
That gratefulnesse might godlinesse presse downe:
Yet even when his owne tutor had the seate,
He oft tax'd Rome, which straight grew grosse, when great.

The next great Christian grac'd by sacred armes,
A glorious plant from the same bounds did spring,
From infidels, who back (by fierce alarmes)
The tombe of Christ and David's throne did bring;
His foes all vanquish'd, and the world's base charmes,
When both by conquest and by choice a king:
He would for state be onely crown'd with thorne,
To him for glory, though given Christ for scorne.

Some else with him whom Heaven's chiefe stamp did seale,
And in their breasts jost fury did infuse,
Not for fraile glory, but enflam'd with zeale,
Who for good ends, warre (man's worst meanes) did use,
Their praise from fame no treacherous time can steale,
Immortalliz'd by ravish'd Tassoe's muse,
To crowne their conquest (scorning latter broils)
With stately trophees rear'd of Pagans' spoils.

That towne (a garden long for Heaven's choice flowers)
By baptiz'd kings commanded for a space,
Was brought to bondage by barbarian powers,
Farre from faire Sion when with God in grace,
Yet once againe to free her stately towers,
The steps of Godfrey sundry striv'd to trace,
With German, English, French, and other bands,
But fail'd in fortune, not in hearts, nor hands.

When purgatory gold enough not gave,
Croisadoes then did holy warres pretend,
And (cosening kingdomes) did franke zeale deceive,
Whil'st publick aymes did maske a private end;
Oft princes thus (that they lesse power might have)
Rome's powerfull threatnings did to Syria send,
Who (jarring still) fear'd their abandon'd states,
Of neighbours jealous, emulous of mates.

But what great conquest could those kings acquire,
To take the crosse whom crosses did constraine,
And not resolv'dly of their owne desire,
As courting glory, or expecting gaine?
Some (whose brave minds conceiv'd a generous ire)
More by their friends, then by their foes in paine,
With shows of vantage gladly did remove;
And all that warre infortunate did prove.

That simple age (rul'd by religious feares)
As priests were pleas'd in every thing did deale,
Who did the grounds of truth from vulgar eares,
(To breed devotion) cunningly conceale,
Thus urging almes, and for each sinne true teares,
Whil'st want of knowledge bred prepost'rous zeale:
Then superstition (lavishly devout)
Not truly worship'd, but did grosly dote.

When minds of light base ignorance depriv'd,
(His beauties grac'd with many foils plac'd neare)
To banish darknesse godly Bernard striv'd,
A starre by night, more eminently cleare,
Not smelling of that age in which he liv'd,
His works were wonders then, and still are deare;
Those whom that doltish time with him brought forth,
He makes their faults seeme worse, they grace his worth.

That dainty towne, the pearle of Arnes rich plaine,
A nurcery of good wits, still friend to arts,
Not mother (as one said) of haplesse swaines,
Doth now yeeld three, all prais'd for vertuous parts;
The first old Dante (swolne with just disdaines)
To see the errours of corrupted hearts:
Who doth their wayes (a censure) strictly trace,
Yet more then God did make doth grant one place.

The next is one whose brows were crown'd with bayes,
Who (chastly loving) worth did finde or faine,
And (never jealous but of Phœbus' rayes)
His lines (still pure) no sparke of lust could staine,
When marking well of Rome the wandring wayes,
Which in his soule he highly did disdaine.
(Just fury bursting forth, indeed divine)
Her faults (since tax'd) first clearly did designe.

Then this great poet hath a preacher neare,
Who when French Charles the Eighth would Naples try,
Did tell (if bent the church from faults to cleare)
He prosper should, and else unhappy dye,
And when that king did faile (truth must appeare)
He had a minde his errour to supply;
But whil'st this man for Heaven a passage urg'd,
His body first fire from corruption purg'd.

Ere taught to swimme, those soules who straight did sinke,
And (not set right) can scarce be said to stray,
Farre, farre be it from any minde to thinke,
That all were lost, who thus did lose their way:
Some seeking Christ no toile could make to shrinke,
Though oft wrong grounds, good works, and zeale did sway:
They did mistake, yet what seem'd best preferr'd,
Not in intention, but in knowledge err'd.

What troupes of late damnation's number fill,
Who (clouds remov'd) the truth did clearly know,
And reading scriptures, hearing sermons still,
Had wicked hearts, were holy but in show?
Where such are sav'd who had more faith, lesse skill,
And gave good fruits, when none their seed did sow:
Though once in merits too much trust they plac'd,
Who dying theirs disclaim'd, and Christ's imbrac'd.

Whil'st ignorance to blinde the world prevail'd,
Some through her darknesse did behold the light,
And marking how (their guide) example fail'd,
Left shows, and sought what really was right,
Then with true courage, by no danger quail'd,
Did venter boldly in faith's spirituall fight,
Sure, whil'st they liv'd, a number's souls to save,
And that when dead they should due guerdon have.

Last troupes at once griev'd at the churche's wrong,
(Milde piety transform'd in sacred rage)
As the Waldenses and Albigios long,
Did strive against the errours of their age,
Till Rome with passion, not in reason strong,
As 'gainst the Turks, a generall warre did wage,
To which the reverenc'd crosse did armies call,
Not to convert, but to subvert them all.

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This stately isle which still for worth excell'd,
The first great bounds which (of itselfe intire)
Both paganisme and popery quite expell'd,
And to perfection alwayes did aspire;
With sacred rage though first some Germans swell'd,
Here rose the sparke, whence they themselves took
Who clear'd the way to many strugling ones, [fire:
Yet dy'd in peace, though spite did burne his bones.

Straight (boldly building on so solid ground)
From Bohem two for glory are design'd,
With learned Hierome, holy Hus renown'd,
A second Stephen, first martyr of one kinde;
He for that faith which in himselfe was found,
And want in others whom no faith could binde,
For too much goodnesse prov'd a guilty man,
Though call'd a goose, succeeded by a swanne.

Salvation's worke performing as fore-told,
Our great Redeemer offred up his blood;
And with like inke their blisse doth rest enrold,
To nourish soules with a celestiall food,
Who (when grown strong) the truth so to unfold,
Could but by death make their profession good:
Thus cruelty the foes of Christ doth prove,
And suffring is their badge whom he doth love.

Their severall parts what volume could containe,
Whom (whil'st they guiltlesse scorn'd for feare to flie)
French massacres, and Mary's bloudy raigne,
As Christ for them, for Christ did make to dye;
And in all states which did the truth restraine,
The faith of numbers raging flames did try.
Yet naming some, lest silence others wrong,
As now in Heaven, Muse, joyne them in my song.

And martyrs you who bravely march'd before,
Whil'st match'd with moderns do not wrath conceive;
When press'd by Pagans idols to adore,
You chus'd to dye, ere quite your Lord to leave;
These suffred have as much, and aym'd at more,
Who (though they might themselves as Christians save)
Did dye ere that they would Christ's will transgresse,
In substance, forme, or any way made lesse.

The Levites long a darknesse huge endur'd,
Till that those books which did God's will containe,
When found, and read, a publicke griefe procur'd,
Each soule from sinne divorcing with disdaine;
Even so the truth (which ignorance obscur'd)
Iames (like Iosias) did divulge againe:
But priests of purpose would the gospell hide,
Where priests were glad to get the law for guide.

O happy you whose pennes in nectar steept!
To flye the like, doe draw immortall lines,
Which well deserve in marble to be kept,
Since light enlarg'd by them more clearely shines;
Whil'st all securely cloath'd with darknesse slept,
Religion's difference quickned good engines,
Which courting knowledge now tosse learned
Not by implicite faith adventring soules. [scroules,

A number, loe, I view made happy here,
Who by their travell, spiritall gold refin'd,
And mysteries, which doubtfull were, made cleere,
Instructing all, confirming many minde,
Not aym'd to others till themselves were neere,
Did leade their flockes, not driv'd, yet stay'd behinde:
Such (as their doctrine) were reputed pure;
"Words but direct, example most allure."

Thrice happy those, who now in time beginne,
Themselves first judging, judgement to prevent,
Ere swallow'd quite, opposing horrid sinne
By pale remorse, with inward anguish rent;
As wing'd with winde, houre's a very glasse doth rinne,
And can no more be turn'd, repent, repent.
That fatall serjeant, Death, spares no degree,
And Heavens straight hast to give their last decree.

DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORD'S IVDGEMENT.

THE TENTH HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

To this great court, all come from every land,
T' attend the sentence of their joy or paine,
And straight the blessed and the damned band,
Are here to part, no more to meet againe;
But first the wicked and the Divell doe stand,
Against Christ's justice grudging to complaine:
Till both are straight transported unto Hell,
Where they together must for ever dwell.

Heaven's Monarch with great majesty doth sit,
His count'nance flaming from a stately throne;
This processe doth no deputy admit,
But he himselfe is iudge of every one;
Due reverence fore'd with circumstances fit,
Whil'st murmuring guiltinesse doth sadly grone,
The bookes of conscience open doe remaine,
And all accuse of that which they containe.

Some seeme not apt to heare by distance made,
(Much place possess'd) when all the world are met,
O! but his voyce (which they even heard when dead)
May to their eares who live soone passage get;
And some would thinke their noyse for feare who fade,
Should all Heaven's circuit with confusion set:
If from his court each iudge can tumult take,
Who order'd order may an order make.

Who can that throne imagine in his minde,
Where starres would be but staines, and terroure
Yet (as in gold a diamond enshrin'd) [grace?
More glorious he who doth adorne that place;
All darknesse is, which any where hath shin'd,
If match'd with rayes of that majesticke face:
And all to crowne what further can be told?
There God in person his chiefe court doth hold.

This mighty Iudge that comes downe from above,
No end at all in any sort can stay;
No intercession can his judgement move,
No advocates defend, no, not delay,
No witnesse wants, nor circumstance to prove,
Time so to gaine, as something were away:

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Hence none appeales, nor can revoke when done;
A dome eternall is concluded soone.

Large is the count of life (though short) when gone,
The parting violent, the passage short,
The judgement bitter, terrible the throne,
Which even from saints a terrour must extort;
Huge are the faults, weake the discharge, else none,
The Iudge is just, which rigour doth import:
A court from whence all goe with God to dwell,
Or with the divels for ever in the Hell.

The harvest's Lord straight takes his fanne in hand,
And fines the fine, thence the refuse doth chase;
The guilty goates are gathered in one band,
The sheepe (as pretious) take apart their place;
The godly all are rang'd at his right hand,
And all the wicked wrap'd in blacke disgrace:
Then from the wheate, the darnell he removes,
A separation which eternall proves.

No shifting here, the processe must be short,
Whereas there needs no proofe, since none deny,
No torture strange confession doth extort,
More fit men's patience, then the truth to try,
Which (joyn'd with conscience) witnesses report,
Whil'st thoughts depose what hid in hearts did lye:
Men, angels, divels, not onely them accuse,
But God against themselves, themselves doth use.

All those who are for endlesse wrath prepar'd,
With, and within themselves (poore wretches) bring
Those witnesses, by which should be declar'd,
All ends, or aymes, each thought, or acted thing,
That (ere examin'd) damned, since despair'd,
Their guilty soules a thousand serpents sting:
Breasts then transparent, hearts are clearely knowne,
And what was hid, to all the world is showne.

That which is clear'd, and by such sure records,
None can impugne, nor controvert in ought;
It were a folly to contest in words, [thought;
(Where deeds doe damne) with him who knowes each
Then wit, nor power, no power to purge affords,
All science else to joyne with conscience brought:
Sinne's deeps long smooth'd (when stirr'd) do ugly grow,
And toss'd by monsters of themselves ore-flow.

The hosts of darkenesse with accustom'd gall,
Mindes which they long have smooth'd to tosse be-
And (as their partners) privy unto all, [ginne,
Cite every circumstance that proves the sinne,
Then urge, and aggravate each forme of fall,
(Since damn'd themselves) so to draw others in:
What refuge (ah) can guilty caitives chuse,
Within whil'st conscience, divels without accuse?

Ere Time, dismiss'd, surrender up his charge,
To cleare old reck'nings, cited at this throne,
Of all earst fayn'd to passe the fatall barge,
He (still a witnesse) tels each action gone,
And like a scroule wrapt up, (which had beene large)
Past, present, future, all contract'd in one,
Straight (so united) straines his dying flight,
Else stayes accomplish'd ever all in sight.

Vaine mortalls' sinnes, in which they pleasure take,
Like mountaines them to crush remembred be,
Which swallow'd sweet, but bitter when spu'd backe,
Breed burning agues, pests of high degree;
So foule a forme, not Styx it selfe could make,
As in minde's glasse the gazing soule doth see:
The minde a fury, and the thoughts turn'd snakes,
To sting the soule, Hell's ugly monster shakes.

Those brests like earth-quakes, which rebounding grone, [spaire,
Charg'd with a monstrous weight, press'd by de-
To driry dungeons would with haste be gone,
Where of Hell's horrours, many thousands share:
It grieves the griev'd to stand, where any one,
Much more where numbers joyfull doe repaire:
Whil'st mock'd by divels, whose slight no more them blindes,
Their state no helpe, no, nor yet pitty findes.

As theeves, the object of contempt and shame,
Though others prove, and they their crime confesse,
Must stand till some their sentence doe preclaime,
That righted rigour have lawe's power to presse,
So those stain'd troupes whom sinne's black scroales defame,
Must stay a space to apprehend distresse;
Till all their processe formally be made,
That devills them thence to execution leade.

But whilst pale squadrons shrinke (as pinch'd by feare)
And would themselves even willingly destroy,
The bands design'd for blisse their courage reare
Farre from each thought that can the soule annoy,
And (like bright starres triumphing in their spheare)
With shouts burst forth the height of heavenly joy;
Not as made happie, or from trouble free,
But ravish'd with delight their Lord to see.

Whilst pilgrimes here amidst affliction's field,
Though sometime foil'd, those still did fight with sinne,
And had of faith a diamantine shield, [
Which oft was bruis'd, but never entred in;
Their forts they (forc'd) but for a time did yeeld,
To death by covenant, life so to beginne;
Then marching hence with all that was their owne,
Left earth to th' earth, remov'd, but not orethrowne.

At that last conflict confidently bold,
Besides the earnest which they had before,
Then satisfi'd, their surety rests enroll'd,
Free from defects, not to be question'd more,
And (by good angels naughty sprits contrould,
Who seeke their shipwrack, when almost at shoare)
They with the world all worldly troubles leave:
Ere the earth their bodies, Heavens their soules receave.

Thus (farre from feare of any further ill)
Sweet quiristers enstall'd in state above,
With troupes of angels keeping concord still,
As then their life, so infinite their love;
Now that his worke their maker may fulfill,
Those come rebodied where they first did move;
Not to be judg'd, no, but to be made cleere,
And that in them God's goodnesse may appeare.

And he who most affects the fruits of grace,
Ere forc'd to punish, franke to give reliefe,
Whose clemency of justice takes the place,
As, even for Heaven, held of all vertues chiefe,
He did afford; and doth confirme their peace,
To wicked men the first degree of griefe;
Who marke by them what happinesse they misse,
And weigh their torments by upbrayding blisse.

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Christ lightning love surveighes that joyfull band,
Since them (even then while as they wretched seem'd)
He did foresee by grace reserv'd to stand,
And could not faile to know whom he redeem'd,
Their honour now (when plac'd at his right hand)
Can by no meanes be high enough esteem'd;
He doth delight in them as his owne broode,
Who had their being onely from his bloode.

That happie squadron is not question'd now,
What ill they did, what good they did neglect,
No circumstance is urg'd, when, where, nor how,
They oft had fail'd, in what God did direct;
He trusts, not tries, not counts, but doth allow;
The Lord in Israell will no fault detect,
But absolutely doth absolve them all,
And from their bondage to a kingdome call.

"You whom my Father bless'd (noe more dismai'd)
Come, and enjoy that boundlesse kingdom now,
Which ere the world's foundations first were lai'd,
By Heaven's decree hath beene prepar'd for you,
With raies more bright then are the sunne's arrai'd,
Before the throne you shall with reverence bow;
The height of pleasure which you should possesse,
No tongue of man is able to expresse.

"When press'd by famine you me friendly fed,
And did with drinke my scorching thirst allay;
You with your garments mee (when naked) clad,
Whose kindely visits sickenesse could not stay;
No, even in prison, they mee comfort bred,
Thus (charity extended every way)
Your treasures (kept in Heaven) for int'rest gaine,
That you enrich'd eternally remaine."

With spiritull joy each one transported sings,
And (lifted up) to Heaven in haste would flie,
But yet this speech so great amazement brings,
That modestly they (as with doubt) replie;
"Unbounded Lord, when didst thou lack such things,
That there was cause our willingnesse to try?
Who nothing had but what thou gav'st to us;
How couldst thou need, or we afford it thus?"

"That which was given (as now I do reveale)
Unto the least of those whom I held deare,
(Saith Christ) deep grav'd with an eternall seale,
As due by me, I do acknowledge here;
Those were the objects prompted for your zeale,
By which your goodnesse onely could appeare;
'Best magazines for wealth the poore did prove,
Where, when laid up, no thiefe could it remove'."

Thus helpfull almes, the off'ring most esteem'd,
Doth men on th'Earth, the Lord in Heaven content,
How many are (if time might be redeem'd)
Who wish they thus their revenues had spent?
If this on th' Earth so profitable seem'd,
What usurer would for others gaines be bent?
But would the poore with plenty oft supply,
Though they themselves for want were like to die.

Those who (affecting vaine ambition's end)
To gaine opinion muster all in show,
And (prodigall) superfluously spend
All what they have, or able are to owe,
For pleasures fraile whil'st straying fancies tend,
As Paradise could yet be found below:
Still pamp'ring flesh with all that th' Earth can give,
No happinesse more seek but here to live.

Those if not gorgeous who do garments scorne,
And not in warmnesse, but for cost exceed,
Though as of wormes they have the entrails worne,
Wormes shall at last upon their entrails feed;
Those dainty tastes who, (as for eating borne)
That they may feast, strive appetite to breed:
And (curious gluttons) even of vilenesse vaunt,
Whil'st surfetting when thousands starve for want.

The world's chiefe idoll, nurse of fretting cares,
Dumb trafficker, yet understood ore all,
States' chaine, life's maintenance, load-starre of affaires,
Which makes all nations voluntar'ly thrall,
A subtle sorcerer, alwayes laying snares;
How many (money) hast thou made to fall!
The generall jewell, of all things the price,
To vertue sparing, lavish unto vice.

The foole that is unfortunately rich,
His goods perchance doth from the poore extort,
Yet leaves his brother dying in a ditch,
Whom one excesse (if spar'd) would well support,
And (whil'st the love of gold doth him bewitch)
This miser's misery gives others sport;
"The prodigall God's creatures doth abuse,
And them the wretch not necessar'ly use."

Those roving thoughts which did at randome soare,
And (though they had conveniently to live)
Would never look behinde, but farre before,
And (scorning goodnesse) to be great did strive;
For (still projecting how to purchase more)
Thus (bent to get) they could not dreame to give.
"Such mindes whom envy hath fill'd up with grudge,
Have left no roome, where charity may lodge."

Ah! who of those can well expresse the griefe,
Whom once this Earth did for most happy hold?
Of all their neighbours still esteem'd the chiefe,
Whil'st strai'd opinion ballanc'd worth by gold;
That which to thousands might have given reliefe,
Wrong spent, or spar'd, is for their ruine told;
Thus pleasures past, what anguish now doth even?
We see how hardly rich men go to Heaven.

That speech pronounc'd to the elected band,
May make the wicked apprehend their part,
Whose black accounts, ere them the Iudge demand,
Strict conscience offers, summ'd in every heart:
Thus (freez'd with horrour) they dejected stand,
Not hoping help by power, nor yet from art:
And whil'st their souls are swallow'd up by feare,
This fatall sentence thunders in each eare.

"You souls accurst, who have provok'd mine ire,
(Detested crue) not worthy of my sight,
Go, get you hence to Hell's tormenting fire,
Which hath of heat, that which it lacks of light;
Where (with his angels) Satan must retire,
To be entomb'd in an eternall night:
This as their due was first for them prepar'd,
But (since their mates) it must with you be shar'd.

"When I was hungry, you refus'd me meat;
When I was thirsty, would afford no drink;
When I was naked, cloth'd me not of late;
When I was sick, did of no kindenesse think,
And when a stranger, held me at the gate;
Then when in prison, quite away did shrink:
Thus as compassion never mov'd your minde,
You from henceforth shall no compassion finde."

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Though griev'd to look upon his flaming face,
They thus dare tempt, yet without hope to move;
"When saw we thee (O Lord!) in any place,
Where our support might have procur'd thy love?
Who had not wish'd that he himselfe might grace,
By helping one descended from above?
If such can here be found, damn'd may they be,
Who would not lodge, feed, clothe, and visit thee."

"With fortune's trifles confidently proud,
And puffed up with an applauding noise,
You for the poore (saith Christ) no share allow'd,
Yet choak'd your owne desires with pleasure's choice,
Whil'st at your feet they (fainting) humbly bow'd,
Though heard in Heaven, you scorn'd to heare their voice;
These men thus us'd, who were my members pris'd,
Even me in them you likewise then despis'd."

The sentenc'd squadron sunk below despaire,
At first ore-whelm'd (as if distract'd) remaine;
And have their breasts all torne with stormy care,
Both for their losse, and for th' approaching paine,
Yet mindes perverse their course doth still declare,
Who, when condemn'd, do straight accuse and plaine:
Not that they seek to have the truth be seene,
No, hate and envy do provoke their spleene.

"That which thou hast decreed obey we must,
Nor will we seek (say they) the same to breake,
Yet since as judge most great, so be most just,
Ere damn'd for ever, heare us once to speake;
Ah! abject creatures fetter'd in the dust,
In minde and body every way too weake:
Though huge our sinnes, and scarce to be excus'd,
To make us fall too many wayes were us'd.

"Each seed must grow as by the labourer sowen,
Though earthen vessels, vessels of thy hand,
We were expos'd (to make thy justice known)
Where sinne was strong, a weake neglected band,
And those whom thou selected for thine owne,
(As mercie's objects) strengthned were to stand;
Thus as at first made fit for wrath, or grace,
How could thy creatures but direct their race?

"How could we scape where dangers were so rife,
Of thy support whom thou did'st quite deprive?
Since those whom thou appointed had'st for life,
By thy protection did securely live;
And thou wast still when they succumb'd in strife,
As first to helpe, straight ready to forgive:
And oft in them who have beene guarded thus,
Thou pardon'd more then punish'd is in us.

"What way could we, fraile fortresses, defend,
Against Hell's lord with legions bent for ill,
Who even in Heaven so proudly durst contend,
Whil'st flying armies shining fields did fill?
And though he fail'd in compassing his end,
Yet here below was refractory still;
Though by this meanes unto confusion brought,
Whil'st bold to vaunt, that once with God he fought.

"Our earth-bred parents, when they seem'd most sure,
With vigorous souls, both strong, and free from staine,
These monsters straight their ruine did procure,
And made them lose what they themselves not gaine,
Even Paradise where we had liv'd secure,
Were not for others' faults what we sustaine:
Thus long ere borne our processe did begin,
When so made weake, and apt for further sinne.

"That roaring tyrant who still loath'd the light,
Did first tempt thee to have made bread of stones;
Then would have mov'd thee from a temple's height,
By falling headlong to have crush'd thy bones;
Last, on a mountaine (mounted out of sight)
The world's great kingdomes offred all at once;
He durst demand that thou should'st him adore,
Then judge by these if his assaults were sore.

"Still compassing the Earth, his prey to spie,
Not onely of himselfe he aym'd at all,
But by direction did some persons plie,
Who were given ore to his invasion thrall;
As when he made proud Achab's prophets lye,
And train'd him forth where as ordain'd to fall;
What mortall strength could scape to be subdu'd;
When warranted by God, the Devill pursu'd?

"Thus left by thee, and by him courted still,
Thy grace with-drawn, his favours mustred faire,
How could poore wretches wrestling with selfe-will,
But soone be catch'd by such a subtle snare?
We but through weaknesse, not in spite, wrought ill,
Kept from repentance onely by despaire:
Then let not rigour take up mercie's place,
Thy greatest glory is in giving grace."

All tendernesse by justice quite exil'd,
Whil'st this their grudge doth indignation move,
That Lambe of God who still hath beene so milde,
Of Iuda's tribe doth then the lyon prove,
And marking them whom filthie sinnes defil'd,
Like abject swine not looking up above:
At their repining taking just offence,
Perchance his answer may import this sense.

"O faulty fathers, execrable race,
Though by your birth you but of death could boast,
What forfeitures have I restor'd by grace?
You might have gain'd more then your parents lost,
Some (forcing Heaven) with zeale did me embrace,
Who now triumph as a victorious hoast;
To do the like they oft did you exhort,
Whom I (if sought) was ready to support.

"For frivolous toyes (if with true joyes compar'd)
You rebels first, then obstinate did prove,
And drunk with vanity, by pleasures snar'd,
Still (mocking mercy) did contemne my love;
Whil'st glu'd to th' Earth, you for no further car'd,
But how things fraile by pleasure to improve:
And working mischiefe more then words can even,
Rais'd mounts of sinne to barre your selves from Heaven.

"Though long ere done, your faults were knowne to me,
For which in vaine selfe-love excuses frames,
I them discern'd, but never did decree;
No time nor place could bound the deitie's beames;
In contemplation of what was to be,
I from life's books excluded had your names:
And did foresee, but not fore-doome your parts,
My mercies were more ready then your hearts.

"For many wrongs which Israel had indur'd,
The Lord their safety, Pharaoh's ruine sought,
As surgeons for their practise have procur'd
An executed corps, when odious thought,
His heart (pass'd hope) of purpose was obdur'd,
That for our glory wonders might be wrought:

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Thus meanes were us'd exempling such a one,
That Achab might by bloud fall from his throne.

" Your wayes were cross'd by many a stumbling block,
But you gave care to every whispered charme,
Whil'st waving pleasures plastred ruine's rock,
Where Satan's ambush lay to do you harme;
Nor shall that traitor at your judgement mock,
Who still his troops against all good did arme:
Come, sprits impure, come and receive your due,
You never would repent, but now must rue."

To muse what muster every monster makes,
I scarce for feare my fancies dare engage,
If every one a hideous bodie takes,
Vile like their minde, to tread this fatall stage:
What gorgons, hidras, lynx, chimeras, snakes,
By hissing, howling, lowing, roaring rage?
What strange aspects, what intricated sounds,
A dreadfull horrour all in one confounds?

But all such masks (poore jugling tricks) grow stale,
Though they (like bug-beares) frighted some before,
They now themselves defend, none else assaile,
And terrour take, not give; all them abhorre,
But at this time no person can grow pale,
Since apprehensions power can move no more;
Each doubtfull thing, that day doth fully cleare,
And as first made, all creatures must appeare.

Infernall fiends now no man can affright,
For all the godly whom they oft had brav'd,
Do look upon them, comfortably bright,
As glad to thinke that they from such were sav'd;
And in the wicked anguish (at the height) [grav'd:
Then shows can move, hath deeper thoughts en-
So that this object all with ease can beare,
" Despaire, and confidence, both banish feare."

Yet marking them by whom so many fell,
Huge exclamations burst abruptly out;
Those vagabonds who did from God rebell,
To tempt (it seemes) still walk'd the world about,
And (bent with guests to grace their driry Hell)
Made oft toss'd souls of their salvation doubt:
Who when for Heaven they hunting were the way,
Turn'd headlong backward, train'd by them to stray.

Great naturalists, of art chiefe masters made,
By starres, and times, they could each course dis-
close, [spread,
And marking still when life's first powers were
What influence affections did dispose,
Or to what custome education led,
Where every heart for pleasure did repose:
They having found each inclination's square,
As best might fit the same did frame some snare.

When lustfull fancies had enflam'd the minde,
Then liberall beauties charm'd the wand'ring eye;
When to contention one was knowne inclin'd,
Occasions offred were franke wrath to try;
When avarice did make the judgement blinde,
Straight meanes were us'd that it might never dye;
Thus did they nurse (by tempting objects) still,
The vice predominant that sway'd the will.

This generall course (extended unto all)
Not onely did insensibly betray,
Whil'st souls for pleasure voluntar'ly thrall,
Were (by prevailing) made their enemie's prey;
Some whom they did perswade, or else appall,
For feare, or gaine, did to their will give way:
Yet (Heaven exchang'd for toyes which th' Earth [affords)
Were but deluded by ambiguous words.

Those with much passion bitterly declare
How they the Devill (by him seduc'd) ador'd,
Who, storm'd by sea, and thundred in the aire,
(As he affirm'd) of all the world sole lord;
That they with him should (when dissolv'd) repaire,
Where they should be with all contentment stor'd:
Thus painting out how they had beene abus'd,
The great accuser is by them accus'd.

But he who once durst dreame in Heaven to raigne,
Whose pride prepostrous (swolne with madnesse)
Though that designe attempted was in vaine, [raves,
And he throwne headlong to Tartarian caves:
Loe, when at last, even ready to arraigne,
He doth not seek to purge, nor pardon craves;
Though just excuses something might acquite,
But thus bursts forth with his accustom'd spite.

" Since fled from Heaven to pacifie your spleene,
Whose jealousies my fall could onely free,
I of your wrath a minister have beene,
To execute all what you did decree:
Thus all your ends to take effect were seene,
Whil'st still the hate reflected back on me,
To whom the world imputed every ill,
Though all my power was bounded by your will.

" That excrement of th' Earth, that drosse of dust,
Who wanting courage publick force to try,
Though not so stout, yet did prove as unjust,
And would have beene like thee, as well as I;
He serv'd for nothing but in thee to trust,
Yet for all this, did oft thy name deny:
He broke thy law, had power to do no more,
Yet by his fault is better than before.

" From abject basenesse rais'd to such a state,
Till damn'd to die, no bounds could man containe;
Nor was his change by that decree made great,
Since, but by it whence drawne, turn'd backe againe;
Yet though these worms were still (when grac'd) ingrate,
Thou by thy suffering did'st prevent their paine;
Whom though immortall we did mortall see,
That these vile mortalls might immortall be.

" But I who was a fountaine once of light,
Whose envied beauties angels did commend,
With those the partners of my wretched flight;
Who suffer did because they lov'd their friend;
We might have serv'd to make the Heavens more
In indignation whom thou mad'st descend: [bright,
And would'st not unto us one fault forgive,
Though sacrific'd, to make great sinners live.

" Man (pitied thus) his pardon did procure,
That still his weakenesse might thy power admire,
Where we whose power thou no way could'st indure,
Are persecuted with an endlesse ire;
Imprison us, that thou maist live secure;
Nor will we deigne thy favour to require;
But since defrauded earst of hopes so high,
Must live in anguish since we cannot die.

" But this indignity doth make me storme,
In Heaven, in th' Earth, in th'aire since long so great,
That this poore creature, this detested worme,
Whom I have trod upon so oft of late,
By partiall hate both ballanc'd in one forme,
Where earst my slave, must now become my mate:

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Yea, and reduc'd to a more base degree,
I must his taylour and tormenter be."

This hatefull monster to confusion thrall,
Was once an angell, innocently white,
And had continu'd so but for his fall,
Whilst pride and envy did engender spite;
The spirituall substance tainted then with gall,
(Turn'd diabolicke) was extinguish'd quite:
So that thenceforth he nought save ill could doe,
When leaving God, all goodnesse left him too.

He fell of malice, mankind was deceav'd;
That syre of sinne to nurse it always striv'd,
And since by him that plague was first conceav'd,
Each sinne is his from whom all sinne deriv'd;
What due reward can he by him receav'd,
By whom of Heaven so many were depriv'd?
Who guilty is of every mischiefe gone,
Still tempting all, yet tempted was by none.

Yet bent for mischiefe, as he first beganne,
Farre from remorse, thus sparkling poison still,
He dare contest with Christ, outrageing man,
Though barr'd from acting, yet intending ill,
And those his thoughts which rest not suffer can,
(Since obiects want where he might use his will)
Turn'd backe as furies shall himselfe afflict,
Who still on some just vengeance must inflict.

Christ first doth show how he rebell'd above,
From whence expell'd with a deserv'd disgrace,
He straight did tempt the man whom God did love,
As he had done to make him loose his place;
Then all the meanes (that hate could hatch) did prove,
(No cause first given) to persecute his race;
Though God had told that one of them at last
Should punish him for all offences past.

Of all his course when casting up the scroules,
They finde each moment did some harme conspire,
That (even when dying) he distress'd weake soules,
So that no end could mitigate his ire;
But Christ the same for ever now controules,
And damnes him straight to Hell's eternall fire:
Where with his angels he must alwayes stay,
As long reserv'd in chaines for that great day.

This damned squadron sentenc'd thus to Hell,
The godly doe appland Christ's just decree,
And his great judgment with amazement tell,
Which by effects they ravish'd are to see;
Their approbation doth content him well,
As assisters whom he admits to bee.
O what contentment do their soules imbrace,
Who now to judge the rest with him take place!

They now behold some of the wicked sort,
Who straight the worst that Hell can yeeld attend,
With whose vaine pride no creature could comport,
Whil'st them for happy worldlings did commend;
Yet were their pleasures but both deare and short,
Yea often times before themselves did end:
And by their suffrage, now they stand condemn'd,
Whom they as abject many times contemn'd.

Some now with glory eminently sit,
As Christ's deare friends, though here of humble race,
Whom they had scorn'd for fellowes to admit,
Or at their table to have taken place;
Yea, would have thought it for their state not fit,
Them with a signe of least regard to grace:
Yet (marking them so highly honour'd) now
They would be glad still at their feet to bow.

But this distresse one vantage doth unfold,
Though out of time, when it can help no more,
They heare the truth, and all their faults are told,
Which had been still estrang'd from them before,
Whil'st awfull reverence dutious love controul'd,
So that what they affirm'd, their followers swore,
Whom now they blame, that they so base could be,
As bent to please, not daring to be free.

The reprobate (as obstinately ill)
Expostulating blasphemy doe use,
And with their crimes would burden others still,
Not to be clear'd, but that they may accuse;
Not onely doe they taxe God's spotlesse will,
And Satan's fraud, for what it did infuse:
But likewise men as meanes that they were lost,
And of all men they blame their parents most.

Their whole endeavours every parent strains,
By fortune's treasures to advance his heirs,
Who many times do loose by guilty gains,
Not (as was hop'd) true helps, but onely snares;
But few advis'dly do respect the pains
Which leade to vertue, and religious cares:
Such fondly are in breeding of their brood,
For goods too carefull, carelesse of their good.

Yet oft they faile even in that temporall end,
Who seeke by riches to secure their race,
Which by their death doth it at last attend,
And long-sought conquests waste in little space;
Where indigence and education bend,
Some left more poore, each way for wealth do trace,
Which oftentimes, the syre's damnation's price,
But strengthneth his that they may follow vice.

Nor is this glistring course the safest way,
By which to stand, one stablish may a state,
Since it oft times the owner doth betray
To vice and envy, an inviting baite,
So that they thus are tempted more to stray,
Or are o'rethrowne by some man's hopefull hate:
Thus riches swolne with pride is crush'd by spite,
Or doth (made soft) dissolve the owner quite.

Some foolish fathers with prepostrous love,
(To flattring children too indulgent still)
Even by their favour pestilent doe prove,
Like toying apes that doe with kindenesse kill,
Who whil'st they them should by their judgement
Are carried head-long with the others' will: [move,
And must their griefe by any meanes appease,
Not striving to instruct, but how to please.

Their off-spring's course each parent should direct,
And as a patterne by example lead:
Then when they faile in yeelding due respect,
As insolent by too much favour made,
They should rebuke, reforme, and last correct;
For, better then whil'st quicke, to waile them dead:
Who would preserve, must many times annoy,
Where those that dote by sparing doe destroy.

Amongst the rest, some here their moane doe make,
Whom parents' strictnesse did from good restraine,
That of their state would no compassion take,
Nor lend the meanes that might their life maintaine;
But (as their coyne) did keep their count'nance backe
For wretchednesse, yet other grounds did faine:

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By which in children such ill thoughts were bred,
That they to mischiefe easily were led.

What gallants thus did perish in their prime,
By desp'rate wayes whil'st ventring for reliefe,
And prov'd (though little might have help'd in time)
A bloudy murtherer, or an abject thiefe;
Till at the last damn'd for some filthie crime,
As venging this, they forc'd their father's griefe:
(With infamy when com'd to end their race)
Whil'st left an heire unto his heire's disgrace?

And many thus dispers'd in forraine parts,
Have sold their souls that they their lives might save,
Who (whil'st by want) expos'd to all men's arts,
When they by ruine onely help could have,
Against their knowledge, and against their hearts,
In spite of conscience, did religion leave:
And would (though first asham'd) at last grown strong,
Ere scorn'd for changing, justifie a wrong.

O, what contentment shall those parents finde!
Who for all those whom to the world they bring,
Still mildly rigorous, and austerely kinde,
(Excesses barr'd) do seek each needfull thing,
And do plant early in the tender minde,
The love of God, whose praise at last they sing.
All those with Christ thrice happy now do stand,
Who thus did strive how to increase that band.

Great magistrates by sundry are accus'd,
For feare, for love, for gaine, or some such end,
Who had that power due by their charge not us'd,
To purge the land of them who did offend;
Who (when by pardons having them excus'd)
Their faults (as favour'd) seem'd to recommend:
There where examples should with terrour strike,
This did tempt others to attempt the like.

When insolency kills, or doth oppresse,
Those guilty are of each ensuing harme,
Who curbe them not who do the laws transgresse,
Ere indignation generous courage warme;
When parties wrong'd must needs themselves redresse,
Whil'st lack of justice doth them justly arme:
As bound by credit vengeance to procure,
The braving object scorning to endure.

When great offendors iustice not removes,
And chiefly them by whom to death one bleeds,
Since, given to broils, such persons no man loves,
And each occasion still more mischiefe breeds;
Their safety many a time their ruine proves:
For malefactors, whil'st that their misdeeds
Repentance expiats, made happy so,
Do (as from beds) to Heaven from scaffolds go.

Thus in like sort they blame some masters now,
Who them with whom they had by power prevail'd,
Not unto God, but to themselves made bow,
If not to them, not caring how they fail'd;
And did sometimes command, at least allow
Those faults whose fruits to profit them avail'd;
Such soules as pretious should have beene preserv'd,
Who were God's creatures, though that them they serv'd.

But thousands here with anguish curse all those,
Who had in charge their safety to procure,
Yet did their course to fit the time compose,
And errours grosse most grosly did endure:
So that their flocke, when falling never rose,
But suffred were to live in sinne secure:
And they to Heaven could hardly others leade,
Whose selves to court the world all means had made.

Since robbers are abhorr'd (as beasts prophane)
Who steale but stones which to the church belong;
Pretended priests that spirituall states attaine,
Like waspes with bees, crept holy hives among,
Who wasting honey, poyson give againe;
Are (as farre worse) accus'd for doing wrong;
Since they barre others from ministring grace,
Yet (save in coats and rents) not use the place.

Some who (their hearers swaying where they would)
Could force affections, comfort, and deject,
With learned lectures eloquently told,
(Though flourish'd faire, not fruitfull in effect)
Are highly tax'd, that they (when thus extold)
What taught to others, did themselves neglect:
And given to vice (brought comparatively in)
They lost that freedome which rebukes for sinne.

And how can any man another move
To flye those dainties that with him are rife,
Who talke of temperance, yet vaine pleasures love,
Call peace a blessing, whil'st they live at strife,
Praise deeds of almes, yet avaritious prove,
Chast but in words, not continent in life?
Of such th' excellency is all in art,
Whil'st vertue but their tongue, vice hath the heart.

Such (following Cain's way) like Core exclaime,
By Balaam's wages, to deceit inclin'd;
Sea's raging waves, still foaming forth their shame,
Clouds void of water, carried with the wind,
Trees without fruit, spots which the faith defame,
As wandring starres whose course hath them design'd:
Of such did Enoch prophesy of old,
That which this judgement doth at last unfold.

Those stumbling blockes, rockes which with ruine swell,
Destruction's traynes, obnoxious unto all,
Not onely with the rest, are damn'd to Hell,
Whose threatned torments quaking soules appall,
But railing at them many thousands tell,
How they had beene the meanes to make them fall:
"This wretched comfort, the afflicted love,
That for their faults, they others may reprove."

But though they thus to make their faults seem lesse,
The Lord himselfe, the divels and men doe blame,
All doth afford no helpe for their distresse,
Nor workes it pitty, but augments their shame:
Like anguish doth their fellow partners presse,
And others doe with shouts their joyes proclaime:
Thus quite neglected in a desp'rate state,
They by contesting, but procure more hate.

As some (by sentence when condemn'd to dye)
By gazing troupes and friends, hemm'd round about,
The executioner attending by,
The coffin gaping, and the hatchet out,
Th' earth sometimes view, looke sometimes to the sky,
And, loth to leave them, doe pretend some doubt:

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Which thy must cleare, as which concernes their crime,
So glad to gaine some space from posting time.

The wicked thus (it seemes) could wish to stay,
The full performance of Christ's great decree,
As loth to leave this (though most fearefull) day,
The last of light that they shall ever see;
The eyes' deare objects vanish must away;
No prospect more for them can pleasant be:
No wonder though they seeke to shift a space,
Their dreadfull entry to that driry place.

But such delayes can yeeld their soules no ease,
Who rack'd by conscience, inwardly doe smart;
Save all to suffer, not what to appease,
No other thought can harbour in their heart;
That glorious face which doth the godly please,
To them strange feares with horrour doth impart:
So that their present paine hath so much force,
They scarce imagine any can be worse.

Those who were swift to sinne, to goodnesse slow,
And onely striv'd in folly to exceed,
O! when they finde that which they justly owe,
The endlesse paines which ended joyes doe breed!
They, as they alwaies liv'd like beasts below,
Would gladly now that they were beasts indeed:
To scape the Hell whose horrours then are seene,
Who wish their being never to have beene.

When looking backe how traines of treach'rous houres
(As mines) at unawares had blowne up all,
And blasted oft (ere ripe) fraile pleasure's flowres,
Whose time hath beene so short, whose joy so small;
They wonder now how they could spend their pow'rs,
In gayning toyes to such a tyrant thrall,
Which hath them made that happinesse to misse,
Where still eternity abounds in blisse.

All longing mindes for what they much require,
The time appointed, when they doe attend,
Doe wish the space betweene should straight expire,
And so the light to have some other end;
By giving way to man's infirme desire,
His course contract'd few moments thus would spend:
And thus to gaine some flying fortunes soone,
His life by what he wish'd would be undone.

The loving youth whose brest with thoughts doth burne,
Would lose whole yeares to have one night's delight;
The merchant waiting for his shippe's returne,
Not onely dayes, but winds as slow doth cite;
The greedy usurer, so to serve his turne,
(Save termes for payment) all dayes else would quite:
Since these for pleasure lavish are of life,
What would they doe, whose miseries are rife?

But whil'st too late, the wicked count their dayes,
Which (ere they wakened) vanish like a dreame,
(So to remove the meanes of all delayes)
Their sentence given, an angell doth proclaime,
The which with feare each count'nance quite dismayes,
And they in darkenesse haste to hide their shame:
From this sad sentence, backe to the Stygian state,
What horrid clamour sounds the last retreat.

If for affaires which mutuall good impart,
A little way till some few houres be runne,
Kinde wives and husbands doe but chance to part,
A friend from friend, a mother from her sonne,
So sensibly with tender thoughts all smart,
That love is glad to have some moments wonne:
"Priz'd by privations, beings are held deare,
And presence pretious, absence makes appeare.

O blacke divorce, even worse then thoughts can faine!
Griefe past expressing, losse above all bounds,
They now must part who never meet againe,
And straight to goe where horrour most abounds,
From sight of pleasure ravish'd unto paine,
No wonder though they howle forth dolorous sounds:
Who must this cheereful light with darkenesse change,
Saints' joyes first seene, to make their state more strange.

'Twixt parents, brethren, sisters, kindred, friends,
And all those bands which mortals held most deare;
The naturall love (worne out of date) quite ends,
Eternally whil'st separated here;
That strict regard which tender passion bends,
None of the godly now can make draw neere
To any one of those whom damn'd they see,
Though ty'd by nature in the first degree.

The bed's deare partners here, each fortune's mate,
Who once (heart's joy) sunke in the bosome slept;
Some dandled children, doted on of late,
Whom with such care too tender parents kept;
Companions earst who swayd the minde's conceit,
All now are left, and they no teare have wept:
Who praise God's judgement which this parting wrought:
His love hath swallow'd up each other thought.

But by this meanes the reprobate are mov'd,
To apprehend their misery the more,
Whil'st forc'd to leave them whom so much they lov'd,
Who having seen their happinesse before,
And having heard their losse by them approv'd,
Who once had wish'd them well, but then abhor:
This grieves their soule, till they for anguish groane,
And though to Hell, are earnest to be gone.

Whil'st stormy conscience holds invective bookes,
That th' inward sight can onely reade of ire,
O! how doe heavy eyes with lingring lookes,
From world's last prospects languishing retire?
A windy cloud of sighes, each mouth forth smokes,
As burning, even ere entring in the fire:
They are not blinde, yet better so to be,
Since Heaven, nor Earth, they never more shall see.

The raging fiends all girt with foaming snakes,
Doe haste them downe together with their charge,
Whereas no porter any hindrance makes,
They passe Hell's deeps, attending on no barge;
This thronging troup at dreadfull earth-quakes quakes,
Whil'st gaping gulphes doe make an entry large:
All looking backe as loth to leave the light,
Are at an instant swallow'd out of sight.

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DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORD'S IVDGEMENT.

THE ELEVENTH HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of dolefull Hell the horrid seat is sought,
Whereas the damned howling still remaine:
And in the world as wickedly they wrought,
Must suffer what Christ's justice doth ordaine;
The sensuall creatures' senses here are brought,
By what once pleas'd, now to be rack'd with paine:
And with the devils whereas they are to stay,
The wicked are tormented every way.

WHIS'ST wandring now where I can finde no light,
Of guests below the damned state to mark,
No raving Ethnick can direct me right,
Whose selfe is captive in the dungeon's darke;
Yet, all Hell's horrours can me not affright,
Though serpents hisse, and Cerberus do barke;
But lest I stagger, and be still in doubt,
I must go seek some guide to leade me out.

Deare Saviour, thou who thence my soule to quite
Exposed wast a prey to paine and scorne,
Whil'st beaten, mock'd, and spitted at in spite,
Made vinegar to drink, and crown'd with thorne;
Then sweating bloud, encrimson'd beautie's white,
Till all Hell's horrours constantly were borne;
Thou, onely thou, canst this discovery make,
Who forc'd her forts, and turn'd in triumph backe.

O Sonne of God, be thou my guide, and cleare
The cloudy cloisters of Tartarian deeps,
That (drawn from darknesse) plainly may appeare,
From what strange torments thine thy suffring keepes,
Who (marking this afarre) may not come neare,
Where teeth shall gnash, where th' eye for ever weeps;
But trust in thee, and flie sinne's tempting snare,
Not too secure, nor falling in despaire.

That place for paine so fearfull to the minde,
That dreames of it have desperation wrought,
Hath beene by some (to search such deeps inclin'd)
No locall ground, but a privation thought:
From God secluded, yet no where confin'd,
As damned souls were to some freedome brought:
No paine impos'd, but to be barr'd God's sight,
Hell so made darke, as Sunne's remove breeds night.

Not onely wretches banish'd from God's face,
In endlesse anguish languishing remaine,
Whil'st apprehending in that dreadfull place,
How saints above with God in glory raigne;
But they must have with horrour, griefe, disgrace,
As want of pleasure, so a sense of paine:
Want would but grieve where feeling will torment,
The minde with wormes, with wounds the body rent.

The sentenc'd squadron must retyre alone,
In dungeons darke eternally to smart,
Where they still bounded heavily must grone,
Whil'st not one moment can repose impart;
Christ said to them, when damn'd: "Go, get you gone,
To dwell with devils in their appointed part;
And sacred writs most clearly do declare,
That from the godly they divided are."

But curiousnesse no satisfaction gets,
When searching out the mysteries of Hell;
At least no where it with assurance sets,
But ghosts to paine from pleasure doth expell;
And with the rest who fall in fancie's nets,
No wonder though I doubt their state to tell:
For that to others which these lines would show,
I labour that my selfe may never know.

It may be plac't amidst the fierie spheare,
Whence joyn'd with lightning dreadfull thunders flie,
Whil'st frowning Heavens by day night's colours reare;
Till scarce some flashes can point out the skie;
So that as Hell inflicting harme and feare,
By thunder-bolts, and haile, troups tortur'd lye:
Thus in effect, affinity they hold
By light, and darknesse, horrour, heat, and cold.

That cloudy clymate (hatching stormes when faire)
May still foule spirits where first they fell restraine,
And wretched soules to have with them their share,
Of substance light, (though stayn'd) may mount againe;
Since Sathan hath beene held lord of the ayre,
He last may smart where he so long doth raigne:
And though suppos'd a parable to be,
Why might not Abraham there the glutton see?

If God thus hang that monstrous masse of night,
In which to pine the tortur'd bands are throwne,
The hoasts of Heaven importing virtuall light,
May pierce Hell's clouds, till all their guests be knowne,
With mutuall prospects, interchanging sight,
By other's states that both may judge their owne:
"What is oppos'd, compar'd, brings truth to light:
When set with shadowes, stars doe shine more bright."

O how the godly triumph would with joy!
Whil'st compassing that damned band about,
To see the fiends their furies all imploy,
Till ghosts with dreadfull cryes confus'dly shout;
They with no sigh their pittied plaints convoy,
Though earst knowne friends, all kindenesse then worn out;
But straight shall praise (transported from the place)
In them God's justice, in themselves his grace.

A place below the chiefe of northerne starres,
To fit the Hell a situation yeelds,
Which passengers from passing further barres,
By desolate and melancholy fields,
And navigation absolutely marres,
Whil'st there from harme no kinde of shelter shields:
Not that the ocean doth too stormy prove,
No, but because that it can no way move.

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The liquid kingdome all becoming dry,
Farre distant shores (as if cimented) meet,
The waves all dead entom'd in crystall lye,
Not having power to drowne, no, not to weet,
Whil'st barren beauty doth delude the eye,
And slippery firmenesse doth betray the feet,
Which both on flouds and solid grounds they set,
And yet can neither earth nor water get.

Amidst that large inhabitable zone,
Where raging winter doth admit no bounds,
Perchance (for terrour) the Tartarian throne,
With strengthlesse beames the flying Sunne sur-
And (as if thousands multipli'd a grone) [rounds,
There sulph'rous Vulcan's roare continuall sounds:
Whil'st ghosts do never sleep, yet alwaies dreame,
Rack'd by remorse with griefe, past sense of shame.

But that great God on whom this all depends,
And (as he pleaseth) quickly fades or springs,
Even with a thought can compasse all his ends,
Not daigning to take helpe of temporall things,
And yet to worke what ever he intends,
Each creature straight a contribution brings:
He in new moulds can cast the world againe,
Make beauty ugly, what gave joy, give paine.

Earst Adam's Eden, pleasure's speciall ground,
World's quint-essence, the garden of the Lord,
The pretious stone of this enamel'd round,
Which God did guard as with his treasures stor'd,
It now turn'd common earth (by flouds since drown'd)
Of what it was no token doth afford:
That dainty vale which curious Lot did chuse,
Did soone grow loathsome, all the world's refuse.

Those parts below which most delight the eye,
As pleasant, fertile, crown'd with flowres, or streames,
Where nature doth with many colours dye
Her curious robes, all bright with glistring beames,
Some there at last may greater torments try,
Then Sathan can devise, or mankinde dreames:
And it would stand with justice in these times
That all should suffer where they wrought their crimes.

But th'Earth oreburden'd, must to sinne give place,
If so commanded by the world's great Iudge,
Loe, how we all who fondly love her face,
Must at the last within her bosome lodge! [race,
But them she swallow'd quicke, though Abraham's
Who tempting God against his will did grudge:
All sinnes engross'd in one, what monstrous weight
May soone sinke thousands to the centre straight!

Who knowes but th' Earth, which still men wastes or feeds,
Hath vast concavities where darknesse blinds,
And that from it the secret cause proceeds
Of dreadfull earth-quakes, and of restlesse winds,
Which, schismes in schooles, no satisfaction breeds,
The deepe's deepe mystery none clearly finds:
Whilst bent to study who doth thousands teach,
Seas compast him who could their course not reach.

The fertile Earth for that infernall seate
May furnish stuffe to feede the flames apace,
For, as without, Sunne's active beames do beat,
Till plentie's horne doth garnish every place;
So it would seeme, within, some vigorous heate
Of metalls strong doth breed the rockie race:
Th'Earth must have fire, of which, to serve our turne,
Both superficiall parts and entrails burne.

Vaine Pagans did in every fancy fixe,
That stygian darkenesse diverse floods did bound,
And all their gods did sweare by dreadfull Styx,
That straight their oath in Lethe might be drown'd;
These waters with so many things did mixe,
Ere they could reach the centre of the ground,
That stain'd and poison'd whilst estrang'd from th' aier,
They filthy were (no doubt) when once come there.

Since (by conjectures with much travell sought)
This fearefull place none can precisely know,
Then by what meanes from darknesse can be brought,
Those mysteries which some dare seeke to show?
The roome indeed may justly large be thought,
Where all the wicked should be lodg'd below:
Though to their cliants devils do much reveale,
Yet they for frighting them Hell's state conceale.

They (as great pleasures) painting out their paines,
By foolish fables please vaine vulgars much,
With gorgeous gardens, and elysian plaines,
Which (like themselves) cannot abide the touch;
Then will they seeme (this reputation gaines)
Fawnes, Silvans, Satyres, Faries, Nymphes, and such:
That fooles may hope to be (whilst spoil'd of sense)
Gods, demi-gods, and heroes, when gone hence.

What then confusion doth more mischiefe bring,
As oft hath beene made knowne in every age?
And it in Hell would seeme a needefull thing,
To torture them who there beare Satan's badge,
From which in darknesse, grosse effects must spring,
Where desp'rat troupes (past hope of helpe) doe rage;
Yet even in it some order shall be found,
Though Chaos darkning, Babel to confound.

The world may thinke, amidst that damned crue,
Though (as elsewhere) distinguish'd in degree,
Each one doth reape that which to him is due;
Their paines may differ, yet their griefe agree;
When law below a party doth pursue,
As crimes require, the iudges do decree:
Since God on Earth so many plagues doth send,
How huge be these which Hell's blacke hostes attend?

This crystall spheare, the lanterne of the sight,
A generall spie that every thing doth marke,
I doubt, if drawing, or dispersing light,
Of all man's body the most heavenly sparke,
The life of beauty, nature's glories height,
Which straight (when clos'd) makes all the world seme dark,
It of chiefe pleasures doth the centre prove,
Both from the Earth below, and Heaven aboue.

Those sunnes of sences, mirrours of the minde,
The windows of the heart till light doth faile,
How bodies may be glorifi'd we find,
Since their perfection doth so much prevaile;
These dainty lights which have so sweetely shin'd,
Though cleere like diamonds, like crystall fraile,
While as abus'd by them that were unjust,
Did turne to starres of pride and flames of lust.

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By them the wretch to avarice was swai'd,
Externall objects tempting the desire;
By them the heart to envy was betrai'd,
And made to hate what it could not acquire;
Their sight urg'd vengeance whilst it did upbraid
Such brests as boil'd with a vindictive ire,
By them (as dores) much mischiefe entred in,
The baits, the bauds, the guides, the gates of sinne.

These eyes that did so oft to vice invite,
(Whil'st still attracting, or directing wrong)
Now barr'd from all which did them once delight,
Where fearefull monsters for confusion throng;
Them from some paine no moment can acquite,
For objects strange infortunately strong:
Prodigious sights since still they must indure,
Like owles (night's drisy birds) in caves obscure.

In place of beauty (which did earst bewitch)
The foaming fiends came charg'd with crawling snakes;
For stately roomes a dungeon (dropping pitch)
Doth contribute to the Tartarian lakes;
And for companions (groaning in a ditch)
A number burns, and yet for cold still quakes.
Eyes thus have no reliefe, not when they weep,
But (though in darknesse) they still see, not sleep.

This living lab'rinth entertaining sounds,
By severall turnes, till made for hearing fit,
(Lest otherwise, if rude, words might give wounds)
Which (thus prepar'd) they by degrees admit;
These bring the stuffe on which the judgement
As ready porters that support the wit; [grounds,
And oft with pleasure smooth afflicting care,
Whil'st dainty voices quintessence the aire.

These oft (like strumpets dissolutely strong)
Are prostituted, suffring what is foule;
Then mediating 'twixt a tempting tongue
And fraile desires, all goodnesse oft controul:
They first corrupted do seduce to wrong,
And poure (like pleasure) poyson in the soule:
By them assaulting sinne doth breach the heart,
As of the body still the weakest part.

This is the myne which doth blow up the minde,
Gainst sense, or reason's charge, a guardlesse way,
To lust, to fraud, or faults of any kinde,
Which all the strength by treaties doth betray;
As Sathan soone in Paradise did finde,
In Evah's care who first in ambush lay;
This patent entry can hold nothing out, [doubt.
But braves brave minds with grounds for feare or

This spirituall taster, understanding's eye, [moanes,
(Growne needlesse now amongst these hopelesse
Since all well known, none then can further try)
In place of musicke that did charme it once,
Heares teeth to gnash, and howling creatures cry,
Redoubling sobs, and melancholy groanes:
For dreadfull sounds who can imagine more?
There fiends and men (still rack'd) together roare.

That dainty sense which comfort doth the braines,
And all the vitall sprits more pregnant make,
Which (when the aire a grosse corruption staines)
Doth by sweet odours drive the danger backe,
It with the Lord so highly pris'd remaines,
That he himselfe in it doth pleasure take:
And he was said a sacrifice to smell,
In which sweet incense chiefly did excell.

Those (though extorting nature's usuall store)
That were perfum'd with artificiall things,
In place of what affected was before,
A filthy stench perpetually there stings;
This sinke of sinne which theirs so oft made more,
The dregs of all the world together brings:
Whose scent, though loathsome now, endure they must,
Who (weakning courage thus) gave strength to lust.

Those to the taste who did their judgement give,
And (more then nature) fancy striv'd to feed,
What creatures daily dy'd that they might live,
Who would for pompe or gluttony exceed,
And curious were all courses to contrive,
How sawces strange an appetite might breed:
While as the poore did starve (they thus at feasts)
And could not get what they did give to beasts?

Though food for maint'nance none shall need below,
Yet gluttons' mindes by longing are turmoil'd;
And many meats may mustred be in show,
All fry'd in flames, or in Cocytus boil'd,
Which straight (when neare to touch) devils may orethrow;
Or they may be by monstrous harpies spoil'd;
Or (as from Tantalus the apple slips)
Such tempting objects may delude their lips.

These drunkards that have drown'd their wits in wine,
(Till, quite benumn'd, they long ere dying dye)
Whil'st tortur'd now continually to pine,
As in a feaver (loe) they burning lye:
If roaring flames a puddle could designe,
They for a drop to quench their thirst would cry:
That this to mark it might our judgement leade,
The like entreaty one to Abraham made.

These dainty fingers entertain'd by pride,
Whose sense (though grosse) was pleas'd in sundry sorts,
Which could no touch save what was soft abide,
Oft us'd for avarice, or wanton sports,
Those now in vaine would strive themselves to hide,
Which (whil'st stretch'd forth as cruell paine transports)
Where fearfull darknesse doth no light admit,
May unawares some fiend or serpent hit.

Some who below had domineer'd of late,
In wealth abounding, by abundance cloy'd,
Whil'st (pleasures purchas'd at too high a rate)
As want did others, surfeits them annoy'd;
They (wanting stomacke) did not feed but eate,
Till faint, and dull, what had, they not enjoy'd;
Those naked now in misery remaine,
And nothing rests, save never resting paine.

The lazie man whose memory time foils,
As wanting sinews, who could scarcely move,
Whom faintnesse, and not pride, did keep from toils,
Save abject ease who nothing else did love;
Now when his foot at every step still broils,
If but to change, of force must restlesse prove:
And lest he languish with too dull a paine,
By bodkins hot tormented may remaine.

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These hauty mindes, whose swelling thoughts were
That still in state they gloried to be seene; [such,
So richly cloath'd, that it had griev'd them much,
If on their garments any spot had beene;
So dainty then that they disdain'd to touch,
Farre lesse to lye, or sit, on parts uncleane:
And whil'st presuming on their wealth or race,
Were alwayes striving how to take their place.

Those on themselves who did so fondly dote,
And their vile carkasse curious were to grace,
Though (like the flowres which frailty do denote)
But must'ring beauty for a little space;
They never care how much the minde they blot,
So they of nature (during life's short race)
May help defects by art's defective aid,
The soule to sinne by vanity betrai'd.

They nature's need could not by sleep supply,
Save in faire roomes which pleasure did procure;
Each vulgar object straight did wound their eye,
Whose tender sight no grosse thing could endure;
They well attended softly sought to lye,
Though so more sumptuous, and the lesse secure:
Not thinking how when dead they straight should have,
Wormes for companions, and for bed a grave.

Loe, now retir'd amid'st Tartarian caves,
With driry shadows in eternall night,
They lodge more low then some that were their slaves,
As sinking farre, since falling from a height;
And every fiend them (as their equall) braves,
With mocks remembring of their wonted might:
They, they through flames with scourging whips them drive,
The which to flie in boiling deeps they dive.

Smooth beautie's grounds which did so much delight,
From pleasant plains with furrows gathered in,
By fire, or filth, are now disfigur'd quite,
Till they become as ugly as their sinne;
And (persecuted with continuall spite)
Hot pitch and brimstone drop upon their skinne:
But such a losse as this, paine quickly bounds,
The feeling, not the fancy, them confounds.

The Heaven's great Iudge, in all things who is just,
Each paine imposed severally designes;
The proud (trod down) lye wallowing in the dust;
The glutton starves; by thirst the drunkard pines;
The lecherous burne, but not as earst with lust;
The wretch in vaine to covet still inclines;
Who did God's day to violate contest,
No iubile or sabbath yeelds them rest.

O how each soule most highly doth abhorre
The fault which them to this confusion sends!
Which (though they would) they now can use no more,
Yet, onely one, even at this time not ends; [
Those who were given to blasphemy before,
They still curse God, their parents, and their friends;
This sinne which malice, and not weaknesse breeds,
In height, in place, and time, all else exceeds.

That vice in Hell the reprobate may use,
Which from the minde all kinde of goodnesse blots,
Each other fault some colour may excuse,
Whil'st baited fancy, on some pleasure dotes;
But blasphemy the furies do infuse,
In mindes perverse, which as a badge it notes,
And of all things should greatest feare impart,
Since it bewrayes the vilenesse of the heart.

They faine that one continually doth feele
His smarting entrails by a vulture torne;
A stone (still toss'd) another faint makes reele,
And braving food a famish'd mouth doth scorne;
Ambition's type is rack'd upon a wheele,
Still barr'd from rest, since backe or forward borne;
In vaine these sisters tosse the Stygian deep,
Who must bestow on that which cannot keep.

But yet these torments which the world did faine,
In sinners' minds a just remorse to breed,
From working mischiefe that they might refraine,
Whil'st they strive how for horrour to exceed:
As onely forg'd, is but a painted paine,
If match'd with these that must be felt indeed:
Which so extremely breed the soul's distresse,
That even the suffrer can it not expresse.

What height of words were able to dilate
The severall torments that are used below?
Each sense must suffer what it most doth hate,
The Stygian forge whil'st forming furies blow;
Short pleasures purchas'd at a hideous rate,
They still (yet not discharg'd) pay what they owe:
"All sorts of sinnes since none can well recount,
No doubt Hell's paines in number must surmount.

These mysteries, which darknesse doth enfold,
What mortall colours can expresse them right?
Or who can know what ground is fit to hold,
Where contraries do with confusion fright?
Some laid on flames not see, yet quake for cold;
Thus fire doth burne, but cannot cleare with light:
To comfort it no quality retaines,
But multiplies in all that may give paines.

Though seeming strange, imagination frames
A possibility how this may prove;
No busie breath then irritating flames, [move:
Doth make them waste the meanes by which they
Whil'st want of aire fire's lightning fury tames,
That it no way can vent it selfe above:
Though all the brightnesse be entomb'd in smoak,
It lacks but beauty, may both burne and choak.

Some member then perchance extremely smarts,
A captive compass'd with encroaching fire, [hearts,
(What here doth fright, may then confound all
Chiefe element for executing ire:)
And yet cold snakes (enfolding other parts)
May make the bloud all languishing retire:
What stormie clymate can afford this seat,
Where both they freeze for cold, and rage for heat.

The secret nature of this fire to finde,
Of some who curious were the thoughts did crosse;
If it were spirituall, how to be confinde
In Hell for torture of terrestriall drosse:
Then if materiall, and to waste inclin'd,
Could soules be reach'd by such a substance grosse?
For all impressions working paine or feare,
Must have an object fit their blows to beare.

The fiends from fire (some thinke) must needs scape free,
Whose subtle substance none can touch with hands,
Yet, they (as lords) distinguish'd in degree,
Can (tossing th' aire) disturbe both seas and lands;
They bodies have the which may taken be,
And have a being capable of bands:

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The Devill was bound a thousand yeares time past,
And shall for ever live in chains at last.

The sprits of th' aire may beare a burden light,
Whose course impulsive sometimes makes it known;
The aire enflam'd (when Phœbus takes the height)
Is apt to burne, and flames by it are blowne;
Or, since of late, so to delude the sight,
They borrow'd shapes (if wanting of their owne)
All may be forc'd of bodies to admit,
As loads, or jayls, for suffring onely fit.

As soules (whil'st here) have beene to bodies bound,
And when next joyn'd shall never part againe;
By fire's condensed flames in Hell's vast round,
Ill sprits at last imbodied may remaine,
Which both may strictly presse, and deeply wound,
A weight, a prison, so redoubling paine:
They if thus match'd, have but a passive part,
Who burn'd, not warm'd, do onely live to smart.

How farre doth this transcend the reach of wit,
That bodies then continually shall burne,
Yet not diminish, whil'st on flames they sit,
But though quite swallow'd, not to dust do turne;
That racks their course no moment intermit,
Yet can a wretch not dye, but lives to mourne?
Dea'h still doth wound, but hath no power to kill,
They want his good, and onely have his ill.

I have beheld a cheating fellow stand,
To sell some oyle that he reserv'd in store,
And in the presence of a thronging band,
By vertue of some drug was us'd before,
In melted lead straight boldly rush his hand,
Then fall downe groveling, as to move no more:
Yet quickly rose by cosening art kept sound,
As if strange vertue in his oyle were found.

If man (weake man) by meanes of question'd art,
May fortifie against the force of heat,
That ye may suffer thus, and yet not smart;
May not the Lord (omnipotently great)
A quality (when as he list) impart,
To all the guests of Pluto's ugly seat:
That (freez'd in fire) they burne yet not decay,
Do pine, not dye, as monsters every way?

What us'd to waste, not having power to warme,
Of three that were amid'st a fornace plac'd,
No member, fire, no, not one haire did harme,
By raging flames, though every where embrac'd:
The Lord their force did so in secret charme,
That they (as set in gold) his servants grac'd;
And in such sort when pleas'd himselfe to serve,
By ruine's engines he can thus preserve.

That force of fire did not effectuall prove,
Elias' body did with pompe display, [move;
A winglesse weight whil'st it through th' aire did
Th' earth divers times her burden did betray,
By swallowing that which she did beare above;
And Peter's feet on floods found solid way:
Each element we see when God directs,
To nature contrary can breed effects.

Fire's torturing power, in the Tartarian cave,
Doth need for help no irritating blast,
And wanting food no excrement can have;
For fed by nothing, it doth nothing waste;
An ominous torch in Pluto's gaping grave,
Not more, nor lesse, it still alike doth last;
Flames' torrent doth but drowne, not burne the Hell,
And, at a height, can neither sinke nor swell.

One fire for all shall here God's power expresse,
Which doth from divers diversly extort;
So heats the Sunne, though all alike it presse,
As bodies are dispos'd, or can comport;
And, things combustible, burne more or lesse,
As dry, or humid, in a sundry sort:
Thus severall paines each damned soule endures,
As (aptly tempering) guiltinesse procures.

And that their suff'rings may augment the more,
When fully capable of being pin'd,
The Lord each sense and member doth restore,
(Enabling so the lame, the deafe, the blinde)
To every one that wanted them before,
That they of paine the greatest height may finde:
At least to show their griefe each tortur'd soule
Must then have eyes to weepe, a tongue to howle.

That faculty inhabiting the braine,
Though once a comfort now becomes a crosse,
The onely meanes that can bring time againe,
Though serving but to cast accounts of losse;
The nurse of knowledge, universall chaine,
Which in small bounds all kind of things can tosse;
It was a mirrour to direct the mind,
But then, damn'd soules to suffer more doth bind.

Those sinnes that once so pleasant did appeare,
The dandled idols of a doating heart,
Then all the ugly fiends that stand them neare,
More hatefull now doe make the wretches smart,
Who curst themselves that could such guests hold deare,
Though no remorse, what griefe doth this impart?
First looking backe, then on their present state,
When they must thinke what they had bin of late.

They finde those pleasures that did them betray,
As dreames and shadowes, readie to descend,
Even, in imbracing, vanishing away,
A fancie first, an extasie in end,
Whose vanity the issue did bewray,
Hopes left farre short of what they did attend;
And all enticements that to this alur'd,
A loathing still or wearinesse procur'd

They now remember every time and place,
That by their meanes a mischiefe was devis'd,
And how they needs would madly runne their race,
All admonitions scornefully despis'd;
They proudly quench'd the sparkes of kindling grace,
And hated them that any good advis'd,
Then laugh'd at them as most ridiculous fooles,
That sought to learne when having left the schooles.

Of counsels past that any parent gave,
A schoole master, a preacher, or a friend;
Each circumstance now fresh in mind they have,
And how that then it highlie did offend, [save,
When meanes were us'd that they their soules might
Who did to ruine obstinately tend:
They loath'd instruction, and rebukes did hate,
As which (thus tax'd) their value did abate.

Some words that entered at a carelesse eare,
And in the minde could no impression make,
That they in judgment true record might beare,
Then in the soule a secret seate did take,
Which now (discovered) cruelly they teare,
When (out of time still) making it looke back:

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"Neglected warnings must remembred be,
At last to binde, since first they could not free."

Whilst restlesse wormes doe gnaw the minde within,
Externall torments racking other parts,
Some fiend beside that had provok'd their sinne,
(What treacherous guest to harbour in men's [hearts!)
To aggravate their anguish doth beginne,
And though with them in like estate he smarts;
Yet wonted malice making silence breake,
He thus upbrayding them may chance to speake.

"What travells huge have I for you indur'd,
By bending all my meanes of power and skill,
That satisfaction might be so procur'd,
For every wish of yours (though changing still)
In pleasure's deepes ye lay by me secur'd,
Who both directed and obey your will;
And as ye earst would not abandon mee,
In spite of paine I shall your partner bee.

"All what ye crav'd was compast by my care,
Who onely labour'd to content your mind;
There wanted not a creature that was fayre,
When curious thoughts to wantonnesse inclin'd;
While kindling wrath for vengeance did prepare,
A fitt occasion was by me design'd:
To make you rich how many have beene spoil'd,
That you might idle be whilst still I toil'd?

"And your contentment was to me so deare,
That when some striv'd your courses to restraine,
I would not let you their perswasions heare,
But made the preacher spend his power in vaine,
And still (obsequiously attending neare)
What was suggested ready to maintaine;
Your purposes to such perfection brought,
That of all men you were most happie thought.

"Since ye for joy have oft almost been mad,
Of which some taste, ye cannot but reserve,
What wonder now though ye againe be sad,
Who justly suffer what ye did deserve?
But I who never any pleasure had,
And as a drudge for you did onely serve:
Why am I punish'd by superior powers?
The torment which I feele should all be yours.

"Degener'd soules (though once by God belov'd)
That would descend to such a base degree,
I you to please, have thus too carefull prov'd,
And from an angell daign'd your slave to be,
Yet, most ingrate, ye (with my griefe not mov'd)
Doe moane your selves, and never pitty me:
Iust indignation hath so strongly seiz'd,
I must revenge, but cannot be appeas'd."

These monsters straight to plague all meanes doe [ply,
Whil'st ratling chaines make all Hell's dungeons [ring;
The crawling globes of clustring serpents flye,
And at an instant both doe lash and sting;
In vessels then from deeps that never dry,
The scalding sulphure they with fury fling:
Who can imagine how the wretches mourne,
By floods and flames, that both must boyle and burne?

A wooden body, membred all with hands,
(When digging seas) of this an embleme showes,
Of groaning captives whil'st a band in bands,
To suffer sure, no hope of guerdon knowes,
Whil'st them above, their proud commander stands,
With threatning words, fierce looks, and cruell blowes:
They lesse then servants, worse then beasts, are [slaves:
"The gallye's fall is lower then the graves."

All kinde of paines that mortalls can comprise,
The least below exceedingly exceed;
The bed that rack'd all whom it did surprise;
The stalles whereas each horse man's flesh did feed;
The bull, and all that tyrants did devise,
Which yet in mindes (when nam'd) must horrour [breed,
They all (if joyn'd) could not such paine import,
As in the Hell's one moment can extort.

But yet all paines which corporall plagues impose
On senses fraile, dispatching life in post,
Are as in time, by measure short of those,
Which must at last defray sinne's fatall cost,
Whil'st ravenous thoughts (excluded from repose)
Doe oft revolve what happinesse they lost:
The minde would wish a lethargy in vaine,
That it eclips'd might never cleare againe.

They now remember then, when forc'd to part,
(The sentence given, and execution crav'd)
From Christ's bright face, which with a heavy heart
They first did see, as by the object brav'd;
What height of glory he did straight impart,
To happy bands that by his bloud were sav'd:
When this the wicked have with envy seene,
It makes them marke what they might once have [beene.

The parts earst knowne, they many times compare,
With these below where they in anguish lye;
Their recreations taken in the ayre,
Whil'st Heaven for prospect ravish did the eye;
Their walkes on fields adorn'd with beauties rare,
Whose crystall flouds did emulate the skie,
And all the creatures both by sea and land,
Which they for use or pleasure might command.

Since here fraile things, where man from glory fell,
And must to toyles his servile strength imploy,
For all perfections which doe thus excell,
A weeke did make, a moment doth destroy;
This little cottage, where poore slaves doe dwell,
This fatall prison, farre from reall joy;
If it (base earth) in beauty doth abound,
All pav'd with greene, with gold and azure crown'd,

How gorgeous then must that faire building prove,
Of endlesse glory which doth lodge the king;
By whom all creatures that have life doe move,
From whom all goodnesse and true worth doth [spring;
To whom enstall'd in crystall seats above,
A quire of angels Hallelujah sing;
Then they imagine (which doth grieve them more)
What hoasts of saints their Soveraign doe adore.

And what their judgement cannot apprehend,
Like birds of darknesse, feeble in the light,
Their ancient lord on whom they did depend,
Who oft by lyes had drawn them from the right,
He now tels truth, but with as bad an end,
To doe them mischiefe bending all his might:
"No greater falsehood malice can conceive,
Then truth to tell, of purpose to deceive."

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He then at large doth labour to dilate
What was observ'd in Heaven before his fall,
While he (a creature mighty in the state)
Mark'd by his betters, was to envy thrall,
And showes the glory there to be more great,
Then can be thought, farre lesse express'd at all,
And for their losse, them with more griefe to charge,
If possibly he could, he would enlarge.

Thus doe they weigh their losse with fancies strong,
Which was at first so easie to prevent;
Then tell to Satan how (suggesting wrong)
He for their ruine had been alwaies bent,
And like a traitor had abus'd them long,
Till now in end made knowne by the event:
And yet with them amidst one furnace throwne,
He mockes their paine, though mourning for his owne.

Loe, in this world, men of the stronger sort,
To scape from death, or some disgrace they feare,
Can frustrate justice that would truth extort,
And, when press'd downe, more high their courage
Yea, constantly with tortures can comport, [reare,
Not daigning once a word, a sigh, a teare:
"With divers engines, though sterne paine assailes,
A generous patience, joyn'd with hope, prevailes."

But all the fires which still are burning there,
Where every one a severall torment pines,
Doe no way thaw the frosts of cold despaire,
Whose raging course no season then confines;
No limits are allotted unto care,
To give them ease, no kinde of comfort shines:
And though they finde a weight of huge distresse,
Hope dares not promise that it shall be lesse.

What height of horrour must this justly breed,
To meditate upon the last decree?
How that the wicked, whom vaine pleasures feed,
(By Death disclaym'd) must still tormented be?
That which they suffer, doth all bounds exceed,
In time, in measure, and in each degree,
So that they oft most earnestly desire,
That like to beasts, their being might expire.

Some foolly dream'd a superstitious lye,
And for Hell's paines, a period did attend,
Though Christ's owne words the contrary imply,
"Goe, get you gone to fires that never end;"
Their shame still lasts, their worme doth never dye,
Their torments' smoake for ever doth ascend:
And all of this, that sacred writs report,
The paine perpetuall clearely doth import.

Though as the wicked wickedly have wrought,
Each one of them a due reward shall have,
And when before the Lord in judgement brought,
Shall get againe the measure that they gave;
Yet is their doome by some too rigorous thought,
Who on God's justice would aspersions leave:
And thinke at this they justly may repine,
For temporall faults eternally to pine.

Those that did come to worke in Christ's vine-yard,
All, as in time, in merit differ might,
Yet did at last enjoy the like reward,
All having more, none lesse, then was his right;
So those in Hell whom Sathan gets to guard,
How ever come, are still entomb'd in night:
As Dracon's lawes for every fault gave death,
Each sinner doth deserve eternall wrath.

But justice still to goodnesse would direct,
And sparingly sterne rigour doth extend,
To cut them off, that others might infect,
That one's example many may amend;
Not bent to ruine, onely to correct,
All punish'd are, conforme as they offend:
And none give doomes more cruell then the crimes,
Save fearefull tyrants at suspected times.

If that great King who all the world doth judge,
Damne every one who from the light did stray,
In endlesse shadowes dririly to lodge,
Salt floods of griefe inunding every way;
It seemes to some that they have cause to grudge,
Who trifling things so dearely doe defray,
And for short joyes which but a time did staine,
Still suffer must intollerable paine.

This from God's judgement derogating nought,
The greater reverence doth from men require;
He markes both what they will'd, and what they wrought,
From wickednesse that never would retire
Till drawn by death, yea still more time they sought,
And if they could have compass'd their desire,
Their filthy aymes affecting things unclean,
As boundlesse then, had likewise endlesse been.

The hand may kill, and yet from blood be free,
Whil'st casualty, not cruelty, doth arme,
And many times the heart may guilty be,
Though being hindred from inflicting harme;
The lord of it that every thought doth see,
When vanity or violence doth charme;
He verdict gives according to their will,
Though never acting, if affecting ill.

He knew how much they mischiefe did intend,
That vice's current death did onely stay,
Which otherwise had never had an end,
As oft their wishes vainely did bewray;
They who to sinne did all their strength extend,
Should suffer now what possibly they may:
Since him they wrong'd by all the meanes they might,
God punish may with all his power of right.

Loe, treason makes them whom it doth convict,
To loose all that they have, yea, urging more,
Doth on their off-spring punishments inflict,
Whose tainted blood time never can restore:
This sentence then cannot be counted strict,
In torments still, which makes the wicked roare:
It onely plagues themselves, but none of theirs,
Who to themselves in misery are heires.

These fearefull tyrants, (jealous of their state)
Who would by rigour fright the world from change;
They who did use (the Christian to abate)
In persecutions executions strange;
The inquisition raging now of late,
Whom with the worst we may (as cruell) range;
The torments that they did all three contrive,
To one in Hell, can no way neare arrive.

Not onely are both soule and body pin'd,
By sympathie which mutuall paine imparts,
But each one suffers in a severall kinde,
Sprits from within, and from without the hearts;
Though much the body, more to racke the minde,
New engines are devis'd by which it smarts,

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Whose spritnall tortures, soules asunder draw,
Worse than the worme that inwardly doth gnaw.

If these againe were to beginne their race,
And by their carriage, freedome could procure,
What course so strange that they would not embrace?
No charming pleasure could them then allure;
Even sicknesse, torment, poverty, disgrace,
They, whil'st alive, would willingly endure;
Yea, though their life a thousand yeares should last,
So that their griefe might end when it were past.

And if they would doe this to scape from paine,
Though otherwise the Lord should them neglect,
What would they doe that happinesse to gaine,
Which is design'd for them that are elect?
That they for ever might in Heaven remaine,
As those whom God most dearely doth affect;
Iob's suffrings all for this would small appeare,
Though multipli'd so long as they were here.

You who as yet doe draw this common ayre,
And have the meanes salvation to acquire,
Now whil'st the season doth continue faire,
Provide against the storme of swelling ire;
To compasse this extend industrious care,
Before the hasting tearme of grace expire:
That treasure which we should so much esteeme,
All now may have, none can when lost redeeme.

Loose not your thoughts in fancie's fields to stray,
Lest charming pleasures doe the judgement blinde,
Which reason's fort to vanity betray,
And (weakening vertue) molifie the minde;
Then onely leave (when vanishing away)
Remorse, or shame, or wearinesse behinde:
As drunke, or mad, or dreaming at the best,
Fooles thus may rave, but never soundly rest.

Remember that the bounds where we remaine,
Was given to man when as from God he fell,
Not for delight, but in a high disdaine,
Were damn'd to dye, that he a wretch might dwell;
Here first to plague him with continuall paine,
When barr'd from Eden, this was Adam's Hell,
As Hell at last shall be to all his race,
Who proudly sinne, and doe not seek for grace.

And let none thinke (reducing Heaven's decree)
That they can make this mansion of annoyes,
(As if a Paradise) from trouble free,
A ground for rest, a lodging fit for joyes;
Though numbers (smooth'd with showes) deluded be,
In place of reall good, affecting toyes:
This is the lists where all a proofe must give,
Who, suffring here, more blest when hence shall live.

Loe, thousands oft where dangers are most rife,
With honour, fortune, or what else held deare,
To all death's engines dare expose their life,
Whil'st losse and travell, pleasure doe appeare,
And all the end expected by this strife,
Is but to gaine some towne, or fortresse neare,
Which in their fury, with confusion foil'd,
Is raz'd, ere gayn'd, and soone thereafter spoil'd.

And should not we our whole endeavours bend,
To force that city which triumphs above?
Which doth invite, and not it selfe defend,
With sacred armes, if we couragious prove;
No furniture is needfull for this end,
But patience, hope, faith, charity, and love:
And all who doe this holy city gaine,
Shall there for ever (crown'd with glory) raigne.

My Muse, abandoning the Stygian bounds,
Which nought but griefe and horrour can afford,
Would gladly mount above the crystall rounds,
To celebrate the glory of the Lord.
Who by his bounteous pow'r with angels' sounds
My humble accents sweetly may accord,
And me at length amidst that quire may bring,
Where I desire eternally to sing.

DOOMES-DAY;

OR,

THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORD'S IVDGMENT.

THE TWELFTH HOURE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The height of joy the cleared soules attends;
The earth and sea suppos'd are new to be;
The new Ierusalem from Heaven descends,
Where still to dwell God doth with men agree;
The heavenly blisse, all humane sense transcends,
Which saints attaine when thus from trouble free;
The joyes of Heaven for blessed soules prepar'd,
Are pointed at but cannot be declar'd.

Tu' eares have not heard, nor the eyes have never seen [thought;
The joyes of Heaven, more great then can be
To touch my lippes, that stain'd so oft have been,
Lord, from thine altar, let a coale be brought;
Make me cast off what ever is uncleane,
That sacred grounds with reverence may be sought;
Thy inner temple let thy servant see,
Where of things holy, the most holy be.

What glorious change doth dazle thus mine eye?
In place of th' earth where miseries are rife,
The torturing racke that did man's patience try,
With wasting travels, and dividing strife,
Who (by these labours) did but dearely buy
Terrestriall things fit for a temporall life:
I see an earth that greater pleasure yeelds,
Then Gentiles dream'd in their Elysian fields.

Time (as for sport) now quickly deckes and spoiles
This passive ground, which alwaies worke requires,
To punish man (as sentenc'd first) with toiles,
The meanes by which his maint'nance he acquires,
Whil'st sometime barren, sometime fertile soiles,
Give joy, or griefe, with agues of desires:
Still fighting with the same, till yeeld he must,
A fettred captive humbled in the dust.

We daily see the Earth (doe what we can)
How it the cares of wretched worldlings scornes,
(Blood-colour'd furrowes frowning upon man)
Her vapours poison, and she prickes with thornes;
But now farre from that state which first began,
It (which the Lord as his delight adornes)
Is (alwaies faire) much chang'd from what before,
A virgin now, not violable more.

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Then Eden's garden growne more glorious farre,
Her fruits she freely in abundance brings, [warre,
No more the lists where blustring stormes make
With killing winters, and with quickning springs;
A constant course still kept no kinde of jarre
Shall then disturbe the generall peace of things;
Milde zephire's gentle breath more sweetly smels,
Then Indian odours, or what most excels.

No threatning cloud, all charg'd with haile-stones,
lowres; [growes,
Then silke dy'd greene the grasse more pleasant
When bath'd with liquid pearles, not blansh'd with
No raging floud her tender face oreflowes, [showrs,
Whose bosome all embroidered is with flowres,
Not nature's worke, nor art's that man bestowes:
The curious knots and plots most prais'd below,
To figure this, can no resemblance show.

There white's perfection, embleme of things pure,
The lightning lilies, beautie's colours reare,
And blushing roses modestly allure,
As which of shamefastnesse the badge doe beare;
Of violets the purple doth endure,
Though pale they seem to hide their heads for feare:
As if extracted out of all the three,
The gilly-flower a quint-essence may be.

These with all else that here most rare have beene,
In smell or show, the scent or sight to feed,
Have gorgeous garments of eternall greene,
And eminently emulously breed,
With many sorts that we have never seene,
Which for excellencies these farre exceed:
They (mix'd in workes) mosaically grow,
And yet each part doth every kinde bestow.

Though here no hearb shall need for health nor food,
Where neither hunger can nor sicknesse be,
Yet there shall want no creatures that are good,
Since with God's glory this doth best agree;
His wisedome by his workes is understood,
Whose daily wonders all the world may see:
That earth no doubt we shall most perfect view,
Since (this quite rav'd) he makes the same all new.

O! what excellency endeeres all things?
For store, not use, for pleasure, not for gaine,
Th' earth dainty fruits still in abundance brings,
Which never fade, nor doe fall downe in vaine,
And even as one is pluck'd, another springs;
No leafe is lost, no, nor no way doth staine:
The orangers not singular then be,
Where fruit and flourish garnish every tree.

In walkes distinguish'd, trees some grounds may
With divers baits inviting smell and taste, [grace,
Then (as indented) differing sorts a space,
In groves grown thicker, would a shadow cast,
And them betwixt the playnes in every place,
Are dainty gardens which doe alwaies last
In more perfection, then all these attain'd,
Which art or nature made, or fancy fayn'd.

Meandring rivers smoothly smiling passe,
And whil'st they (lover-like) kisse courted lands,
Would emulate the emerauld-like grasse,
All pav'd with pearle, empall'd with golden sands;
To make a mirrour of their moving glasse,
For usual creatures, angels come in bands:
The noyse is musicke, when their course ought
As mounts of diamonds, of rubies rockes, [chockes,

All countries purchase now with strangers' spoiles,
Even what is daily us'd to cloath or feed,
And that with many mercenary toiles
Though but superfluous, not the things we need,
But as each place had quintessenc'd all soiles,
It what can be desir'd doth freely breed:
The honey there from every flower may flow,
And on each reed taste-pleasing sugars grow.

The mountaines that so long have hid their store,
Lest avarice their bowels might have torne,
May turne without what was within before,
Free from deforming rockes, and pestring thorne,
Whil'st silver fin'd from the confining ore,
And veynes of perfect gold, their breasts adorne;
All cloath'd with metalls thus, they shining bright,
And deck'd with jewels, may seeme flames of light.

O what brave prospect would these hils impart,
If this new earth were to perfection brought,
Not dress'd by nature, nor by creeping art,
But by the Lord miraculously wrought,
With rarities enrich'd in every part,
Above the reach of the most curious thought?
The ayre is all but smels of pretious things,
And with melodious sounds, sweet musicke brings.

It may be, all that Eden could afford,
Ere sinne's contagious seed it first did staine,
Shall be with increase to this earth restor'd,
In more excellency then wit can fayne;
And, O, who knowes but it may please the Lord
To cast the same in other moulds againe,
And creatures make such qualities receive,
As we, till glorifi'd, cannot conceive?

As they encreas'd, constrained to disperse,
When people parted farre in sundry bands,
The deeps then onely did afford commerce,
(By sparing feet, all travelling with hands,)
That distant states together might converse,
Firme ground for ships, a liquid bridge 'twixt lands:
Thus her vast desert, meanes for traffique yeelds,
And with least labour, hath most fertile fields.

But now things to export, or to import,
There needs no sea, facilitating gaine,
All may their bodies where they please transport,
Not fearing danger, nor not feeling paine;
Yet may some depth, though in another sort,
To decke the earth, an ornament remaine:
Or as a glasse where soules themselves may see,
Whil'st beautie's wonders there reflected be.

By contemplation (farre from mortals led)
I thinke I see a sea, a moving ground,
(Not from the clouds by secret conducts fed)
In azure fields, as emeraulds had been drown'd,
Or melted saphirs on an amber bed,
Which rockes of pearle, and corall banks doe bound:
It seems this Heaven, or else like stuffe and forme,
Is layd below, all starres, and free from storme.

How weakely doth my Muse this taske pursue,
With strengthlesse lines such lofty things to sound?
I scarce can comprehend that which I view,
Much lesse can tell, what beauties shall abound,
When as the Lord doth this worne earth renue,
Heaven's treasures then embelishing the ground:

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Ty ravish'd judgement quite confounded rests,
Which on each side, variety invests.

ut then what soule will daigne to looke so low,
s to take pleasure in so meane a sight,
When they of Heaven the heavenly beauties know,
nd shine aloft like starres, yea farre more bright,
When they that kingdome then securely owe,
y promise first, last by possession's right:
rom which no doubt so great contentment springs,
hat they esteeme not of inferior things.

he stately building, admirably round,
bove the compasse of encroaching houres,
Vith strength and beauty that doth still abound,
o lodge the happie host of heavenly powers,
he world's great maker curiously did found
n fields of pearle with diamantine towers!
Which (though most pretious) do no wonder breed,
he forme so farre the matter doth exceed.

he sight-confining, crystall-covered skies,
hat mirrour cleere through which in every part
he Heaven (as jealous) lookes with many eyes,
o marke men's actions, and to weigh each heart,
hat spheare of light whose stately course none tries,
o imitate, or æmulate by art,
hat which to us so gorgeous is in show,
he building's botome is, the part most low.

The bounds of Heaven, the forme or matter here,
Where God enthron'd with majestie doth sit,
Who durst but aime by mortall types to cleere,
As fondly trusting to deluded wit)
Might make his madnesse nothing else appeare,
And should a crime more monstrous thus commit,
Then thence one (stealing fire) was fain'd to do,
And should for punishment farre passe him too.

Who can (though dayly seene) describe the sky,
By which (poore curtaine) better is enclos'd,
(With mustr'd beauties courting still the eye)
Though eminent to every age expos'd? [try,
Of Sunne, Moone, starres, who doth the substance
Or how their bodies are for light compos'd?
The very soules by which we reason thus,
Are for their essence strangers unto vs.

Then of Heaven's mysteries if we should judge,
The work would prove (our maker's wrath to tempt)
Ridiculous folly, arrogancy huge,
Presumption still encount'ring with contempt;
And if that we (base wormes whom clay doth lodge)
By scaling clouds, Heaven's stately towers attempt;
To paint their glory, in the least degree,
The Sunne it selfe would scarce a shadow be.

The Lord's chiefe house is built of living stone,
But certainely celestiall roomes excell,
Which Christ himselfe prepares for every one,
Where they at last eternally may dwell;
With majestie there stands his stately throne;
The bounds about doe all with glory swell:
Let this content, no words such worth can eaven,
He who made all the world, made this his Heaven.

What sacred vision calls us from the skie,
A mystery with reverence to attend?
From starry towers the silver streamers flie,
Whilst th'azure rounds their ports with pompe extend:
A glorious towne with glistring walls I spie!
Which falls not downe, but softly doth descend,
And straight sweet sounds melodiouslie tell,
This is God's tent, he comes with men to dwell.

The gorgeous citty (garnish'd like a bride)
Where Christ for spouse expected is to passe,
With walles of jasper compass'd on each side,
Hath streets all pav'd with gold, more bright than glasse;
Twelve pretious stones for walkes her waies divide,
Where still there is engrav'd in lasting brasse,
Of happie twelve the celebrated names;
"An honour due defraying former shames."

Life's water pure forth from the throne doth flow,
With mutuall joy where saints and angels meete;
On every side of it life's tree doth grow,
Where streames of nectar beautifie the streete,
With colours like the sacramentall bow,
To looke on pleasant, and in tasting sweete;
Then from all feare her citizens to free,
We still his people, he our God will be.

Of that brave city where the saints doe dwell,
Which ravish'd Iohn by earthly types designes,
Who would the beauty and perfection tell,
(As he then saw) had need of angel's lines;
But this is certaine, that it must excell,
Where glory still in the meridian shines;
No shadow there can ever cloud the light,
Where every thing is of itselfe still bright.

Each stone amidst the street doth shine afarre,
And like to lightning, light about bestows;
As in the firmament a radient starre,
Each just man's beauty now for brightnesse grows;
Then he whose presence darknesse quite must barre,
The life of light, the fountaine whence it flowes;
Is (that great day which at a height still stayes)
The Sunne of glory, and the just his rayes.

There none shall need like mortals with complaints
(World's common care) for want of roome to grudge,
But he in granting grace who never faints,
Doth them reward of whom he had beene judge;
And (clear'd from sinne) all justly then call'd saints,
Doth daigne himselfe (as harbenger) to lodge,
Since gone before (where we shall him embrace)
Of purpose to prepare the promis'd place.

The swelling earth where hils such heights do reare,
To be our jayle, which Heaven a space decrees,
Man, cattell, corne, and what these need doth beare,
Whose whole none yet (though still in travell) sees;
It compass'd is by a farre distant spheare,
And that by others, growing by degrees;
Of which in bounds the highest must abound,
A large circumference, an endlesse round.

Heaven's store of roomes by Christ is clearly shown,
Yet would not this extended be so farre,
To make each place peculiarly one's owne,
Where one may be, and thence may others barre;
This smels too much of what we here have known,
Which most of minds the harmony doth marre;
These words of mine, and thine, chiefe grounds of
The fountains are of all the toils of life. [strife,

Soules glorifi'd may where they please repaire,
Then made secure, that nought can them annoy,
For no restraint their freedome doth impaire,
Who as his host the Lord of hosts convoy;
As fishes in the seas, fowls in the ayre,
None claimes a share, but all do all enjoy:

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With partiall eyes not making choice of parts,
Save onely God, no object draws their hearts.

Though here strange longings bred by strong desires,
With restlesse passions racke the doubtfull minde,
That it (still flaming with some fancie's fires)
Is by free choice affectionately pin'd;
Now fully pleas'd with all that it requires,
Each soule in Heaven perfection's height doth finde:
Where neither want nor wearinesse molests,
All had ere wish'd, no expectation rests.

Calm'd are the tumbling waves of stormy cares,
(Whil'st frustrated of what they do attend)
Which tosse poore soules on rocks of black despaires,
That, shunning shallow shelfes, with straits contend;
No thirst of knowledge flattering ease impaires,
A groundlesse deep, a circle without end:
Since they of good things have continuall store,
And (knowing all) do need to learne no more.

I wonder much how any man can doubt,
That this our knowledge should continue still,
As if we were (all memory worne out)
Depriv'd of power, or else deprav'd in will;
Shall we not know who compasse us about?
No beings are quite tax'd save onely ill;
The very earth that stain'd so oft hath beene,
Is not abolish'd, but made new and cleane.

No doubt these spirituall parts must still remaine,
Not rais'd, but rectifi'd, in value more,
Else faith (too credulous) doth beleeve in vaine,
That all shall rise in substance as before;
If these dissolve, and that we get againe,
New gifts for them from the Eternall's store;
Then should the meanes by which at last we move,
(No resurrection) a creation prove.

These faculties, that of themselves were good,
In souls from Heaven as their chiefe wealth infus'd,
Had man (as first created) constant stood,
Were excellent when innocently us'd;
But since that sinne did sway vaine mortal's brood,
To serve their lusts, these treasures are abus'd;
Yet when renu'd, and to perfection brought,
By them then earst farre more may now be wrought.

Man's father first, ere blinded by his fall,
(Free from informers whil'st he liv'd alone,
Knew Evah clearly, whom he straight did call
Flesh of my flesh, and of my bone the bone;
And Peter knew (though to fraile dust still thrall)
Two that were buried many ages gone;
Let tabernacles, Lord, here builded be
For Moses, for Elias, and for thee.

This pret'ous jewell (by wit's toils refin'd)
Which joynes with judgement to determine strife,
The end of travell, treasure of the minde,
The spoils of Paradise, the price of life,
Whose light to get (as ignorant) when blinde,
Our simple father, and his curious wife
Did suffer death, yet grudg'd not at their crosse,
As if that knowledge recompenc'd their losse.

This heavenly wealth one with much toyle attaines,
By reading, acting, and observing still,
And then (though slowly wax'd) it quickly waines,
Which long are perfect doth begin to spill;
Rage first doth burne, last, rheumes do drowne the brains,
Youth knowledge scornes, it doting age doth kill:
None can engrosse, nor yet exhaust this store,
But all have by degrees, some lesse, some more.

Loe, that which made so slow a progresse here,
By childhood, folly, or by errour staid,
Now (wholly perfect) doth at first appeare,
Not in fraile lodgings by grosse organs sway'd;
The happie souls from all corruption cleare,
Do shine like starres, with righteousnesse array'd;
And bodies glorifi'd do enter in,
Not bow'd by sicknesse, nor abus'd by sinne.

If on the face one now may reade the minde,
In characters, which griefe or joy imparts,
The same reflected (then) we clearly finde,
By sympathie the secrets of all hearts;
If Moses' face upon the mountaine shin'd,
Much more when glorifi'd these other parts,
Then there must prove, where nothing can be foule,
All eye the body, and the eye all soule.

Then pleasure's height is onely in the Lord,
Who ill extirpates, what is good extends;
Yet how could this but just delight afford?
(Though publick zeale presse downe all private ends)
To see at last with like contentment stor'd,
Them whom we lov'd, wife, children, servants, friends:
Communicated joyes (as sowen) do grow,
Whil'st increase comes by that which we bestow.

All must rejoyce to see the godly's good,
Though for the wicked no man shall be griev'd;
At least this is (if rightly understood)
A pleasant errour, and may be beleev'd;
When seeing them with whom long toss'd we stood,
Till by the Lord (who heard our cryes) reliev'd,
Shall we not joyne in him with mutuall joy,
Whil'st it then comforts, which did earst annoy?

A senselesse pourtrait curious to acquire,
We seek the shadow of a vanish'd show,
If thought like them (rapt with celestiall fire)
Whose deeds, or words, were singular below;
Yea, even of ethnicks, if they did aspire,
By morall vertues fame's applause to owe:
And every monument do much esteeme,
Which did from death such memories redeeme.

Who would not purchase, though with charge and strife,
A lively peece that would resemble right,
God's earth-begotten sonne, his selfe-borne wife,
When both were happie, and at beautie's height?
Farre more of his owne Sonne, the Lord of life,
Man deifi'd, God mortall made, whose sight
The fathers wish'd, ere forc'd from hence to die,
And which made Simeon straight grow glad to dye.

Who then can thinke with what exceeding joy
We shall our Saviour's selfe, our Soveraigne see,
Who suffered death, that he might death destroy,
And us poore captives from that tyrant free?
Whil'st all these saints in person him convoy,
Whose pictures wish'd, would now so pretious be:

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O! what a holy host together throngs,
To magnifie the Lord with heavenly songs?

We at that time not onely shall behold,
Milde Moses there, just Samuel, and the best
That for the cause of God have beene so bold,
Whil'st sacred fury breath'd out of their breast,
But even with them that are so much extold,
We shall be partners of eternall rest,
And spying with what zeale they act their parts,
The greater ardour may enflame our hearts.

As earst on th' Earth he did divinely use,
That man thrice sacred, prophet, poet, king,
Whil'st heavenly furie doth high thoughts infuse,
Then to his harp an holy hymne may sing,
Thrice happie thou that thus imploy'dst thy Muse,
Whose pen, it seemes, was from an angel's wing,
Since thy harmonious sounds still mount, and move
With melodie to charme the spheares above.

This is the way to have eternall lines,
That all the hosts of Heaven may them approve,
Whose loftie flight no fatall date confines,
Whil'st fraughted onely with a spritnall love,
This is a subject which all else declines,
And in request for quiristers above,
Which must these authors all immortall make,
That for God's glory thus a course do take.

The prophets and the patriarchs rejoyce,
To see the things fulfill'd which they fore-told,
And all that were the Lord's peculiar choice,
To whom he did his mysteries unfold,
There many millions multiply a voice,
And above measure do a measure hold;
These whom the Lambe of God as his doth seale,
Are kindled all with love, and burne with zeale.

The noble martyrs, (champions of the faith)
Who straight, when challeng'd, scorn'd both force and art,
(Encount'ring heavely with a tyrant's wrath)
Whose chearfull count'nance smilingly did smart;
Then as inviting, not avoyding death,
(Their drosse first burn'd) well purifi'd did part;
Not out of haste to have their torments done,
But that in Heaven they so might settle soone.

They now do reape the fruits of former toils,
All crown'd with starres, like Phœbus in the face,
In white, perchance adorn'd with princes' spoyls,
Whom they (whil'st raging) did oercome in peace;
Of all their bodies drawn from sundry soils,
The wounds for pompe do give the greatest grace,
Which shine, as rubies set in crystall rings,
And make them to be like the king of kings.

Triumphing victors entring Heaven with state,
A golden trumpet may their praise proclaime,
And some great angell all their deeds dilate,
Which glory doth reward, not envi'd fame;
Then when enstall'd, where eminent in seat,
The voice of thousands celebrates their name:
With eager eares attending their discourse,
Though knowing all, from them to heare their course.

If there admitted, as whil'st here we live,
With mutuall pleasure to exchange our mindes,
O what contentment would that conference give,
For sweet variety of sundrie kindes!
Nor need we feare that some would fraud contrive:
Base hate, nor flattery, there no object findes.
And if they would (as none can do in ought)
The breast transparent would bewray each thought.

There one from Adam, Eden's state might heare,
How large it was, and in what region plac't,
What pleasures did most singular appeare,
What herbs, what fruits, or flowers the gardea grac'd;
How Evah first was knowne, why straight held deare,
And if he there that new-borne bride imbrac'd:
What these two trees were like in forme, or hew,
Where life, and knowledge, vegetable grew.

Who would not gladly know (before he err'd)
His first designes, what thoughts he entertain'd,
Each circumstance how he with God confess'd,
How will (by him not rein'd) above him raign'd,
If there to stay, or where to be prefer'd,
Then in what forme the serpent Satan fain'd;
What taste the apples had, what change, both finde,
By sight, and knowledge, when grown weake and blinde.

He tels how short a time their blisse did last,
And seem'd thereafter but a vanish'd dreame;
How angels them from Paradise did cast,
Where first their souls were seiz'd by feare and shame;
Then through what lands these banish'd pilgrims past,
And (fore'd to labour) what rude tools they frame:
What race they had, what progresse mankinde made,
And all their crosses till that both were dead.

When Adam ends, then Noah calls to minde
The history of all before the Flood,
And how the arke could hold of every kinde,
One of each sexe, to propagate their brood,
How it was well contriv'd, for wave and winde,
To void their excrements, and keep their food:
And whil'st the seas did wash the earth from sinne,
How that small remnant spent their time within.

He can report the world's new growth againe,
Which at the first no living penne renownes:
How every person did a house attaine,
The house a village, villages grew townes;
Then provinces all peopled did remaine,
And straight ambition mounted up to crownes;
That in his time (though all was once his owne)
The floud was quite forgot, and he not knowne.

We there may learne how that the Lord of old,
By dreames and visions did declare his will;
How all who crav'd, had straight his counsell told,
By urim, thummim, and by ephod still;
And well they might to prosecute be bold,
What prophets first secur'd by sacred skill,
Whom then (though great) the world with scorne did view,
For till first dead, men never get their due.

This by Helias there may be resolv'd,
How he and Enoch were from hence estrang'd;
If wing'd with flames, or in some cloud involv'd,
(No usuall guests) along'st the ayre they rang'd;
If they their bodies kept, or were dissolv'd,
Or in what forme to scape, corruption chang'd:
Christ's ushers thus, their passage serves to prove,
How we with glory once may mount above.

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Who try'd each state, both best and worst, a space,
The spite of Satan, mercies of the Lord,
In body wounded, spoil'd of goods and race,
By Heaven abandon'd, by the world abhorr'd,
By wife and friends accus'd, as false from grace,
Yet what was lost had (multipli'd) restor'd:
With many other doubts he this can cleare,
How he (a Gentile) then to God was deare.

If one would know the deeps of naturall things,
How farre that wisedome could her power extend;
What usuall issue every cause forth brings,
The meanes most apt to compasse any end;
The wisest then of men, or yet of kings,
Whose spatious judgement all could comprehend,
Great Solomon such mysteries can teach,
As all philosophers could never reach.

Of these ten tribes that were the Gentiles' prey,
We then may learne the course how good or ill,
If they with them incorporated stay,
Or if that there the Lord their race did kill,
Or else from thence did leade them all away,
By seas and deserts, working wonders still:
As yet reserv'd their ancient lands to gaine,
If he by them would show his power againe.

As from the ancients, that best understood,
We there may learne the grounds whence knowledge springs,
So they may know from us (a greater good)
What their beginnings to perfection brings;
Who (babe-like first) were nurs'd with tender food,
By types and figures masking spirituall things,
Whil'st temporall blessings entertain'd their faith,
Who scarcely knew true grace, were fear'd for wrath.

The ancient fathers of her infant state,
For constancy by persecution crown'd,
The churche's progresse chearfully relate,
In spite of tyrants which no power could bound;
Which wax'd in trouble, bath'd by bloud, grew great,
Till all the world behov'd to heare her sound;
And where on Earth long militant before,
She now triumphs in Heaven for evermore.

The greatest comfort that on Earth we finde,
Is to converse with them whose gifts we love,
So variously to recreate the minde,
And that this meanes our judgment may improve,
Loe here are all by sacred pennes design'd,
Whose parts not onely men, but God did move:
Some of each science can all doubts resolve,
Which wits in errour's maze did oft involve.

But what great folly to imagine this?
Since here each man can every thing discerne,
When all perfection full accomplish'd is,
And nothing rests more requisite to learne;
The Lord such qualities, as onely his,
Doth freely give to them whom they concerne:
None needs to borrow, as penurious now,
The Lord to all doth liberally allow.

He earst would have the priests of each degree,
That at his altar were to serve approv'd,
From all deformities by nature free,
With bodies sound, as fit to be belov'd;
Perchance because all else by custome be,
(As obvious to scorne) too quickly mov'd;
Where his should have what others would allure,
A count'nance calme, affections that are pure.

And shall not these appointed to have place,
(Triumphing still) in the eternall towne,
The new Ierusalem, the seate of grace,
Whom Christ with glory doth as conq'rours crowne,
Shall they not have true beauty in the face,
Which never blush shall burne, nor teare shall drowne?
There every member perfect made at length,
Shall have proportion, comelinesse, and strength.

These eyes that here were lock'd up from the light,
And scarce had beene acquainted with the day,
Then (lightning glory) shall appeare more bright,
Nor is the morning's torch, which rayes array;
They that were deafe shall heare each accent right;
Some who were dumbe shall then God's praise display,
Who all the bodie doth to strength restore,
That with defects had tainted beene before.

They whom sterne Death when infants did surprise,
And even ere borne abortives did pursue,
What such might be though none can now surmise,
Till demonstration prove conjectures true,
Shall at the last in the same stature rise,
The which to them potentially was due:
(Their litle dust then all extended soone)
A moment doth what yeares should earst have done.

Exhausted age (Time's prey) that hath runne post,
Whose eyes as if asham'd (when fail'd) sinke in,
Which onely serves of what hath beene to boast,
With shaking joynts, and with a withered skin,
Shall then revive, recovering what was lost;
All is restor'd that forfeited for sinne;
And phenix-like new beauties all display,
"They must be perfect that in Heaven can stay."

Babes from the cradle carried to the ground,
Who did not live to get, nor give offence;
The ag'd by weakenesse that to bed were bound,
Of life's three kinds scarce keeping that of sense;
Both rysing now may of these yeares be found,
Which Christ might count when as he parted hence:
Or else they shall all in that state be seene,
For health and beauty, which their best hath beene.

Our bodies shall not then as now grow grosse,
(Exulting humours tending to excesse)
Nor can extenuate, since free from crosse,
Which might distemper, alter, or make lesse;
They have no excrements, corruption's drosse,
Which doth our vilenesse palpablie expresse:
For in that citty nothing shall be seene,
That either is infirme, or yet uncleane.

What wonder must the shining substance move,
Of spirituall bodies, when divinely borne?
Iudge by some parts what all the rest may prove,
This onely useless fleece from creatores shorne,
(More bright then are Berinthia's haires above)
As beames the Sunne shall every head adorne;
Then pretious stones for ornament most meete,
More glorious are the nailes of hands and feete.

The face, Heaven's frontispiece, the braine's chiefe spheares,
Where intellectuall powers their course doe sway;
The eyes are starres, externall orbes the eares,
Lips, morning's blushing flames, cheeks, lightning day;
Legs, not their burden, them their burden beares,
The armes, like angels' wings, through th' ayre doe stray,

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an skie-like bright, but still from tempest free,
'arst little world) a little heaven may be.

Adam once (whilst naked) free from sinne,
as not asham'd to walke before the Lord,
shall the saints (when glory doth begin)
to the same integrity restor'd; [skinne,
o barenesse, robes, but brightnesse deckes the
hich no way else could be so much decor'd:
r, nakednesse when shining every where,
purenesse, and not impudency there.

e rayments held most rich for silke or gold,
ould but deforme, and no way could adorne,
or shall we need a guard against the cold,
f things too oft superfluously borne;
simple, sluggish, poore, none can unfold
hat scandall can procure, contempt, or scorne:
o weakenesse is that any covering needs,
nt all are shown, both bodies, thoughts, and deeds.

e bodie's beauties that are thus expos'd,
hough both the sexes haunt together must,
ought can take fire, where fire is not enclos'd)
all neither snare, nor tempt the minde with lust;
nce generation's period is impos'd,
e leave such thoughts when rising with the dust:
ll carnall fancies quite extinguish'd rest,
nd spritual love doth ravish every brest.

s naked angels innocently live,
ith pure affections, quite estrang'd from ill,
nd covet nothing, but doe onely give
o God attendance, and obey his will;
shall we then with mutuall ardour strive,
All concupiscence past) whom zeale doth fill
o love the Lord, and still his praise to sing,
ot capable of any other thing.

hough beauty thus a blessing doth remain,
nd (made immortall) not by time surpris'd,
et this even here is but the least we gaine,
quality, no vertue, meanely priz'd,
e shall more strength and nimblenesse attaine,
hen ever hath been found, or yet devis'd,
ot vex'd to conquer, from invasion free,
e cannot wish but that which straight shall be.

he greatest cause of wearinesse below,
y building Babels of confounding doubt,
o search out truth still making us too slow)
this grosse burden that we beare about;
o that whilst bent what is remote to know,
rom this strict jayle, still strugling to be out:
hat labour hath the interrupted minde,
hough sleep arrest, which scarce can be confin'd?

ut when the Lord doth these defects supply,
y which the bodie's pow'rs are thus impair'd,
s planets keep their course above the sky,
hey move, as bright and swift, and when compar'd,
o angels every where like them they flye,
y secret vertue, spritually prepar'd:
o weakenesse then the bodies can controule,
nd they in motion second may the soule.

nfirmities abandon'd all with sinnes,
he body as it would past faults defray,
o serve the soule, obsequiously beginnes,
hich us most gorgeously doth then array,
o fowles as feathers, to the fishes finnes,
ffording meanes to further still their way:
The bodies then (as soules direct) doe move,
And have no stop below, nor yet above.

No painefull sicknesse, nor consuming sore,
Which now with new alarmes us oft invest,
Shall vexe the soule with anguish any more,
As charging this fraile fort to yeeld her guest.
Nor shall she then, with passions (as before)
Of her deare partner interrupt the rest;
With mutuall pleasures multipli'd in force,
This second marriage nothing can divorce.

Through Heaven and Earth (though travelling ore all)
In these two volumes, God's great workes to see,
No danger is that can their course appall,
Nor can they faint who still in triumph be,
And may themselves in stately seats enstall,
As kings, or priests, or greater in degree:
Whilst they (all light) see all about them light,
Immortall minions in their maker's sight.

O! happy soules, who, fil'd with heavenly things,
There for your mates continually shall have
The holy prophets, patriarchs, and kings,
Apostles, martyrs, all whom Christ did save;
This to my minde so great contentment brings,
Words cannot utter what my thoughts conceive:
But what more good can be surmiz'd then this?
The Lord their King, and Heaven their kingdome is.

Nor were it much such happinesse to finde,
But quickly might make all our pleasures vaine,
If to decay at any time design'd,
We possibly were capable of paine,
The feare of that would still torment the minde,
Which true contentment thus could not attaine:
"For the more pretious that a treasure proves,
The greater care the jealous owner moves."

All that could perish, to confusion past,
Extinguish'd time no period can pretend,
No expectation now accounts shall cast,
Whose progresse doth on Nature's course depend:
All then expir'd, or perfected, at last,
We have no ends, nor nothing then can end:
But all things there from bounds and measure free,
Eternall are, and infinite must be.

We neither then can doe, nor suffer ill,
Nor need wee feare (as earst before) to fall,
The man who first had Paradise at will,
Made all who followed by his forfeit thrall;
The man who first tooke Heaven (there raigning still)
Our great Redeemer hath secur'd us all:
So that obeying what he doth command,
Though angels fell, wee shall be sure to stand.

The tyrants here that most disturbe our rest,
Are viprous passions, parricides unkinde, [breast,
Though breeding them, who burst out through the
A wretched parent by her off-spring pin'd,
Whilst sometime longings sweetly doe molest,
And sometime feares doe shrewdly vexe the minde,
Which alwaies like a sea some storme must tosse,
Whilst wishing what we want, or fear'd for losse.

But now a never interrupted blisse,
With constant joy doth full contentment give,
While as the minde not bended, nor remisse,
Can neither wish, nor feare, nor doubt, nor strive,
It having all, what had can never misse,
And (satisfi'd) with confidence doth live:

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For (still in peace) we nought save God can love,
And him we have eternally above.

Whilst thus made free from all that can annoy,
To thinke what pleasures soules shall then attaine,
Though all the world their wits in one employ,
Their course would prove ridiculously vaine,
That which was sow'd in teares, is reap'd with joy,
Who here seem'd base, shall then with glory raigne:
This, ravish'd Paul could by no meanes expresse,
Who got a glance of what we shall possesse.

Yet shall not all be in like manner grac'd,
But may for glory differ in degree,
Some, shining brighter, or else higher plac'd,
Then all the rest more eminent may be,
And may by Christ more kindely be embrac'd,
Whose love (not merited) must needs rest free.
By Iohn's example, this on Earth was prov'd,
Who on his bosome slept, as best belov'd.

The Lord even here doth in this course delight,
All sorts distinguish'd both in church and state,
The angels that, above, their charge acquite,
As is their ranke and turne, in order wait:
The elders (plac'd in chayres) were cloath'd in white,
The holy towne, by tribes, names every gate:
And these are said of all to shine most bright,
Who by their meanes brought others to the light.

Of all that are in Heaven's great booke enrol'd,
The meanest man, though many goe before,
More pleas'd then wretches can be made by gold,
Shall envy none; nor can he covet more:
Small vessels as the big abound in store,
Whom having all that they are fit to hold,
And every soule that once the Heavens receive,
Hath as much pleasure as it can conceive.

Here with their gifts, none fully pleas'd doth prove,
But seeke that nature may be help'd by art,
Yet, with themselves all are so much in love,
That though in others they may praise some part,
I know not what selfe-flatt'ring thoughts doe move,
There is not one that would exchange his heart:
"Our owne intentions still we perfect finde;
Their fortunes many, none would change their minde."

Then, this farre rather may beliefe procure,
That those in Heaven (how ever in degree
Free from defects) still joyfull, and secure,
Can nothing wish, enjoying all they see,
And so for ever certaine to endure,
Then what they are, no other way would be:
They true contentment absolutely gaine,
Which wanting here, is cause of all our paine.

This vaste triangle, this most huge small thing,
Life's quaking center, still first quicke, last kill'd,
Which all the world within it selfe can bring,
Yet like an empty gulfe cannot be fil'd,
From whence deep floods of raging thoughts do spring,
By which the peace of man's short space is spill'd:
The ground of courage, all the bodie's strength,
It still is pin'd, till spent by paine at length.

Or else this sparke, though under cloud yet cleare,
(As rayes the Sunne) which doth the deity show,
And to the same still striving to draw neare,
From whence we are, would gladly make us know,
In Heaven a native, and a stranger here,
As in antipathie with things below,
Till once arriv'd, where it doth alwaies rest;
"Care's lingring progresse cannot have an end."

But when the Lord, his (farre from what before,
Whilst they on th' Earth, as worms, were earst despis'd)
From forfeiture entirely shall restore,
Amongst the blessed bands to be compris'd,
Then they themselves could wish, they shall have more,
Or yet then could by mankinde be devis'd:
Imagination's reach this farre exceeds,
And with contentment an amazement breeds.

There pleasure's height no words can serve to tell,
Since for their measure infinitely great,
Whose qualities (as quint-essenc'd) excell,
For time, eternall, which no bounds can date,
The place is Heaven, where they with God doe dwell,
And are advanc'd to a most glorious state:
Like man and angels earst, to sinne not thrall,
And certifi'd that they shall never fall.

These mysteries no mortal's wit can try,
Nor could corruption with their light comport:
Which, though like Paul admitted them to spy,
None could conceive, farre lesse could them report:
The ancients all were straight afraid to dye,
When having seene the Lord in any sort:
And of such things who capable would prove,
Must first be glorified, as guests above.

This is the joy that every soule doth fill,
That they the Lord continually shall see,
With humble reverence waiting on his will,
To minister, as marshal'd in degree;
And, there contemplating his glory still,
All zeale and love, as cloath'd with flames, shall be:
And him who did them thus so highly raise,
Celestiall quiristers, not pray, but praise.

Where we were earst a prey to cold and heat,
Mechanickly engag'd to abject toyles,
Whose bread behov'd to have a sawce of sweat,
Who for apparell rob'd each creature's spoyles,
Whilst compassing the Lamb's majesticke seat,
That every breast with sacred ardour boyles,
As needlesse then this week for worke removes,
And all for God an endlesse sabbath proves.

We shall God's people be, and he our Lord,
Who comes with us continually to stay,
(Death, griefe, nor paine, no more) with goodnesse stor'd,
He from our eyes shall wipe all teares away,
And of life's water freely shall afford
To them who thirst, that they no more decay:
Whom (all accomplish'd) we may justly call
The first, the last, the three, the one, the all.

Thou that didst guide me through such divers grounds,
Imparting strength to reach my wished port,
Here make me rest amid'st this heavenly bounds,
With saints and angels freely to resort,
That (these my notes accorded with their sounds)
I by experience clearely may report
The state of Heaven, to magnifie thy name,
And there thy praise eternally proclaime.

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A

PARÆNESIS

TO PRINCE HENRY.

TO

PRINCE CHARLES.

THAT which I first for Henrie's life did sound,
Shall, spite of death, which did high hopes betray,
A speaking pledge, a living token stay,
Which with his name shall make my love renown'd;
His successor, thou may'st make use of this,
Which freely showes what princes doe deserve;
It both him dead, and thee alive may serve,
Thy fame's presage, a monument of his.
That Charles of France, admir'd so much for worth,
Religious, valiant, was call'd justly great;
Thou hast his name, strive for his worth and state,
Great in Great Britaine, to adorne the north:
That all the world with wondring eyes may see,
What was from Henry hop'd, perform'd by thee.

LOE here (brave youth) as zeale and duty move,
I labour (though in vaine) to finde some gift,
Both worthy of thy place, and of my loue,
But whilst my selfe above my selfe I lift,
And would the best of my inventions prove,
I stand to study what should be my drift;
Yet this the greatest approbation brings,
Still to a prince to speake of princely things.

When those of the first age that earst did live
In shadowie woods, or in a humid cave,
And taking that which th' earth not forc'd did give,
Would onely pay what nature's need did crave;
Then beasts of breath such numbers did deprive,
That (following Amphion) they did deserts leave:
Who with sweet sounds did leade them by the eares,
Where mutuall force might banish common feares.

Then building walles, they barbarous rites disdain'd,
The sweetnesse of society to finde;
And to attayne what unity maintain'd,
As peace, religion, and a vertuous minde;
That so they might have restlesse humours rayn'd,
They straight with lawes their liberty confin'd:
And of the better sort the best preferr'd,
To chastise them against the lawes that err'd.

I wot not if proud mindes who first aspir'd
Ore many realmes to make themselves a right;
Or if the world's disorders so requir'd,
That then had put Astræa to the flight;
Or else if some whose vertues were admir'd,
And eminent in all the people's sight,
Did move peace-lovers first to reare a throne,
And give the keyes of life and death to one.

That dignity, when first it did begin,
Did grace each province and each little towne;
Forth, when she first doth from Benlowmond rinne,
Is poore of waters, naked of renowne,
But Carron, Allon, Teath, and Doven in,
Doth grow the greater still, the further downe:
Till that, abounding both in power and fame,
She long doth strive to give the sea her name.

Even so those soveraignties which once were small,
Still swallowing up the nearest neighbouring state,
With a deluge of men did realmes appall,
And thus th' Egyptian Pharoes first grew great;
Thus did th' Assyrians make so many thrall,
Thus rear'd the Romans their imperiall seat:
And thus all those great states to worke have gone,
Whose limits and the worlds were all but one.

But I'le not plunge in such a stormy deepe,
Which hath no bottome, nor can have no shore,
But in the dust will let those ashes sleepe,
Which (cloath'd with purple) once th' Earth did adore;
Of them scarce now a monument wee keepe,
Who (thund'ring terrour) curb'd the world before;
Their states which by a number's ruine stood,
Were founded, and confounded, both with bloud.

If I would call antiquity to minde,
I, for an endlesse taske might then prepare,
But what? ambition that was ever blinde,
Did get with toyle that which was kept with care,
And those great states 'gainst which the world re-[pin'd,
Had falls, as famous, as their risings rare:
And in all ages it was ever seene,
What vertue rais'd, by vice hath ruin'd been.

Yet registers of memorable things [sound,
Would helpe (great prince) to make thy judgement
Which to the eye a perfect mirrour brings,
Where all should glasse themselves who would be crown'd,
Reade these rare parts that acted were by kings,
The straines heroicke, and the end renown'd:
Which (whilst thou in thy cabinet do'st sit)
Are worthy to bewitch thy growing wit.

And doe not, doe not (thou) the meanes omit,
Times match'd with times, what they beget to spy,
Since history may leade thee unto it,
A pillar whereupon good sprites rely,
Of time the table, and the nurse of wit,
The square of reason, and the minde's cleare eye:
Which leads the curious reader through huge harms,
Who stands secure whilst looking on alarmes.

Nor is it good ore brave men's lives to wander,
As one who at each corner stands amaz'd,
No, study like some one thy selfe to render,
Who to the height of glory hath been rais'd;
So Scipio, Cyrus, Cæsar, Alexander, [prais'd,
And that great prince chos'd him whom Homer
Or make (as which is recent, and best knowne)
Thy father's life a patterne for thine owne.

Yet marking great men's lives, this much impaires
The profit which that benefit imparts,
While as transported with preposterous cares,
To imitate but superficiall parts,
Some for themselves frame of their fancies snares,
And shew what folly doth ore-sway their hearts:
"For counterfeited things doe staines embrace,
"And all that is affected, hath no grace."

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Of outward things who (shallow wits) take hold,
Doe show by that they can no higher winne,
So, to resemble Hercules of old,
Mark Antony would beare the lyon's skinne;
A brave Athenian's sonne (as some have told)
Would such a course (though to his scorne) begin:
And bent to seem look like his father dead,
Would make himselfe to lispe, and bow his head.

They who would rightly follow such as those,
Must of the better parts apply the pow'rs,
As the industrious bee advis'dly goes,
To seize upon the best, shunne baser flowres;
So, where thou do'st the greatest worth disclose,
To compasse that, be prodigall of houres:
Seeke not to seeme, but be; who be, seeme too,
Doe carelesly, and yet have care to doe.

Thou to resemble thy renowned syre,
Must not (though some there were) mark triviall things,
But matchlesse vertues which all mindes admire,
Whose treasure to his realmes great comfort brings;
That to attaine (thou race of kings) aspire,
Which for thy fame may furnish ayery wings:
And like to eaglets thus thou prov'st thy kinde,
When both like him, in body, and in minde.

Ah, be not those most miserable soules,
Their judgements to refine who never strive!
Nor will not looke upon the learned scroules,
Which without practise doe experience give;
But (whilst base sloth each better care controules)
Are dead in ignorance, entomb'd alive.
'Twixt beasts and such the difference is but small,
They use not reason, beasts have none at all.

O! heavenly treasure which the best sort loves,
Life of the soule, reformer of the will,
Cleare light, which from the mind each cloud removes,
Pure spring of vertue, physicke for each ill,
Which in prosperity a bridle proves,
And in adversity a pillar still;
Of thee the more men get, the more they crave,
And thinke, the more they get, the lesse they have.

But if that knowledge be requir'd of all,
What should they doe this treasure to obtaine,
Whom in a throne, time travels to enstall,
Where they by it of all things must ordaine?
If it make them who by their birth were thrall,
As little kings, whilst ore themselves they raigne,
Then it must make, when it hath throughly grac'd them,
Kings more then kings, and like to him who plac'd [them.

This is a griefe which all the world bemones,
When those lack judgement who are borne to judge,
And like to painted tombes, or guilded stones,
To troubled soules cannot afford refuge;
Kings are their kingdomes' hearts, which, tainted once,
The bodies straight corrupt in which they lodge:
And those, by whose example many fall,
Are guilty of the murther of them all.

The meanes which best make majestie to stand,
Are laws observ'd, whil'st practise doth direct
The crowne, the head, the scepter decks the hand,
But onely knowledge doth the thoughts erect;
Kings should excell all them whom they command,
In all the parts which do procure respect:
And this, a way to what they would, prepares,
Not onely as thought good, but as known theirs.

Seek not due reverence onely to procure,
With shows of soveraignty, and guards oft lewd,
So Nero did, yet could not so assure
The hated diademe with bloud imbru'd;
Nor as the Persian kings, who liv'd obscure,
And of their subjects rarely would be view'd;
So one of them was secretly ore-thrown,
And in his place the murtherer raign'd unknown.

No onely goodnesse doth beget regard,
And equity doth greatest glory winne,
To plague for vice, and vertue to reward,
What they intend, that, bravely to begin;
This is to soveraigntie a powerfull guard,
And makes a prince's praise ore all come in:
Whose life (his subjects' law) clear'd by his deeds,
More then Iustinian's toyls, good order breeds.

All those who ore unbaptiz'd nations raign'd,
By barbarous customes sought to foster feare,
And with a thousand tyrannies constrain'd
All them whom they subdu'd their yoke to beare,
But those whom great Iehovah hath ordain'd,
Above the Christians, lawfull thrones to reare:
Must seek by worth, to be obey'd for love,
So having raign'd below, to raigne above.

O happy Henrie, who art highly borne,
Yet beautifi'st thy birth with signes of worth,
And (though a childe) all childish toyes do'st scorne,
To show the world thy vertues budding forth,
Which may by time this glorious isle adorne,
And bring eternall trophees to the north,
While as thou do'st thy father's forces leade,
And art the hand, whileas he is the head.

Thou, like that gallant thunder-bolt of warre,
Third Edward's sonne, who was so much renown'd,
Shalt shine in valour as the morning starre,
And plenish with thy praise the peopled round;
But like to his, let nought thy fortune marre,
Who, in his father's time, did dye uncrown'd:
Long live thy syre, so all the world desires,
But longer thou, so Nature's course requires.

And, though time once thee, by thy birth-right, owes
Those sacred honours which men most esteeme,
Yet flatter not thy selfe with those faire showes,
Which often-times are not such as they seeme,
Whose burd'nous weight, the bearer but ore-throws,
That could before of no such danger deeme:
Then if not, arm'd in time, thou make thee strong,
Thou dost thy selfe, and many a thousand wrong.

Since thou must manage such a mighty state,
Which hath no borders but the seas and skies,
Then even as he who justly was call'd great,
Did (prodigall of paines where fame might rise)
With both the parts of worth in worth grow great,
As learn'd, as valiant, and as stout as wise:
So now let Aristotle lay the ground,
Whereon thou after may thy greatnesse found.

For if transported with a base repose,
Thou did'st (as thou dost not) mispend thy prime,
O what a faire occasion would'st thou lose,
Which after would thee grieve, though out of time!
To vertuous courses now thy thoughts dispose,
While fancies are not glu'd with pleasure's lyme,

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Those who their youth to such like paines engage,
Do gaine great ease unto their perfect age.

Magnanimous, now, with heroicke parts,
Show to the world what thou dost ayme to be,
The more to print in all the people's hearts,
That which thou would'st they should expect of thee,
That so (preoccupied with such desarts)
They after may applaud the Heaven's decree
When that day comes; which if it come too soone,
Then thou and all this isle would be undone.

And otherwise what trouble should'st thou finde,
If first not seiz'd of all thy subjects' love;
To ply all humours till thy worth have shin'd,
That even most mal-contents must it approve?
For else a number would suspend their minde,
As doubting what thou afterwards might'st prove,
And when a state's affections thus are cold,
Of that advantage forreiners take hold.

I grant in this thy fortune to be good,
That art t' inherit such a glorious crowne,
As one descended from that sacred bloud,
Which oft hath fill'd the world with true renowne:
The which still on the top of glory stood,
And not so much as once seem'd to look downe:
For who thy branches to remembrance brings,
Count what he list, he cannot count but kings.

And pardon me, for I must pause a while,
And at a thing of right to be admir'd,
Since those, from whom thou cam'st, reign'd in this isle,
Loe, now of yeares even thousands are expir'd;
Yet none could there them thrall, nor thence exile,
Nor ever fail'd the lyne so much desir'd:
The hundred and seventh parent living free,
A never conquer'd crowne may leave to thee.

Nor hath this onely happened as by chance,
Of alterations then there had beene some,
But that brave race which still did worth enhaunce,
Would so presage the thing that was to come;
That this united isle should once advance,
And, by the lyon led, all realmes ore-come:
For if it kep't a little, free before,
Now having much (no doubt) it must do more.

And though our nations, long I must confesse,
Did roughly woo before that they could wed;
That but endeers the union we possesse,
Whom Neptune both combines within one bed:
All ancient injuries this doth redresse,
And buries that which many a battell bred:
"Brave discords reconcil'd (if wrath expire)
Do breed the greatest love, and most intire."

Of England's Mary, had it beene the chance
To make king Philip father of a sonne,
The Spaniard's high designes so to advance,
All Albion's beauties had beene quite ore-runne:
Or yet if Scotland's Mary had heir'd France,
Our bondage then had by degrees begun:
Of which, if that a stranger hold a part,
To take the other that would meanes impart.

Thus from two dangers we were twise preserv'd,
When as we seem'd without recovery lost,
As from their freedome those who freely swerv'd,
And suffered strangers of our bounds to boast;
Yet were we for this happy time reserv'd,
And, but to hold it deare, a little crost:
That of the Stewarts the illustrious race
Might, like their mindes, a monarchie embrace.

Of that blest progeny, the well known worth
Hath, of the people, a conceit procur'd,
That from the race it never can go forth,
But long hereditary, is well assur'd,
Thus (sonne of that great monarch of the north)
They to obey, are happily inur'd:
Ore whom thou art expected once to raigne,
To have good ancestours one much doth gaine.

He who by tyranny his throne doth reare,
And dispossesse another of his right,
Whose panting heart dare never trust his eare,
Since still made odious in the people's sight,
Whil'st he both hath, and gives, great cause of feare,
Is (spoyling all) at last spoil'd of the light:
And those who are descended of his bloud,
Ere that they be beleev'd, must long be good.

Yet though we see it is an easie thing,
For such a one his state still to maintaine,
Who by his birth-right borne to be a king,
Doth with the countrey's love, the crowne obtaine,
The same doth many to confusion bring,
Whil'st, for that cause, they care not how they raigne.
"O never throne establish'd was so sure,
Whose fall a vitious prince might not procure!"

Thus do a number to destruction runne,
And so did Tarquin once abuse his place,
Who for the filthy life he had begun,
Was barr'd from Rome, and ruin'd all his race;
So he whose father of no king was sonne,
Was father to no king; but, in disgrace
From Sicile banish'd, by the people's hate,
Did dye at Corinth in an abject state.

And as that monarch merits endlesse praise,
Who by his vertue doth a state acquire,
So all the world with scornfull eyes may gaze
On their degener'd stemmes which might aspire,
As having greater pow'r, their power to raise,
Yet of their race the ruine do conspire:
And for their wrong-spent life with shame do end,
"Kings chastis'd once, are not allow'd t' amend.

Those who, reposing on their princely name,
Can never give themselves to care for ought,
But for their pleasures every thing would frame,
As all were made for them, and they for nought,
Once th' earth their bodies, men will spoyle their fame,
Though whil'st they live, all for their ease be wrought:
And those conceits on which they do depend,
Do but betray their fortunes in the end.

This selfe-conceit doth so the iudgement choake,
That when with some ought well succeeds through it,
They on the same with great affection look,
And scorne th' advice of others to admit;
Thus did brave Charles the last Burgundian duke
Deare buy a battell purchas'd by his wit:

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By which in him such confidence was bred,
That blinde presumption to confusion led.

O! sacred counsell, quint-essence of souls, [fates,
Strength of the common-wealth, which chaines the
And every danger (ere it come) controuls,
The anker of great realmes, staffe of all states;
O! sure foundation which no tempest fouls,
On which are builded the most glorious seats!
If ought with those succeed who scorne thy care,
It comes by chance, and draws them in a snare.

Thrice happy is that king, who hath the grace
To chuse a councell whereon to relye,
Which loves his person, and respects his place,
And (like to Aristides) can cast by
All private grudge, and publike cares imbrace,
Whom no ambition nor base thoughts do tye:
And that they be not, to betray their seats,
The partiall pensioners of forreine states.

None should but those of that grave number boast,
Whose lives have long with manny vertues shin'd;
As Rome respected the patricians most,
Use nobles first, if to true worth inclin'd:
Yet so, that unto others seeme not lost
All hope to rise, for else (high hopes resign'd)
Industrious Vertue in her course would tyre,
If not expecting honour for her hyre.

But such as those a prince should most eschue,
Who dignities do curiously affect;
A publike charge, those who too much pursue,
Seeme to have some particular respect,
All should be godly, prudent, secret, true,
Of whom a king his counsell should elect:
And he, whil'st they advise of zeale and love,
Should not the number, but the best approve.

A great discretion is requir'd to know
What way to weigh opinions in his minde;
But ah! this doth the judgement oft ore-throw,
Then whil'st he comes within himselfe confin'd,
And of the senate would but make a show,
So to confirme that which he hath design'd,
As one who onely hath whereon to rest,
For councellours, his thoughts, their seat his brest.

But what avails a senate in this sort,
Whose pow'r within the Capitoll is pent?
A blast of breath which doth for nought import,
But mocks the world with a not act'd intent;
Those are the counsels which great states support,
Which never are made knowne but by th' event:
Not those where wise-men matters do propose,
And fooles thereafter as they please dispose.

Nor is this all which ought to be desir'd,
In this assembly (since the kingdome's soule)
That with a knowledge more then rare inspir'd,
A common-wealth, like Plato's, in a scroule
They can paint forth, but meanes are too acquir'd,
Disorder's torrent freely to controule;
And arming with authority their lines,
To act with justice that which wit designes.

Great empresse of this universall frame,
The Atlas on whose shoulders states are stay'd,
Who sway'st the raynes which all the world do tame,
And mak'st men good by force, with rest array'd;
Disorder's enemy, virgin without blame,
Within whose ballance, good and bad are weigh'd.

O! soveraigne of all vertues, without thee
Nor peace, nor warre, can entertained be.

Thou from confusion all things hast redeem'd:
The meeting of Amphictyons had beene vaine,
And all those senates which were most esteem'd,
Wer't not by thee, their counsels crown'd remaine,
And all those laws had but dead letters seem'd,
Which Solon, or Lycurgus, did ordaine:
Wer't not thy sword made all alike to dye,
And not the weake, while as the strong scap'd by.

O! not without great cause all th' ancients did
Paint magistrates plac'd to explaine the lawes,
Not having hands, so bribery to forbid,
Which them from doing right too oft with-draws;
And with a veile the iudge's eyes were hid,
Who should not see the partie, but the cause:
God's deputies, which his tribunall reare,
Should have a patient, not a partiall eare.

The lack of justice hath huge evils begun,
Which by no meanes could be repair'd againe;
The famous syre of that more famous sonne,
From whom (while as he sleeping did remaine)
One did appeale, till that his sleep was done,
And whom a widow did discharge to raigne
Because he had not time plaints to attend,
Did lose his life for such a fault in th' end.

This justice is the vertue most divine,
Which like the King of kings shows kings inclin'd,
Whose sure foundations nought can under-mine,
If once within a constant breast confin'd:
For otherwise she cannot clearly shine,
While as the magistrate, oft changing minde,
Is oft too swift, and sometimes slow to strike,
As led by private ends, not still alike.

Use mercie freely, justice, as constrain'd,
This must be done, although that be more deare,
And oft the forme may make the deed disdain'd,
Whil'st justice tastes of tyranny too neare;
One may be justly, yet in rage arraign'd,
Whil'st reason rul'd by passions doth appeare:
Once Socrates because ore-com'd with ire,
Did from correcting one (till calm'd) retyre.

Those wite want meanes their anger to asswage,
Do oft themselves, or others, rob of breath;
Fierce Valentinian, surfetting in rage,
By bursting of a veyne, did bleed to death;
And Theodosius, still but then, thought sage,
Caus'd murther thousands, whil'st quite drunk with wrath,
Who to prevent the like opprobrious crime,
Made still suspend his edicts for a time.

Of vertuous kings all th' actions do proceed
Forth from the spring of a paternall love;
To cherish, or correct (as realmes have need)
For which he more than for himselfe doth move,
Who many a million's ease that way to breed,
Makes sometime some his indignation prove,
And like to Codrus, would even death imbrace,
If for the countrey's good, and people's peace.

This lady, that so long unarm'd hath stray'd,
Now holds the ballance, and doth draw the sword,
And never was more gloriously array'd,
Nor in short time did greater good afford;
The state which to confusion seem'd betray'd,
And could of nought but bloud, and wrongs, record,

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Loe, freed from trouble, and intestine rage,
Doth boast yet to restore the golden age.

Thus doth thy father (generous prince) prepare
A way for thee to gaine immortall fame,
And layes the grounds of greatnesse with such care,
That thou may'st build great works upon the same;
Then since thou art to have a field so faire,
Whereas thou once may'st eternize thy name,
Begin (while as a greater light thine smothers)
And learne to rule thy selfe, ere thou rul'st others.

For still true magnanimity, we finde,
Doth harbour early in a generous brest;
To match Miltiades, whose glory shin'd,
Themistocles (a childe) was rob'd of rest;
Yet strive to be a monarch of thy minde,
For as to dare great things, all else detest,
A generous emulation spurres the sprite,
Ambition doth abuse the courage quite.

Whil'st of illustrious lives thou look'st the story,
Abhorre those tyrants which still swimm'd in bloud,
And follow those who (to their endlesse glory)
High in their subjects' love by vertue stood;
O! be like him who on a time was sorie,
Because that whil'st he chanc'd to do no good,
There but one day had happened to expire:
He was the world's delight, the Heaven's desire.

But as by mildnesse some great states do gaine,
By lenity some lose that which they have,
England's sixth Henry could not live and raigne,
But (being simple) did huge foils receive:
Brave Scipio's army mutini'd in Spayne,
And (by his meeknesse bold) their charge did leave:
O! to the state it brings great profit oft,
To be sometimes severe, and never soft.

To guide his coursers warely through the skie,
Earst Phœbus did his Phaeton require,
Since from the midle way if swarving by, [fire,
The Heavens would burne, or th' Earth would be on
So doth 'twixt two extreames each vertue lye,
To which the purest sprits ought to aspire,
He lives most sure who no extreame doth touch,
Nought would too little be, nor yet too much.

Some kings, whom all men did in hatred hold,
With avaritious thoughts whose breasts were torne,
Too basely given to feast their eyes with gold,
Us'd ill, and abject meanes, which brave minds scorne,
Such whil'st they onely seek (no vice controul'd)
How they may best their treasuries adorne,
Are (though like Cressus rich) whil'st wealth them blinds,
Yet still as poore as Irus in their mindes.

And some againe as foolish fancies move,
Who praise prepost'rous fondly do pursue,
Not liberall, no, but prodigall do prove;
Then whil'st their treasures they exhausted view,
With subsidies do lose their subjects' love;
And spoyle whole realmes, though but t'enrich a few:
Whil'st with authority their pride they cloake,
Who ought to dye by smoke for selling smoke.

But O! the prince most loath'd in every land,
Is one (all given to lust) who hardly can
Free from some great mishap a long time stand;
For all the world his deeds with hatred scan;
Should he who hath the honour to command
The noblest creature (great God's image) man,
Be, to the vilest vice, the basest slave,
The bodie's plague, soul's death, and honour's grave?

That beastly monster who retyr'd a part,
Amongst his concubines began to spinne,
Took with the habite too a woman's heart,
And ended that which Ninus did begin;
Faint-hearted Xerxes who did gifts impart,
To them who could devise new wayes to sinne:
Though back'd with worlds of men, straight took the flight,
And had not courage but to see them fight.

Thus doth soft pleasure but abase the minde,
And making one to servile thoughts descend,
Doth make the body weake, the judgement blinde,
An hatefull life, an ignominious end:
Where those who did this raging tyrant binde,
With vertue's chains, their triumphs to attend,
Have by that meanes a greater glory gain'd,
Then all the victories which they attain'd.

The valorous Persian who not once but gaz'd
On faire Panthea's face to ease his toyls,
His glory, by that continency, rais'd
More than by Babylon's and Lydia's spoyls;
The Macedonian monarch was more prais'd,
Than for triumphing ore so many soils,
That of his greatest foe (though beauteous seene)
He chastly entertain'd the captiv'd queene.

Thus have still-gaz'd-at monarchs much adoe,
Who (all the world's disorders to redresse)
Should shine like to the Sunne, the which still, loe,
The more it mounts aloft, doth seeme the lesse,
They should with confidence go freely to,
And (trusting to their worth) their will expresse:
Not like French Lewis th' Eleventh who did maintaine,
That who could not dissemble, could not raigne.

But still to guard their state the strongest barre,
And surest refuge in each dangerous storme,
Is to be found a gallant man of warre,
With heart that dare attempt, hands to performe,
Not that they venter should their state too farre,
And to each souldier's-course their course conforme.
The skilfull pylots at the rudder sit:
Let others use their strength, and them their wit.

In Mars his mysteries to gaine renowne,
It gives kings glory, and assures their place,
It breeds them a respect amongst their owne,
And makes their neighbours feare to lose their grace;
Still all those should, who love to keep their crowne,
In peace prepare for warre, in warre for peace:
For as all feare a prince who dare attempt,
The want of courage brings our in contempt.

And, royall off-spring, who may'st high aspire,
As one to whom thy birth high hopes assign'd,
This well becomes the courage of thy syre,
Who traines thee up according to thy kinde;
He, though the world his prosp'rous raigne admire,
In which his subjects such a comfort finde,
Hath (if the bloody art mov'd to imbrace)
That wit then to make warre, which now keeps peace.

And O! how this (deare prince) the people charmes,
Who flock about thee oft in ravish'd bands,
To see thee yong, yet manage so thine armes,
Have a mercuriall mince, and martiall hands,
This exercise thy tender courage warmes;
And still true greatnesse but by vertue stands:

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Agesilaus said, no king could be
More great, unlesse more vertuous, than he.

And though that all of thee great things expect,
Thou, as too little, mak'st their hopes asham'd;
As he who on Olympus did detect,
The famous Theban's foot, his body fram'd,
By thy beginnings so we may collect,
How great thy worth by time may be proclaim'd:
For who thy actions doth remarke, may see,
That there be many Cæsars within thee.

Though every state by long experience findes,
That greatest blessings prosp'ring peace imparts,
As which all subjects to good order bindes,
Yet breeds this isle, still populous in all parts,
Such vigorous bodies, and such restlesse mindes,
That they disdaine to use mechanick arts:
And, being haughty, cannot live in rest,
Yea such, when idle, are a dangerous pest.

A prudent Roman told, in some few houres,
To Rome's estate what danger did redound,
Then, when they raz'd the Carthaginian towres,
By which while as they stood, still meanes were found,
With others' harmes to exercise their pow'rs,
The want whereof, their greatnesse did confound;
For, when no more with forraine foes imbroil'd,
Straight, by intestine warres, the state was spoyl'd.

No, since this soile which with great sprits abounds,
Can hardly nurce her nurcelings all in peace,
Then let us keep her bosome free from wounds,
And spend our fury in some forraine place:
There is no wall can limit now our bounds,
But all the world will need walls in short space;
To keep our troups from seizing on new thrones;
The marble chayre must passe the ocean once.

What fury ore my judgement doth prevaile?
Me thinkes I see all th' earth glance with our armes,
And groning Neptune charg'd with many a sayle;
I heare the thundring trumpet sound th' alarmes,
Whilst all the neighbouring nations doe looke pale,
Such sudden feare each panting heart disarmes,
To see those martiall mindes together gone,
The lyon and the leopard in one.

I (Henry) hope with this mine eyes to feed,
Whilst ere thou wear'st a crown, thou wear'st a shield;
And when thou (making thousands once to bleed,
That dare behold thy count'nance, and not yeeld)
Stirr'st through the bloudy dust a foaming steed,
An interested witnesse in the field
I may amongst those bands thy grace attend,
And be thy Homer when the warres do end.

But stay, where fly'st thou (Muse) so farre astray?
And whilst affection doth thy course command,
Dar'st thus above thy reach attempt a way
To court the heire of Albion's war-like land,
Who gotten hath his generous thoughts to sway,
A royall gift out of a royall hand;
And hath before his eyes that type of worth,
That starre of state, that pole which guides the north.

Yet ore thy father, loe, (such is thy fate)
Thou hast this vantage which may profit thee,
An orphan'd infant, setled in his seat,
He greater then himselfe could never see,
Where thou may'st learne by him the art of state,
And by another what thy selfe should'st be,
Whilst that which he had onely but heard told,
In all his course thou practis'd may'st behold.

And this advantage long may'st thou retain,
By which, to make thee blest, the Heavens conspire;
And labour of his worth to make thy gaine,
To whose perfections thou may'st once aspire,
When as thou show'st thy selfe, whilst thou do'st raigne,
A sonne held worthy of so great a syre;
And with his scepters, and the people's hearts,
Do'st still inherit his heroicke parts.

JONATHAN;

AN

HEROICKE POEME INTENDED.

THE FIRST BOOKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

With Ammon's king, griev'd Iabesh did agree,
If not reliev'd, their right eyes lost, to live;
From this disgrace Saul fights to make them free,
And God to him the victory doth give:
Those, who their king (with successe crown'd) did see;
Them who him first had scorn'd, to kill did strive:
The people's errour, Samuel makes them know,
Then what he was, what all should be, doth show.

Muse, sound true valour, all perfection's parts,
The force of friendship, and th' effects of faith,
To kindle courage in those generous hearts,
Which strive by vertue to triumph ore death,
Whilst honour's height the wage of worth imparts,
What hence is hop'd, or whilst we here draw breath:
Loe, found, not faiu'd, how men accomplish'd prove:
Both prais'd below, and glorifi'd above.

O thou, from whom all what we praise doth streame,
Lift up my soule, my sprite with power inspire;
That straying wits, who fayn'd ideas dreame,
May magnanimity in men admire,
Who sought thy glory, not affecting fame,
And yet what courage courts did all acquire;
The truth not wrong'd, to please Lord pardon me,
In method, time, and circumstances free.

Sterne Ammon's armes when Iabesh was enclos'd,
In her defenders did such feare infuse,
That breached walles (all naked) were expos'd,
As weake, else worse, the owners to accuse;
Who on defence no further then repos'd,
But last, for hope, a wretched helpe did use,
To fawne on foes, and seeke (they thus appeas'd)
What safety those who sought their ruine, pleas'd.

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Then Nahas, who could not his pride suppress,
(As empty bladders blowne up with the winde)
Did dreame what way to double their distresse,
That still their shame might basely be design'd,
And to this bargaine proudly did them presse,
That they (without right eys) should live, halfe blinde:
A plaguy pardon which did lose, when spare,
" Of wicked men the mercies cruell are."

But the besieg'd all in a desp'rate state,
(" The present feare breeds greatest horrour still")
Sought first that they by messengers might treat
With other Hebrews, to prevent their ill,
And if not so soone help'd, short was the date,
When they should render, resting on his will:
Who thus some comfort or excuse might claime,
All Israell so made partners of their shame.

To this request he quickly did consent,
All strength else scorn'd, who trusted in his owne,
For, if the rest, that succour crav'd, not lent,
He judg'd them straight as with that town ore-thrown;
His raving thoughts for new designes were bent,
As this for certaine, all the world had knowne;
" Loe, thus large counts proud fooles for long time make,
Though Death still treads each foot-step at their [backe."

As wing'd with feares to haste the hop'd reliefe,
At Gibea he arriv'd whom Iabesh sent,
Whilst groanes and teares (as in commission chiefe)
More prompt for woe would needs the tongue prevent,
They first usurp'd the place, as sent from griefe,
While as the count'nance did the minde comment:
Yet from their weaknesse gathering some more strength,
Sighs usbering words, this wrestled out at length.

" Your wretched brethren who in Gilead dwell,
Of God's choice people (Abraham's heires) a part,
By Ammon's bands whose breasts with pride doe swell,
Have suffred harmes which might make rocks to [smart,
Indignities which I disdaine to tell,
Such shame my face, and horrour fills my heart:
By putting out one eye, some covet peace;
Though great the losse, yet greater the disgrace.

" With this condition, Iabesh did compose,
If in seven dayes we succour not receive,
More happy they who both their eyes doe lose,
Then who for object such a tyrant have,
Who even ore God seekes to insult in those,
Whom from his altars he doth bragge to reave:
The losse of light (if this not griev'd) were light,
Though all our dayes (when blinde) prov'd but one night.

" His pow'r too much esteem'd, ours not at all,
He, till we gather, doth of purpose stay,
That (as he dreames) all quickly kill'd, or thrall,
Fame flow'd from many springs exhaust he may;
As Egypt's foyle, and many nations' fall,
All for his glory had prepar'd the way:
This victory must by all those be grac'd,
God's captiv'd wonders in his triumph plac'd.

" Oft when men scorn'd, God did regard our grones,
And from great troubles did us free before,
Who pow rfull, just, and mercifull at once,
Peace to his people when he would restore,
As reeds, crush'd scepters, breaking brittle thornes,
And by meane meanes to be admir'd the more,
What man not mock'd at Midian's scornfull flight?
How oft did one against a number fight?

" Then (sir) it seemes that who guards Iacob's seed,
To honour you doth this occasion move,
That at this time you (eminent) may breed,
In strangers terrour, in your people love,
For if this battell (as we hope) succeed,
It your election highly would approve:
And that conceit which at the first one gaines,
It fix'd for ever in the minde remaines.

" Since come to urge great haste, I must be short,
That soone their hopes may grow, or else be spent,
Whom if you now doe by your power support,
You free from danger, and your owne prevent,
Else in worse time, us'd after in like sort,
Your owne next fear'd, you must our losse repent.
'And courage, which, now free, might praise procure,
Necessity when forc'd, will quite obscure.'

" Thinke that you heare our citizens in vaine,
With wasted words a tyrant's rigour ply;
The dead to envy forc'd, whilst they remaine
Of victors vile the bitter taunts to try,
The face's beauty once, but then the staine,
On bloudy cheekes whilst ugly eyes doe lye;
Thinke Nahas scorning them, and bragging you,
And that one moment lost, breeds danger now."

The man then dumb, griefe did againe engage,
By speaking passions further to prevaile;
The common woe nought could at first asswage,
Till anger's strength made pittie's weakenesse faile:
Kindeiona than smoak'd griefe, and flam'd forth rage,
But yet for haste to venge, staid not to waile:
He wish'd for wings to flye, where Ammon stay'd,
Yet first attended what his father said.

" That God," said Saul, " whom none enough can praise,
His troupes when vex'd, still by some one protects;
And me (of many least) at last doth raise
To fight those battels which his will directs;
Oft (that he thus the world may more amaze)
Weake instruments worke wonderfull effects:
That, due to him, none may usurpe one thought,
Nor from his glory derogate in ought.

" All my ambition is to serve this state;
For which effect, forc'd from my low repose,
The Lord was pleas'd (not my desires) of late,
This charge on me (as all know) to impose;
And by effects, God grant I may prove great,
Not, but in show, as pompous Ethnickes glose;
That God, this state who made me to embrace,
May grace his choice, and fit me for the place.

" I all your troubles travell to appease,
And place my treasure onely in your hearts:
Farre be delight from me, and what may please,
Whilst in this kingdom e any city smarts;
And I could wish I might (if for your ease)
To watch over all, even part myselfe in parts:

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This kingdome now it must my body prove,
And I the soule by which it all should move.

"But lest that words time (due to deeds) should wast,
Goe, get you backe, and unto Iabesh tell,
That, ere the time which they design'd be past,
I shall be there, that tyrant to expell;"
Then whilst they wondred, as quite chang'd at last,
Saul did them all, yea, and himselfe excell:
A kingly courage kindled had his minde,
And from his face, majesticke greatnesse shin'd.

He whom they had despis'd, as base before,
Of the least tribes least family, but borne,
Who sought stray'd beasts, heard of his father's store, [scorn;
Whom with disdaine they (when first rais'd) did
Afraid to be with him familiar more,
A reverend awe had proud contempt out-worne:
And troupes did him attend (all well appeas'd)
Imperiously appointing what he pleas'd.

Two oxen then he did in pieces share,
Which he through Israell did with terrour send,
And vow'd solemnly, who did not repaire,
Where Saul and Samuel did their forces bend,
That as those beasts had been dismembred there,
They, like from him (when victor) might attend;
But in their hearts God such obedience wrought,
That all to doe his will, were quickly brought.

O what huge troupes their native homes did leave!
Of populous Israell, there did armed stand,
Three hundred thousand; thirty Iuda gave,
When by God bless'd, so fertile was that land:
Yet they by this did no high hopes conceive,
Though swarming forth in number as the sand:
As who oft spy'd, confirm'd by the effects,
The God of battels victory directs.

No mercenary mindes base gaine did move,
(As whom when sold, a price to perill drives)
Bright zeale, true honour, and their countrie's love,
Did to all dangers consecrate their lives:
None needed them to presse, but to approve,
Arm'd for their altars, children, goods, and wives,
When forc'd to fight for liberty and lands,
Each one (a captaine) all his power commands.

When open force had banish'd private feares,
All were (though sad) bent what they lov'd to quite,
Babes' flatt'ring smiles, wives' wounding sighes and tears,
Of pleasures past endeer'd the left delight;
Yet from all else the trumpets challeng'd eares:
They part behov'd, where honour did invite,
Which made their breasts such gallant guests embrace,
Soft passions soon gave active courage place.

That sadnesse past, which partings had contracted,
All fed their fancies with ideall showes,
And carelesse what they did, as quite distracted,
All (breathing battel) talk'd but of ore-throwes;
And what they thought, their earnest gesture acted;
Each mouth with brags, each hand seem'd big with blowes: [great,
Each souldier (swoln with hopes) as straight grown
With count'nance stern, look'd high, and step'd in state.

All eyes' attendance, Ionathan procur'd,
Whose march majesticke highly was extoll'd,
Not arrogant, no, no, but yet assur'd,
It some men's folly, others' feares controld:
His looke imperious, forc'd, yet milde, allur'd
The proud to bow, the humble to be bold:
What fit, reforming, marking every place;
His gallant carriage all the rest did grace.

Clouds made the world (all light below expell'd)
A driry lodging for a drowsie lord,
Yet still (as big with light) Heaven's bosome swell'd,
And for one great, did many small afford:
In shadowes wrapt, a silent horrour held
All sorts of guests with which the Earth was stor'd:
The world seem'd dumb, where nought save breath did move,
As, what seem'd dead, it still alive would prove.

Yet all the boast to nature did refuse
That tribute due by every mortal's eye,
Of matters high whilst haughty thoughts did muse,
Sleep's leaden bands straight travell did unty;
Heaven in their mindes such vigour did infuse,
They (as it selfe) the type of death did flye:
"To doe great things, when generous minds devise,
Paine pleasure gives, things difficult entice."

But (clouds dispers'd) the ayre more pure appear'd,
Light blushing (as late rais'd) the depths did leave,
Whilst flaming shields some trembling glances clear'd, [reave,
What night had reft from them, th' eyes back did
And sprites (though dull) a naturall musicke chear'd,
Which many divers sounds consorted gave: [springs,
Thus light from darknesse, day from night forth
Type of that chaos first whence flow'd all things.

Ere that day's journey Phœbus had begun,
The armies neere were drawn unto an end;
And those return'd, who first before had runne,
To try abroad that which they might attend:
They told how they (by the occasion wonne)
To Ammon's tents did resolutely tend,
Whose silence seem'd them (in suspense) to call,
Some watch'd neere Iabesh, elsewhere none at all.

They by faint flashes of exhausted fires,
There spyde a camp, as if from danger farre,
Well serv'd with all to which rich peace aspires,
As if for pleasure com'd, to sport with warre,
They softly lay (as at adorn'd retires) [marre:
Where (all commodious) nought their rest might
Mars onely seem'd to court his mistresse there,
Charg'd with superfluous, of things needfull, bare.

"Here sleep press'd him, there wine had buried one,
(Death kissed so as straight imbrac'd to be) [gone,
Boords still were charg'd, whence guests had fa'ne, not
Cups crown'd with wine triumph'd, as victors, free,
Late musick's conducts bruis'd (when touch'd) did
Games' relicts left, were of all sorts to see; [grone,
Thus souldiers seem'd, voluptuous tokens trac'd,
Not in a campe, but at some wedding plac'd.

"Two in one tent (whilst we without did hold)
As tyr'd of sleep, the time with words did wast,
The truth I hope, (though not so meant when told)
Said, of their toyles, this night would be the last.
Then, that this day the Hebrews render would,
And at their feet themselves (scorn'd captives) cast:

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Th' one long'd to laugh, when spying them halfe blinde,
His mate to kill, as more to ruth inclin'd.

" No doubt we might (if willing) where we went,
Have soon kill'd some; and hardly kept hands pure,
But would not so your enterprise prevent,
By making them suspect who lay secure;
Our thoughts for private praise were not so bent,
A publike danger fondly to procure;" [true)
Then (brought from thence to prove their speeches
A helmet one, a sword the other shew.

Thus what they learn'd, each circumstance declar'd,
In every breast a thirst of battell bred,
With Abner and his sonne, Saul equall shar'd,
The glistring squadrons which no danger dread,
Of which both resolute, and well prepar'd,
Each one a hundred and ten thousand led:
The chiefes then met, who straight to fight did crave,
Saul needlesse spurres thus to franke courage gave.

" Whilst all events (as doubtfull) ballanc'd be,
The souldiers' mindes their earnest emperour cheares;
But what I should give you, ye give to me,
Whose resolution at an height appeares;
A courage, yea, a confidence I see,
Through lookes which lightning every count'nance cleares:
So that I should (if bent to move you more)
Cast water in the sea, sand on the shore.

" And O! what wonder though ye all be bold,
Your ancestors' victorious steps to trace,
Which oft triumph'd ore mighty states of old,
Whilst God the glory, they did purchase peace?
Heaven's register, by sacred pennes enrold
Their worth eternall, which each age must grace:
Who high exploits securely might effect,
When God himselfe as captaine did direct.

" With God at peace, what can appall that band,
Whom so to help (when need requires such ayd)
Seas part, rocks rend, food rains, walls fall, flouds stand,
One may chase thousands, thousands quake dismay'd, [mand,
Whose hearts when God, men may the rest com-
As bound, delivered, yet by none betray'd:
The wonder-worker's power more plaine to make,
Whilst one moe captives kept, then ten could take?

" A prey made sure ye onely go to seise,
(As spyes report) which may even dead be thought,
Since spoyl'd by pleasure, buried in their ease,
To grace our labours not come here, but brought;
This hoast of ours the Lord of hoasts doth please,
Whose help, I doubt not, but ye all have sought:
Loe, Samuel here, and Saul; let this content,
A prophet, and a prince, by God both sent.

" But though not difficult this conquest seemes,
Great is the glory which doth it attend;
From bragg'd disgrace our brethren it redeemes,
Which (if not worse) would toward us extend,
And then by it the world that state esteemes,
Which oft ye urg'd, and have procur'd in th' end:
For, as this first, with fame now credit gaines,
Your course disprov'd, or still approv'd, remaines.

" Nor speake I this, as who of ought do doubt,
Since rather reines then spurres your courage needs,
Be providently brave, not rash, though stout,
Let your commander's words direct your deeds,
And thinke ye see me still to marke about,
Whose gallant carriage greatest glory breeds:
No valour thus in vaine shall be set forth,
One shall both witnesse and reward your worth.

" But why do I our victory delay,
And force your fury idlie thus to burne?
Go, go, wound, kill, take, spoyle, and leade away,
That straight in triumph we may all returne;
I see in flouds of bloud dead bodies stray,
I heare you shout for joy, for griefe them mourne:
And whil'st scorn'd ransomes have your hands not
All sacrifice at last, as first ye pray'd." [stai'd,

Then godly Samuel fortifi'd them more,
By spirituall pow'r, then all their weapons else,
He pray'd with faith, and did with zeale adore,
Which, more then offrings, wrath for sinne expels,
Then, all religious rites perform'd before,
Which might draw help from Heaven, stay harm from Hell's,
He by his blessing more confirm'd their mindes,
Then all could do, though joyn'd from Thule to Indes.

This mighty army did it selfe divide,
And by three wayes all forward went one way,
The dust, which in a cloud them seem'd to hide,
Even it, by covering, did them first betray;
When carelesse Ammon numbrous Israel spy'd,
Though dull amazement mindes a space did stay,
All with confusion sundry things advis'd, [pris'd."
" Rise, runne, haste, arme, ranke, march, we are sur-

Three armies view'd, each from a severall part,
Come not, and Iabesh as they did expect,
Who promis'd had (to sooth them so with art)
That they that day would further hopes neglect,
And this with terrour toss'd the strongest heart;
None knew what way their forces to direct;
The world conjur'd, seem'd all against them arm'd,
Whil'st glistring squadrons from each corner swarm'd.

Yet with great haste, what might be, was perform'd,
And nothing requisite was left undone;
The first confusion bravely was reform'd,
And the tumultuous bands all setled soone;
Then haughty Nahas, who extreamely storm'd,
Though griefe, and rage, his accents did mistoone;
He, to his troups, ere enemies could them reach,
With desp'rate courage did roare forth this speech.

" Hath dastard Iabesh thus with us disguis'd?
Or must their shame be witness'd by those bands?
Then, let us prove (though by our foes despis'd)
As seas in power, since they, in number, sands,
So shall they finde (though thinking us surpris'd)
That they in ours, we fall not in their hands:
They now to fight are all together brought,
Whom else when sever'd, we with toyle had sought.

" We must be great, or not be, in short space,
For, though so sought, no safety flight attends,
But what base breast can such vile thoughts imbrace?
' Shame, even then death, a step more low descends;'
Losse now not onely threatens us'd disgrace,
But what to Iabesh ye, to you portends:

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This hoast as earst not now for glory strives,
But (man's last hope) we fight to save our lives.

" It seemes, that Fortune, curious of our fame,
For some great end hath brought us to those straits,
Where we, when victors, all the praise may claime,
And leave (if dead) the burden on the Fates;
The greatest deeds adorning any name,
Were done by men, when in most desp'rat states:
High resolution desp'rat valour brings,
Who hope for nothing, may contemne all things.

" My hands, and not my tongue, must make you stout, [leave;
Which bloody paths, where you may tread, shall
If mix'd with theirs, what though our bloud gush out?
Strive to revenge our death, not life to save,
And let our falls presse downe their bands about,
Which by our ruine, ruine may receive;
So may they rue our losse, as too deare bought:
Who live, still something, but the dead waile nought."

The trumpets' sound drown'd the last words in th' ayre,
Whose brasen breath (as animating steele)
Made metall march, a moving creature there,
Though wanting sense, yet to make others feele;
The driry drummes both camps with horrours square,
Did equall once, whil'st feare made neither reele:
Each bounds rebounds the sounds of brasse and breath,
A martiall musicke, courage tun'd for death.

The winged weapons with a threatning flight
(Sharpe messengers of death) first bloud did reave;
Black clouds of darts (a deadly storme at height,
Death rain'd in many drops) red flouds did leave,
An arch of arrows darkned all their sight,
That where to fight, they so a shade might have;
But griev'd to lose their blows, whil'st whose not known,
Each one rush'd forward to avouch his own.

O! with what fury both together runne,
Whose violence did vent it selfe in smokes!
When, ere they joyn'd, the battell was begun,
With bragging gestures, and outragious looks;
Some, red with rage, sought that which some did shunne, [brooks:
Whom feare made pale, whil'st passing crimson
How mindes are sway'd a danger clearly tels,
Whil'st feare sinks downe, or courage higher swels.

But when they once did swords in bloud imbrue,
The en'mies challeng'd, changing blows or breath,
All irritated then, more earnest grew,
The publike wrong enlarg'd by private wrath;
Who felt their wounds, and did, who gave them view,
They no revenge allow'd, till seal'd by death;
All (save their foes, no object else in sight,
Nor Heaven, nor Earth) seem'd in the ayre to fight.

Weake words in vaine would pow'rfull deeds forth set:
The trumpets' sounds my daring lines abate;
All there concurr'd what generous thoughts could whet,
Bright glory angling hearts with honour's baite;
Franke courage then with desp'rate furie met,
Pride with contempt, and with old wrongs new hate:
Then, Fame was spy'd attending with a pen,
To register the acts of worthie men.

They others' bodies fiercely did pursue,
And theirs expos'd to all, as not theirs, loe,
Them from themselves a generous ardour drew,
What suffering carelesse, onely bent to do,
A way for foes enforc'd, armes, as untrue, [too;
Seem'd (red with bloud) to blush, though wounded
Some swords, through armour, forc'd a passage quite;
Some beaten backe did burst, and breake for spite.

Though many brave men grac'd the Hebrew band,
Saul (as a sunne amidst lesse lights who shin'd)
First (as for state) for valour striv'd to stand,
Of body high, but yet more high in minde,
And (eminent) there where he did command,
Made friends, and foes, both cause to marke him,
Till his example strange effects did breed, [finde,
Which some would second, others would exceed.

Brave Ionathan, proud Ammon to abate,
When his fierce squadron was imbark'd in bloud,
A godly anger, and a holy hate,
(No ill effects come from a cause so good)
Of many lives did cleare the doubtfull date,
Which flow'd in th' ayre amidst a crimson flood:
And what his looks, or words, did most perswade,
His hands in action demonstration made.

Shafts severall roomes (by conquest) now did gaine,
Which were of late all in one lodging pent,
For quivers, quivering bodies, them containe;
The bow as barren then, the off-spring spent,
Whil'st breaking strings (as sighing) seem'd to plaine,
And burst at last, in vaine loath to be bent,
Or as an abject tree to be throwne downe,
Which interest had in Ionathan's renowne.

Though arrows first, made, by commission, warre,
And what hands bragg'd, seem'd through the ayre to breathe,
Straight forward courage scorn'd to fight afarre,
By blows, at hazard, trafficking with death;
He with a tree more strong did squadrons marre;
The speare, a gyant, darts were dwarffs of wrath;
It, even when crush'd, a number did confound;
To venge the whole, each splinter gave a wound.

That which true worth most honour hath to use,
When this great Hebrew's hand to tosse began,
Which onely cuts, where other weapons bruise,
Of armes the glory, ornament of man;
A storme of stroaks in foes did feare infuse,
Which there wrought wonders, fame forever wanne:
His face seem'd clad with flames, th' eyes lightned so,
Starres to his owne, and comets to his foe.

Couragious Abner courted glorie's love,
No rash director, but to action swift,
That even his place pale envy did approve,
As his desert, and not his soveraigne's gift;
It seem'd a thousand hands his sword did move,
His minde so high a generous rage did lift:
At heart, or eye, which should the first arrive,
The lightning glance and thundring blow did strive.

Like Autumn's spoyls a publicke prey which fall,
When low stretch'd out lay Ammon's loftie brood,
It did their king amaze, but not appall,
Though in their wounds acknowledging his blood,
Yet he (whose strength was lessened in them all)
A while relenting (as distracted) stood:

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But when weake passions urg'd the us'd releefe,
Rage in their fountaines dry'd the streames of griefe.

The foaming tyrant, swolne with high disdaine,
(What had cool'd some him further did enflame)
To bound at once, state, fortune, life, and raigne;
Not victory, no, vengeance was his ayme;
A glorious life not hoping more to gaine,
He thought by death to frustrate threatened shame,
But, of foes kill'd, would first a mount have made,
Where (as in triumph) he might lye, when dead.

I know not if more bent to give, or take,
That which (well weigh'd) is an indifferent thing,
The raging Pagan, thus his people spake,
"What poore life can not, liberall death doth bring,
And you (though subjects) may my equals make,
Loe, without treason you may match your king:
Crowne, throne, or scepter, fates no more allow,
And by the sword all may be soveraignes now."

As two great torrents striving for one way,
Raise mounts of sands, raze heights, spoile tree, and town,
And (that th' one's name the other swallow may)
What ever doth resist, beare thence, or drowne;
So, of their fury what the course did stay, [downe,
Saul's matchlesse sonne, and Ammon's lord beat
Th' eyes earnest gave, whil'st they at distance stay'd,
That, by their hands, the rest should straight be pay'd.

When Israel's gallant had beheld a space,
The fierce Barbarian opening up the throng,
He cry'd to all aloud, "Give place, give place,
Let none usurpe what doth to me belong;
This man my life, and I his death must grace,
Who marre the match would but to both do wrong:
A vulgar hand must not his end procure,
He stands too glorious to fall downe obscure."

Some drawn by feare, and some by reverence mov'd,
The distance twixt them vanish'd soone away;
Like rivall bulls which had one heifer lov'd,
And through the flocks with braudish'd hornes did stray,
Whil'st th' one resolv'd, and th' other desp'rate prov'd,
Both with great fury did enforce their way,
Whose troups, enflam'd by hearing their high words,
Did in their action emulate their lords.

Those two transported did together rinne,
As if both hoests did onely in them fight,
They, with short processe, ground did lose and winne,
Vrg'd, shunn'd, forc'd, fayn'd, bow'd, rais'd, hand, leg, left, right,
Advanc'd, retir'd, rebated, and gave in,
With reason fury, courage joyn'd with slight:
So earnest mindes and bended bodies press'd,
That then the blowes, the ayming more distress'd.

To sell his life the Ethnicke onely sought,
But valu'd it so much, though but in vaine,
That clouds of darts, and swords too few were thought
To force the fortresse where it did remaine,
So that, (by one to last extreames thus brought)
His fury was converted to disdaine;
Shame joyning with despaire, death did impose,
Ere more, then crowne or life, he liv'd to lose.

By blowes redoubled charging every way,
Whilst he but wish'd who did him kill, to kill,
Bloud leaving him, his danger did betray,
Which rage in vaine, would have dissembled still,
And th' other storm'd so long with one to stay,
Who might elsewhere fields with dead bodies fill;
Iust indignation all his strength did bend,
The heart conjuring hands to make an end.

The Hebrew us'd at once both strength and art;
Th' one hand did ward, a blow the other gave,
Which hit his head (the marke of many a dart)
Whose batt'red temples fearefull sense did leave;
The treacherous helmet tooke the strongest part,
And bruis'd those braines which it was set to save;
Yet dying striking, last he th' earth did wound,
Whose fall (as some great oakes) made it rebound.

His eyes againe began to gather light,
And Ionathan (when victor) to relent,
But straight just hate presented, as in sight,
His barbarous actions, and abhorr'd intent;
How (vainely vaunting of a victor's right)
That all his thoughts to cruelty were bent:
Whose raging minde, on captives strangely strict,
Then bondage, spoyle, or death would more inflict.

"Thou tyrant, thou," said he, "who didst devise,
Else farre from fame, for ill to be renown'd,
Those halfe-blinde Hebrews whom thou did'st despise,
They vengeance urge, they, they, give thee this wound;"
With that, by his right eye (who striv'd to rise)
The flaming sword amidst his braynes he drown'd:
Whose guilty ghost, where shadowes never end,
With indignation, grudging did descend.

As if Hell's furies had thy sprite inspir'd,
Prodigious creature, monster inhumane,
Loe, what have all thy cruelties acquir'd,
Which thus with interest time returnes againe,
But Hell, when hence, and here, whence now retir'd,
That thy remembrance odious may remaine:
Yet with this comfort thou abandon'st breath,
The hand of Ionathan adorn'd thy death.

As some fierce lyon, raging through the fields,
(Which of beasts kill'd contemnes the tasted bloud)
Doth hunt another, when another yeelds,
Yet, wanton, riots, as for sport not food;
So Iacob's gallant (breaching many shields)
Bent for more prey, with him no longer stood,
And till their chiefe his followers follow'd too,
Nought did seeme done, whil'st ought remain'd to do.

All Israel's squadrons, circling Ammon in,
Straight at his center threatning were to meet,
Which poynt (the last man kill'd) all march'd to winne,
Where halfe dead bodies made a breathing street,
All striv'd to end, as lately to begin,
Whilst dust did dry what bloud and sweat made weet;
Mars courting courage, first shin'd bright about,
But then with horrour turn'd his inside out.

Saul as ov'r bodies then did raigne in hearts,
O how farre chang'd from what he first had been!
And by plaine valour, scorning usuall arts,
The emulous Abner eminent was seene;
These three, at first which charg'd from divers parts,
Seem'd foes oppos'd, their foes, as chanc'd, between:

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Whom (from encountring, that them nought might
They but beat downe, to make a patent way. [stay)

When hopes on doubts no longer did depend,
Whilst Israel's colours victory did beare,
Some seem'd to grieve that warre so soone would end,
And striv'd in time what trophees they might reare;
Whilst flattring Glory, lofty thoughts to bend,
In gorgeous robes did whisper in each eare,
" What brave man now my beauties will embrace,
To breed (Fame's minions) an immortall race?"

When through the camp their soveraign's death was known,
A sad confusion seaz'd on Ammon's brood,
Then lords of none, no, no, nor yet their owne,
As strangers stray'd, they all distracted stood,
And ere by foes, ev'n by themselves ore-thrown,
An ycie coldnesse did congeale their bloud:
" None fully vanquish'd are till first they yeeld,
And, till first left, doe never lose the field."

Hopes (though once high) then faln down in their feet,
No way was left for a secure retreat;
To flye was shamefull, yet to live was sweet,
And they themselves more lov'd, then foes did hate;
Them death (still sterne) where ever turn'd, did meet:
Each sword's bright glance, seem'd summons from their fate:
O how base feare doth make some sprights to faile,
Heart faint, hands weake, eyes dimme, the face grows pale.

Of broken bands the trouble was extreme,
Who felt ils worst, and yet imagin'd more:
Spoile, danger, bondage, feare, reproach, and shame,
Did still encroach beside, behinde, before;
And yet their hearts (if hearts they had) did dreame,
Those in one masse, and all confusion's store:
They, wishing death, although they fear'd to dye,
First from themselves, then from all else did flye.

The slaughter then all measure did surpasse;
Whilst victors rag'd, bloud from each hand did raine;
The liquid rubies dropping downe the grasse,
With scarlet streames the fatall fields did staine;
Till they, with dust congeal'd (a horrid masse)
(By bodies stop'd) a marrish did remaine,
Through which who waded, wounded did appeare,
And loath'd that bloud which once was held so deare.

They who when strong, their neighbours did deride,
And (then of ruine, dreaming nothing lesse)
Would warre with God, and in the height of pride
His chosen people labour to oppresse;
They now all kill'd, else scattered on each side,
Felt what they threatned, bondage and distresse:
" Thus oft they fall, who others doe pursue,
Men drinke the dregs of all the ills they brew."

Though Israell thus had Ammon quite ore-throwne,
Saul, nor his sonne, did not insult the more;
No pompe through Iabesh past with trumpets blowne,
The pointed captives fettred them before,
So first when victors eminently showne,
That their new state a triumph might decore,
Whilst two-fold glory just applauses claym'd,
A king and conqueror both at once proclaim'd.

No, no, their breasts such fancies fond not bred,
As if themselves had their delivery wrought;
By piety not by ambition led,
Farre from vaine praise, they Israel's safety sought,
Charg'd by God's hand, they knew that Ammon fled,
And from his favour derogating nought,
Where tumid Gentiles would have bragg'd abroad,
Their glory was to glorifie their God.

Whilst joyfull Iabesh opened up her ports,
Sweet freedome's treasure did enrich their eyes;
Men, women, children, people of all sorts,
With voyces as distracted pierc'd the skyes;
O how each one of them the rest exhorts,
To sound his praise who pitied had their cryes!
And (as wrong founded) any joy was griefe,
Save for God's glory, more then their reliefe.

Wives forthwith haste did to their husbands rinne,
Who told to them (describing dangers past)
" Hence Saule first charg'd, there Abner entred in,
Here we about them did a compasse cast;
There Ionathan with Nahas did beginne,
And kill'd him here, where, loe, he lyes at last:"
But forward kindenesse this discourse doth stay,
Th' one's lips must point that which another's say.

Troups call'd alow'd (mov'd by this battell much)
" Where are they now who ask'd if Saul should raigne?
Let swords (yet smoking) purge the land of such,
Who from base envy bursted out disdaine;"
Yet them milde Saul would suffer none to touch,
But said, no cloud so cleare a day should staine:
And since the Lord all Israel had releev'd,
None should be kill'd for him, no, nor yet griev'd.

Ere flames, yet hot, extinguish'd were againe,
The Lord's great prophet will'd them all to go
To Gilgall straight, there to confirme his raigne,
In that new state grown fearfull to each foe;
Where sacred offrings liberally were slaine,
The late delivery to acknowledge so: [minds,
As bloud from beasts, praise flow'd from gratefull
Each one himselfe for further service binds.

By sacrifice the kingdome's right renu'd,
This speech to Israel, matchlesse Samuel made,
" Loe, granted is all that for which you su'd, [leade:
There stands the king, who should your squadrons
My sonnes are here, time hath my strength subdu'd;
Age crown'd with white triumphs upon my head;
Eyes dimme, legges weake, (infirmities growne rife)
Death hath beseig'd the lodging of my life.

" Though all my dayes in charge, I challenge you,
Let each man speake (as he hath reason) free,
Before the lord, and his anointed now;
No crimes conceale, I come accus'd to be, [bow?
What bragge, or bribe, hath made my judgment
Whose oxe, or asse, hath taken beene by me?
Whome have I harm'd, or wrong'd, in goods or fame?
I stand to satisfie who ever claime."

The people straight (applauding) did reply, [best;"
" With heart, and hands still pure, thou didst the
For witnesses, then, both, who loud did cry,
With his lieutenant, did great God attest:
O happy iudge, who well did live and dye,
Still prais'd on th'Earth! in Heaven with glory rest;
At that great day, whom all with Christ shall see,
To judge those iudges who not follow'd thee.

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"Then," said the prophet, "since by all approv'd,
I must with you, before that God contend,
Who from Caldea, Israel's syre remov'd,
And highly honour'd as his speciall friend;
Who sav'd milde Isaac, holy Iacob lov'd,
And in all countries did him still attend:
(A covenant contriv'd, with all his race)
Who multiply'd them much, in little space.

"From rigorous Ægypt's more then burthenous yoke,
When taught by wonders to admire his might,
He led them forth, free from each stumbling block;
In deserts wilde, him to contemplate right;
And did give laws, as of that state the stock,
A rare republike, at perfection's height;
The Lord (great generall of those chosen bands)
Took townes, gain'd battels, and did conquer lands!

"But when he once had stablish'd well their state,
(All those great works remembred then no more)
Your fathers, false, apostates, and ingrate,
(Abhomination) idols did adore,
So that (incens'd with indignation great)
Their jealous God would them protect no more;
Who, that they so might humbled be againe,
To bondage base abandon'd did remaine.

"With hearts brought low, and souls rais'd up aloft,
When godly griefe dissolv'd it selfe in groans,
The Lord, first mov'd with sighs, with teares made soft,
Charm'd with the musicke of their pretious moans,
For their delivery sent great captaines oft,
Who did their state restore, bruis'd strangers' thrones:
Till successe did to all the world make knowne,
That, save by sinne, they could not be ore-throwne.

"Ganst Aram, Moab, and Canaan, foes,
Proud Midians, Ammons, and Philistines' lands,
Brave Othniel, Ehud, and Debora rose,
Then Iphte, Gideon, Sampson, strong of hands,
Whil'st God the generall, his lievtenants those,
Oft (few in number) thundred downe great bands;
And by weake meanes oft thousands fled from one,
A cake, an oxen goad, an asse's bone.

"From dangers oft though wonderfully sav'd,
Whil'st Israel's sceptre God did onely sway,
Yet (as stray'd fancies fondly had conceiv'd)
When Ammon's ensignes Nahas did display,
Straight, as without a lord, a king, you crav'd,
As th' abject Gentiles, basely to obey;
With trust in princes, and in mortall strength,
Which lodg'd in nostrils, must dislodge at length.

"Yet if your king and you do serve him right,
The Lord, of both will highly blesse the state;
And, if prophanely walking in his sight,
Will visit both in wrath, with vengeance great,
And that you may behold your sinne, his might,
Too haughty minds by terrour to abate:
You shall (though of such change no signe there be)
Straight clad with clouds, Heaven's indignation see."

Heavens, must'ring horrour in a dreadfull forme,
His beams drawn back, pale Phœbus did retyre;
As the world's funerals threatning to performe,
Some flames flash'd forth, not lights, but sparks of yre,
And in ambushment layd behinde a storme,
Colds interchoaking, did grosse engines fire
To batter th' Earth, which planted there by wrath,
From clouds' vast concaves thund'red bolts of death.

This signe so full of terrour thus procur'd,
A generall feare each minde with griefe did sting,
Till all cry'd out that they had beene obdur'd,
And highly sinn'd in seeking of a king;
The Lord, they said (his light from Heaven obscur'd)
Might for their ore-throw armies justly bring;
Then Samuel urg'd to mediate their peace,
Avoyding vengeance, and entreating grace.

The holy man who view'd them thus to smart,
Did aggravate how farre they first did faile,
Yet them assurd, when flowing from the heart,
That true repentance would with God prevaile;
From whom he wish'd, that they would not depart,
To trust in trifles which could not availe:
Since he, when pleas'd, in mercies did abound,
And with a frowne might all the world confound.

The Lord (he said) who did them first affect
Them (from his law if they did not remove)
By hoasts of Heaven, and wonders would protect,
By promise bound, and by his boundlesse love,
Lest strangers spoyling whom he did elect,
Weake, or inconstant, he might seeme to prove:
Then he to God for them did earnest call,
And with their king, when blest, dismist them all.

Saul thus, when seiz'd of Israel's regall seat,
Whom God chose; Samuel did anoint, all serve,
From private thoughts estrang'd, in all growne great,
Though first elected, studied to deserve;
His owne no more, since sacred to the state,
He sought how it to free, to rule, preserve:
For whice, retyr'd, what course was fit, he dream'd,
Save when in action, as of sight asham'd.

DEDICATION

OF THE TRAGEDY OF CROESUS.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

Disdaine not, mighty prince, those humble lines,
Though too meane musicke for so dainty eares,
Since with thy greatnesse, learning's glory shines,
So that thy brow a two-fold lawrell beares:
To thee the Muses, Phœbus now resignes,
And vertues hight eternall trophees reares:
As Orpheus' harpe, Heavens may enstall thy pen,
A liberall light to guide the mindes of men.

Although my wit be weake, my vowes are strong,
Which consecrate devoutly to thy name
My Muse's labours, which, ere it be long,
May graft some feathers in the wings of Fame,
And with the subject to conforme my song,
May in more loftly lines thy worth proclaime,
With gorgeous colours courting glorie's light,
Till circling seas doe bound her ventrous flight.

Ere thou wast born, and since, Heaven thee endeeres,
Held backe, as best to grace these last worst times;
The world long'd for thy birth three hundred yeeres,
Since first fore-told wrapt in propheticke rimes;
His love to thee, the Lord's deliveries cleeres,
From sea, from sword, from fire, from chance, from crimes,
And that to him thou onely might be bound,
Thy selfe was still the meanes foes to confound.

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I doe not doubt but Albion's warlike coast,
(Sill kept unconquer'd by the Heaven's decree)
The Picts expell'd, the Danes repell'd, did boast
(In spite of all Rome's power) a state still free,
As that which was ordain'd (though long time crost
In this Herculean birth) to bring forth thee,
Whom many a famous sceptred parent brings
From an undaunted race to doe great things.

Of this divided ile the nurslings brave,
Earst, from intestine warres could not desist,
Yet did in forraine fields their names engrave,
Whilst whom one spoil'd the other would assist:
Those now made one, whilst such a head they have,
What world of words were able to resist? [now,
Thus hath thy worth (great Iames) conjoyn'd them
Whom battles oft did breake, but never bow.

And so, most justly thy renowned deeds
Doe raise thy fame above the starry round,
Which in the world a glad amazement breeds,
To see the vertues (as they merit) crown'd,
Whilst thou (great monarch) who in power exceeds,
With vertuous goodnesse do'st vast greatnesse bound,
Where, if thou lik'dst to be more great then good,
Thou might'st soone build a monarchie with bloud.

O! this faire world without the world, no doubt,
Which Neptune strongly guards with liquid bands,
As aptest so to rule the realmes about,
She by herselfe (as most majesticke) stands,
Thence (the world's mistris) to give judgement out,
With full authority for other lands,
Which on the seas would gaze, attending still,
By wind-wing'd messengers, their soveraigne's will.

The southerne regions did all realmes surpasse,
And were the first which sent great armies forth;
Yet soveraignty that there first founded was,
Still by degrees hath drawne unto the north,
To this great climate which it could not passe,
The fatall period bounding all true worth:
For, it cannot from hence a passage finde,
By roring rampiers still with us confinde.

As waters which a masse of earth restraines,
(If they by swelling high begin to vent)
Doe rage disdaineful'ly over all the plaines,
As with strict borders scorning to be pent:
Even so this masse of earth, that thus remaynes,
Wall'd in with waves, if (to burst out when bent)
(The bounding flouds ore-flow'd) it rush forth, then
That deluge would ore-run the world with men.

Then since (great prince) the torrent of thy power
May drowne whole nations in a scarlet floud,
On infidels thy indignation powre,
And bathe not Christian bounds with Christian bloud:
The tyrant Ottoman (who would devoure
All the reedeemed souls) may be withstood,
While as thy troups (great Albion's emperor) once
Do comfort Christ's afflicted flock which moanes.

Thy thundring troups might take the stately rounds
Of Constantine's great towne renown'd in vaine,
And barre the barbarous Turks the baptiz'd bounds,
Reconquering Godfrey's conquests once againe;
O, well spent labours! O illustrious wounds!
Whose trophees should eternall glory gaine,
And make the lyon to be fear'd farre more,
Then ever was the eagle of before.

But, O thrice happy thou that of thy throne
The boundlesse power for such an use controuls!
Which if some might command to raigne alone,
Of all their life they would be-bloud the scrouls,
And to content the haughtie thoughts of one
Would sacrifize a thousand thousand souls, [might,
Which thou do'st spare, though having sprite and
To challenge all the world as thine owne right.

Then unto whom more justly could I give
Those famous ruines of extended states
(Which did the world of libertie deprive
By force or fraud to reare tyrannick seats)
Then unto thee, who may and will not live
Like those proud monarchs borne to stormy fates?
But whil'st, frank-sprited prince, thou this wouldst flee,
Crowns come unsought, and scepters seek to thee.

Vnto the ocean of thy worth I send
Those runnels, rising from a rash attempt;
Not that I to augment that depth pretend,
Which Heavens from all necessitie exempt,
The Gods small gifts of zealous mindes commend,
While hecatombes are holden in contempt:
So (sir) I offer at your vertues' shrine
This little incense, or this smoke of mine.

TO THE AUTHOR OF

THE MONARCHICKE TRAGEDIES.

Well may the programme of thy tragicke stage
Invite the curious pompe-expecting eyes
To gaze on present showes of passed age,
Which just desert Monarchicke dare baptize. [arise
Crownes, throwne from thrones to tombes, detomb'd
To match thy Muse with a monarchicke theame,
That whilst her sacred soaring cuts the skyes,
A vulgar subject may not wrong the same:
And which gives most advantage to thy fame,
The worthiest monarch that the Sunne can see,
Doth grace thy labours with his glorious name,
And daignes protector of thy birth to be:
Thus all monarchicke, patron, subject, stile,
Make thee the monarch-tragicke of this ile.

S. ROBERT AYTON.

IN

PRAISE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

HIS TRAGEDY OF DARIUS.

A SONNET.

Give place all ye to dying Darius' wounds,
While this great Greek him in his throne enstalls,
Who fell before seven-ported Thebes' wals,
Or under Ilion's old sky-threatening rounds.
Your sowre-sweet voyce not halfe so sadly sounds,
Though I confesse, most famous be your fals,
Slaine, sacrific'd, transported, and made thrals;
Thrown headlong, burnt, and banish't from your [bounds:
Whom Sophocles, Euripides have song,
And Æschylus in stately tragicke tune:
Yet none of all hath so divinely done
As matchlesse Menstrie in his native tongue.
Thus Darius' ghost seemes glad now to be so,
Triumpht on twise by Alexanders two.

IO. MURRAY.

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CHORUSES

IN THE TRAGEDY OF CROESUS.

CHORUS FIRST.

IAT can man's wandring thoughts confine,
ıatisfie his fancies all?
whil'st he wonders doth designe,
n great things then doe seeme but small;
at terrour can his sprite appall,
ilst taking more then it can hold,
to himselfe contentment doth assigne;
minde, which monsters breeds,
gination feeds,
l with high thoughts quite headlongs rold,
il'st seeking here a perfect ease to finde,
uld but melt mountains, and embrace the winde.

ıat wonder though the soule of man
sparke of Heaven that shines below)
:h labour by all meanes it can,
e to it selfe, it selfe to show?
: heavenly essence, Heaven would know,
: from this masse, (where bound) till free,
th paine both spend life's little span;
: better part would be above:
l th' earth from th' earth cannot remove;
w can two contraries agree?
Thus as the best part or the worth doth move,
ın of much worth, or of no worth doth prove."

from what fountaine doe proceed
ese humours of so many kindes?
ch braine doth divers fancies breed,
ıs many men, as many mindes:"
d in the world a man scarce findes
other of his humour right,
r are there two so like indeed,
we remarke their severall graces,
d lineaments of both their faces,
at can abide the proofe of sight.
f th' outward formes then differ as they doe;
force th' affections must be different too."

! passions spoile our better part,
e soule is vext with their dissentions;
e make a God of our owne heart,
d worship all our vaine inventions;
is braine-bred mist of apprehensions
e minde doth with confusion fill;
hil'st reason in exile doth smart,
d few are free from this infection,
r all are slaves to some affection,
hich doth oppresse the judgement still:
Those partiall tyrants, not directed right,
en of the clearest mindes eclipse the light."

thousand times, O happy he!
ho doth his passions so subdue,
ıat he may with cleare reason's eye
ıeir imperfection's fountaines view,
ıat so he may himselfe renew,
ho to his thoughts prescribing lawes,
ight set his soule from bondage free,
ıd never from bright reason swerve,
ıt making passions it to serve,
ould weigh each thing as there were cause:
greater were that monarch of the minde!
ıen if he might command from Thule to Inde.

CHORUS SECOND.

Of all the creatures bred below,
We must call man most miserable;
Who all his time is never able
To purchase any true repose;
His very birth may well disclose
What miseries his blisse ore-throw:
For, first (when born) he cannot know
Who to his state is friend or foe,
Nor how at first he may stand stable,
But even with cryes, and teares, doth show
What dangers do his life enclose;
Whose griefes are sure, whose joyes a fable;
Thus still his dayes in dolour so
He to huge perils must expose;
And with vexation lives, and dyes with woe,
Not knowing whence he came, nor where to go.

Then whilst he holds this lowest place,
O! how uncertaine is his state?
The subject of a constant fate,
To figure forth inconstancy,
Which ever changing as we see,
Is still a stranger unto peace:
For if man prosper but a space,
With each good successe fondly bold,
And puft up in his owne conceit.
He but abuses fortune's grace;
And when that with adversity
His pleasure's treasures end their date,
And with disasters are controll'd,
Straight he begins for griefe to dye:
And still the top of some extreame doth hold,
Not suffring summer's heat, nor winter's cold.

His state doth in most danger stand,
Who most abounds in worldly things,
And soares too high with fortune's wings,
Which carry up aspiring mindes,
To be the object of all windes;
The course of such when rightly scan'd,
(Whilst they cannot themselves command)
Transported with an empty name,
Oft unexpected ruine brings;
There were examples in this land,
How worldly blisse the senses blindes,
From which at last oft trouble springs;
He who presumes upon the same,
Hidde poyson in his pleasure findes;
And sayling rashly with the windes of fame,
Doth oft times sinke downe in a sea of shame.

It may be fear'd our king at last,
Whil'st he for nothing is afraid,
Be by prosperity betray'd:
For, growing thus in greatnesse still,
And having worldly things at will,
He thinks though time should all things waste,
Yet his estate shall ever last
The wonder of this peopled round;
And in his own conceit hath said:
No course of Heaven his state can cast,
Nor make his fortune to be ill;
But if the gods a way have lay'd
That he must come to be uncrown'd,
What sudden feares his minde may fill,
And in an instant utterly confound
The state which stands upon so slippery ground?

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When such a monarch's minde is bent
To follow most the most unwise,
Who can their folly well disguise
With sugred speeches, poisnous baits,
The secret canker of great states,
From which at first few dissassent,
The which at last all do repent,
Then whil'st they must to ruine go;
When kings begin thus to despise
Of honest men the good intent,
Who to assure their soveraignes' seats
Would faine in time some help devise,
And would cut off all cause of woe,
Yet cannot second their conceits:
These dreadfull comets commonly fore-go
A king's destruction, when miscarried so.

CHORUS THIRD.

Those who command above,
High presidents of Heaven,
By whom all things doe move,
As they have order given,
What worldling can arise,
Against them to repine?
Whilst castell'd in the skies,
With providence divine;
They force this peopled round,
Their judgements to confesse,
And in their wrath confound
Proud mortalls who transgresse.
The bounds to them assign'd
By Nature in their mind.

Base brood of th' Earth, vaine man,
Why brag'st thou of thy might?
The Heavens thy courses scan,
Thou walk'st still in their sight;
Ere thou wast born, thy deedes
Their registers dilate,
And thinke that none exceedes
The bounds ordain'd by fate;
What Heavens would have thee to,
Though they thy wayes abhorre,
That thou of force must doe,
And thou canst doe no more:
This reason would fulfill,
Their worke should serve their will.

Are we not heires of death,
In whom there is no trust?
Who, toss'd with restlesse breath,
Are but a dramme of dust;
Yet fooles when as we erre,
And Heavens doe wrath contract,
If they a space deferre
Iust vengeance to exact,
Pride in our bosome creepes,
And misinformes us thus,
That Iove in pleasure sleepes,
Or takes no care of us:
"The eye of Heaven beholds,
What every heart enfoldes."

The gods digest no crime,
Though they (delaying long)
In the offender's time,
Seeme to neglect a wrong,
Till others of their race
Fill up the cup of wrath,
Whom ruine and disgrace
Long time attended hath;
And Gyges fault we feare,
To Crœsus charge be lay'd,
Which Iove will not forbeare,
Though it be long delay'd:
"For, O! sometimes the gods
Must plague sinne with sharpe rods."

And loe, how Crœsus still,
Tormented in his minde,
Like to reeds on a hill,
Doth quake at every winde!
Each step a terrour brings;
Dreames do by night afflict him,
And by day many things;
All his thoughts doe convict him;
He his starre would controule,
This makes ill not the worst,
Whilst he wounds his own soule,
With apprehensions first:
"Man may his fate foresee,
But not shunne Heaven's decree."

CHORUS FOURTH.

Loe all our time even from our birth,
In misery almost exceeds:
For where we finde a moment's mirth,
A month of mourning still succeeds;
Besides the evils that nature breeds,
Whose paines doe us each day appall,
Infirmities which frailty sends,
The losse of that which fortune lends;
And such disasters as oft fall,
Yet to farre worse our states are thrall,
Whil'st wretched man with man contends,
And every one his whole force bends,
How to procure another's losses,
But this torments us most of all:
The minde of man, which many a fancy tosses,
Doth forge unto it selfe a thousand crosses.

O how the soule with all her might
Doth her celestiall forces straine,
That so she may attaine the light
Of Nature's wonders, which remaine
Hid from our eyes! we strive in vaine
To seeke out things that are unsure:
In sciences to seeme profound,
We dive so deepe, we finde no ground;
And the more knowledge we procure,
The more it doth our mindes allure,
Of mysteries the depth to sound;
Thus our desires we never bound;
Which by degrees thus drawn on still,
The memory may not endure;
But like the tubs which Danaus' daughters fill,
Doth drinke no oftner then constrain'd to spill.

Yet how comes this? and O how can
Cleare knowledge thus (the soule's chiefe treasure)
Be cause of such a crosse to man,
Which should afford him greatest pleasure?
This is, because we cannot measure

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limits that to it belong,
(bent to tempt forbidden things)
soare too high with nature's wings,
weakest whil'st we thinke us strong;
Heavens, which hold we do them wrong
ry their grounds, and what thence springs,
crosse upon us justly brings:
h knowledge, knowledge is confus'd,
growes a griefe ere it be long;
hat which a blessing is when rightly us'd,
h grow the greatest crosse when once abus'd.

what avaiels this unto us,
o in this vaile of woes abide,
h endlesse toyles to study thus
learn the thing that Heaven would hide?
trusting to too blinde a guide,
py the planets how they move,
too (transgressing common barres)
constellation of the starres,
all that is decreed above,
ereof (as oft the end doth prove)
ecret sight our wel-fare marres,
in our brests breeds endlesse warres,
il'st what our horoscopes foretell,
expectations doe disprove:
se apprehended plagues prove such a Hell,
t then we would unknow them till they fell.

s is the pest of great estates,
y by a thousand meanes devise
w to fore-know their doubtful fates;
l like new gyants, scale the skies,
vens secret store-house to surprise;
ich sacrilegious skill we see
th what great paine they apprehend it,
d then how foolishly they spend it.
learne the thing that once must be;
y should we seeke our destiny?
t be good, we long attend it;
t be ill none may amend it:
h knowledge but torments the minde;
t us attend the Heavens' decree:
r those whom this ambiguous art doth blinde,
y what they seeke to flye, the rather finde.

d loe of late, what hath our king
his preposterous travels gain'd,
searching out each threatned thing,
hich Atis' horoscope contain'd?
r what the Heavens had once ordain'd,
at by no meanes he could prevent;
d yet he labours to finde out
rough all the oracles about,
future things the hid event.
is doth his raging minde torment:
ow in his age unwisely stout)
fight with Cyrus, but no doubt
e Heavens are griev'd thus to heare told
ng ere the time their darke intent.
t such of Tantalus the state behold,
ho dare the secrets of great Iove unfold.

CHORUS FIFTH.

'r not a wonder thus to see
ow by experience each man reeds
practis'd volumes penn'd by deeds,
ow things below inconstant be;
et whil'st our selves continue free,
We ponder oft, but not apply
That pretious oyle, which we might buy,
Best with the price of others' paines,
Which (as what not to us pertaines)
To use we will not condescend,
As if we might the fates defie,
Still whilst untouch'd our state remaines;
But soon the Heavens a change may send:
No perfect blisse before the end.

When first we fill with fruitfull seed
The apt conceiving wombe of th' Earth,
And seeme to banish feare of dearth;
With that which it by time may breed,
Still dangers do our hopes exceed:
The frosts may first with cold confound
The tender greenes which decke the ground,
Whose wrath though April's smiles asswage,
It must abide th' Eolian rage,
Which too ore-com'd, whilst we attend
All Ceres' wandring tresses bound,
The reines let from their cloudy cage
May spoile what we expect to spend:
No perfect blisse before the end.

Loe, whil'st the vine-tree great with grapes,
With nectar'd liquor strives to kisse
Embracing elmes not lov'd amisse,
Those clusters lose their comely shapes,
Whilst by the thunder burn'd, in heapes
All Bacchus hopes fall downe and perish:
Thus many thing doe fairly flourish,
Which no perfection can attaine,
And yet we worldlings are so vaine,
That our conceits too high we bend,
If fortune but our spring-time cherish,
Though divers stormes we must sustaine,
To harvest ere our yeares ascend:
No perfect blisse before the end.

By all who in this world have place,
There is a course which must be runne,
And let none thinke that he hath wonne,
Till first he finish'd hath his race;
The forrests through the which we trace,
Breed ravenous beasts, which doe abhorre us,
And lye in wait still to devoure us,
Whil'st brambles doe our steppes beguile,
The feare of which though we exile,
And to our marke with gladnesse tend,
Then balles of gold are laid before us,
To entertaine our thoughts a while,
And our good meaning to suspend:
No perfect blisse before the end.

Behold how Crœsus long hath liv'd,
Throughout this spatious world admir'd,
And having all that he desir'd,
A thousand meanes of joy contriv'd;
Yet suddenly is now depriv'd
Of all that wealth; and strangely falles:
For every thing his sprite appalles,
His sonne's decease, his countrye's losse,
And his owne state, which stormes doe tosse:
Thus he who could not apprehend,
Then whil'st he slept in marble walles,
No, nor imagine any crosse,
To beare all those his brest must lend:
No perfect blisse before the end.

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And we the Lydians who design'd
To raigne over all who were about us,
Behold how fortune too doth flout us,
And utterly hath us resign'd;
For, to our selves we that assign'd
A monarchie, but knew not how,
Yet thought to make the world to bow,
Which at our forces stood afraid,
We, we by whom these plots were laid,
To thinke of bondage must descend,
And beare the yoke of others now,
O, it is true that Solon said!
While as he yet doth breath extend,
No man is blest; behold the end.

CHORUSES

TO THE TRAGEDY OF DARIUS.

CHORUS FIRST.

O more then miserable minde,
Which of all things it selfe worst knowes!
And through presumption made quite blinde,
Is puffed up with every winde,
Which fortune in derision blowes.
The man no stable blisse can finde,
Whose heart is guided by his eye,
And trusts too much betraying showes,
Which make a cunning lye,
Oft short prosperity
Breeds long adversity:
For, who abuse the first, the last ore-throwes.
What thing so good which not some harme may bring?
Even to be happy is a dangerous thing.

Who on himselfe too much depends,
And makes an idoll of his wit:
For every favour fortune sends,
Selfe-flatterer still himselfe commends,
And will no sound advice admit,
But at himselfe beginnes and ends,
And never takes a moment's leisure
To try what fault he may commit:
But, drunke with frothes of pleasure,
Thirsts for praise above measure,
Imaginary treasure,
Which slowly comes, and flyes at every fit;
And what is most commended at this time,
Succeeding ages may account a crime.

A mighty man who is respected,
And by his subjects thought a god,
Thinkes as his name on high erected,
Hath what he list at home effected,
It may like wonders worke abroad,
O how this folly is detected!
For, though he sit in royall seate,
And as he list his vassals lode,
Yet others who are great,
Live not by his conceit,
Nor weigh what he doth threat,
But plague his pride oft ere he feare the rod;
There are rare qualities requir'd in kings,
"A naked name can never worke great things."

They who themselves too much esteeme,
And vainely vilipend their foe,
Oft finde not fortune as they deeme,
And with their treasure would redeeme
Their errour past; behold even so
Our king of blame doth worthy seeme,
His adversary who did scorne
And thought who in his name did goe,
The laurell should have worne,
His triumphs to adorne,
But he with shame hath shorne
The fruits of folly ever ripe with woe:
"An enemy (if it be well advis'd)
"(Though seeming weake) should never be despis'd.

But what? the minions of our kings
Who speake at large, and are beleev'd,
Dare brag of many mighty things,
As they could flye, though wanting wings,
And deeds by words might be atchiev'd;
But time at length their lies to light,
Their soveraigne to confusion brings:
Yet so they gaine, they are not griev'd,
But charme their princes' sight,
And make what 's wrong, seeme right,
Thus ruine they his might:
That when he would, he cannot be reliev'd,
"Moe kings in chambers fall by flatteries charms
Then in the field by th' adversaries armes."

Loe, though the success hath approv'd
What Charidemus had fore-showne,
Yet with his words no man was mov'd,
"For good men first must be remov'd,
Before their worth can well be known;"
The king would heare but what he lov'd,
And what him pleas'd not did despise,
So were the better sort orethrowne;
And sycophants unwise,
Who could the truth disguise,
Were suffered high to rise,
That him who rais'd them up, they might cast down
"Thus princes will not heare, though some deceive them,
Things as they are, but as themselves conceive them."

CHORUS SECOND.

Of all the passions which possesse the soule,
None so disturbes vaine mortals' mindes,
As vaine ambition which so blindes
The light of them, that nothing can controll,
Nor curb their thoughts who will aspire;
This raging vehement desire
Of soveraignty no satisfaction findes,
But in the breasts of men doth ever roule
The restlesse stone of Sisyph to torment them,
And as his heart who stole the heavenly fire,
The vulture gnaws, so doth that monster rent them,
Had they the world, the world would not content them.

This race of Ixion to embrace the clouds,
Contemne the state wherein they stand,
And, save themselves, would all command;
"As one desire is quench'd, another buds;"

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a they have travell'd all their time,
pt bloud on bloud, and crime on crime,
re is an higher power that guides their hand:
e happie he whom a poore cottage shrouds
nst the tempest of the threatning Heaven;
tands in feare of none, none envies him;
heart is upright, and his wayes are even,
ere others states are still twixt six and seven.

t damned wretch up with ambition blowne,
n whil'st he turnes the wheele about,
owne high, and low, within, without,
triving for the top is tumbling downe.
hose who delight in climbing high,
by a precipice do dye,"
lo the starres skie-climbing worldlings flout;
this disease is fatall to a crowne: [bounds,
gs, who have most, would most augment their
if they be not all, they cannot be,
ich to their damage commonly redounds,
he weight of too great states themselves confounds."

e mighty toyling to enlarge their state,
emselves exceedingly deceive,
hazarding the thing they have
a felicity which they conceive;
ough their dominions they increase,
t their desires grow never lesse,
though they conquer much, yet more they crave,
hich fatall fortune doth attend the great,
d all the outward pompe that they assume
th but with shows disguise the minds distresse;
d who to conquer all the Earth presume,
little earth shall them at last consume.

d if it fortune that they dye in peace,
wonder wondrous rarely seene)
ho conquer first, Heavens finde a meane
raze their empire, and oft-times their race,
ho comming to the crowne with rest,
d having all in peace possest,
straight forget what bloudy broyles have beene,
e first their fathers could attaine that place;
As seas do flow and ebbe, states rise and fall,
d princes when their actions prosper best,
r feare their greatnesse should oppresse the small,
of some hated, envied are of all."

e know what end the mighty Cyrus made,
hom whil'st he striv'd to conquer still,
woman (justly griev'd) did kill,
d in a bloudy vessell roll'd his head,
hen said, (whil'st many wondring stood)
Since thou didst famish for such food,
ow quench thy thirst of bloud with bloud at will;"
me who succeeded him, since he was dead,
averaign'd a space with pompe, and yet with paine,
hose glory now can do to us no good;
nd what so long they labour'd to obtaine,
ll in an instant must be lost againe.

oe, Darius once so magnified by fame,
y one whom he contemn'd ore-come,
or all his bravery now made dombe,
With down-cast eyes must signifie his shame;
Who puft up with ostentive pride,
hinke Fortune bound to serve their side,
an never scape, to be the prey of some;
Such spend their prosp'rous dayes, as in a dreame
And as it were in Fortune's bosome sleeping,
Then in a dull security abide,
And of their doubtfull state neglect the keeping,
Whil'st fearfull ruine comes upon them creeping.

Thus the vicissitude of worldly things
Doth oft to us it selfe detect,
When heavenly pow'rs exalt, deject,
Confirme, confound, erect, and ruine kings.
So Alexander, mighty now,
To whom the vanquish'd world doth bow,
With all submission, homage, and respect,
Doth flie a borrow'd flight with Fortune's wings;
Nor enters he his dangerous course to ponder;
Yet if once Fortune bend her cloudy brow,
All those who at his sudden successe wonder,
May gaze as much to see himselfe brought under.

CHORUS THIRD.

Time, through love's judgement just,
Huge alterations brings:
Those are but fooles who trust
In transitory things,
Whose tailes beare mortall stings,
Which in the end will wound;
And let none thinke it strange,
Though all things earthly change:
In this inferiour round
What is from ruine free?
The elements which be
At variance (as we see)
Each th' other doth confound:
The earth and ayre make warre,
The fire and water are
Still wrestling at debate,
All those through cold and heat,
Through drought and moisture jarre.
What wonder though men change and fade,
Who of those changing elements are made?

How dare vaine worldlings vaunt
Of Fortune's goods not lasting,
Evils which our wits enchant?
Expos'd to losse and wasting!
Loe, we to death are hasting,
Whil'st we those things discusse:
All things from their beginning,
Still to an end are running,
Heaven hath ordain'd it thus;
We heare how it doth thunder,
We see th' earth burst asunder,
And yet we never ponder
What this imports to us:
Those fearefull signes doe prove,
That th' angry pow'rs above
Are mov'd to indignation
Against this wretched nation,
Which they no longer love:
What are we but a puffe of breath
Who live assur'd of nothing but of death?

Who was so happy yet
As never had some crosse?
Though on a throne he sit,
And is not us'd with losse,
Yet Fortune once will tosse

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Him, when that least he would;
If one had all at once
Hydaspes' precious stones,
And yellow Tagus gold;
The orientall treasure,
And every earthly pleasure,
Even in the greatest measure,
It should not make him bold:
For while he lives secure,
His state is most unsure;
When it doth least appeare,
Some heavy plague drawes neare,
Destruction to procure.
World's glory is but like a flowre,
Which both is bloom'd, and blasted in an houre.

In what we most repose,
We finde our comfort light,
The thing we soonest lose
That 's pretious in our sight;
For honour, riches, might,
Our lives in pawne we lay;
Yet all like flying shadowes,
Or flowers enamelling meadowes,
Doe vanish and decay.
Long time we toile to finde
Those idols of the minde,
Which had, we cannot binde
To bide with us one day:
Then why should we presume
On treasures that consume,
Difficult to obtaine,
Difficult to retaine,
A dreame, a breath, a fume?
Which vexe them most, that them possesse,
Who starve with store, and famish with excesse.

CHORUS FOURTH.

Some new disaster daylie doth fore-show
Our comming ruine: wee have seene our best:
For Fortune, bent us wholy to orethrow,
Throwes downe our king from her wheele's height so low,
That by no meanes his state can be redrest:
For, since by armes his pow'r hath beene represst,
Both friends and servants leave him all alone;
Few have compassion of his state distrest,
To him themselves a number false doth show;
So foes and faithlesse friends conspir'd in one,
Fraile Fortune and the Fates with them agree:
"All runne with hatchets on a falling tree."

This prince in prosp'rous state hath flourish'd long,
And never dream'd of ill, did thinke farre lesse,
But was well follow'd whilst his state was strong;
Him flattering Syrens with a charming song
Striv'd to exalt, then whilst he did possesse
This earthly drosse, that with a vaine excesse
He might reward their mercenarie love;
But now when Fortune drives him to distresse,
His favourites whom he remain'd among,
They straight with her (as her's) their faith remove;
And who for gaine to follow him were wont;
They after gaine by his destruction hunt.

O more then happie ten times were that king,
Who were unhappie but a little space,
So that it did not utter ruine bring,
But made him prove (a profitable thing)
Who of his traine did best deserve his grace;
Then could, and would of, those the best embra
Such vulturs fled as follow but for prey,
That faithfull servants might possesse their pla
All gallant minds it must with anguish sting,
Whilst wanting meanes their vertue to display;
This is the griefe which bursts a generous heart;
When favour comes by chance, not by desart.

Those minions oft to whom kings doe extend,
Above their worth, immoderate good-will,
(The buttes of common hate oft hit in end)
In prosp'rous times they onely doe depend,
Not upon them, but on their fortune still,
Which if it change, they change, them though th
Their hopes with honour, and their chests with coy
Yet if they fall, or their affaires goe ill,
Those whom they rais'd will not with them descen
But with the side most stronge all straight doe joy
And doe forget all what was given before,
When once of them they can expect no more.

The truth hereof in end this strange event
In Bessus and Narbazenes hath prov'd,
On whom their prince so prodigally spent
Affection, honour, titles, treasure, rent,
And all that might an honest minde have mov'd
So bountyfull a prince still to have lov'd,
Who so benignely tendred had their state;
Yet traitours vile (all due respects remov'd)
They him to strike the strength he gave have be
Soe as he now may rue, although too late,
That slie camelions, changing thus their hue,
To servants were preferr'd, who still were true.

But though those traitours for a space doe spee
No doubt the Heavens once vengeance will exac
The very horrour of this hainous deed,
Doth make the hearts of honest men to bleed:
Yea, even the wicked hate this barbarous act:
The Heavens no higher choler can contract,
Then for the forcing of a sacred king,
Whose state (if rage doe not their mindes distrac
Must feare and reverence in inferiours breed,
To whom from him all what is theirs doth spri
But though on th' Earth men should neglect t wrong,
Heavens will those traitours plague ere it be lo

CHORUS FIFTH.

What makes vaine worldlings so to swell with p
Who come of th' earth, and soone to th' earth turne?
So hellish furies with their fire-brands burne
Proud and ambitious men, that they divide
Them from themselves, and so turmoyle th
That all their time they study still [min
How to content a boundlesse will,
Which never yet a full contentment findes;
Who so this flame within his bosome smothers,
He many fancies doth contrive,
And even forgets himselfe alive,
To be remembred after death by others;

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Thus while he is, his paines are never ended,
That whil'st he is not, he may be commended.

What can this help the happinesse of kings
So to subdue their neighbours as they do?
And make strange nations tributaries too?
"The greater state, the greater trouble brings;"
Their pompes and triumphs stand them in no stead;
Their arches, tombs, pyramides high,
And statutes, are but vanity:
They dye, and yet would live in what is dead;
And while they live, we see their glorious actions
Oft wrested to the worst, and all their life
Is but a stage of endlesse toyle and strife,
Of tumults, uproars, mutinies, and factions;
"They rise with feare, and lye with danger downe,
Huge are the cares which wait upon a crowne."

And as ambition princes under-mynes,
So doth it those who under them rule all:
We see in how short time they rise and fall,
How oft their light ecclips'd but dimmely shines;
They long time labour by all meanes to move
Their prince to value much their parts,
And when advanc'd by subtle arts,
O what a danger is 't to be above!
For, straight expos'd to hatred, and despight,
With all their skill they cannot march so even;
But some opprobrious scandall will be given:
For all men envy them who have most might;
"And if the king dislike them once, then straight
The wretched courtiers fall with their owne weight."

Some of a sprite more poore, who would be prais'd,
And yet have nought for which to be esteem'd,
What they are not in deed would faine be deem'd,
And indirectly labour to be rais'd.
This crue each publicke place of honour haunts,
And (changing garments every day)
Whil'st they would hide, do but bewray
With outward ornaments their inward wants;
And men of better judgement justly loath
Those, who in outward shows place all their care,
And decke their bodies, whil'st their mindes are bare,
Like to a shadow, or a painted cloth,
The multitude, which but th' apparell notes,
Doth homage, not to them, but to their cotes.

Yet princes must be serv'd, and with all sorts:
Some both to do, and counsell what is best,
Some serve for cyphers to set out the rest,
Like life-lesse pictures which adorne the ports;
Faire palaces replenish'd are with feares,
Those seeming pleasures are but snares,
The royall robe doth cover cares;
Th' Assyrian dye deare buys he who it beares;
Those dainty delicates, and farre-fetch'd food,
Oft (through suspition) savour out of season,
Embrodred beds, and tapestries hatch treason;
The golden goblets mingled are with bloud.
Such shows the shadows are when greatnesse shines,
Whose state by them the gazing world divines."

O happie he who, farre from fame, at home,
Securely sitting by a quiet fire,
(Though having little) doth not more desire,
But first himselfe, then all things doth orecome;
His purchase weigh'd, or what his parents left,
He squares his charges to his store,
And takes not what he must restore,
Nor eates the spoyles that from the poore were reft:
Not proud, nor base, he (scorning creeping art)
From jealous thoughts and envy free,
No poyson feares in cups of tree;
No treason harbours in so poore a part:
No heavy dreame doth vex him when he sleeps,
"A guiltlesse minde the guardlesse cottage keeps."

He doth not studie much what stormes may blow,
Whose poverty can hardly be impair'd;
He feares no forraine force, nor craves no guard;
None doth desire his spoyle, none looks so low,
Whereas the great are commonly once crost,
As Darius hath beene in his flowre,
Or Sisigambis at this houre,
Who hath scap'd long, and now at length is lost:
But how comes this, that potentates oft fall,
And must confesse this trouble of their soule?
There is some higher pow'r that can controull,
The monarchs of the Earth, and censure all:
Who once will call their actions to account,
And them represse who to oppresse were prompt.

CHORUSES

IN THE ALEXANDREAN TRAGEDY.

CHORUS FIRST.

What strange adventures now
Distract distressed mindes
With such most monstrous formes?
When silence doth allow
The peace that nature findes,
And that tumultuous windes
Do not disturbe with stormes
An universall rest:
When Morpheus hath represt
Th' impetuous waves of cares,
And with a soft sleepe bindes
Those tyrants of the brest,
Which would spread forth most dangerous snares
To sink affliction in despaires:
Huge horrours then arise
The elements to marre,
With most disastrous signes:
Arm'd squadrons in the skies,
With lances throwne from farre,
Do make a monstrous warre,
Whil'st furie nought confines:
The dragons vomit fire,
And make the starres retire
Out of their orbes for feare,
To satisfie their ire,
Which Heaven's high buildings not forbear,
But seem the crystall towres to teare;
Amidst this ayre, fierce blasts
Doe boast with blustring sounds
To crush the mighty frame,
Which (whilst the tempest lasts)
Doth rent the stately rounds,
To signifie what wounds
To all her off-spring's shame,
Shall burst th' Earth's vaynes with bloud,
And this all-circling floud
(As it the Heavens would drowne)
Doth passe the bounding bounds,
And all the scalie brood
Reare roaring Neptune's foamie crowne,
Whilst th' Earth for feare seems to sinke downe:

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Those whom it bid, with horrour
Their asby lodgings leave,
To re-enjoy the light,
Or else some panicke terrour
Our judgement did bereave,
Whilst first we misconceive,
And so prejudge the sight;
Or, in the bodie's stead,
The genius of the dead
Turnes backe from Styx againe,
Which Dis will not receive,
Till it a time, engendring dread,
Plague (whilst it doth on th' Earth remaine)
All else with feare, it selfe with paine.
These fearefull signes fore-show
(All nations to appall)
What plagues are to succeed.
Since death hath layd him low,
Who first had made us thrall,
We heard that straight his fall
Our liberty would breed;
But this proves no reliefe:
For, many (O what griefe!)
The place of one supply;
And we must suffer all;
Thus was our comfort briefe:
O! rarely doe usurpers dye,
But others will their fortune try.

CHORUS SECOND.

O happy was that guiltless age
When as Astræa liv'd below:
And that Bellona's barbarous rage
Did not all order quite o'rethrow.
Then whil'st all did themselves content
With that thing which they did possesse,
And gloried in a little rent,
As wanting meanes to make excesse;
Those could no kind of want bemone,
For, craving nought, they had all things:
And since none sought the regal throne,
Whil'st none were subjects, all were kings:
"O! to true blisse their course was set,
Who got to live, nor live to get."

Then innocency naked liv'd,
And had no need, nor thought of armes,
Whil'st spightful sprits no meanes contriv'd,
To plague the simple sort with harmes:
Then snaring laws did not extend
The bounds of reason as they do,
Strife oft begun where it should end,
One doubt but clear'd to foster two:
By conscience then all order stood,
By which darke things were soone discern'd,
Whil'st all behov'd there to be good,
Whereas no evill was to be learn'd:
And how could any then prove naught,
Whil'st by example virtue taught?

Then mortals' mindes all strong and pure,
Free from corruption lasted long,
(By innocency kept secure)
When none did know how to do wrong:
Then sting'd with no suspicious thought,
Men mischief did from none expect:
For what in them could not be wrought,
In others they would not suspect;
And though none did sterne laws impart,
That might to virtue men compell,
Each one, by habit, in his heart
Had grav'd a law of doing well:
And did all wickedness forbeare
Of their free-will, and not for feare.

The first who spoil'd the publick rest,
And did disturb this quiet state,
Was Avarice, the greatest pest
Which doth of darknesse fill the seat;
A monster very hard to daunt,
Leane, as dry'd up with inward care,
(Though full of wealth) for feare of want
Still at the borders of despayre;
Scarce taking food for nature's ease,
Nor for the cold sufficient clothing,
She whom her owne could never please,
Thinks all have much, and she hath nothing:
This daughter of sterne Pluto, still
Her father's dungeons strives to fill.

That monster-tamer most renown'd,
The great Alcides, Thebes' glory,
Who (for twelve several labours crown'd)
Was famous made by many a story,
As one who all his time had toyl'd
To purge the world of such like pests,
Who robbers rob'd, and spoylers spoyl'd,
Still humbling haughty tyrants' crests,
He by this monster once o'er-throwne,
Did passe in Spaine ore lands and floods,
And there took more than was his owne,
What right had he to Gerion's goods?
Thus Avarice the world deceives,
And makes the greatest conquerors slaves.

Ah! when to plague the world with griefe,
This poore-rich monster once was borne,
Then weakness could finde no reliefe,
And subtiltie did conscience scorne:
Yet some who labour'd to recall
That blisse which gilded the first age,
Did punishment prepare for all,
Who did their thoughts in vice engage;
And yet the more they laws did bring,
That to be good might men constraine,
The more they sought to do the thing
From which the laws did them restraine.
So that by custome alter'd quite,
The world in ill doth most delight.

CHORUS THIRD.

Loe, how all good decayes,
And ills doe now abound;
In this sky-compass'd round,
There is no kinde of trust:
For, man-kinde whilst it strayes
In pleasure-paved wayes,
With flouds of vice is drown'd;
And doth (farre from refuge)
In endlesse shadowes lodge,
Yet strives to rise no more:
No doubt (as most unjust)
The world once perish must,
And worse now to restore,
Then it was of before,

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When at the last deluge,
Men by Deucalion once
Were made againe of stones;
And well this wicked race
Bewrayes a stony kinde,
Which beares a stubborne minde,
Still hardned unto sinne.
Loe, now in every place
All vertuous motions cease,
And sacred faith we finde,
Farre from the earth is fled,
Whose flight huge mischiefe bred,
And filles the world with warres,
Whilst impious brests begin
To let base treason in:
Which common concord marres,
Whilst all men live at jarres,
And nets of fraud doe spreade,
The simple to surprise,
Too witty, but not wise;
Yet those who in deceit
Their confidence repose,
A thing more deare doe lose
Then can by guile be gain'd;
Which when repented late,
May ruine once their state,
Whilst purer sprites disclose
With what their breasts are stor'd;
For, though they would remord,
They get not trust againe;
But, having honour stain'd,
And covenants prophan'd,
Are held in high disdaine,
"And doe in end remaine,
Of all the world abhorr'd;
Not trusty when they should,
Not trusted when they would:"
But ah! our nobles now,
Loe, like Lysander still,
So that they get their will,
Regard not by what way,
And with a shamelesse brow,
Doe of the end allow,
Even though the meanes were ill;
Which all the world may see,
Disgraceth their degree,
Who (changing every houre)
Doe all base slights assay;
What can brave mindes dismay,
Whose worth is like a tower,
Against all fortune's pow'r,
Still from all fraud whilst free?
"These keepe their course unknowne,
Whom it would blame if showne:"
Who not from worth digresse,
To slights which feare imparts,
Doe show heroicke hearts,
The which would rather farre
An open hate professe,
Then basely it suppresse:
"No glory comes from fearefull arts:"
But those who doe us lead,
As for dissembling made,
Even though that they intend
Amongst themselves to warre,
Seeme in no sort to jarre,
But friendship doe pretend,
Not like their lord now dead,
Who trusting to his worth,
Still what he meant spake forth;
The great men not for nought,
Doe seeke the people's love:
Their deeds that to approve,
They may their mindes allure:
But Perdiccas is thought,
Too slowly to have sought
Their doubtfull mindes to move,
As one who still conceits
He may command the fates;
His pride so great is growne,
That none can it endure;
Yet stands his state unsure,
Since odious to his owne:
"He must be once orethrowne,
Whose humour each man hates,
Pride doth her followers all
Lead head-longs to a fall."

CHORUS FOURTH.

Ah, ah! though man the image of great love,
And, th' onely creature that gives Reason place,
With reverence due unto the powres above,
His heavenly progeny should seeke to prove,
By still resembling the immortall kinde;
Yet makes the world our better part so blinde,
That we the clouds of vanity imbrace,
And from our first excellency decline;
This doth distinguish that celestiall grace, [love,
Which should make soules to burne with vertue's
Whose fancies vice luxuriously now feasts;
"Vice is the Circe that enchants the minde,
And doth transforme her followers all in swine;
Whil'st poyson'd pleasures so corrupt our tastes,
That of halfe-gods, we make our selves whole-beasts:"
And yet of ruthlesse Pluto's raging host,
The vice which doth transport presumptuous hearts,
And makes men from the gods to differ most,
Is cruelty, that to the sufferer's cost,
And actor's both, is often-times appeas'd:
The gods delight to give, and to forgive,
By pardoning, and not by plagueing pleas'd;
And why should men excogitate strange arts,
To show their tyranny, as those who strive
To feed on mischiefe, though the author smarts,
Oft for the deed of which himselfe did boast,
Whil'st whence the blow first came, the griefe doth turne?
"For, that by which the minde at first was ease'd,
May it in th' end the greatest burden give;
Oft those whose cruelty makes many mourne,
Do by the fires which they first kindled burne;
Of other tyrants which oppresse the minde,
With pleasure some delight it, in such sort
That first the hony, then the gall we finde;
And others (though from honor's court declin'd)
Some comfort yeeld (but base) by hope of gaine;
And, though some make us to be loath'd of one,
We by their meanes another's love obtaine;
But cruelty, with which none can comport,
Makes th' authors hated when the deed is done,
Oft even by those whom it did most support,
As that which alienates men from their kinde;
And as humanity the minde enchaunts,
So barbarous soules which from the same refraine,
More fierce than savage beasts, are lov'd of none:
Since with such beasts one with lesse danger haunts,
Then with the man whose minde all mercy wants;"

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Yet though the minde of man, as strong, and rude,
Be ravish'd oft with violent desire,
And must, if fir'd with rage, be quench'd with bloud,
How can this tender sexe, whose glory stood
In having hearts inclin'd to pity, still
It selfe delight in any barbarous deed?
For, Nature seemes in this to use her skill,
In making womens' mindes (though weake) entire,
That weaknesse might, love, and devotion breed;
To which their thoughts (if pure) might best aspire,
As aptest for th' impressions of all good,
But from the best to worst all things do weare;
Since cruelties from feeble mindes proceed, [feare
"In breasts where courage failes, spite, shame and
Make envy, hate, and rigour rule to beare."
Our queene Olympias, who was once so great,
And did such monstrous cruelties commit,
In plaguing Philip, and his queene of late,
Loe, now brought low to taste the like estate,
Must take such entertainment as she gave,
And yet good reason that it should be so,
"Such measure as we give, we must receive."
Whil'st on a throne she proudly earst did sit,
And with disdainefull eyes look'd on her foe,
As onely vanquish'd by her pow'r, and wit,
She did not weigh what doth proceed from fate:
O, O! th' immortals which command above,
Of every state in hand the rudder have,
And as they like, can make us stay or go;
"The griefe of others should us greatly move,
As those who sometime may like fortune prove;
But as experience with rare proofes hath showne,
To look on others, we have linx-his eyes,
Whil'st we would have their imperfections knowne;
Yet (like blinde moles) can never marke our owne.
Such clouds of selfe-regard do dimme our sight;
Why should we be puff'd up when foes do fall?
Since what to day doth on another light,
The same to morrow may our state surprise.
Those that on this inconstant constant ball
Do live environ'd with th' all-circling skies,
Have many meanes whereby to be ore-throwne:
And why should dying worldlings swolne with wrath,
So tyrannize ore an afflicted wight,
Since miseries are common unto all?
Let none be proud who draw a doubtfull breath,
Good hap attends but few, unto their death."

CHORUS FIFTH.

"What damned furies thus tosse mortals' mindes,
With such a violent desire to raigne?
That neither honour, friendship, duty, bloud,
Nor yet no band so sacred is as bindes
Ambitious thoughts which would a kingdome gaine:
But all is buried in blacke Lethe's floud,
That may the course of soveraignty restraine,
Which from the brest doth all respects repell,
And like a torrent cannot be gaine-stood:
Yea many would, a scepter to obtaine,
In spite of all the world, and Iove's owne wrath,
March through the lowest dungeons of the Hels,
And from a diademe would breath with pow'r,
Though all death's engines brag'd them every houre,"

Yet, though such restlesse mindes attaine in th' end
The height to which their haughty hearts aspir'd,
They never can embrace that dreamed blisse,
Which their deluded thoughts did apprehend;
Though by the multitude they be admir'd,
That still to pow'r doth show it selfe submisse;
Yet by the soule still further is requir'd,
Which should seale up th' accomplishment of joy;
"Thus partiall judgements blindely ayme amisse,
At things which stand without our reach retir'd,
Which whilst not ours, as treasures we define,
But not the same whilst we the same enjoy;
Some things a farre doe like the glow-worme shine,
Which look't too neere, have of that light no signe.

No charge on th' Earth more weighty to discharge,
Then that which of a kingdome doth dispose:
O! those who manage must the reynes of state,
Till their pale ghost imbarke in Charon's barge,
They never need t' attend a true repose:
How hard is it to please each man's conceit,
When gaining one, they must another lose?
Thus, hardly kings themselves can evenly beare,
Whom if severe (as cruell) subjects hate;
Contempt dare to the milde it selfe oppose;
Who spare in time, as niggards are despis'd,
Men from too franke a minde, exactions feare,
Though in all shapes (as Proteus us'd) disguis'd,
Kings by some scandall alwaies are surpris'd."

Yet one might well with every thing comport,
Which on opinion onely doth depend,
If further danger follow'd not by deeds,
But every monarch (loe) in many a sort
Death (laid in ambush) alwaies doth attend;
Of some by mut'nous swords the life forth bleeds;
By unsuspected poyson others end,
Which whilst they alwaies labour to prevent,
A thousand deaths within their breasts life breeds;
Loe, this is all for which the great contend,
Who, (whilst their pride themselves and others spoiles)
With their dominions doe their cares augment:
"And O vaine man who toyl'st to double toyles,
Though still the victory the victor foiles:"

Thus Alexander could not be appeas'd,
Whilst he to raise his state did wayes prepare,
Which when made most, diminish'd most remain'd,
Where (with his father's bounds had he beene pleas'd)
He might have left our crowne sure to his heire,
Who by his conquest nought but death hath gayn'd;
Yet for no paines a number now doth spare,
To worke for that by which his wreake was wrought.
Which (though from it they rage to be restrain'd)
Would (if possest) their pleasures but impaire:
Yet they by harme of others seeke the thing
Which by their harme of others will be sought:
"To him and his, each of them death would bring,
That it might once be said he was a king.

We may securely sitting on the shore,
Whilst great men doe (as toss'd on th' ocean) grone,
Taught by their toyles, esteeme much of our rest:
For this doth thousands with affliction store,
Which of the world as most unhappy moane,
If they but chance to view some few more blest,
Where if they would but marke, how many a one
More wretch'd then they in misery doth live,
It straight would calme the most unquiet brest;
The cottage oft is happier then the throne;
To thinke our owne state good, and others' ill,
It could not but a great contentment give:
There much consists in the conceit and will:
To us all things are as we thinke them still."

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CHORUSES

IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

CHORUS FIRST.

"WE should be loath to grieve the gods,
Who hold us in a ballance still;
And as they will
May weigh us up, or downe;
Those who by folly foster pride,
And do deride
The terrour of the thunderer's rods,
In seas of sinne their soules do drowne,
And others them abhorre as most unjust,
Who want religion do deserve no trust:"

How dare fraile flesh presume to rise
(Whil'st it deserves Heaven's wrath to prove)
On th' Earth to move,
Lest that it opening straight,
Give death and buriall both at once?
How dare such ones
Look up unto the skies,
For feare to feele the thunderer's weight?
"All th' elements their Maker's will attend,
As prompt to plague, as men are to offend."

All must be plagu'd who God displease,
Then whil'st he Bacchus rites did scorne,
Was Pentheus torne;
The Delian's high disdaine
Made Niobe (though turn'd a stone)
With teares still mone,
And (Pallas to appease)
Arachne weaves loath'd webbes in vaine:
Heaven hath prepar'd ere ever they begin,
A fall for pride, a punishment for sinne.

Loe, Iuno yet doth still retaine
That indignation once conceiv'd,
For wrong receiv'd
From Paris as we finde;
And for his cause (bent to disgrace
The Trojan race)
Doth hold a high disdaine,
Long layd up in a loftie minde:
"We should abstaine from irritating those
Whose thoughts (if wrong'd) not till reveng'd repose."

Thus, thus for Paris' fond desire,
Who of his pleasures had no part,
For them must smart:
Such be the fruits of lust;
Can heavenly breasts so long time lodge
A secret grudge?
Like mortals thrall to yre,
Till justice sometime seemes unjust?
"Of all the furies which afflict the soule,
Lust and revenge are hardest to controull:"

The gods give them but rarely rest,
Who do against their will contend,
And plagues do spend,
That fortunate in nought,
Their sprits (quite parted from repose)
May still expose
The stormy troubled brest
A prey to each tyrannicke thought:
"All selfe-accusing soules no rest can finde,
What greater torment then a troubled minde?"

Let us adore th' immortall powers,
On whose decree, of all that ends,
The state depends,
That (farre from barbarous broiles)
We of our life this little space
May spend in peace,
Free from affliction's showres;
Or at the least from guilty toyles;
"Let us of rest the treasure strive to gaine,
Without the which nought can be had but paine."

CHORUS SECOND.

"THIS life of ours is like a rose,
Which whilst rare beauties it array,
Doth then enjoy the least repose;
When virgin-like made blush (we see)
Of every hand it is the prey,
And by each winde is blowne away;
Yea, though from violence scap'd free,
(Thus time triumphs, and leades all thrals)
Yet doth it languish and decay:
O! whilst the courage hottest boiles,
And that our life seemes best to be,
It is with dangers compast still;
Whilst it each little change appalles,
The body, force without oft foiles,
It th' owne distemp'rature oft spoiles,
And even, though none it chance to kill,
As nature failes, the body falles,
Of which save death, nought bounds the toyles:
What is this moving tow'r in which we trust?
A little winde clos'd in a cloud of dust."

And yet some sprites though being pent
In this fraile prison's narrow bounds,
(Whilst what might serve, doth not content)
Doe alwaies bend their thoughts too high,
And ayme at all the peopled grounds;
Then whilst their brests ambition wounds,
They feed as fearing straight to dye,
Yet build as if they still might live,
Whilst famish'd for fame's empty sounds:
Of such no end the travell ends,
But a beginning gives, whereby
They may be vex'd worse then before;
For, whilst they still new hopes contrive,
"The hoped good more anguish sends,
Then the possess'd contentment lends;"
As beasts not taste, but doe devoure,
They swallow much, and for more strive,
Whilst still their hope some change attends:
"And how can such but still themselves annoy,
Who can acquire, but know not how t' enjoy?"

Since as a ship amidst the deepes,
Or as an eagle through the ayre,
Of which no way th' impression keepes,
Most swift when seeming least to move:
This breath of which we take such care,
Doth tosse the body every where,
That it may hence with haste remove:
"Life slips and sleepes alwayes away,
Then hence, and as it came, goes bare,"
Whose steppes behinde no trace doe leave:
Why should Heaven-banish'd soules thus love
The cause, and bounds of their exile,

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As restlesse strangers where they stray?
And with such paine why should they reave
That which they have no right to have,
Which with them in a little while,
As summer's beauties, must decay,
And can give nought except the grave? [can,
"Though all things doe to harme him what they
No greater enemie then himselfe to man."

Whilst oft environ'd with his foes,
Which threatned death on every side,
Great Cæsar parted from repose
(As Atlas holding up the starres) -
Did of a world the weight abide;
But since a prey to foolish pride,
More then by all the former warres,
He now by it doth harm'd remaine,
And of his fortune doth diffide:
Made rich by many nations' wreake,
He (breaking through the liquid barres)
In Neptune's armes his minion forc'd;
Yet still pursu'd new hopes in vaine:
"Would the ambitious looking backe
Of their inferiours knowledge take,
They from huge cares might be divorc'd,
Whilst viewing few, more pow'r attaine,
And many more then they to lacke:
The onely plague from men that rest doth reave,
Is that they weigh their wants, not what they have."

Since thus the great themselves involve
In such a labyrinth of cares,
Whence none to scape can well resolve,
But by degrees are forward led,
Through waves of hopes, rockes of despaires:
Let us avoyd ambition's snares,
And farre from stormes by envy bred,
Still seeke (though low) a quiet rest,
With mindes where no proud thought repaires,
That in vaine shadowes doth delight;
Thus may our fancies still be fed
With that which Nature freely gives;
Let us iniquity detest,
And hold but what we owe of right;
Th' eye's treasure is th' all-circling light,
Not that vaine pompe for which pride strives,
Whose glory (but a poysnous pest)
To plague the soule, delights the sight:
"Ease comes with ease, where all by paine buy paine,
Rest we in peace, by warre let others raigne."

CHORUS THIRD.

Then liberty, of earthly things
What more delights a generous brest?
Which doth receive,
And can conceive
The matchlesse treasure that it brings;
It making men securely rest,
As all perceive,
Doth none deceive,
Whil'st from the same true courage springs,
But fear'd for nought, doth what seemes best:
"Then men are men, when they are all their owne,
Not, but by others' badges when made knowne:"

Yet should we not mispending houres,
A freedome seeke, as oft it falls,
With an intent
But to content
These vaine delights, and appetites of ours;
For, then but made farre greater thralls,
We might repent
As not still pent
In stricter bounds by others' pow'rs,
Whil'st feare licentious thoughts appalls:
"Of all the tyrants that the world affords,
One's owne affections are the fiercest lords."

As libertines those onely live,
Who (from the bands of vice set free)
Vile thoughts cancell,
And would excell
In all that doth true glory give,
From which when as no tyrants be
Them to repell,
And to compell
Their deeds against their thoughts to strive,
They blest are in a high degree:
"For, such of fame the scrouls can hardly fill,
Whose wit is bounded by another's will."

Our ancestors of old such prov'd,
(Who Rome from Tarquine's yoke redeem'd)
They first obtain'd,
And then maintain'd
Their liberty so dearly lov'd;
They from all things which odious seem'd
(Though not constrain'd)
Themselves restrain'd,
And willingly all good approv'd,
Bent to be much, yet well esteem'd;
"And how could such but ayme at some great end,
Whom liberty did leade, glory attend?"

They leading valorous legions forth,
(Though wanting kings) triumph'd ore kings,
And still aspir'd,
By Mars inspir'd,
To conquer all from south to north;
Then lending fame their eagle's wings,
They all acquir'd
That was requir'd,
To make them rare for rarest things,
The world made witnesse of their worth:
Thus those great mindes who domineer'd ore all,
Did make themselves first free, then others thrall.

But we who hold nought but their name,
From that to which they in times gone
Did high ascend,
Must low descend,
And bound their glory with our shame,
Whil'st on an abject tyrant's throne,
We (base) attend,
And do intend
Us for our fortune still to frame,
Not it for us, and all for one:
"As liberty a courage doth impart,
So bondage doth disbend, else breake the heart."

Yet, O! who knows but Rome to grace
Another Brutus may arise?
Who may effect
What we affect,
And Tarquine's steps make Cæsar trace;
Though seeming dangers to despise

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He doth suspect
What we expect
Which from his breast hath banish'd peace,
Though fairely he his feares disguise:
"Of tyrants even the wrong, revenge affords,
All feare but theirs, and they feare all men's swords."

CHORUS FOURTH.

What fury thus doth fill the brest
With a prodigious rash desire,
Which banishing their soules from rest,
Doth make them live who high aspire,
(Whilst it within their bosome boyles)
As salamanders in the fire;
Or like to serpents changing spoyles,
Their wither'd beauties to renew?
Like vipers with unnaturall toyles,
Of such the thoughts themselves pursue,
Who for all lines their lives doe square,
Whilst like camelions changing hue,
They onely feed on empty ayre:
"To passe ambition greatest matters brings,
And (save contentment) can attaine all things."

This active passion doth disdaine
To match with any vulgar minde,
As in base breasts where terrours raigne,
Too great a guest to be confin'd;
It doth but lofty thoughts frequent,
Where it a spatious field may finde,
It selfe with honour to content,
Where reverenc'd fame doth lowdest sound;
Those for great things by courage bent,
(Farre lifted from this lumpish round)
Would in the sphere of glory move,
Whilst lofty thoughts which nought can binde,
All rivals live in vertue's love;
"On abject preyes as th' eagles never light,
Ambition poysons but the greatest sprite."

And of this restlesse vulture's brood,
(If not become too great a flame)
A little sparke doth sometime good,
Which makes great mindes (affecting fame)
To suffer still all kinde of paine:
Their fortune at the bloudy game,
Who hazard would for hope of gaine,
Vnlesse first burn'd by thirst of praise?
The learned to a higher straine,
Their wits by emulation raise,
As those who hold applauses deare;
And what great minde at which men gaze,
It selfe can of ambition cleare,
Which is when valu'd at the highest price,
A generous errour, an heroicke vice?

But when this frenzie, flaming bright,
Doth so the soules of some surprise,
That they can taste of no delight,
But what from soveraignty doth rise,
Then, huge affliction it affords;
Such must (themselves so to disguise)
Prove prodigall of courteous words,
Give much to some, and promise all,
Then humble seeme to be made lords,
Yea, being thus to many thrall,
Must words impart, if not support;
To those who crush'd by fortune fall;
And grieve themselves to please each sort:
"Are not those wretch'd, who, ore a dangerous snare,
Do hang by hopes, whilst ballanc'd in the ayre;"

Then when they have the port attain'd,
Which was through seas of dangers sought,
They (loe) at last but losse have gain'd,
And by great trouble, trouble bought:
Their mindes are married still with feares,
To bring forth many a jealous thought;
With searching eyes, and watching eares,
To learne that which it grieves to know:
The brest that such a burden beares,
What huge afflictions doe orethrow?
Thus, each prince is (as all perceive)
No more exalted then brought low,
"Of many, lord, of many, slave;
That idoll greatnesse which th' Earth doth adore,
Is gotten with great paine, and kept with more:"

He who to this imagin'd good,
Did through his countrie's bowels tend,
Neglecting friendship, duty, bloud,
And all on which trust can depend,
Or by which love could be conceiv'd,
Doth finde of what he did attend,
His expectations farre deceiv'd;
For, since suspecting secret snares,
His soule hath still of rest beene reav'd,
Whilst squadrons of tumultuous cares,
Forth from his brest extort deep grones:
Thus Cæsar now of life despaires,
Whose lot his hope exceeded once;
And who can long well keep an ill wonne state?
"Those perish must by some whom all men hate."

CHORUS FIFTH.

What fools are those who do repose their trust
On what this masse of misery affords?
And (bragging but of th' excrements of dust)
Of life-lesse treasures labour to be lords:
Which like the Sirens' songs, or Circe's charmes,
With shadows of delights hide certaine harmes.

Ah! whil'st they sport on pleasure's ycie grounds,
Oft poyson'd by prosperitie with pride,
A sudden storme their floting joyes confounds,
Whose course is ordred by the eye-lesse guide,
Who so inconstantly her selfe doth beare
Th' unhappie men may hope, the happy feare.

The fortunate who bathe in flouds of joyes,
To perish oft amidst their pleasures chance,
And mirthlesse wretches wallowing in annoyes,
Oft by adversitie themselves advance;
Whil'st Fortune bent to mock vaine worldlings cares,
Doth change despaires in hopes, hopes in despaires.

That gallant Grecian whose great wit so soone,
Whom others could not number, did ore-come,
Had he not beene undone, had beene undone,
And if not banish'd, had not had a home;
To him feare courage gave (what wondrous change!)
And many doubts a resolution strange.

He who told one who then was Fortune's childe,
As if with horrour to congeale his bloud:
That Caius Marius farre from Rome exil'd,
Wretch'd on the ruines of great Carthage stood;
Though long both plagu'd by griefe, and by disgrace,
The consul-ship regain'd, and dy'd in peace.

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And that great Pompey (all the world's delight)
Whom of his theater then th' applauses pleas'd,
Whil'st praise-transported eyes endeer'd his sight,
Who by youth's toyles should have his age then eas'd,
He by one blow of Fortune lost farre more
Then many battels gayned had before.

Such sudden changes so disturbe the soule,
That still the judgement ballanc'd is by doubt;
But, on a round, what wonder though things roule?
And since within a circle, turne about?
Whil'st Heaven on Earth strange alterations brings,
To scorne our confidence in worldly things.

And chanc'd there ever accidents more strange,
Then in these stormy bounds where we remaine?
One did a sheep-booke to a scepter change,
The nurceling of a wolfe ore men did raigne;
A little village grew a mighty towne,
Which whil'st it had no king, held many a crowne.

Then by how many sundry sorts of men,
Hath this great state beene rul'd? though now by none,
Which first obey'd but one, then two, then ten,
Then by degrees return'd to two, and one;
Of which three states, their ruine did abide,
Two by two's lusts, and one by two men's pride.

What revolutions huge have hapned thus,
By secret fates all violently led,
Though seeming but by accident to us,
Yet in the depths of heavenly breasts first bred,
As arguments demonstrative to prove
That weaknesse dwels below, and pow'r above.

Loe, prosprous Cæsar charged for a space,
Both with strange nations, and his countrey's spoyls,
Even when he seem'd by warre to purchase peace,
And roses of sweet rest, from thornes of toils;
Then whil'st his minde and fortune swell'd most high,
Hath beene constrain'd the last distresse to trie.

What warnings large were in a time so short,
Of that darke course which by his death now shines?
It, speechlesse wonders plainly did report,
It, men reveal'd by words, and gods by signes,
Yet by the chaynes of destinies whil'st bound,
He saw the sword, but could not scape the wound.

What curtaine ore our knowledge errour brings,
Now drawn, now open'd, by the heavenly host,
Which makes us sometime sharpe to see small things,
And yet quite blinde when as we should see most,
That curious braines may rest amaz'd at it,
Whose ignorance makes them presume of wit.

Then let us live, since all things change below,
When rais'd most high, as those who once may fall,
And hold when by disasters brought more low,
The minde still free, what ever else be thrall:
"Those (lords of fortune) sweeten every state,
Who can command themselves, though not their fate."

SOME VERSES

WRITTEN TO HIS MAJESTIE BY THE AUTHOUR AT THE TIME OF HIS MAIESTIES FIRST ENTRIE INTO ENGLAND.

Stay, tragick Muse, with those vntimely verses,
With raging accents and with dreadfull sounds,
To draw dead monarkes out of ruin'd herses,
T' affright th' applauding world with bloudie wounds:
Raze all the monuments of horrours past,
T' aduance the publike mirth our treasures wast.

And pardon (olde heroes) for O I finde,
I had no reason to admire your fates:
And with rare guiftes of body and of minde,
Th'vnbounded greatnesse of euill-conquerd states.
More glorious actes then were achieu'd by you,
Do make your wonders thought no wonders now.

For yee the potentates of former times,
Making your will a right, your force a law:
Staining your conquest with a thousand crimes,
Still raign'd like tyrants, but obey'd for awe:
And whilst your yoake none willingly would beare,
Dyed oft the sacrifice of wrath and feare.

But this age great with glorie hath brought forth
A matchlesse monarke whom peace highlie raises,
Who as th' vntainted ocean of all worth
As due to him hath swallow'd all your praises.
Whose cleere excellencies long knowne for such,
All men must praise, and none can praise too much.

For that which others hardly could acquire,
With losse of thousands liues and endlesse paine,
Is heapt on him euen by their owne desire,
That thrist t' enioy the fruites of his blest raigne:
And neuer conquerour gain'd so great a thing,
As those wise subiects gaining such a king.

But what a mightie state is this I see?
A little world that all true worth inherites,
Strong without art, entrench'd within the sea,
Abounding in braue men full of great spirits:
It seemes this ile would boast, and so she may,
To be the soueraigne of the world some day.

O generous Iames, the glorie of their parts,
In large dominions equall with the best:
But the most mightie monarke of men's harts,
That euer yet a diadem possest:
Long maist thou liue, well lou'd and free from dangers,
The comfort of thine owne, the terrour of strangers.

SOME VERSES

WRITTEN SHORTLY THERRAFTER BY REASON OF AN INUNDATION OF DOUEN, A WATER NEERE VNTO THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE, WHEREVPON HIS MAIESTIE WAS SOMETIMES WONT TO HAWKE.

What wonder though my melancholious Muse,
Whose generous course some lucklesse starre controules:
Her bold attempts to prosecute refuse,
And would faine burie my abortiue scroules.

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To what perfection can my lines be rais'd, [fires:
Whilst many a crosse would quench my kindling
Lo for Parnassus by the poets prais'd,
Some sauage mountaines shadow my retires.

No Helicon her treasure here vnlockes,
Of all the sacred band the chiefe refuge:
But dangerous Douen rumbling through the rockes,
Would scorne the raine-bowe with a new deluge.

As Tiber, mindefull of his olde renowne, [place:
Augments his floodes to waile the faire chang'd
And greeu'd to glide through that degener'd towne,
Toyles with his depthes to couer their disgrace.

So doth my Douen rage, greeu'd in like sort,
While as his wonted honour comes to minde:
To that great prince whilst he afforded sport,
To whom his trident Neptune hath resign'd.

And as the want of waters and of swaines,
Had but begotten to his bankes neglect:
He striues t' encroch vpon the bordering plaines,
Againe by greatnesse to procure respect.

Thus all the creatures of this orphand boundes,
In their own kindes moou'd with the common crosse:
With many a monstrous forme all ferme confoundes,
To make vs mourne more feelingly our losse.

We must our breastes to baser thoughts inure,
Since we want all that did aduaunce our name:
For in a corner of the world obscure,
We rest vngrac'd without the boundes of fame.

And since our sunne shines in another part,
Liue like th' antipodes depriu'd of light:
Whilst those to whom his beames he doth impart,
Begin their day whilst we begin our night.

This hath discourag'd my high-bended minde,
And still in doale my drouping Muse arrayes:
Which if my Phœbus once vpon me shin'd,
Might raise her flight to build amidst his rayes.

VERSES

PREFIXED TO BISHOP ABERNETHY'S "CHRISTIAN AND HEAVENLY TREATISE, CONTAINING PHYSICKE FOR THE SOUL."
1622.

Or known effects, grounds too precisely sought,
Young naturalists oft atheists old doe prove.
And some who naught, save who first moves, can move,
Scorn mediate means, as wonders still were wrought:
But tempting both, thou dost this difference even,
Divine physician, physical divine:
Who souls and bodies help'st, dost here design
From Earth by reason, and by faith from Heaven,
With mysteries, which few can reach aright:
How Heaven and Earth are match't, and work in man;
Who wise and holy ends, and causes scan.
Loe true philosophy, perfection's height,
For this is all, which we would wish to gaine:
In bodies sound, that minds may sound remaine.

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THE

POEMS

OF

BEN JONSON.

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THE

LIFE OF JONSON,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE circumstances of Jonson's life have been hitherto very inaccurately related. Some particulars may be collected from his works, and from Fuller and Wood who lived at no great distance from his time. Drummond, the celebrated Scotch poet has afforded a few interesting memoirs which, coming from Jonson in the hours of confidence, may be considered as authentic; but these materials have furnished no general narrative that is not inconsistent, and imperfect for want of dates. What follows, therefore, must be read, as it was written, with considerable diffidence.

Ben Jonson, or Johnson, for so he, as well as some of his friends, wrote his name, was born in Hartshorne Lane near Charingcross, Westminster, June 11, 1574, about a month after the death of his father. Dr. Bathurst, whose life was written by Mr. Warton, informed Aubrey that Jonson was born in Warwickshire, but all other accounts fix his birth in Westminster. Fuller says that "with all his industry he could not find him in his cradle, but that he could fetch him from his long coats: when a little child, he lived in Hartshorne Lane near Charing Cross." Mr. Malone examined the register of St. Margaret's Westminster and St. Martin's in the Fields, but without being able to discover the time of his baptism [1].

His family was originally of Annandale in Scotland, whence his grandfather removed to Carlisle in the time of Henry VIII: under whom he held some office. But his son being deprived both of his estate and liberty in the reign of queen Mary, went afterwards in holy orders, and leaving Carlisle, settled in Westminster.

Our poet was first sent to a private school in the church of St. Martin's in the Fields, and was afterwards removed to Westminster school. Here he had for his preceptor the illustrious Camden, for whom he ever preserved the highest respect, and besides dedicating one of his best plays to him, commemorates him in one of his epigrams as the person to whom he owed all he knew. He was making very extraordinary progress at this school, when his mother, who, soon after her husband's death, had married a bricklayer, took him home to learn his step-father's business. How long he continued in

[1] Shakspeare, Ford and Jonson, in Malone's Shakspeare. *C.*

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this degrading occupation is uncertain; according to Fuller he soon left it and went to Cambridge, but necessity obliged him to return to his father who, among other works, employed him on the new building at Lincoln's Inn, and there he was to be seen with a trowel in one hand and a book in the other. This, Mr. Malone thinks, must have been either in 1588, or 1593, in each of which years, Dugdale informs us, some new buildings were erected by the society. Wood varies the story by stating that he was taken from the trowel to attend sir Walter Raleigh's son abroad and afterwards went to Cambridge, but young Raleigh was not born till 1594, nor ever went abroad except with his father in 1617 to Guiana, where he lost his life. So many of Jonson's contemporaries, however, have mentioned his connection with the Raleigh family that it is probable he was in some shape befriended by them [2], although not while he worked at his father's business, for from that he ran away, enlisted as a common soldier and served in the English army then engaged against the Spaniards in the Netherlands. "Here," says the author of his life in the Biographia Britannica, "he acquired a degree of military glory, which rarely falls to the lot of a somman man in that profession. In an encounter with a single man of the enemy, he slew his opponent, and stripping him, carried off the spoils in the view of both armies." As our author's fame does not rest on his military exploits, it can be no detraction to hint that one man killing and stripping another is a degree of military prowess of no very extraordinary kind. His biographer, however, is unwilling to quit the subject until he has informed us that "the glory of this action receives a particular heightening from the reflection, that he thereby stands singularly distinguished above the rest of his brethren of the poetical race, very few of whom have ever acquired any reputation in arms."

On his return, he is said to have resumed his studies, and to have gone to St. John's College, Cambridge. This fact rests chiefly upon a tradition in that college, supported by the gift of several books now in the library with his name in them. As to the question why his name does not appear in any of the lists, it is answered that he was only a sizar, who made a short stay, and his name could not appear among the admissions where no notice was usually taken of any young men that had not scholar-ships; and as to matriculation, there was at that time no register. If he went to St. John's it seems probable enough that the shortness of his stay was occasioned by his necessities, and this would be the case whether he went to Cambridge in 1588, as Mr. Malone conjectures, or after his return from the army, perhaps in 1594. In either case he was poor, and received no encouragement from his family in his education. His persevering love of literature, however, amidst so many difficulties, ought to be mentioned to his honour.

Having failed in these more creditable attempts to gain a subsistence, he began his theatrical career, at first among the strolling companies, and was afterwards admitted into an obscure theatre, called the Green Curtain, in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch, from which the present Curtain Road seems to derive its name. He had not been there long, before he attempted to write for the stage, but was not at first very successful either as an author or actor. Meres enumerates him among the writers of tragedy, but no tragedy of his writing exists, prior to 1598 when his comedy of Every Man in his Humour procured him a name. Dexter, in his Satyromastix, censures his acting as aukward and mean, and his temper as rough and untractable.

[2] See Oldys's account hereafter quoted, p. 451. *C.*

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During his early engagements on the stage, he had the misfortune to kill one of the players in a duel, for which he was thrown into prison, "brought near the gallows," but afterwards pardoned. While in confinement, a popish priest prevailed on him to embrace the Roman Catholic faith, in which he continued about twelve years. As soon as he was released, which appears to have been about the year 1595, he married, to use his own expression, "a wife who was a shrew, yet honest to him," and endeavoured to provide for his family by his pen. Having produced a play which was accidentally seen by Shakspeare, he resolved to bring it on the stage of which he was a manager, and acted a part in it himself. What play this was we are not told, but its success encouraged him to produce his excellent comedy of Every Man in his Humour, which was performed on the same stage in 1598. Oldys, in his manuscript notes on Langbaine, says that Jonson was himself the master of a playhouse in Barbican, which was at a distant period converted into a dissenting meeting-house. He adds that Ben lived in Bartholomew Close, in the house which was inhabited, in Oldys's time, by Mr. James, a letter founder. Mention is made in his writings of his theatre, of the Sun and Moon tavern in Aldersgate Street, and of the Mermaid. But the want of dates renders much of this information useless.

In the following year he produced the counterpart of his former comedy, entitled Every Man out of his Humour, and continued to furnish a new play every year until he was called to assist in the masks and entertainments given in honour of the accession of king James to the throne of England, and afterwards on occasions of particular festivity at the courts of James and Charles I. But from those barbarous productions, he occasionally retired to the cultivation of his comic genius, and on one occasion gave an extraordinary proof of natural and prompt excellence in his Volpone, which was finished within the space of five weeks.

His next production indicated somewhat of that rough and independent spirit which neither the smiles nor terrours of a court could repress. It was, indeed, a foolish ebullition for a man in his circumstances to ridicule the Scotch nation in the court of a Scotch king, yet this he attempted in a comedy, entitled Eastward-Hoe, which he wrote in conjunction with Chapman and Marston, although, as Mr. Warton has remarked, he was in general "too proud to assist or be assisted." The affront, however, was too gross to be overlooked, and the three authors were sent to prison, and not released without much interest. Camden and Selden are supposed to have supplicated the throne in favour of Jonson on this occasion. At an entertainment which he gave to these and other friends on his release, his mother "more like an antique Roman than a Briton, drank to him, and showed him a paper of poison, which she intended to have given him in his liquor, after having taken a portion of it herself, if sentence upon him (of pillory, &c.) had been carried into execution." The history of the times shows the probable inducement Jonson had to ridicule the Scotch. The court was filled with them, and it became the humour of the English to be jealous of their encroachments. Jonson, however, having obtained a pardon, endeavoured to conciliate his offended sovereign by taxing his genius to produce a double portion of that adulation in which James delighted.

His connection with Shakspeare, noticed above, has lately become the subject of a controversy. Pope, in the preface to his edition of Shakspeare, says, "I cannot help thinking that these two poets were good friends and lived on amicable terms, and in

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offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact that Ben Jonson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged by Shakspeare. And after his death, that author writes 'To the Memory of his beloved Mr. William Shakspeare,' which shows as if the friendship had continued through life." Mr. Malone, the accuracy of whose researches are entitled to the highest respect, has produced many proofs of their mutual dislike, amounting, as he thinks, on the part of Jonson, to malignity. Mr. Steevens and Mr. George Chalmers are inclined likewise to blame Jonson, but Dr. Farmer considered the reports of Jonson's pride and malignity as absolutely groundless. Mr. O. Gilchrist, in a pamphlet just published, has vindicated Jonson with much acuteness, although without wholly effacing the impression which Mr. Malone's proofs and extracts are calculated to make. That Jonson was at times the antagonist of Shakspeare, and that they engaged in what Fuller calls "wit-combats," may be allowed, for such occurrences are not uncommon among contemporary poets; but it is inconsistent with all we know of human passions and tempers that a man capable of writing the high encomiastic lines alluded to by Pope, could have at any time harboured *malignity* in his heart against Shakspeare. Malignity rarely dies with its object, and more rarely turns to esteem and veneration.

Jonson's next play, Epicœne, or the Silent Woman, did not appear until 1609, and amply atoned for his seeming neglect of the dramatic Muse. It is perhaps the first regular comedy in the language, and did not lose much of this superiority by the appearance of his Alchemist in 1610. His tragedy, however, of Catiline, in 1611, as well as his Sejanus, of both which he entertained a high opinion, seem only to confirm the maxim that few authors know where their excellence lies. The Catiline, says Dr. Hurd, is a specimen of all the errours of tragedy.

In 1613, he went to Paris, where he was admitted to an interview with cardinal Perron, and with his usual frankness told the cardinal that his translation of Virgil was "nought." About this time he commenced a quarrel with Inigo Jones, and made him the subject of his ridicule in a comedy called Bartholomew Fair, acted in 1614. Jones was architect or machinist to the masques and entertainments for which Jonson furnished the poetry, but the particular cause of their quarrel does not appear. "Whoever," says lord Orford, "was the aggressor, the turbulent temper of Jonson took care to be most in the wrong. Nothing exceeds the grossness of the language that he poured out, except the badness of the verses that were the vehicle. There he fully exerted all that brutal abuse which his contemporaries were willing to think wit, because they were afraid of it: and which only serves to show the arrogance of the man who presumed to satirize Jones and rival Shakspeare. With the latter, indeed, he had not the smallest pretensions to be compared, except in having sometimes written absolute nonsense. Jonson translated the ancients, Shakspeare transfused their very soul into his writings." If Jonson was the rival of Shakspeare, he deserves all this, but with no other claims than his Catiline and Sejanus, how could he for a moment fancy himself the rival of Shakspeare?

Bartholomew Fair was succeeded by The Devil's an Ass, in 1616, and by an edition of his works in folio, in which his Epigrams were first printed, although they appear to have been written at various times, and some long before this period. He was now in the zenith of his fame and prosperity. Among other marks of respect, he was presented with the honorary degree of master of arts by the university of Oxford; he had

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been invited to this place by Dr. Corbet, senior student, and afterwards dean of Christ Church and bishop of Norwich. According to the account he gave of himself to Drummond, he was master of arts of both universities.

Wood informs us that he succeeded Daniel as poet-laureat, in Oct. 1619, as Daniel did Spenser. Mr. Malone, however, has very clearly proved that neither Spenser nor Daniel enjoyed the office now known by that name. King James, by letters patent dated February 3, 1615-16, granted Jonson an annuity or yearly pension of one hundred marks during his life, "in consideration of the good and acceptable service heretofore done, and hereafter to be done by the said B. I." On the 23d of April 1630, king Charles by letters patent, reciting the former grant, and that it had been surrendered, was pleased, "in consideration (says the patent) of the good and acceptable service done unto us, and our father by the said B. I. and especially to encourage him to proceed in those services of his wit and pen, which we have enjoined unto him, and which we expect from him," to augment his annuity of one hundred marks, to one hundred pounds *per annum*, during his life, payable from Christmas, 1629. Charles at the same time granted him a tierce of Canary Spanish wine yearly during his life, out of his majesty's cellars at Whitehall: of which there is no mention in the former grant [3].

Soon after the pension was settled on him, he went to Scotland to visit his intimate friend and correspondent, Drummond of Hawthornden, to whom he imparted many particulars of his life and his opinions on the poets of his age. Of these communications some notice will be taken hereafter. After his return from this visit, which appears to have afforded him much pleasure, he wrote a poem on the subject, but this with several more of his productions, was destroyed by an accidental fire, and he commemorated his loss in a poem entitled An Execration upon Vulcan.

Although it is not the purpose of this sketch to notice all his dramatic pieces, it is necessary to mention that in 1629, he produced a comedy called the New Inn, or the Light Heart, which was so roughly handled by the audience that he was provoked to write an Ode to Himself, in which he threatened to abandon the stage. Threats of this kind are generally impotent, and Jonson gained nothing but the character of a man who was so far spoiled by public favour as to overrate his talents. Feltham and Suckling reflected on him with some asperity on this occasion, while Randolph endeavoured to reconcile him to his profession. His temper, usually rough, might perhaps at this time have been exasperated by disease, for we find that his health was declining from 1625 to 1629 [4], when his play was condemned. He was also suffering about this time the usual vexations which attend a want of economy; in one case of pecuniary embarrassment, king Charles relieved him by the handsome present of an hundred pounds. This contradicts a story related by Cibber and Smollett, that when the king heard of his illness, he sent him ten pounds, and that Jonson said to the messenger, "His majesty has sent me ten pounds, because I am old and poor and live in an alley: go and tell him that his soul lives in an alley." Jonson's blunt manners and ready wit make the

[3] From Mr. Malone's valuable note on "Shakspeare, Ford and Jonson" before quoted. *C.*

[4] The fire above mentioned Oldys fixes in this year, and says that it destroyed a history of Henry V. of which Jonson had gone through eight of his nine years, and in which it is said he was assisted by sir George Carew, sir Robert Cotton, and the celebrated Selden. Oldys's MS. Notes to Langbaine, in the British Museum. *C.*

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reply sufficiently credible had the former part of the story been true, but the lines of gratitude which he addressed to his majesty are a satisfactory refutation. Jonson, however, continued to be thoughtlessly lavish and poor, although in addition to the royal bounty he is said to have enjoyed a pension from the city, and received occasional assistance from his friends. The pension from the city appears to have been withdrawn in 1631, if it be to it he alludes in the postscript of a letter in the British Museum, dated that year. "Yesterday the barbarous court of aldermen have withdrawn their chandlerly pension for verjuice and mustard, £33. 6*s*. 8*d*."

This letter, which is addressed to the Earl of Newcastle, shows so much of his temper and spirit at this time, that a larger extract may be excused.

"I myself being no substance, am faine to trouble you with shaddowes, or what is less, an apologue, or fable in a dream. I being stricken with a palsy in 1628, had, by sir Thomas Badger, some few months synce, a foxe sent mee, for a present, which creature, by handling, I endeavoured to make tame, as well for the abating of my disease as the delight I took in speculation of his nature. It happened this present year 1631, and this verie weeke being the weeke ushering Christmas, and this Tuesday morning in a dreame (and morning dreames are truest) to have one of my servants come to my bedside. and tell me, Master, master, the fox speaks! whereas mee thought I started and troubled, went down into the yard to witnesse the wonder. There I found my reynard in his tenement, the tubb, I had hired for him, cynically expressing his own lott, to be condemn'd to the house of a poett, where nothing was to be seen but the bare walls, and not any thing heard but the noise of a sawe dividing billates all the weeke long, more to keepe the family in exercise than to comfort any person there with fire, save the paralytic master, and went on in this way, as the fox seemed the better fabler of the two. I, his master, began to give him good words, and stroake him: but Reynard, barking, told mee this would not doe, I must give him meat. I angry call'd him stinking vermine. Hee reply'd, looke into your cellar, which is your larder too, youle find a worse vermin there. When presently calling for a light, mee thought I went downe, and found all the floor turn'd up, as if a colony of moles had been there, or an army of salt-petre vermin. Whereupon I sent presently into Tuttle-street for the king's most excellent mole catcher, to release mee and hunt them: but hee when hee came and viewed the place, and had well marked the earth turned up, took a handfull, smelt to it, and said, master, it is not in my power to destroy this vermin, the K. or some good man of a noble nature must help you: this kind of mole is called a want, which will destroy you and your family, if you prevent not the worsting of it in tyme. And therefore God keepe you and send you health.

"The interpretation both of the fable and dream is, that I, waking, doe find *want* the worst and most working vermin in a house: and therefore my noble lord, and next the king my best patron, I am necessitated to tell it you, I am not so imprudent to borrow any sum of your lordship, for I have no faculty to pay; but my needs are such, and so urging, as I do beg what your bounty can give mee, in the name of good letters and the bond of an evergratefull and acknowledging servant to your honour."—

Sutton, the founder of the Charterhouse is said to have been one of his benefactors, which renders it improbable that Jonson could have intended to ridicule so excellent a character on the stage: yet according to Mr. Oldys, Volpone was intended for Mr. Sutton. But although it is supposed that Jonson sometimes laid the rich under contributions by a dread of his satire, it is not very likely that he would attack such a man as Sutton.

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The Tale of a Tub, and The Magnetic Lady, were his last dramatic pieces, and bear very few marks of his original powers. He penned another masque in 1634, and we have a New Year's Ode dated in 1635, but the remainder of his life appears to have been wasted in sickness of the paralytic kind, which at length carried him off, Aug. 16, 1637, in the sixty-third year of his age. Three days afterwards he was interred in Westminster Abbey, at the north-west end near the belfry, with a commonpavement stone laid over his grave, with the short and irreverend inscription of "O rare Ben Jonson," cut at the expense of sir John Young, of Great Milton in Oxfordshire.

His death was lamented as a public loss to the poetical world. About six months after this event, his contemporaries joined in a collection of elegies and encomiastic poems, which was published under the title of Ionsonius Virbius; or the Memory of Ben Jonson revived by the Friends of the Muses. Dr. Duppa, bishop of Chichester, was the editor of this volume, which contained verses by lords Falkland and Buckhurst, sir John Beaumont, sir Francis Wortley, sir Thomas Hawkins, Messrs. Henry King, Henry Coventry, Thomas May, Dudley Diggs, George Fortescue, William Habington, Edmund Waller, J. Vernon, J. Cl. (probably Cleveland) Jasper Mayne, William Cartwright, John Rutter, Owen Feltham, George Donne, Shakerley Marmion, John Ford, R. Brideoak, Rich. West, R. Meade, H. Ramsay, T. Terrent, Rob. Wasing, Will. Bew, and Sam. Evans. A subscription also was entered into for a monument in the Abbey, but prevented by the rebellion. The second earl of Oxford contributed the bust in bas-relievo which is now in Poet's Corner. Jonson had several children, but survived them all. One of them was a poet, and, as Mr. Malone has reported, the author of a drama written in conjunction with Brome. It should seem that he was not on good terms with his father. Fuller says that "Ben was not happy in his children."

As many points of his character are obscure or disputed, it may not be unnecessary in this place to exhibit the evidence of his contemporaries, or of those who lived at no great distance of time.

The following particulars Aubrey collected from Dr. Bathurst, sir Bennet Hoskyns, Lacy the player, and others[5].

"I remember when I was a scholar at Trin. Coll. Oxon. 1646, I heard Mr. Ralph Bathurst (now dean of Welles) say that Ben Johnson was a Warwyckshire man. 'Tis agreed that his father was a minister; and by his epistle D. D. of Every Man —— to Mr. W. Camden, that he was a Westminster scholar, and that Mr. W. Camden was his schoolmaster. His mother, after his father's death, married a bricklayer, and 'tis generally[6] said that he wrought for some time with his father-in-lawe, and particularly on the garden wall of Lincolns inne next to Chancery lane; and that a knight, a bencher, walking thro', and hearing him repeat some Greeke verses out of Homer, discoursing with him, and finding him to have a witt extraordinary, gave him some exhibition to maintain him at Trinity College in Cambridge, where he was ——: then he went into the Lowe Countryes, and spent some time, not very long, in the armie; not to the disgrace of [it], as you may find in his Epigrames. Then he came into England, and acted and wrote at the Greene Curtaine, but both ill; a kind of nursery or obscure playhouse somewhere in the suburbs (I think towards Shoreditch or Clerkenwell). Then he undertook again to write a play,

[5] For the transcription of this article, the reader is indebted to Mr. Malone's Historical Account of the English Stage. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that Aubrey's MSS. are in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

[6] A few contractions in the manuscript are not retained in this copy. C.

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and did hitt it admirably well, viz. *Every Man* —— which was his first good one. Serjeant Jo. Hoskins of Herefordshire was his *father*. I remember his sonne (sir Bennet Hoskins, baronet, who was something poetical in his youth) told me, that when he desired to be adopted his sonne, No, sayd he, 'tis honour enough for me to be your brother: I am your father's sonne: 'twas he that polished me: I do acknowledge it. He was (or rather had been) of a clear and faire skin. His habit was very plain. I have heard Mr. Lacy the player say, that he was wont to weare a coate like a coachman's coate, with slitts under the arm-pitts. He would many times exceede in drinke: Canarie was his beloved liquor: then he would tumble home to bed: and when he had thoroughly perspired, then to studie. I have seen his studyeing chaire, which was of strawe, such as old women used: and as Aulus Gellius is drawn in. When I was in Oxon: bishop Skinner (Bp. of Oxford) who lay at our college, was wont to say, that he understood an author as well as any man in England. He mentions in his Epigrames, a son that he had, and his epitaph. Long since in King James time, I have heard my uncle Davers (Danvers) say, who knew him, that he lived without Temple Barre at a combe-maker's shop about the Elephant's Castle. In his later time he lived in Westminster, in the house under which you passe, as you go out of the church-yard into the old palace: where he dyed. He lyes buried in the north aisle, the path square of stones, the rest is lozenge, opposite to the scutcheon of Robert de Ros, with this inscription only on him, in a pavement square of blue marble, fourteen inches square, O RARE BEN: JONSON: which was done at the charge of Jack Young, afterwards knighted, who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cutt it."

Mr. Zouch, in his Life of Walton, has furnished the following information from a MS. of Walton's in the Ashmolean Museum.

"I only knew Ben Johnson: but my lord of Winton (Dr. Morley, bishop of Winchester) knew him very well: and says, he was in the 6° that is, the upermost fforme in Westminster scole, at which time his father dyed, and his mother married a brickelayer, who made him (much against his will) help him in his trade: but in a short time, his scolemaister, Mr. Camden, got him a better employment, which was to atend or acompany a son of sir Walter Rauley's in his travills. Within a short time after their return, they parted (I think not in cole blood) and with a loue sutable to what they had in their travilles (not to be commended). And then Ben began to set up for himselfe in the trade by which he got his subsistance and fame, of which I need not give any account. He got in time to have one hundred pound a yeare from the king, also a pension from the cittie, and the like from many of the nobilitie and some of the gentry, which was well pay'd, for love or fere of his railing in verse, or prose, or boeth. My lord told me, he told him he was (in his long retyrement and sickness, when he saw him, which was often) much afflickted, that hee had profained the scripture in his playes, and lamented it with horror: yet that, at that time of his long retyrement, his pension (so much as came in) was given to a woman that gouern'd him; (with whome he liv'd and dyed nere the Abie in Westminster) and that nether he nor she tooke much care for next weike: and wood be sure not to want wine; of which he usually took too much before he went to bed, if not oftener and soner. My lord tells me, he knowes not, but thinks he was born in Westminster. The question may be put to Mr. Wood very easily upon what grounds he is positive as to his being born their: he is a friendly man, and will resolve it. So much for brave Ben.—Nov. 22. (16) 80."

Fuller, in addition to what has been already quoted, says that "he was statutably ad-

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mitted into Saint John's College in Cambridge, where he continued but few weeks for want of further maintenance, being fain to return to the trade of his father-in-law. And let not them blush that have, but those that have not, a lawful calling. He help'd in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's-Inn, when having a trowell in his hand, he had a book in his pocket. Some gentlemen pitying that his parts should be buried under the rubbish of so mean a calling, did by their bounty manumise him freely to follow his own ingenuous inclinations. Indeed his parts were not so ready to run of themselves as able to answer the spur, so that it may be truly said of him, that he had an elaborate wit wrought out by his own industry. He would sit silent in learned company, and suck in (besides wine) their several humours into his observation. What was ore in others, he was able to refine to himself.—He was paramount in the dramatique part of poetry, and taught the stage an exact conformity to the laws of comedians. His comedies were above the *volge*, (which are only tickled with downright obscenity) and took not so well at the first stroke as at the rebound, when beheld the second time; yea they will endure reading, and that with due commendation, so long as either ingenuity or learning are fashionable in our nation. If his later be not so spriteful and vigorous as his first pieces, all that are old will, and all that desire to be old should, excuse him therein."—To his article of Shakspeare, Fuller subjoins—"Many were the wit-combates betwixt (Shakspeare) and Ben Johnson, which two I behold like a Spanish great gallion and an English man of war: master Johnson (like the former) was built far higher in learning: solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

The following particulars are transcribed from Oldys' MS. additions to Langbaine. Oldys, like Spence, picked up the traditions of his day, and left them to be examined and authenticated by his readers. Such contributions to biography are no doubt useful, but not to be received with implicit credit.

"Mr. Camden recommended (Jonson) to sir Walter Raleigh, who trusted him with the care and instruction of his eldest son Walter, a gay spark, who could not brook Ben's rigorous treatment, but, perceiving one foible in his disposition, made use of that to throw off the yoke of his government. And this was an unlucky habit Ben had contracted, through his love of jovial company, of being overtaken with liquor, which sir Walter did of all vices most abominate, and hath most exclaimed against. One day, when Ben had taken a plentiful dose, and was fallen into a sound sleep, young Raleigh got a great basket, and a couple of men, who laid Ben in it, and then with a pole carried him between their shoulders to sir Walter, telling him their young master had sent home his tutor.—This I had from a MS. memorandum book written in the time of the civil wars by Mr. Oldisworth, who was secretary, I think, to Philip earl of Pembroke. Yet in the year 1614, when sir Walter published his History of the World, there was a good understanding between him and Ben Jonson; for the verses, which explain the grave frontispiece before that History, were written by Jonson, and are reprinted in his Underwoods, where the poem is called The Mind of the Frontispiece to a Book, but he names not this book."—

"About the year 1622 some lewd, perjured woman deceived and jilted him; and he writes a sharp poem on the occasion. And in another poem, called his Picture, left in Scotland, he seems to think she slighted him for his mountain belly and his rocky face." We have already seen, by bishop Morley's account, that he lived with a woman in his latter days who assisted him in spending his money.

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"Ben Jonson" says Oldys, "was charged in his Poetastes, 1601, with having libelled or ridiculed the lawyers, soldiers, and players; so he afterwards joined an apologetical dialogue at the end of it, wherein he says he had been provoked for three years on every stage by slanderers, as to his self-conceit, arrogance, insolence, railing, and plagiarism by translations. As to law, he says he only brought in Ovid chid by his father for preferring poetry to it. As to the soldiers, he swears by his Muse they are friends; he loved the profession, and once proved or exercised it, as I take it, and did not shame it more then with his actions, than he dare now with his writings. And as to the players, he had taxed some sparingly, but they thought each man's vice belonged to the whole tribe. That he was not moved with what they had done against him, but was sorry for some better natures, who were drawn in by the rest to concur in the exposure or derision of him. And concludes, that since his comic Muse had been so ominous to him, he will try if tragedy has a kinder aspect.

"A full show of those he has exposed in this play is not now easily discernible. Besides Decker, and some touches on some play that has a Moor in it (perhaps Titus Andronicus; I should hope he did not dare to mean Othello) some speeches of such a character being recited in act iii. scene iv. though not reflected on, he makes Tucca call Histrio the player, 'a lousy slave, proud rascal, you grow rich, do you? and purchase your twopenny tear-mouth: and copper-laced scoundrels,' &c. which language should not come very natural from him, if he ever had been a player himself; and such it seems he was before or after."

Howel in one of his letters delineates what the late Mr. Seward considered as the leading feature of Jonson's character [7].

"I was invited yesterday to a solemn supper by B. J. where you were deeply remembered. There was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome. One thing intervened which almost spoiled the relish of the rest, that B. began to engross all the discourse: to vapour extremely of himself; and by vilifying others to magnify his own Muse. T. Ca. buzzed me in the ear, that though Ben had barrelled up a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the ethics, which, amongst other precepts of morality, forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favoured solecism in good manners."

As the account Jonson gave of himself to Drummond contains also his opinions of the poets of his age, no apology is necessary for introducing it. It was first published in the folio edition of Drummond's Works, 1711.

"He" Ben Jonson, "said, that his grandfather came from Carlisle, to which he had come from Annandale in Scotland; that he served king Henry VIII. and was a gentleman. His father lost his estate under queen Mary, having been cast in prison and forfeited: and at last he turned minister. He was posthumous, being born a month after his father's death, and was put to school by a friend. His master was Camden. Afterwards he was taken from it, and put to another craft, viz. to be a bricklayer, which he could not endure, but went into the Low Countries, and returning home he again betook himself to his wonted studies. In his service in the Low Countries he had, in the view of both the armies, killed an enemy and taken the *opima spolia* from him; and since coming to England, being appealed to in a duel, he had killed his adversary, who had hurt him in the arm, and whose sword was ten inches longer than his. For this crime he was im-

[7] Seward's Biographiana, p. 411. *C.*

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prisoned, and almost at the gallows. Then he took his religion on trust of a priest, who visited him in prison. He was twelve years a papist; but after this he was reconciled to the church of England, and left off to be a recusant. At his first communion, in token of his true reconciliation, he drank out the full cup of wine. He was master of arts in both universities. In the time of his close imprisonment under queen Elizabeth there were spies to catch him, but he was advertised of them by the keeper. He had an epigram on the spies. He married a wife, who was a shrew, yet honest to him. When the king came to England, about the time that the plague was in London, he (Ben Jonson) being in the country at sir Robert Cotton's house, with old Camden, saw in a vision his eldest son, then a young child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloody cross on his forehead, as if it had been cut with a sword; at which, amazed, he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Camden's chamber to tell him, who persuaded him it was but an apprehension, at which he should not be dejected. In the mean time come letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and of that growth he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.

"He was accused by sir James Murray to the king, for writing something against the Scots in a play called Eastward Hoe, and voluntarily imprisoned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them, and it was reported should have their ears and noses cut. After their delivery he entertained all his friends; there were present Camden, Selden, and others. In the middle of the feast his old mother drank to him, and showed him a paper which she designed (if the sentence had past) to have mixed among his drink, and it was strong and lusty poison; and to show that she was no churl, she told that she designed first to have drank of it herself.

"He said he had spent a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he had seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians fight, in his imagination.

"He wrote all his verses first in prose, as his master Camden taught him; and said that verses stood by sense, without either colours or accent.

"He used to say, that many epigrams were ill because they expressed in the end what should have been understood by what was said before, as that of sir John Davies; that he had a pastoral entitled The May-lord: his own name is Alkin; Ethra, the countess of Bedford; Mogbel Overberry, the old countess of Suffolk; an enchantress; other names are given to Somerset, his lady, Pembroke, the countess of Rutland, lady Worth. In his first scene Alkin comes in mending his broken pipe. He bringeth in, says our author, clowns making mirth and foolish sports, contrary to all other pastorals. He had also a design to write a fisher or pastoral play, and make the stage of it in the Lomond Lake; and also to write his foot-pilgrimage thither, and to call it a discovery. In a poem he calleth Edinburgh,

The heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye.

"That he had an intention to have made a play like Plautus's Amphytrio, but left it off: for that he could never find two so like one to the other that he could persuade the spectators that they were one.

"That he had a design to write an epick poem, and was to call it Chorologia, of the worthies of his country raised by fame, and was to dedicate it to his country. It is all in couplets, for he detested all other rhimes. He said he had written a discourse of

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poetry both against Campion and Daniel, especially the last, where he proves couplets to be the best sort of verses, especially when they are broke like hexameters, and that cross rhimes and stanzas, because the purpose would lead beyond eight lines, were all forced.

"His censure of the English poets was this: That Sidney did not keep a decorum in making every one speak as well as himself. Spenser's stanzas pleased him not, nor his matter; the meaning of the allegory of his Fairy Queen, he had delivered in writing to sir Walter Raleigh, which was, that by the bleating beast he understood the Puritans, and by the false Duessa the queen of Scots. He told, that Spenser's goods were robbed by the Irish, and his house and a little child burnt; he and his wife escaped, and after died for want of bread in King Street. He refused twenty pieces sent him by my lord Essex, and said he had no time to spend them. Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, had no children, and was no poet; that he had wrote the Civil Wars, and yet hath not one battle in all his book. That Michael Drayton's Polyolbion, if he had performed what he promised, to write the deeds of all the worthies, had been excellent. That he was challenged for entituling a book, Mortimariades. That sir John Davis played on Drayton in an epigram; who, in his sonnet, concluded his mistress might have been the ninth worthy, and said he used a phrase like Dametas in Arcadia, who said, his mistress, for wit, might be a giant. That Silvester's Translation of Du Bartas was not well done, and that he wrote his verses before he understood to confer: and those of Fairfax were not good. That the translations of Homer and Virgil in long Alexandrines were but prose. That sir John Harrington's Ariosto, under all translators, was the worst. That when sir John Harrington desired him to tell the truth of his Epigrams, he answered him, that he loved not the truth, for they were narrations, not epigrams. He said, Donne was originally a poet: his grandfather on the mother's side was Heywood, the epigrammatist; that Donne, for not being understood, would perish. He esteemed him the first poet in the world for some things: his verses of the lost Ochadine he had by heart; and that passage of the Calm, 'that dust and feathers did not stir all was so quiet.' He affirmed that Donne wrote all his best pieces before he was twenty-five years of age. The conceit of Donne's Transformation; or *Μεταμψυχωσις*, was, that he sought the soul of that apple which Eve pulled, and thereafter made it the soul of a bitch, then of a sea-wolf, and so of a woman. His general purpose was to have brought it into all the bodies of the hereticks from the soul of Cain, and at last left it in the body of Calvin. He only wrote one sheet of this, and since he was made doctor, repented hugely, and resolved to destroy all his poems. He told Donne, that his Anniversary was prophane and full of blasphemies: that if it had been written on the Virgin Mary, it had been tolerable. To which Donne answered, 'That he described the idea of a woman, and not as she was.' He said, Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by one hundred miles. That sir Walter Raleigh esteemed more fame than conscience. The best wits in England were employed in making his History. Ben himself had written a piece to him of the Punick war, which he altered, and set in his book. He said there was no such ground for an heroick poem, as King Arthur's Fiction; and that sir Philip Sidney had an intention to have transformed all his Arcadia to the stories of king Arthur. He said Owen was a poor pedantic schoolmaster, sweeping his living from the posteriors of little children, and had nothing good in him, his epigrams being bare narrations. Francis Beaumont died before he was thirty years of age, who he said was a good poet, as were Fletcher and

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Chapman, whom he loved. That sir William Alexander was not half kind to him, and neglected him, because a friend to Drayton. That sir R. Ayton loved him dearly. He fought several times with Marston, and says, that Marston wrote his father-in-law's preachings, and his father-in-law his comedies. His judgment of stranger poets was, that he thought not Bartas a poet, but a verser, because he wrote not fiction. He cursed Petrarch for redacting verses into sonnets, which he said was like the tyrants' bed, where some who were too short were racked, others too long cut short. That Guarini, in his Pastor Fido, kept no decorum in making shepherds speak as well as himself. That he told cardinal du Peron (when he was in France, anno 1613) who showed him his translation of Virgil, that it was nought; that the best pieces of Ronsard were his Odes; but all this was to no purpose, (says our author) for he never understood the French or Italian languages. He said Petronius, Plinius Secundus, and Plautus, spoke best Latin, and that Tacitus wrote the secrets of the council and senate, as Suetonius did those of the cabinet and court. That Lucan, taken in parts, was excellent, but altogether nought. That Quintilian's six, seven, and eight books were not only to be read, but altogether digested. That Juvenal, Horace, and Martial, were to be read for delight, and so was Pindar; but Hippoerates for health. Of the English nation, he said, that Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity was best for church matters, and Selden's Titles of Honour for antiquities. Here our author relates, that the censure of his verses was, that they were all good, especially his Epitaph on Prince Henry, save that they smelled too much of the schools, and were not after the fancy of the times; for a child (says he) may write after the fashion of the Greek and Latin verses in running; yet that he wished to please the king, that Piece of Forth Feasting had been his own."

Ben Jonson, continues Drummond, "was a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scomer of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived; a dissembler of the parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanted, thinking nothing well done, but what either he himself or some of his friends have said or done. He is passionately kind and angry, careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered at himself, interprets best sayings and deeds often to the worst. He was for any religion, as being versed in both; oppressed with fancy, which hath overmastered his reason, a general disease in many poets. His inventions are smooth and easy, but above all he excelleth in a translation. When his play of The Silent Woman was first acted, there were found verses after on the stage against him, concluding, that that play was well named The Silent Woman, because there was never one man to say *plaudite* to it." Drummond adds, "In short, he was in his personal character the very reverse of Shakspeare, as surly, ill-natured, proud, and disagreeable, as Shakspeare, with ten times his merit, was gentle, good-natured, easy, and amiable."

Lord Clarendon's character of our author is more favourable, and from so accurate a judge of human nature, perhaps more valuable. "His name," lord Clarendon says, "can never be forgotten, having by his very good learning, and the severity of his nature and manners, very much reformed the stage; and indeed the English poetry itself. His natural advantages were, judgment to order and govern fancy, rather than excess of fancy, his productions being slow and upon deliberation, yet then abounding with great wit and fancy, and will live accordingly; and surely as he did exceedingly exalt the English language in eloquence, propriety, and masculine expressions, so he was the best

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judge of, and fittest to prescribe rules to poetry and poets, of any man who had lived with, or before him, or since: if Mr. Cowley had not made a flight beyond all men, with that modesty yet, as to ascribe much of this to the example and learning of Ben Jonson. His conversation was very good, and with the men of most note; and he had for many years an extraordinary kindness for Mr. Hyde, (lord Clarendon) till he found he betook himself to business, which he believed ought never to be preferred before his company. He lived to be very old, and till the palsy made a deep impression upon his body and his mind [8]."

From these accounts it may surely be inferred that Jonson in his lifetime occupied a high station in the literary world. So many memorials of character, and so many eulogiums on his talents, have fallen to the lot of few writers of that age. His failings, however, appear to have been so conspicuous as to obscure his virtues. Addicted to intemperance, with the unequal temper which habitual intemperance creates, and disappointed in the hopes of wealth and independence which his high opinion of his talents led him to form, he degenerated even to the resources of a libeller who extorts from fear what is denied to genius, and became arrogant, and careless of pleasing those with whom he associated. Of the coarseness of his manners there can be no doubt; but it appears at the same time that his talents were such as made his temper be tolerated for the sake of his conversation. As to his high opinion of himself, he did not probably differ from his contemporaries, who hailed him as the reformer of the stage, and as the most learned of critics, and it is no great diminution of his merit that an age of more refinement cannot find enough to justify the superior light in which he was then contemplated. It is sufficient that he did what had not been done before, that he displayed a judgment to which the stage had been a stranger, and furnished it with examples of regular comedy which have not been surpassed. His memory was uncommonly tenacious, and his learning certainly superior to that of most of his contemporaries. Pope gives him the praise of having "brought critical learning into vogue," and having instructed both the actors and spectators in what was the proper province of the dramatic Muse. His English Grammar, and his Discoveries, both written in his advanced years, discover an attachment to the interests of literature, and a habit of reflection, which place his character as a scholar in a very favourable point of view. The editor of a recent edition of his Discoveries, justly attributes to them "a closeness and precision of style, weight of sentiment, and accuracy of classical learning."

Yet whatever may be thought of his learning, it is greatly over-rated, when opposed or preferred to the genius of his contemporary Shakspeare. Jonson's learning contributed very little to his reputation as a dramatic poet. Where he seems to have employed it most, as in his Cataline, it only enables him to encumber the tragedy with servile versifications of Sallust, when he should have been studying nature and the passions. Dryden, whose opinions are often inconsistent, considers Jonson as the greatest man of his age, and observes that "if we look upon him when he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages) he was the most learned and judicious writer any theatre ever had." In another place (preface to the Mock Astrologer) he says, "that almost all Jonson's pieces were but *crambe bis cocta*, the same humours a little varied, and written worse."

It is certain that his high character as a dramatic writer has not descended to us undiminished. Of his fifty dramas, there are not above three which preserve his name on the

[8] Life of Lord Clarendon. C.

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tage, but those indeed are excellent.' It was his misfortune to be obliged to dissipate on court masks and pageants those talents which concentrated might have furnished dramas equal to his Volpone, Alchemist, and The Silent Woman. Contrasted with the boundless and commanding genius of Shakspeare, Dr. Johnson has hit his character with success in his celebrated prologue.

> "Then Jonson came, instructed from the school
> To please by method, and invent by rule.
> His studious patience, and laborious art,
> With regular approach essay'd the heart;
> Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
> For they who durst not censure, scarce could praise."

Among the poems which are now presented to the reader, there are few which can be specified as models of excellence. The Hymn from Cynthia's Revels, the Ode to the Memory of Sir Lucius Cary, and Sir H. Morison, one of the first examples of the Pindaric or irregular ode, and some of his Songs, and Underwoods, are brightened by occasional rays of genius, and dignified simplicity; but in general he was led into glittering and fanciful thoughts, and is so frequently captivated with these as to neglect his versification. Although he had long studied poetry, it does not appear that he could pursue a train of poetical sentiment or imagery so far as to produce any great work. His best efforts were such as he could execute almost in the moment of conception, and frequently with an epigrammatic turn which is very striking. He once meditated an epic poem, but his habitual irregularities and love of company denied the necessary perseverance.

His works were printed thrice in folio, in the seventeenth century, and twice in the eighteenth. The last edition, in seven volumes, octavo, with notes and additions by Mr. Whalley, appeared in 1756, and is esteemed the most valuable, but will probably be superseded by an edition now under the care of the acute editor of Massinger.

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POEMS

OF

BEN JONSON.

UNDER-WOODS.

CONSISTING OF DIVERS POEMS.

TO THE READER.

WITH the same leave the ancients called that kind of body Sylva, or Ὕλη, in which there were workes of divers nature, and matter congested; as the multitude call timber-trees, promiscuously growing, a wood or forrest: so am I bold to entitle these lesser poems, of later growth, by this of Under-wood, out of the analogie they hold to the Forrest, in my former booke, and no otherwise.

BEN JONSON.

POEMS OF DEVOTION.

THE SINNER'S SACRIFICE.

TO THE HOLY TRINITIE.

O HOLY, blessed, glorious Trinitie
Of persons, still one God, in unitie.
The faithfull man's beleeved mysterie,
Helpe, helpe to lift

My selfe up to thee, harrow'd, torne, and bruis'd
By sinne, and Satham; and my flesh misus'd,
As my heart lies in peeces, all confus'd,
O take my gift.

All-gracious God, the sinner's sacrifice.
A broken heart thou wert not wont despise,
But 'bove the fat of rammes, or bulls, to prize
An offring meet,

For thy acceptance, O, behold me right,
And take compassion on my grievous plight.
What odour can be, then a heart contrite,
To thee more sweet?

Eternall Father, God, who did'st create
This All of nothing, gavest it forme, and fate,
And breath'd into it, life, and light, with state
To worship thee.

Eternall God the Sonne, who not denyd'st
To take our nature; becam'st man, and dyd'st,
To pay our debts, upon thy crosse, and cryd'st,
"All's done in me."

Eternall Spirit, God from both proceeding,
Father and Sonne; the comforter, in breeding
Pure thoughts in man: with fiery zeale them feeding
For acts of grace.

Increase those acts, ô glorious Trinitie
Of persons, still one God in Unitie;
Till I attaine the long'd-for mysterie
Of seeing your face.

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Beholding one in three, and three in one,
A Trinitie, to shine in unitie;
The gladdest light, darke man can thinke upon;
O grant it me!

Father, and Sonne, and Holy Ghost, you three
All coeternall in your majestie,
Distinct in persons, yet in unitie
One God to see.

My Maker, Saviour, and my sanctifier.
To heare, to meditate, sweeten my desire,
With grace, with love, with cherishing intire,
O, then how blest;

Among thy saints elected to abide,
And with thy angels placed side by side,
But in thy presence, truly glorified
Shall I there rest?

A

HYMNE TO GOD THE FATHER.

Heare mee, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part:
Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein, thy love.

If thou hadst not
Beene sterne to mee,
But left me free,
I had forgot
My selfe and thee.

For, sin's so sweet.
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Untill they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Then thou hast done?
That gav'st a sonne,
To free a slave:
First made of nought;
Withall since bought.

Sinne, Death, and Hell,
His glorious name
Quite overcame,
Yet I rebell,
And slight the same.

But i'le come in,
Before my losse
Me farther tosse,
As sure to win
Under his crosse.

A HYMNE

ON THE NATIVITIE OF MY SAVIOUR.

I sing the birth was born to night,
The Author both of life and light;
The angels so did sound it,
And like the ravish'd sheep'erds said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Sonne of God, th' Eternall King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soule from danger;
Hee whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which Heaven and Earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisedome will'd it so,
The Sonne's obedience knew no *no*,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisedome had decreed,
The Word was now made flesh indeed,
And tooke on him our nature.

What comfort by him doe wee winne?
Who made himselfe the price of sinne,
To make us heires of glory?
To see this babe all innocence;
A martyr borne in our defence;
Can man forget this storie?

A

CELEBRATION OF CHARIS,

IN TEN LYRICK PIECES.

I. HIS EXCUSE FOR LOVING.

Let it not your wonder move,
Lesse your laughter, that I love.
Though I now write fiftie yeares,
I have had, and have my peeres;
Poets, though devine, are men:
Some have lov'd as old agen.
And it is not alwayes face,
Clothes, or fortune, gives the grace;
Or the feature, or the youth:
But the language, and the truth,
With the ardour, and the passion,
Gives the lover weight and fashion.
If you then will read the storie,
First, prepare you to be sorie,
That you never knew till now,
Either whom to love, or how:
But be glad, as soone with me,
When you know, that this is she,
Of whose beautie it was sung,
She shall make the old man young,
Keepe the middle age at stay,
And let nothing high decay,
Till she be the reason why,
All the world for love may die.

II. HOW HE SAW HER.

I beheld her on a day
When her looke out-flourisht May:
And her dressing did out-brave
All the pride the fields then have:

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Farre I was from being stupid,
For I ran and call'd on Cupid;
"Love, if thou wilt ever see
Marke of glorie, come with me;
Where's thy quiver? bend thy bow:
Here's a shaft, thou art too slow!"
And (withall) I did untie
Every cloud about his eye;
But he had not gain'd his sight
Sooner, then he lost his might,
Or his courage; for away
Strait hee ran, and durst not stay,
Letting bow and arrow fall;
Nor for any threat, or call,
Could be brought once back to looke.
I, foole-hardie, there up tooke
Both the arrow he had quit,
And the bow, which thought to hit
This my object. But she threw
Such a lightning (as I drew)
At my face, that tooke my sight,
And my motion from me quite;
So that there I stood a stone,
Mock'd of all: and call'd of one
(Which with griefe and wrath I heard)
Cupid's statue with a beard,
Or else one that plaid his ape,
In a Hercules his shape.

III. WHAT HEE SUFFERED.

After many scornes like these,
Which the prouder beauties please,
She content was to restore
Eyes and limbes; to hurt me more:
And would, on conditions, be
Reconcil'd to love and me:
First, that I must kneeling yeeld
Both the bow and shaft I held
Unto her; which Love might take
At her hand, with oath, to make
Mee the scope of his next draught,
Aymed with that selfe-same shaft.
He no sooner heard the law,
But the arrow home did draw,
And (to gaine her by his art)
Left it sticking in my heart:
Which when she beheld to bleed,
She repented of the deed,
And would faine have chang'd the fate,
But the pittie comes too late.
Looser-like, now, all my wreake
Is, that I have leave to speake,
And in either prose, or song,
To revenge me with my tongue,
Which how dexterously I doe,
Heare and make example too.

IV. HER TRIUMPH.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that drawes is a swan, or a dove,
And well the carre Love guideth.
As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And, enamour'd, doe wish so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whether she would ride.

Doe but looke on her eyes, they doe light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Doe but looke on her haire, it is bright
As Love's starre when it riseth!
Doe but marke, her forhead's smoother
Then words that sooth her!
And from her arched browes, such a grace
Sheds it selfe through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gaine, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seene but a bright lillie grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Ha' you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
Before the soyle hath smutch'd it?
Ha' you felt the wooll of bever?
Or swan's downe ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

V. HIS DISCOURSE WITH CUPID.

Noblest Charis, you that are
Both my fortune and my starre!
And doe governe more my blood,
Then the various Moone the flood!
Heare, what late discourse of you,
Love and I have had; and true.
'Mongst my Muses finding me,
Where he chanc't your name to see
Set, and to this softer straine;
"Sure," said he, "if I have braine,
This here sung can be no other,
By description, but my mother!
So hath Homer prais'd her haire;
So Anacreon drawne the ayre
Of her face, and made to rise,
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her browes, bent like my bow.
By her lookes I doe her know,
Which you call my shafts. And see!
Such my mother's blushes be,
As the bath your verse discloses
In her cheekes, of milke and roses;
Such as oft I wanton in.
And, above her even chin,
Have you plac'd the banke of kisses,
Where you say, men gather blisses,
Rip'ned with a breath more sweet,
Then when flowers and west-winds meet.
Nay, her white and polish'd neck,
With the lace that doth it deck,
Is my mother's! hearts of slaine
Lovers, made into a chaine!
And betweene each rising breast
Lyes the valley, cal'd my nest,
Where I sit and proyne my wings
After flight; and put new stings
To my shafts! Her very name,
With my mother's is the same."—
"I confesse all," I replide,
"And the glasse hangs by her side,
And the girdle 'bout her waste,
All is Venus: save unchaste.

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But, alas! thou seest the least
Of her good, who is the best
Of her sex; but could'st thou, Love,
Call to minde the formes, that strove
For the apple, and those three
Make in one, the same were shee.
For this beauty yet doth hide
Something more then thou hast spi'd.
Outward grace weake love beguiles:
Shee is Venus when she smiles,
But shee's Juno when she walkes,
And Minerva when she talkes."

VI. CLAYMING A SECOND KISSE BY DESERT.

Charis, guesse, and doe not miss,
Since I drew a morning kisse
From your lips, and suck'd an ayre
Thence, as sweet as you are faire.
What my Muse and I have done:
Whether we have lost or wonne,
If by us the oddes were laid,
That the bride (allow'd a maid)
Look'd not halfe so fresh and faire,
With th' advantage of her haire,
And her jewels, to the view
Of th' assembly, as did you!
Or, that did you sit, or walke,
You were more the eye and talke
Of the court, to day, then all
Else that glister'd in White-hall;
So, as those that had your sight,
Wisht the bride were chang'd to night,
And did thinke such rites were due
To no other grace but you!
Or, if you did move to night
In the daunces, with what spight
Of your peeres you were beheld,
That at every motion sweld
So to see a lady tread,
As might all the Graces leade,
And was worthy (being so seene)
To be envi'd of the queene.
Or, if you would yet have stay'd,
Whether any would up-braid
To himselfe his losse of time;
Or have charg'd his sight of crime,
To have left all sight for you:
Guesse of these, which is the true;
And, if such a verse as this
May not claime another kisse.

VII. BEGGING ANOTHER, ON COLOUR OF MENDING THE FORMER.

For Love's sake, kisse me once againe,
I long, and should not beg in vaine,
Here's none to spie or see;
Why doe you doubt, or stay?
I'le taste as lightly as the bee,
That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.

Once more, and (faith) I will be gone.
Can he that loves aske lesse then one?
Nay, you may erre in this,
And all your bountie wrong:
This could be call'd but halfe a kisse.
What w'are but once to doe, we should doe long.
I will but mend the last, and tell
Where, how, it would have relish'd well;
Joyne lip to lip, and try:
Each suck other's breath,
And whilst our tongues perplexed lie,
Let who will thinke us dead, or wish our death.

VIII. URGING HER OF A PROMISE.

Charis one day in discourse
Had of Love, and of his force,
Lightly promis'd, she would tell
What a man she could love well:
And that promise set on fire
All that heard her with desire.
With the rest, I long expected
When the worke would be effected:
But we find that cold delay
And excuse spun every day,
As, untill she tell her one,
We all feare she loveth none.
Therefore, Charis, you must do't,
For I will so urge you to't,
You shall neither eat, nor sleepe,
No, nor forth your window peepe,
With your emissarie eye,
To fetch in the formes goe by:
And pronounce, which band or lace
Better fits him then his face;
Nay, I will not let you sit
'Fore your idoll glasse a whit,
To say over every purle
There; or to reforme a curle;
Or with secretarie Sis
To consult, if fucus this
Be as good as was the last:
All your sweet of life is past,
Make account unlesse you can,
(And that quickly) speake your man.

IX. HER MAN DESCRIBED BY HER OWNE DICTAMEN.

Of your trouble, Ben, to ease me,
I will tell what man would please me.
I would have him, if I could,
Noble; or of greater blood:
Titles, I confesse, doe take me,
And a woman God did make me.
French to boote, at least in fashion,
And his manners of that nation.
Young I'd have him too, and faire,
Yet a man; with crisped haire,
Cast in thousand snares and rings,
For Love's fingers, and his wings:
Chestnut colour, or more slack
Gold, upon a ground of black.
Venus and Minerva's eyes,
For he must looke wanton-wise.
Eye-brows bent like Cupid's bow,
Front, an ample field of snow;
Even nose, and cheeke (withall)
Smooth as is the billiard ball:
Chin, as woolly as the peach;
And his lip should kissing teach,
Till he cherish'd too much beard,
And make Love or me afeard.

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He would have a hand as soft
As the downe, and show it oft;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it e're it came;
All his blood should be a flame
Quickly fir'd, as in beginners
In love's schoole, and yet no sinners.
'Twere too long to speake of all;
What we harmonie doe call
In a body should be there.
Well he should his clothes too weare,
Yet no taylor help to make him,
Drest, you still for man should take him;
And not thinke h' had eat a stake,
Or were set up in a brake.
Valiant he should be as fire,
Showing danger more then ire.
Bounteous as the clouds to earth;
And as honest as his birth,
All his actions to be such,
As to doe nothing too much.
Nor o're-praise, nor yet condemne;
Nor out-valew, nor contemne;
Nor doe wrongs, nor wrongs receave;
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from basenesse to be free,
As he durst love truth and me.
Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

X. ANOTHER LADYE'S EXCEPTION, PRESENT AT THE HEARING.

For his mind, I doe not care,
That's a toy, that I could spare:
Let his title be but great,
His clothes rich, and band sit neat,
Himselfe young, and face be good,
All I wish is understood:
What you please, you parts may call,
'Tis one good part I'd lie withall.

THE

MUSICALL STRIFE;

IN A PASTORALL DIALOGUE.

SHEE.

Come, with our voyces let us warre,
And challenge all the spheares,
Till each of us be made a starre,
And all the world turne eares.

HEE.

At such a call, what beast or fowle
Of reason emptie is!
What tree or stone doth want a soule?
What man but must lose his?

SHEE.

Mixe then your notes, that we may prove
To stay the running floods;
To make the mountaine quarries move;
And call the walking woods.

HEE.

What need of mee? doe you but sing,
Sleepe and the grave will wake,
No tunes are sweet, nor words have sting,
But what those lips doe make.

SHEE.

They say the angells marke each deed,
And exercise below,
And out of inward pleasure feed
On what they viewing know.

HEE.

O sing not you then, lest the best
Of angels should be driven
To fall againe, at such a feast,
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

SHEE.

Nay, rather both our soules bee strayn'd
To meet their high desire;
So they in state of grace retain'd,
May wish us of their quire.

A SONG.

Oh, doe not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them downe, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

O, be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor looke too kinde on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

O, do not steepe them in thy teares,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distract with feares,
Mine owne enough betray me.

IN THE PERSON OF WOMAN KIND.

A SONG APOLOGETTIQUE.

Men, if you love us, play no more
The fooles, or tyrants with your friends,
To make us still sing o're and o're,
Our owne false praises, for your ends:
Wee have both wits and fancies too,
And if we must, let's sing of you.

Nor doe we doubt, but that we can,
If wee would search with care and paine,
Find some one good, in some one man;
So, going thorow all your straine,
Wee shall at last, of parcells make
One good enough for a song's sake.

And as a cunning painter takes,
In any curious peece you see,
More pleasure while the thing he makes
Then when 'tis made; why so will wee.
And having pleas'd our art, wee'll try
To make a-new, and hang that by.

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ANOTHER.

IN DEFENCE OF THEIR INCONSTANCIE.

A SONG.

Hang up those dull and envious fooles
That talke abroad of woman's change,
We were not bred to sit on stooles,
Our proper vertue is to range:
Take that away, you take our lives,
We are no women then, but wives.

Such as in valour would excell
Doe change, though man, and often fight,
Which we in love must doe as well,
If ever we will love aright.
The frequent varying of the deed,
Is that which doth perfection breed.

Nor is't inconstancie to change
For what is better, or to make
(By searching) what before was strange,
Familiar, for the use's sake;
The good, from bad, is not descride,
But as 'tis often vext and tri'd.

And this profession of a store
In love, doth not alone help forth
Our pleasure; but preserves us more
From being forsaken, then doth worth:
For were the worthiest woman curst
To love one man, hee'd leave her first.

A NYMPH'S PASSION.

I love, and he loves me againe,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the nymphs should know my swaine,
I feare they'd love him too:
Yet if it be not knowne,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our owne.

I'le tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envie me:
But then if I grow jealous madde,
And of them pittied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorne,
And yet it cannot be forborne,
Unlesse my heart would as my thought be torne.

He is, if they can find him, faire,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purged ayre,
And lookes as lillies doe,
That are this morning blowne,
Yet, yet I doubt he is not knowne,
And feare much more, that more of him be showne.

But he hath eyes so round and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light,
Though Hate had put them out;
But then t' encrease my feares,
What nymph so e're his voyce but heares
Will be my rivall, though she have but eares.

I'le tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet, no,
One un-becomming thought doth move
From either heart, I know;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame,
If love, or feare, would let me tell his name.

THE HOURE-GLASSE.

Dor but consider this small dust,
Here running in the glasse,
By atomes mov'd;
Could you beleeve, that this
The body was
Of one that lov'd?
And in his mistress flame, playing like a flye,
Turn'd to cinders by her eye?
Yes; and in death, as life, unblest,
To have't expresst,
Even ashes of lovers find no rest.

MY PICTURE LEFT IN SCOTLAND.

I now thinke, love is rather deafe then blind,
For else it could not be,
That she,
Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
And cast my love behind:
I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,
And every close did meet
In sentence, of as subtile feet,
As hath the youngest hee,
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.
Oh, but my conscious feares,
That flie my thoughts betweene,
Tell me that she hath seene
My hundreds of gray haires,
Told seven and fortie yeares,
Read so much waste, as she cannot imbrace
My mountaine belly, and my rockie face,
And all these through her eyes, have stopt her eares.

AGAINST IEALOUSIE.

Wretched and foolish jealousie,
How camst thou thus to enter me?
I n're was of thy kind;
Nor have I yet the narrow mind
To vent that poore desire,
That others should not warme them at my fire.
I wish the Sun should shine,
On all men's fruit, and flowers, as well as mine.

But under the disguise of love
Thou sai'st thou onely cam'st to prove
What my affections were,
Think'st thou that love is help'd by feare?
Goe, get thee quickly forth,
Love's sicknesse, and his noted want of worth,
Seeke doubting men to please,
I ne're will owe my health to a disease.

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THE DREAME.

Or scorne, or pittie on me take,
I must the true relation make,
I am undone to night;
Love in a subtile dreame disguis'd,
Hath both my heart and me surpriz'd,
Whom never yet he durst attempt t' awake;
Nor will he tell me for whose sake
He did me the delight,
Or spight,
But leaves me to inquire,
In all my wild desire
Of sleepe againe; who was his aid,
And sleepe so guiltie and afraid,
As since he dares not come within my sight.

AN

EPITAPH ON MASTER VINCENT CORBET.

I have my pietie too, which could
It vent it selfe, but as it would,
Would say as much, as both have done
Before me here, the friend and sonne;
For I both lost a friend and father,
Of him whose bones this grave doth gather;
Deare Vincent Corbet, who so long
Had wrestled with diseases strong,
That though they did possess each limbe,
Yet he broke them, e're they could him,
With the just canon of his life,
A life that knew nor noise, nor strife;
But was by sweetning so his will,
All order, and disposure, still
His mind as pure, and neatly kept,
As were his nourceries; and swept
So of uncleannesse, or offence,
That never came ill odour thence:
And adde his actions unto these,
They were as specious as his trees.
'Tis true, he could not reprehend
His very manners, taught t' amend,
They were so even, grave, and holy;
No stubbornesse so stiffe, nor folly
To licence ever was so light,
As twice to trespasse in his sight,
His lookes would so correct it, when
It chid the vice, yet not the men.
Much from him I professe I wonne,
And more, and more, I should have done,
But that I understood him scant,
Now I conceive him by my want,
And pray who shall my sorrowes read,
That they for me their teares will shed;
For truly, since he left to be,
I feele, I'm rather dead than he?

Reader, whose life, and name, did e're become
An epitaph, deserv'd a tombe:
Nor wants it here through penurie, or sloth,
Who makes the one, so't be first makes both.

AN

EPISTLE TO SIR EDWARD SACKVILE,

NOW EARLE OF DORSET.

If Sackvile, all that have the power to doe
Great and good turns, as wel could time them too,
And knew their how, and where: we should have then
Lesse list of proud, hard, or ingratefull men.
For benefits are ow'd with the same mind
As they are done, and such returnes they find:
You then, whose will not only, but desire
To succour my necessities tooke fire,
Not at my prayers, but your sense; which laid
The way to meet what others would upbraid;
And in the act did so my blush prevent,
As I did feele it done, as soone as meant:
You cannot doubt, but I who freely know
This good from you, as freely will it owe;
And though my fortune humble me, to take
The smallest courtesies with thankes, I make
Yet choyce from whom I take them; and would shame
To have such doe me good, I durst not name:
They are the noblest benefits, and sinke
Deepest in man, of which when he doth thinke,
The memorie delights him more, from whom
Then what he hath receiv'd. Gifts stinke from some,
They are so long a comming, and so hard;
Where any deed is forc't, the grace is mard.
Can I owe thankes, for courtesies receiv'd
Against his will that does 'hem? that hath weav'd
Excuses, or delayes? or done 'hem scant,
That they have more opprest me, then my want?
Or if he did it not to succour me,
But by meere chance? for interest? or to free
Himselfe of farther trouble, or the weight
Of pressure, like one taken in a streight?
All this corrupts the thankes, lesse hath he wonne,
That puts it in his debt-booke e're 't be done;
Or that doth sound a trumpet, and doth call
His groomes to witnesse; or else lets it fall
In that proud manner: as a good so gain'd,
Must make me sad for what I have obtain'd. [face,
No! gifts and thankes should have one cheerefull
So each, that's done, and tane, becomes a brace.
He neither gives, or does, that doth delay
A benefit, or that doth throw't away,
No more then he doth thanke, that will receive
Nought but in corners; and is loath to leave,
Lest ayre, or print, but flies it: such men would
Run from the conscience of it if they could.
As I have seene some infants of the sword
Well knowne, and practiz'd borrowers on their word,
Give thankes by stealth, and whispering in the eare,
For what they straight would to the world forsweare;
And speaking worst of those from whom they went
But then fist fill'd, to put me off the sent.
Now dam'mee, sir, if you shall not command
My sword ('tis but a poore sword understand)
As farre as any poore sword i' the land:
Then turning unto him is next at hand,
Damns whom he damn'd too, is the veriest gull,
H'as feathers, and will serve a man to pull.
Are they not worthy to be answer'd so,
That to such natures let their full hands flow,
And seeke not wants to succour: but inquire,
Like money-brokers, after names, and hire

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Their bounties forth to him that last was made,
Or stands to be'n commission o' the blade?
Still, still the hunters of false fame apply
Their thoughts and meanes to making loude the cry;
But one is bitten by the dog he fed,
And hurt, seeks cure; the surgeon bids take bread,
And spunge-like with it dry up the blood quite,
Then give it to the hound that did him bite:
Pardon, sayes he, that were a way to see
All the towne-curs take each their snatch at me.
O, is it so? knowes he so much? and will
Feed those, at whom the table points at still?
I not deny it, but to helpe the need
Of any, is a great and generous deed:
Yea, of th' ingratefull: and he forth must tell
Many a pound and piece will place one well;
But these men ever want: their very trade
Is borrowing; that but stopt, they doe invade
All as their prize, turne pyrats here at land,
Ha' their Bermudas, and their Streights i' th'Strand;
Man out of their boates to th' Temple, and not shift
Now, but command; make tribute what was gift;
And it is paid 'hem with a trembling zeale
And superstition, I dare scarce reveale
If it were cleare, but being so in cloud
Carryed and wrapt, I only am aloud
My wonder! why? the taking a clownes purse,
Or robbing the poore market-folkes, should nurse
Such a religious horrour in the brests
Of our towne gallantry! or why there rests
Such worship due to kicking of a punck!
Or swaggering with the watch, or drawer drunke;
Or feats of darknesse acted in mid-sun,
And told of with more licence then th' were done!
Sure there is misterie in it, I not know
That men such reverence to such actions show!
And almost deifie the authors! make
Lowd sacrifice of drinke, for their health-sake;
Reare suppers in their names! and spend whole nights
Unto their praise, in certaine swearing rites:
Cannot a man be reck'ned in the state
Of valour, but at this idolatrous rate?
I thought that fortitude had beene a meane
'Twixt feare and rashnesse: not a lust obscene,
Or appetite of offending, but a skill
Or science of a discerning good and ill.
And you, sir, know it well, to whom I write,
That with these mixtures we put out her light;
Her ends are honestie, and publike good!
And where they want, she is not understood.
No more are these of us, then let them goe,
I have the lyst of mine owne faults to know,
Looke to and cure; he's not a man hath none,
But like to be that every day mends one,
And feeles it; else he tarries by the beast.
Can I discerne how shadowes are decreast,
Or growne, by height or lownesse of the sunne?
And can I lesse of substance? when I runne,
Ride, saile, am coach'd, know I how farre I have gone,
And my minds motion not? or have I none:
No! he must feele and know, that will advance;
Men have been great, but never good by chance,
Or on the sudden. It were strange that he
Who was this morning such a one, should be
Sydney e'er night? or that did goe to bed
Coriat, should rise the most sufficient head
Of Christendome? And neither of these know,
Were the rack offer'd them, how they came so;
'Tis by degrees that men arrive at glad
Profit; in ought each day some little adde,
In time 'twill be a heape; this is not true
Alone in money, but in manners too.
Yet we must more then move still, or goe on,
We must accomplish; 'tis the last key-stone
That makes the arch, the rest that there were put
Are nothing till that comes to bind and shut.
Then stands it a triumphall marke! then men
Observe the strength, the height, the why, and when,
It was erected; and still walking under
Meet some new matter to looke up and wonder!
Such notes are vertuous men! they live as fast
As they are high; are rooted and will last.
They need no stilts, nor rise upon their toes,
As if they would belie their stature, these
Are dwarfes of honour, and have neither weight
Nor fashion; if they chance aspire to height,
'Tis like light canes, that first rise big and brave,
Shoot forth in smooth and comely spaces; have
But few and fair divisions: but being got
Aloft, grow lesse and streightned, full of knot,
And last, goe out in nothing: you that see
Their difference, cannot choose which you will be.
You know (without my flatt'ring you) too much
For me to be your indice. Keep you such,
That I may love your person (as I doe)
Without your gift, though I can rate that too,
By thanking thus the courtesie to life,
Which you will bury, but therein, the strife
May grow so great to be example, when
(As their true rule or lesson) either men,
Donners or dounces, to their practise shall
Find you to reckon nothing, me owe all.

AN

EPISTLE TO MASTER JOHN SELDEN.

I know to whom I write here, I am sure,
Though I am short, I cannot be obscure:
Lesse shall I for the art or dressing care,
Truth and the Graces best when naked are.
Your booke, my Seldes, I have read, and much
Was trusted, that you thought my judgement such
To aske it: though in most of workes it be
A pennance, where a man may not be free,
Rather then office, when it doth or may
Chance that the friend's affection proves allay
Unto the censure. Yours all need doth flie
Of this so vitious humanitie,
Then which there is not unto studie a more
Pernitious enemie. We see before
A many of bookes, even good judgements wound
Themselves through favouring what is there not [found:
But I on yours farre otherwise shall doe,
Not flie the crime, but the suspition too:
Though I confesse (as every Muse hath err'd,
And mine not least) I have too oft preferr'd [much,
Men, past their termes, and prais'd some names too
But 'twas with purpose to have made them such,
Since being deceiv'd, I turne a sharper eye
Upon my selfe, and aske to whom? and why?
And what I write? and vexe it many dayes
Before men get a verse, much lesse a praise;
So that my reader is assur'd, I now
Meane what I speake, and still will keepe that row.
Stand forth my object, then, you that have beene
Ever at home, yet have all countries seene:

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And like a compasse, keeping one foot still
Upon your center, doe your circle fill
Of generall knowledge; watch'd men, manners too,
Heard what times past have said, seene what ours doe:
Which grace shall I make love to first? your skill,
Or faith in things? or is't your wealth and will
T' instruct and teach? or your unweary'd paine
Of gathering? bountie in pouring out againe?
What fables have you vext! what truth redeem'd!
Antiquities search'd! opinions dis-esteem'd!
Impostures branded! and authorities urg'd,
What blots and errours, have you wat:h'd and purg'd
Records and authors of! how rectified
Times, manners, customes! innovations spide!
Sought out the fountaines, sources, creekes, paths,
And noted the beginnings and decayes! [wayes,
Where is that nominall marke, or reall rite,
Forme, act, or ensigne, that hath scap'd your sight?
How are traditions there examin'd! how
Conjectures retriev'd | and a storie now
And then of times (besides the bare conduct
Of what it tells us) weav'd in to instruct.
I wonder'd at the richnesse, but am lost,
To see the workmanship so 'xceed the cost!
To marke the excellent seas'ning of your stile!
And manly elocution, not one while
With horrour rough, then rioting with wit!
But to the subject still the colours fit;
In sharpnesse of all search, wisdome of choise,
Newnesse of sense, antiquitie of voice!
I yeeld, I yeeld, the matter of your praise
Flowes in upon me, and I cannot raise
A banke against it. Nothing but the round
Large claspe of nature, such a wit can bound.
Monarch in letters! 'mongst the titles showne
Of others honours, thus, enjoy thy owne.
I first salute thee so; and gratulate
With that thy stile, thy keeping of thy state;
In offering this thy worke to no great name, [same,
That would, perhaps, have prais'd, and thank'd the
But nought beyond. He thou hast given it to,
Thy learned chamber-fellow, knowes to doe
It true respects. He will not only love,
Embrace, and cherish; but he can approve
And estimate thy paines; as having wrought
In the same mines of knowledge; and thence brought
Humanitie enough to be a friend,
And strength to be a champion, and defend
Thy gift 'gainst envie. O how I doe count
Among my commings in, and see it mount,
The graine of your two friendships! Hayward and
Selden! two names that so much understand!
On whom I could take up, and ne're abuse
The credit, what would furnish a tenth Muse!
But here's no time, nor place, my wealth to tell,
You both are modest. So am I. Farewell.

AN

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

TO PERSWADE HIM TO THE WARRES.

WAKE, friend, from forth thy lethargie: the drum
Beats brave, and loude in Europe, and bids come
All that dare rowse: or are not loth to quit
Their vitious ease, and be o'rewhelm'd with it.
It is a call to keepe the spirits alive,
That gaspe for action, and would yet revive
Man's buried honour, in his sleepie life:
Quickning dead nature, to her noblest strife.
All other acts of worldlings are but toyle
In dreames, begun in hope, and end in spoile.
Looke on th' ambitious man, and see him nurse,
His unjust hopes, with praises begg'd, or (worse)
Bought flatteries, the issue of his purse,
Till he become both their, and his owne curse!
Looke on the false and cunning man, that loves
No person, nor is lov'd; what wayes he proves
To gaine upon his belly; and at last
Crush'd in the snakie brakes, that he had past!
See, the grave, sower, and supercilious sir
In outward face, but inward, light as furre,
Or feathers, lay his fortune out to show,
Till envie wound, or maime it at a blow!
See him that's call'd, and thought the happiest man,
Honour'd at once, and envi'd (if it can
Be honour is so mixt) by such as would,
For all their spight, be like him if they could:
No part or corner man can looke upon,
But there are objects bid him to be gone
As farre as he can flie, or follow day,
Rather then here so bogg'd in vices stay:
The whole world here leaven'd with madnesse swells;
And being a thing blowne out of nought, rebells
Against his Maker; high alone with weeds,
And impious ranknesse of all sects and seeds:
Not to be checkt, or frighted now with fate,
But more licentious made, and desperate!
Our delicacies are growne capitall,
And even our sports are dangers! what we call
Friendship is now mask'd hatred! justice fled,
And shamefastnesse together! all lawes dead
That kept man living! pleasures only sought!
Honour and honestie, as poore things thought
As they are made! pride and stiffe clownage mixt
To make up greatnesse! and man's whole good fix'd
In bravery, in gluttony, or coyne,
All which he makes the servants of the groine,
Thither it flowes: how much did Stallion spend
To have his court-bred-fillie there commend
His lace and starch; and fall upon her back
In admiration, stretch'd upon the rack
Of lust, to his rich suit, and title, lord?
I, that's a charme and halfe! she must afford
That all respect; she must lie downe: nay more
'Tis there civilitie to be a whore;
He's one of blood, and fashion! and with these
The bravery makes, she can no honour leese:
To do't with cloth, or stuffes, lust's name might merit;
With velvet, plush, and tissues, it is spirit.
O, these so ignorant monsters! light, as proud,
Who can behold their manners, and not clowd-
Like upon them lighten? If nature could
Not make a verse; anger or laughter would,
To see 'hem aye discoursing with their glasse,
How they may make some one that day an asse,
Planting their purles, and curles spread forth like net,
And every dressing for a pitfall set
To catch the flesh in, and to pound a ——.
Be at their visits, see 'hem squemish, sick,
Ready to cast, at one, whose band sits ill,
And then leape mad on a neat pickardill;
As if a brize were gotten i' their tayle,
And firke, and jerke, and for the coach-man raile,
And jealous of each other, yet thinke long
To be abroad chanting some baudie song,

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And laugh, and measure thighes, then squeake, spring, itch,
Doe all the tricks of a saut lady bitch;
For t' other pound of sweet-meats, he shall feele
That payes, or what he will. The dame is steele:
For these with her young companie she'll enter,
Where Pittes, or Wright, or Modet would not venter,
And comes by these degrees, the stile t' inherit
Of woman of fashion, and a lady of spirit:
Nor is the title question'd with our proud,
Great, brave, and fashion'd folke, these are allow'd:
Adulteries now, are not so hid, or strange,
They 're growne commoditie upon exchange;
He that will follow but another's wife,
Is lov'd, though he let out his owne for life:
The husband now's call'd churlish, or a poore
Nature, that will not let his wife be a whore;
Or use all arts, or haunt all companies
That may corrupt her, even in his eyes.
The brother trades a sister; and the friend
Lives to the lord, but to the ladie's end.
Lesse must not be thought on then mistresse: or
If it be thought, kild like her embrions; for,
Whom no great mistresse hath as yet infam'd,
A fellow of course letcherie is nam'd,
The servant of the serving-woman in scorne,
Ne're came to taste the plenteous mariage-horne.
Thus they doe talke. And are these objects fit
For man to spend his money on? his wit?
His time? health? soule? will he for these goe throw
Those thousands on his back, shall after blow
His body to the Counters, or the Fleete?
Is it for these that fine man meets the street
Coach'd, or on foot-cloth, thrice chang'd every day,
To teach each suit, he has the ready way
From Hide-Parke to the stage, where at the last
His deare and borrow'd bravery he must cast?
When not his combes, his curling-irons, his glasse,
Sweet bags, sweet powders, nor sweet words will passe
For lesse securitie? O —— for these
Is it that man pulls on himselfe disease?
Surfet? and quarrell? drinkes the tother health?
Or by damnation voids it? or by stealth?
What furie of late is crept into our feasts?
What honour given to the drunkeunest guests?
What reputation to beare one glasse more?
When oft the bearer is borne out of dore?
This hath our ill-us'd freedome, and soft peace
Brought on us, and will every houre increase;
Our vices, doe not tarry in a place,
But being in motion still (or rather in race)
Tilt one upon another, and now beare
This way, now that, as if their number were
More then themselves, or then our lives could take,
But both fell prest under the load they make.
I'le bid thee looke no more, but flee, flee friend,
This precipice, and rocks that have no end,
Or side, but threatens ruine. The whole day
Is not enough now, but the nights to play:
And whilst our states, strength, body, and mind we waste;
Goe make our selves the usurers at a cast.
He that no more for age, cramps, palsies, can
Now use the bones, we see doth hire a man
To take the box up for him; and pursues
The dice with glassen eyes, to the glad views
Of what he throwes: like letchers growne content
To be beholders, when their powers are spent.
Can we not leave this wo me? or will we not?
Is that the truer excuse? or have we got
In this, and like, an itch of vauntie,
That scratching now's our best felicitie?
Well, let it goe. Yet this is better, then
To lose the formes, and dignities of men,
To flatter my good lord, and cry his bowle
Runs sweetly, as it had his lordship's soule:
Although perhaps it has, what's that to me,
That may stand by, and hold my peace? will be
When I am hoarse, with praising his each cast,
Give me but that againe, that I must wast
In sugar candide, or in butter'd beere,
For the recovery of my voyce? No, there
Pardon his lordship. Flattry's growne so cheape
With him, for he is followed with that heape
That watch, and catch, at what they may appland,
As a poore single flatterer, without band
Is nothing, such scarce meat and drinke he'le give,
But he that's both, and slave to both, shall live,
And be belov'd, while the whores last. O times!
Friend, flie from hence; and let these kindled rimes
Light thee from Hell on Earth: where flatterers, spies,
Informers, masters both of arts and lies,
Lewd slanderers, soft whisperers, that let blood
The life, and fame-vaynes (yet not understood
Of the poore sufferers) where the envious, proud,
Ambitious, factious, superstitious, lowd
Boasters, and perjur'd, with the infinite more
Prevaricators swarme: of which the store,
(Because th' are every where amongst man-kind
Spread through the world) is easier farre to find,
Then once to number, or bring forth to hand,
Though thou wert muster-master of the land.
Goe quit 'hem all. And take along with thee,
Thy true friend's wishes, Colby, which shall be,
That thine be just, and honest, that thy deeds
Not wound thy conscience, when thy body bleeds;
That thou dost all things more for truth, then glory,
And never but for doing wrong be sory;
That by commanding first thy selfe, thou mak'st
Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st;
That fortune never make thee to complaine,
But what she gives, thou dar'st give her againe;
That whatsoever face thy fate puts on,
Thou shrinke or start not, but be alwayes one;
That thou thinke nothing great, but what is good,
And from that thought strive to be understood.
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
Still pretious, with the odour of thy name.
And last, blaspheme not; we did never heare
Man thought the valiamter, 'cause he durst sweare,
No more, then we should thinke a lord had bad
More honour in him, 'cause we'ave knowne him mad:
These take, and now goe seeke thy peace in warre,
Whe falls for love of God, shall rise a starre.

AN

EPITAPH ON MASTER PHILIP GRAY.

Reader stay,
And if I had no more to say,
But here doth lie till the last day,
All that is left of Philip Gray.
It might thy patience richly pay:
For, if such men as he could die,
What suretie of life have thou, and I.

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EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

They are not, sir, worst owers, that doe pay
Debts when they can: good men may breake their day;
And yet the noble nature never grudge,
T is then a crime, when the usurer is judge:
And he is not in friendship. Nothing there
Is done for gaine: if 't be, 't is not sincere.
Nor should I at this time protested be,
But that some greater names have broke with me,
And their words too, where I but breake my band:
I adde that (but) because I understand
That as the lesser breach: for he that takes
Simply my band, his trust in me forsakes,
And lookes unto the forfeit. If you be
Now so much friend, as you would trust in me,
Venter a longer time, and willingly:
All is not barren land, doth fallow lie.
Some grounds are made the richer, for the rest;
And I will bring a crop, if not the best.

AN ELEGIE.

Can beautie, that did prompt me first to write,
Now threaten, with those meanes she did invite:
Did her perfections call me on to gaze!
Then like, then love; and now would they amaze!
Or was she gracious a-farre off? but neere
A terrour? or is all this but my feare?
That as the water makes things, put in 't, streight,
Crooked appeare; so that doth my conceipt:
I can helpe that with boldnesse; and love sware,
And fortune once, t' assist the spirits that dare.
But which shall lead me on? both these are blind:
Such guides men use not, who their way would find,
Except the way be errour to those ends:
And then the best are still, the blindest friends!
Oh how a lover may mistake! to thinke,
Or love, or fortune blind, when they but winke
To see men feare: or else for truth, and state,
Because they would free justice imitate,
Vaile their owne eyes, and would impartially
Be brought by us to meet our destinie.
If it be thus; come love, and fortune goe,
I'le lead you on; or if my fate will so,
That I must send one first, my choyce assigues,
Love to my heart, and fortune to my lines.

AN ELEGIE.

By those bright eyes, at whose immortall fires
Love lights his torches to inflame desires;
By that faire stand, your forehead, whence he bends
His double bow, and round his arrowes sends;
By that tall grove, your haire, whose globy rings
He flying curles, and crispeth with his wings;
By those pure bathes your either cheeke discloses,
Where he doth steepe himselfe in milke and roses;
And lastly by your lips, the banke of kisses,
Where men at once may plant, and gather blisses:
Tell me (my lov'd friend) doe you love or no?
So well, as I may tell in verse 't is so?
You blush, but doe not: friends are either none,
(Though they may number bodyes) or but one.
I'le therefore aske no more, but bid you love;
And so, that either may example prove
Unto the other; and live patternes, how
Others, in time, may love, as we doe now.
Slip no occasion; as time stands not still,
I know no beautie, nor no youth that will.
To use the present, then, is not abuse,
You have a husband is the just excuse
Of all that can be done him; such a one
As would make shift, to make himselfe alone
That which we can; who both in you, his wife,
His issue, and all circumstance of life
As in his place, because he would not varie,
Is constant to be extraordinarie.

A SATYRICALL SHRUB.

A woman's friendship! God, whom I trust in,
Forgive me this one foolish deadly sin,
Amongst my many other, that I may
No more, I am sorry for so fond cause, say
At fifty yeares, almost, to value it,
That ne're was knowne to last above a fit,
Or have the least of good, but what it must
Put on for fashion, and take up on trust:
Knew I all this afore? had I perceiv'd,
That their whole life was wickednesse, though weav'd
Of many colours; outward, fresh from spots,
But their whole inside full of ends, and knots?
Knew I, that all their dialogues, and discourse,
Were such as I will now relate, or worse.

[*Here, something is wanting.*]

....
.....

Knew I this woman? yes; and you doe see,
How penitent I am, or I should be.
Doe not you aske to know her, she is worse
Then all ingredients made into one curse,
And that pour'd out upon man-kind, can be!
Thinke but the sin of all her sex, 't is she!
I could forgive her being proud! a whore!
Perjur'd! and painted! if she were no more,
But she is such, as she might, yet forestall
The Devill; and be the damning of us all.

LITTLE SHRUB GROWING BY,

Aske not to know this man. If Fame should speake
His name in any mettall, it would breake.
Two letters were enough the plague to teare
Out of his grave, and poyson every eare.
A parcell of court-durt, a heape, and masse
Of all vice hurld together, there he was,
Proud, false, and trecherous, vindictive, all
That thought can adde, unthankfull, the lay-stall
Of putrid flesh alive! of blood, the sinke!
And so I leave to stirre him, lest he stinke.

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AN ELEGIE.

Though beautie be the marke of praise,
And yours of whom I sing be such
As not the world can praise too much,
Yet is 't your vertue now I raise.

A vertue, like allay, so gone
Throughout your ferme; as though that move,
And draw, and conquer all men's love,
This subjects you to love of one.

Wherein you triumph yet: because
'T is of your selfe, and that you use
The noblest freedome, not to chuse
Against or faith, or honour's lawes.

But who should lesse expect from you,
In whom alone Love lives agen?
By whom he is restor'd to men:
And kept, and bred, and brought up true?

His falling temples you have rear'd
The withered garlands tane away;
His altars kept from the decay,
That envie wish'd, and nature fear'd.

And on them burne so chaste a flame,
With so much loyaltie's expence,
As Love t' aquit such excellence
Is gone himselfe into your name.

And you are he: the deitie
To whom all lovers are design'd;
That would their better objects find:
Among which faithfull troope am I.

Who as an off-spring at your shrine,
Have sung this hymne, and here entreat
One sparke of your diviner heat
To light upon a love of mine.

Which if it kindle not, but scant
Appeare, and that to shortest view,
Yet give me leave t' adore in you
What I, in her, am griev'd to want.

AN ODE.

TO HIMSELFE.

Where do'st thou carelesse lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge, that sleepes, doth die;
And this securitie,
It is the common moth, [both,
That eats on wits, and arts, and quite destroyes them

Are all th' Aonian springs
Dri'd up? lyes Thespia wast?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings!
Or droop they as disgrac't, [fac't?
To see their seats and bowers by chattring pies de-

If hence thy silence be,
As 't is too just a cause;
Let this thought quicken thee,
Minds that are great and free,
Should not on fortune pause,
'Tis crowne enough to vertue still, her owne applause.

What though the greedie frie
Be taken with false baytes
Of worded balladrie,
And thinke it poësie?
They die with their conceits,
And only pitious scorne upon their folly waites.

Then take in hand thy lyre,
Strike in thy proper straine,
With Japhet's lyne, aspire
Sol's chariot for new fire,
To give the world againe:
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's braine.

And since our daintie age
Cannot indure reproofe,
Make not thy selfe a page,
To that strumpet the stage,
But sing high and aloofe, [hoofe.
Safe from the wolve's black jaw, and the dull ass's

THE

MIND OF THE FRONTISPICE TO A BOOKE.

From death, and darke oblivion, near the same,
The mistresse of man's life, grave historie,
Raising the world to good and evill fame,
Doth vindicate it to eternitie.
Wise Providence would so; that nor the good
Might be defrauded, nor the great secur'd,
But both might know their wayes were understood,
When vice alike in time with vertue dur'd:
Which makes that (lighted by the beamie hand
Of truth that searcheth the most secret springs,
And guided by experience, whose straite wand
Doth mete, whose lyne doth sound the depth of things:)
She chearfully supporteth what she reares,
Assisted by no strengths, but are her owne,
Some note of which each varied pillar beares,
By which, as proper titles, she is knowne,
Time's witnesse, herald of antiquitie,
The light of truth, and life of memorie.

AN

ODE TO IAMES EARLE OF DESMOND,

WRIT IN QUEENE ELIZABETH'S TIME, SINCE LOST, AND RECOVERED.

Where art thou, Genius? I should use
Thy present aide: arise, Invention,
Wake, and put on the wings of Pindar's Muse,
To towre with my intention
High, as his mind, that doth advance
Her upright head, above the reach of chance,

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Or the times' envie:
Cynthias, I applie
My bolder numbers to thy golden lyre:
O, then inspire
Thy priest in this strange rapture; heate my braine
With Delphick fire:
That I may sing my thoughts, in some unvulgar straine.

Rich beame of honour, shed your light
On these darke rymes; that my affection
May shine (through every chincke) to every sight
Graced by your reflection!
Then shall my verses, like strong charmes,
Breake the knit circle of her stonie armes,
That hold your spirit:
And keepes your merit
Lock't in her cold embraces, from the view
Of eyes more true,
Who would with judgement search, searching conclude,
(As prov'd in you)
True noblèsse. Palme growes straight, though handled ne're so rude?

Nor thinke your selfe unfortunate,
If subject to the jealous errours
Of politique pretext, that wryes a state,
Sinke not beneath these terrours:
But whisper; O glad innocence
Where only a man's birth is his offence;
Or the dis-favour,
Of such as savour
Nothing, but practise upon honour's thrall.
O vertue's fall,
When her dead essence (like the anatomie
In Surgeon's hall)
Is but a statist's theame, to read phlebotomie.

Let Brontes, and black Steropes,
Sweat at the forge, their hammers beating;
Pyracmon's houre will come to give them ease,
Though but while mettal's heating:
And, after all the Ætnean ire,
Gold, that is perfect, will out-live the fire.
For fury wasteth,
As patience lasteth.
No armour to the mind! he is shot free
From injurie,
That is not hurt; not he, that is not hit;
So fooles we see,
Oft scape an imputation, more through luck, then wit.

But to your selfe, most loyall lord,
(Whose heart in that bright sphere flames clearest,
Though many gems be in your bosome stor'd,
Unknowne which is the dearest)
If I auspitiously devine,
(As my hope tells) that our faire Phœbus' shine,
Shall light those places,
With lustrous graces,
Where darknesse, with her glomie sceptred hand,
Doth now command.
O then (my best-best lov'd) let me importune,
That you will stand,
As farre from all revolt, as you are now from fortune.

AN ODE.

High spirited friend,
I send nor balmes, nor cor'sives to your wound,
Your fate hath found,
A gentler, and more agile hand, to tend
The cure of that, which is but corporall,
And doubtfull dayes (which were nam'd critically,)
Have made their fairest flight,
And now are out of sight.
Yet doth some wholsome physick for the mind,
Wrapt in this paper lie,
Which in the taking if you mis-apply,
You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,
Happy in that faire honour it hath gain'd,
Must now be rayn'd.
True valour doth her owne renowne command
In one full action; nor have you now more
To doe, then be a husband of that store.
Thinke but how deare you bought,
This same which you have caught,
Such thoughts will make you more in love with truth:
'T is wisdome, and that high,
For men to use their fortune reverently,
Even in youth.

AN ODE.

Hellen, did Homer never see
Thy beauties, yet could write of thee?
Did Sappho, on her seven-tongu'd lute,
So speake (as yet it is not mute)
Of Phaon's forme? or doth the boy,
In whom Anacreon once did joy,
Lie drawne to life, in his soft verse,
As he whom Maro did rehearse?
Was Lesbia sung by learn'd Catullus?
Or Delia's graces by Tibullus?
Doth Cynthia, in Propertius' song
Shine more, then she the stars among?
Is Horace his each love so high
Rap't from the Earth, as not to die?
With bright Lycoris, Gallus' choice,
Whose fame hath an eternall voice.
Or hath Corynna, by the name
Her Ovid gave her, dimm'd the fame
Of Cæsar's daughter, and the line
Which all the world then styl'd devine?
Hath Petrarch since his Laura rais'd
Equall with her? or Ronsart prais'd
His new Cassandra 'bove the old,
Which all the fate of Troy foretold?
Hath our great Sidney, Stella set,
Where never star shone brighter yet?
Or Constable's ambrosiack Muse
Made Dian not his notes refuse?
Have all these done (and yet I misse
The swan, that so relish'd Pancharis)
And shall not I my Celia bring,
Where men may see whom I doe sing,
Though I, in working of my song,
Come short of all this learned throng,
Yet sure my tunes will be the best,
So much my subject drownes the rest.

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A SONNET,

TO THE NOBLE LADY, THE LADY MARY WORTH.

I THAT have beene a lover, and could show it,
Though not in these, in rithmes not wholly dumbe,
Since I exscribe your sonnets, am become
A better lover, and much better poët.
Nor is my Muse or I asham'd to owe it
To those true numerous graces; whereof some,
But charme the senses, others over-come
Both braines and hearts; and mine now best doe
For in your verse all Cupid's armorie, [know it:
His flames, his shafts, his quiver, and his bow,
His very eyes are yours to overthrow.
But then his mother's sweets you so apply,
Her joyes, her smiles, her loves, as readers take
For Venus' ceston every line you make.

A

FIT OF RIME AGAINST RIME.

RIME the rack of finest wits,
That expresseth but by fits
True conceipt,
Spoyling senses of their treasure,
Cosening judgement with a measure,
But false weight.

Wresting words, from their true calling;
Propping verse, for feare of falling
To the ground.
Joynting syllabes, drowning letters,
Fasting vowells, as with fetters
They were bound!

Soone as lazie thou wert knowne,
All good poëtrie hence was flowne,
And was banish'd,
For a thousand yeares together,
All Pernassus' greene did wither,
And wit vanish'd.

Pegasus did flie away,
At the wells no Muse did stay,
But bewail'd.
So to see the fountaine drie,
And Apollo's musique die,
All light failed!

Starveling rimes did fill the stage,
Not a poët in an age,
Worthy crowning.
Not a worke deserving baies,
Nor a lyne deserving praise,
Pallas frowning;

Greeke was free from rime's infection,
Happy Greeke by this protection!
Was not spoyled.
Whilst the Latin, queene of tongues,
Is not yet free from rime's wrongs,
But rests foiled.

Scarce the hill againe doth flourish,
Scarce the world a wit doth nourish,
To restore
Phœbus to his crowne againe;
And the Muses to their braine;
As before.

Vulgar languages that want
Words, and sweetnesse, and be scant
Of true measure,
Tyrant rime hath so abused,
That they long since have refused,
Other ceasure:

He that first invented thee,
May his joynts tormented bee,
Cramp'd for ever;
Still may syllabes jarre with time,
Still may reason warre with rime,
Resting never.

May his sense, when it would meet
The cold tumour in his feet,
Grow unsounder,
And his title be long foole,
That in rearing such a schoole
Was the founder.

AN EPIGRAM[1]

ON

WILLIAM LORD BURLEIGH,

LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

IF thou wouldst know the vertues of mankind
Read here in one, what thou in all canst find,
And goe no farther: let this circle be
Thy universe, though his epitome.
Cecill, the grave, the wise, the great, the good:
What is there more that can ennoble blood?
The orphan's pillar, the true subject's shield,
The poore's full store-house, and just servant's field,
The only faithfull watchman for the realme,
That in all tempests never quit the helme,
But stood unshaken in his deeds, and name,
And labour'd in the worke, not with the fame,
That still was good for goodnesse sake, nor thought
Upon reward, till the reward him sought.
Whose offices and honours did surprize,
Rather than meet him; and, before his eyes
Clos'd to their peace, he saw his branches shoot,
And in the noblest families tooke root
Of all the land, who now at such a rate,
Of divine blessing, would not serve a state?

AN EPIGRAM[2]

TO

THOMAS LORD ELSMERE,

THE LAST TERME HE SATE CHANCELLOR.

So, justest lord, may all your judgements be
Lawes; and no change ere come to one decree!

[1] Presented upon a plate of gold to his son Robert earl of Salisbury, when he was also treasurer.
[2] For a poore man.

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may the king proclaime your conscience is
w to his law; and thinke your enemies his:
, from all sicknesse, may you rise to health,
e care and wish still of the publike wealth,
may the gentler Muses, and good fame
ll flie about the odour of your name;
with the safetie, and honour of the lawes,
u favour truth, and me, in this man's cause.

ANOTHER TO HIM [9].

ie judge his favour timely then extends,
hen a good cause is destitute of friends,
ithout the pompe of counsell, or more aide,
en to make falshood blush, and fraud afraid:
hen those good few, that her defenders be,
e there for charitie, and not for fee.
ch shall you heare to day, and find great foes
th arm'd with wealth and slander to oppose,
ho thus long safe, would gaine upon the times
right by the prosperitie of their crimes;
bo, though their guilt and perjurie they know,
inke, yea and boast, that they have done it so
, though the court pursues them on the sent,
ey will come of, and scape the punishment:
hen this appeares, just lord, to your sharp sight,
e does you wrong, that craves you to doe right.

AN EPIGRAM

TO THE COUNCELLOUR THAT PLEADED AND CARRIED THE CAUSE.

HAT I hereafter doe not thinke the harre,
he seat made of a more then civill warre;
r the great hall at Westminster, the field
'here mutuall frauds are fought, and no side yeild;
hat henceforth I beleeve nor bookes, nor men,
'ho 'gainst the law weave calumnies, my—
ut when I read or heare the names so rife
f hirelings, wranglers, stitchers-to of strife,
ook-handed harpies, gowned vultures, put
pon the reverend pleaders; doe now shut
ll mouthes, that dare entitle them (from hence)
o the wolves studie, or dogs eloquence;
hou art my cause: whose manners since I knew,
lave made me to conceive a lawyer new.
o dost thou studie matter, men, and times,
fak'st it religion to grow rich by crimes!
ar'st not abuse thy wisdome in the lawes,
r skill to carry out an evill cause!
ut first dost vexe, and search it! If not sound,
hou prov'st the gentler wayes, to clense the wound,
nd make the scarre faire; if that will not be,
hou hast the brave scorne, to put back the fee!
ut in a businesse, that will bide the touch,
'hat use, what strength of reason! and how much
f bookes, of presidents, hast thou at hand?
s if the generall store thou didst command
f argument, still drawing forth the best,
nd not being borrowed by thee, but possest.
o com'st thou like a chiefe into the court
rm'd at all peeces, as to keepe a fort
Against a multitude; and (with thy stile [while.
So brightly brandish'd) wound'st, defend'st! the
Thy adversaries fall, as not a word
They had, but were a reed unto thy sword.
Then com'st thou off with victorie and palme,
Thy hearers nectar, and thy clients balme,
The court's just honour, and thy judge's love.
And (which doth all atchievements get above)
Thy sincere practise breeds not thee a fame
Alone, but all thy ranke a reverend name.

[9] For a poore man.

AN

EPIGRAM.

TO THE SMALL POXE.

Envious and foule disease, could there not be
One beautie in an age, and free from thee?
What did she worth thy spight? were there not store
Of those that set by their false faces more
Then this did by her true? she never sought
Quarrell with Nature, or in ballance brought
Art her false servant; nor, for sir Hugh Plot,
Was drawne to practise other hue, then that
Her owne bloud gave her: she ne're had, nor hath
Any beliefe, in madam Baud-bee's bath,
Or Turner's oyle of talck. Nor ever got
Spanish receipt, to make her teeth to rot.
What was the cause then? thought'st thou, in dis-
Of beautie, so to nullifie a face, [grace
That Heaven should make no more; or should amisse,
Make all hereafter, had'st thou ruin'd this?
I, that thy ayme was; but her fate prevail'd:
And scorn'd, thou'ast showne thy malice, but hast
fail'd.

AN EPITAPH.

What beautie would have lovely stilde,
What manners prettie, nature milde,
What wonder perfect, all were fil'd
Upon record in this blest child.
And, till the comming of the soule
To fetch the flesh, we keepe the roll.

A SONG.

LOVER.

Come, let us here enjoy the shade,
For love in shadow best is made.
Though envie oft his shadow be,
None brookes the sun-light worse then he.

MISTRES.

Where love doth shine, there needs no sunne,
All lights into his one doth run;
Without which all the world were darke;
Yet he himselfe is but a sparke.

ARBITER.

A sparke to set whole world a-fire,
Who more they burne, they more desire,
And have their being, their waste to see;
And waste still, that they still might be.

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cuckoo.

Such are his powers, whom time hath stil'd,
Now swift, now slow, now tame, now wild;
Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now mild;
The eldest god, yet still a child.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Sir, I am thankfull, first to Heaven, for you;
Next to your selfe, for making your love true:
Then to your love, and gift. And all's but due.

You have unto my store added a booke,
On which with profit I shall never looke,
But must confesse from whom what gift I tooke.

Not like your cassatrie neighbours, that commit
Their vice of loving for a Christmasse fit;
Which is indeed but friendship of the spit:

But, as a friend, which name your selfe receave,
And which you (being the worthier) gave me leave
In letters, that mixe spirits, thus to weave.

Which, how most sacred I will ever keepe,
So may the fruitfull vine my temples steepe,
And Fame wake for me, when I yeeld to sleepe.

Though you sometimes proclaime me too severe,
Rigid, and harsh, which is a drug austere
In friendship, I confesse: but deare friend, heare.

Little know they, that professe amitie,
And seeke to scant her comelie libertie,
How much they lame her in her propertie.

And lesse they know, who being free to use
That friendship which no chance but love did chuse,
Will unto licence that faire leave abuse.

It is an act of tyrannie, not love,
In practiz'd friendship wholly to reprove,
As flatt'ry, with friends' humours still to move.

From each of which I labour to be free,
Yet if with either's vice I teynted be,
Forgive it, as my frailtie, and not me.

For no man lives so out of passion's sway,
But shall sometimes be tempted to obey
Her furie, yet no friendship to betray.

AN ELEGIE.

'Tis true, I'm broke! vowes, oathes, and all I had
Of credit lost. And I am now run madde:
Or doe upon my selfe some desperate ill;
This sadnesse makes no approaches, but to kill.
It is a darknesse hath blockt up my sense,
And drives it in to eat on my offence,
Or there to starve it. Helpe, O you that may
Alone lead succours, and this furie stay
Offended mistris, you are yet so faire,
As light breakes from you, that affrights despaire,
And fills my powers with perswading joy,
That you should be too noble to destroy.
There may some face or menade of a storme
Looke forth, but cannot last in such a forme.
If there be nothing worthy you can see
Of graces, or your mercie, here in me,
Spare your owne goodnesse yet; and be not great
In will and power, only to defeat.
God, and the good, know to forgive, and save;
The ignorant, and fooles, no pittie have.
I will nor stand to justifie my fault,
Or lay the excuse upon the vintner's vault;
Or in confessing of the crime be nice,
Or goe about to countenance the vice,
By naming in what companie 'twas in,
As I would urge authoritie for sinne.
No, I will stand arraign'd, and cast, to be
The subject of your grace in pardoning me,
And (stil'd your mercie's creature) will live more
Your honour now, then your disgrace before.
Thinke it was frailtie, mistris, thinke me man,
Thinke that your selfe, like Heaven, forgive me can:
Where weaknesse doth offend, and vertue grieve,
There greatnesse takes a glorie to relieve.
Thinke that I once was yours, or may be now,
Nothing is vile, that is a part of you:
Errour and folly in me may have crost
Your just commands; yet those, not I, be lost.
I am regenerate now, become the child
Of your compassion; parents should be mild:
There is no father that for one demerit,
Or two, or three, a sonne will dis-inherit,
That is the last of punishments is meant;
No man inflicts that paine, till hope be spent:
An ill-affected limbe (what e're it aile)
We cut not off, till all cures else doe faile:
And then with pause; for sever'd once, that's gone,
Would live his glory, that could keepe it on.
Doe not despaire my mending; to distrust
Before you prove a medicine, is unjust:
You may so place me, and in such an ayre,
As not alone the cure, but scarre be faire.
That is, if still your favours you apply,
And not the bounties you ha' done, deny.
Could you demand the gifts you gave, againe!
Why was't? did e're the cloudes aske back their raine?
The Sunne his heat and light? the ayre his dew?
Or winds the spirit, by which the flower so grew?
That were to wither all, and make a grave
Of that wise Nature would a cradle have?
Her order is to cherish, and preserve,
Consumption's nature to destroy, and sterve.
But to exact againe what once is given,
Is nature's meere obliquitie! as Heaven
Should aske the blood, and spirits he hath infus'd
In man, because man hath the flesh abus'd.
O may your wisdome take example hence,
God lightens not at man's each fraile offence,
He pardons, slips, goes by a world of ills,
And then his thunder frights more then it kills.
He cannot angrie be, but all must quake,
It shakes even him, that all things else doth shake.
And how more faire, and lovely lookes the world
In a calme skie; then when the heaven is hord'd
About in cloudes, and wrapt in raging weather,
As all with storme and tempest ran together.
O imitate that sweet serenitie
That makes us live, not that which calls to die.
In darke and sullen mornes, doe we not say,
This looketh like an execution day?

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And with the vulgar doth it not obtaine
The name of cruell weather, storme, and raine?
Be not affected with these markes too much
Of cruelltie, lest they doe make you such.
But view the mildnesse of your Maker's state,
As I the penitent's here emulate:
He, when he sees a sorrow such as this,
Streight puts off all his anger, and doth kisse
The contrite soule, who hath no thought to win
Upon the hope to have another sin
Forgiven him; and in that lyne stand I,
Rather then once displease you more, to die,
To suffer tortures, scorne, and infamie,
What fooles, and all their parasites can apply;
The wit of ale, and genius of the malt
Can pumpe for; or a libell without salt
Produce; though threatning with a coale, or chalke
On every wall, and sung where e're I walke.
I number these as being of the chore
Of contumelie, and urge a good man more
Then sword, or fire, or what is of the race
To carry noble danger in the face:
There is not any punishment, or paine,
A man should flie from, as he would disdaine.
Then, mistris, here, here let your rigour end,
And let your mercie make me asham'd t' offend.
I will no more abuse my vowes to you,
Then I will studie falshood, to be true.
O, that you could but by dissection see
How much you are the better part of me;
How all my fibres by your spirit doe move,
And that there is no life in me, but love.
You would be then most confident, that tho'
Publike affaires command me now to goe
Out of your eyes, and be awhile away;
Absence, or distance, shall not breed decay.
Your forme shines here, here, fixed in my heart;
I may dilate my selfe, but not depart.
Others by common stars their courses run,
When I see you, then I doe see my sun,
Till then 't is all but darknesse, that I have;
Rather then want your light, I wish a grave.

AN ELEGIE.

To make the doubt cleare, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it full in you?
Thought I but one had breath'd the purer ayre,
And must she needs be false, because she's faire?
Is it your beautie's marke, or of your youth,
Or your perfection, not to studie truth?
Or thinke you Heaven is deafe? or hath no eyes?
Or those it has, winke at your perjuries?
Are vowes so cheape with women? or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water,
And blowne away with wind? or doth their breath,
Both hot and cold at once, threat life and death?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
Tun'd to our words, so many sighes should meet
Blowne from our hearts, so many oathes and teares
Sprinkled among, all sweeter by our feares,
And the devine impression of stolne kisses,
That seal'd the rest, could now prove emptie blisses?
Did you draw bonds to forfeit? signe, to breake?
Or must we read you quite from what you speake,
And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
He first desire you false, would wish you just?
O, I prophane! though most of women be
The common monster, love shall except thee,
My dearest love, how ever jealousie,
With circumstance might urge the contrarie.
Sooner I'le thinke the Sunne would cease to cherish
The teeming Earth, and that forget to beare;
Sooner that rivers would run back, or Thames
With ribs of ice in June would bind his streames:
Or Nature, by whose strength the world indures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours:
But, O, that treacherous breast, to whom weake you
Did trust our counsells, and we both may rue,
Having his falshood found too late! 'twas he
That made me cast you guiltie, and you me.
Whilst he, black wretch, betray'd each simple word
We spake, unto the comming of a third!
Curst may he be that so our love hath slaine,
And wander wretched on the Earth, as Cain.
Wretched as he, and not deserve least pittie;
In plaguing him let miserie be wittie;
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
Till he be noysome as his infamie;
May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his soule's price;
And after all selfe-torment, when he dyes,
May wolves teare out his heart, vultures his eyes,
Swyne eat his bowels, and his falser tongue,
That utter'd all, be to some raven flung;
And let his carrion corse be a longer feast
To the king's dogs, then any other beast.
Now I have curst, let us our love receive;
In me the flame was never more alive.
I could begin againe to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short dayes
Of my life's lease; like painters that doe take
Delight, not in made workes, but whilst they make.
I could renew those times, when first I saw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you lik'd, and at masques, or playes,
Commend the selfe-same actors, the same wayes;
Aske how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, grow impertinent;
All which were such lost pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtly catch'd as a disease.
But, being got, it is a treasure, sweet,
Which to defend, is harder then to get;
And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

AN ELEGIE.

That love's a bitter sweet, I ne're conceive
Till the sower minute comes of taking leave,
And then I taste it. But as men drinke up
In haste the bottome of a med'cin'd cup,
And take some sirrup after; so doe I,
To put all relish from my memorie
Of parting, drowne it in the hope to meet
Shortly againe, and make our absence sweet.
This makes me, mistris, that sometime by stealth
Under another name, I take your health;
And turne the ceremonies of those nights
I give, or owe my friends, into your rites,
But ever without blazon, or least shade
Of vowes so sacred, and in silence made;
For though love thrive, and may grow up with shame,
And free societie, he's born else-where,

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And must be bred, so to conceale his birth,
As neither wine doe rack it out, or mirth.
Yet should the lover still be ayrie and light
In all his actions, rarified to spright:
Not like a Midas shut up in himselfe,
And turning all he toucheth into pelfe,
Keepe in reserv'd in his dark-lanterne face,
As if that ex'lent dulnesse were love's grace;
No, mistris, no, the open merrie man
Moves like a sprightly river, and yet can
Keepe secret in his channels what he breedes,
'Bove all your standing waters, choak'd with weedes.
They looke at best like creame-bowles, and you soone
Shall find their depth: they 're sounded with a spoone.
They maysay grace, and for Love's chaplaines passe;
But the grave lover ever was an asse;
Is fix'd upon one leg, and dares not come
Out with the other, for he's still at home;
Like the dull wearied crane that (come on land)
Doth while he keepes his watch, betray his stand:
Where he that knowes will like a lapwing flie
Farre from the nest, and so himselfe belie
To others, as he will deserve the trust
Due to that one, that doth believe him just.
And such your servant is, who vowes to keepe
The jewell of your name, as close as sleepe
Can lock the sense up, or the heart a thought,
And never be by time, or folly brought,
Weaknesse of braine, or any charme of wine,
The sinne of boast, or other countermine,
(Made to blow up love's secrets) to discover
That article, may not become our lover:
Which in assurance to your brest I tell,
If I had writ no word, but, deare, farewell.

AN ELEGIE.

Since you must goe, and I must bid farewell,
Heare, mistris, your departing servant tell
What it is like: and doe not thinke they can
Be idle words, though of a parting man;
It is as if a night should shade noone-day,
Or that the Sun was here, but forc't away;
And we were left under that hemisphere,
Where we must feele it darke for halfe a yeare.
What fate is this, to change men's dayes and houres,
To shift their seasons, and destroy their powers!
Alas I ha' lost my heat, my blood, my prime,
Winter is come a quarter e're his time;
My health will leave me; and when you depart,
How shall I doe, sweet mistris, for my heart?
You would restore it? no, that's worth a feare,
As if it were not worthy to be there:
O, keepe it still; for it had rather be
Your sacrifice, then here remaine with me.
And so I spare it, come what can become
Of me, I'le softly tread upon my tombe;
Or like a ghost walke silent amongst men,
Till I may see both it and you agen.

AN ELEGIE.

Let me be what I am, as Virgil cold,
As Horace fat, or as Anacreon old;
No poet's verses yet did ever move,
Whose readers did not thinke he was in love.
Who shall forbid me then in rithme to be
As light and active as the youngest he
That from the Muses' fountaines doth indorse
His lynes, and hourely sits the poet's horse.
Put on my ivy garland, let me see
Who frownes, who jealous is, who taxeth me.
Fathers, and husbands, I doe claime a right
In all that is call'd lovely: take my sight
Sooner then my affection from the faire.
No face, no hand, proportion, line, or ayre
Of beautie, but the Muse hath interest in:
There is not worne that lace, purle, knot or pin,
But is the poet's matter: and he must,
When he is furious, love, although not lust.
But then content, your daughters and your wives
(If they be faire and worth it) have their lives
Made longer by our praises: or, if not,
Wish you had fowle ones, and deformed got;
Curst in their cradles, or there chang'd by elves,
So to be sure you doe enjoy your selves.
Yet keepe those up in sackcloth too, or lether,
For silke will draw some sneaking songster thither.
It is a ryming age and verses swarme
At every stall: the cittie cap's a charme.
But I who live, and have liv'd twentie yeare
Where I may handle silke, as free, and neere,
As any mercer, or the whale-bone man
That quilts those bodice I have leave to span;
Have eaten with the beauties, and the wits,
And braveries of court, and felt their fits
Of love, and hate; and came so nigh to know
Whether their faces were their owne, or no:
It is not likely I should now looke downe
Upon a velvet petticote, or a gowne,
Whose like I 'ave knowne the taylor's wife put on
To doe her husband's rites in, e're 'twere gone
Home to the customer: his letcherie
Being, the best clothes still to preoccupie.
Put a coach-mare in tissue, must I horse
Her presently? or leape thy wife of force,
When by thy sordid bountie she hath on
A gowne of that, was the caparison?
So I might dote upon thy chaires and stooles
That are like cloath'd. Must I be of those fooles
Of race accompted, that no passion have
But when thy wife (as thou conceiv'st) is brave?
Then ope thy wardrobe, thinke me that poore groome
That from the foot-man, when he was become
An officer there, did make most solemne love
To ev'ry petticote he brush'd, and glove
He did lay up, and would adore the shoe,
Or slipper was left off, and kisse it too,
Court every hanging gowne, and after that,
Lift up some one, and doe, I tell not what.
Thou didst tell me; and wert o're-joy'd to peepe
In at a hole, and see these actions creepe [prose,
From the poore wretch, which though he play'd in
He would have done in verse, with any of those
Wrung on the withers by lord Love's despight,
Had he had the facultie to reade, and write!
Such songsters there are store of; witnesse he
That chanc'd the lace laid on a smock to see,
And straight-way spent a sonnet; with that other
That (in pure madrigall) unto his mother
Commended the French hood and scarlet gowne
The lady mayresse pass'd in through the towne,
Unto the Spittle sermon. O, what strange
Varietie of silkes were on th' Exchange!
Or in Moore-fields! this other night, sings one;
Another answers, 'Lasse those silkes are none,

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smiling *L'envoye*, as he would deride
ıy comparison had with his Cheap-side.
ıd vouches both the pageant, and the day,
hen not the shops, but windowes doe display
ıe stuffes, the velvets, plushes, fringes, lace,
ıd all the originall riots of the place:
t the poore fooles enjoy their follies, love
goat in velvet; or some block could move
ıder that cover; an old mid-wive's hat!
· a close-stoole so cas'd; or any fat
ıwd in a velvet scabberd! I envy
ıne of their pleasures! nor will ask thee, why
ıou 'rt jealous of thy wife's, or daughter's case:
ore then of either's manners, wit, or face!

AN EXECRATION UPON VULCAN.

ıo why to me this, thou lame lord of fire,
hat had I done that might call on thine ire?
r urge thy greedie flame, thus to devoure
many my yeares-labours in an houre?
ne're attempted, Vulcan, 'gainst thy life;
or made least line of love to thy loose wife;
in remembrance of thy afront, and scorne,
ith clownes, and tradesmen, kept thee clos'd in horne.
was Jupiter that hurl'd thee headlong downe,
ıd Mars that gave thee a lanthorne for a crowne:
as it because thou wert of old denied
Jove to have Minerva for thy bride,
ıat since thou tak'st all envious care and paine,
ruine any issue of the braine?
ıd I wrote treason there, or heresie,
ıposture, witchcraft, charmes, or blasphemie,
had deserv'd then thy consuming lookes,
erhaps, to have beene burned with my bookes.
ut, on thy malice, tell me, didst thou spie
ay, least loose, or scurrile paper lie
oncea'd, or kept there, that was fit to be,
y thy owne vote, a sacrifice to thee?
id I there wound the honours of the crowne?
r taxe the glories of the church, and gowne?
ch to defame the state? or brand the times?
ıd my selfe most, in some selfe-boasting rimes?
none of these, then why this fire? or find
cause before; or leave me one behind.
ıd I compil'd from Amadis de Gaule,
h' Esplandians, Arthurs, Palmerins, and all
he learned librarie of Don Quixote;
ıd so some goodlier monster had begot,
r spun out riddles, and weav'd fiftie tomes
f logogriphes, and curious palindromes,
r pump'd for those hard trifles anagrams,
r eteostichs, or those finer flammes
f egges, and halberds, cradles, and a herse,
paire of scissars, and a combe in verse;
crostichs, and telestichs, on jumpe names,
hou then hadst had some colour for thy flames,
n such my serious follies: but, thou 'lt say,
here were some pieces of as base allay,
nd as false stampe there; parcels of a play,
itter to see the fire-light, then the day;
dulterate moneys, such as might not goe:
hou should'st have stay'd, till publike fame said so.
he is the judge, thou executioner;
r if thou needs would'st trench upon her power,
hou mightst have yet enjoy'd thy crueltie
Vith some more thrift, and more varietie:
Thou mightst have had me perish piece by piece,
To light tobacco, or save roasted geese,
Sindge capons, or poore pigges, dropping their eyes;
Condemn'd me to the ovens with the pies;
And so, have kept me dying a whole age,
Not ravish'd all hence in a minute's rage.
But that 's a marke, whereof thy rites doe boast,
To make consumption, ever where thou go'st;
Had I fore-knowne of this thy least desire
T' have held a triumph, or a feast of fire,
Especially in paper; that that steame
Had tickled your large nosthrill: many a reame
To redeeme mine, I had sent in enough, [stuffe.
Thou should'st have cry'd, and all beene proper
The Talmud, and the Alcoran had come,
With pieces of the legend; the whole summe
Of errant knight-hood, with the dames, and dwarfes,
The charmed boates, and the enchanted wharfes,
The Tristrams, Lanc'lots, Turpins, and the Peers,
All the madde Rolands, and sweet Oliveers;
To Merlin's marvailes, and his Caball's losse,
With the chimæra of the Rosie-cross,
Their seales, their characters, hermetique rings,
Their jemme of riches, and bright stone, that brings
Invisibilitie, and strength, and tongues;
The art of kindling the true coale by lungs;
With Nicholas Pasquill's Meddle with your match,
And the strong lines, that so the time doe catch,
Or captaine Pamplet's horse and foot, that sallie
Upon th' Exchange, still out of Pope's-head-alley.
The weekly Corrants, with Paul's Seale; and all
Th' admir'd discourses of the prophet Ball:
These, had'st thou pleas'd either to dine or sup,
Had made a meale for Vulcan to lick up.
But in my deske, what was there to accite
So ravenous, and vast an appetite?
I dare not say a body, but some parts
There were of search, and mastry in the arts.
All the old Venusine, in poëtrie,
And lighted by the Stagerite, could spie,
Was there mad English: with the grammar too,
To teach some that, their nurses could not doe,
The puritie of language; and among
The rest, my journey into Scotland song,
With all th' adventures; three bookes not afraid
To speake the fate of the Sicilian maid
To our owne ladyes; and in storie there
Of our fift Henry, eight of his nine yeare;
Wherein was oyle, beside the succour spent,
Which noble Carew, Cotton, Selden lent:
And twice-twelve years stor'd up humanitie,
With humble gleanings in divinitie,
After the fathers, and those wiser guides
Whom faction had not drawne to studie sides.
How in these ruines Vulcan, thou dost lurke,
All soote, and embers! odious, as thy worke!
I now begin to doubt, if ever grace,
Or goddesse, could be patient of thy face.
Thou woo Minerva! or to wit aspire!
'Cause thou canst halt with us in arts, and fire!
Sonne of the wind! for so thy mother, gone
With lust, conceiv'd thee; father thou hadst none.
When thou wert born, and that thou look'st at best,
She durst not kisse, but flung thee from her brest.
And so did Jove, who ne're meant thee his cup:
No mar'le the clownes of Lemnos tooke thee up;
For none but smiths would have made thee a god.
Some alchimist there may be yet, or odde
Squire of the squibs, against the pageant day,
May to thy name a Vulcanale say;

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And for it lose his eyes with gun-powder,
As th' other may his braines with quicksilver.
Well fare the wise-men yet, on the Bankside,
My friends, the watermen! they could provide
Against thy furie, when, to serve their needs,
They made a Vulcan of a sheafe of reedes,
Whom they durst handle in their holy-day coates,
And safely trust to dresse, not burne their boates.
But, O those reeds! thy meere disdaine of them,
Made thee beget that cruell stratagem, [prauck)
(Which, some are pleas'd to stile but thy madde
Against the Globe, the glory of the Banke:
Which, though it were the fort of the whole parish,
Flanck'd with a ditch, and forc'd out of a marish,
I saw with two poore chambers taken in [beene!
And ras'd; e're thought could urge, this might have
See the world's ruines! nothing but the piles
Left! and wit since to cover it with tiles.
The brethren, they streight nois'd it out for newes,
'T was verily some relique of the stewes;
And this a sparkle of that fire let loose
That was lock'd up in the Winchestrian goose,
Bred on the Bank in time of poperie,
When Venus there maintain'd her misterie.
But others fell, with that conceipt, by the eares,
And cry'd, it was a threatning to the beares;
And that accursed ground, the Paris-Garden:
Nay, sigh'd a sister, 't was the nun, Kate Arden
Kindled the fire: but, then did one returne,
No foole would his owne harvest spoile, or burne!
If that were so, thou rather would'st advance
The place, that was thy wive's inheritance.
O no, cry'd all. Fortune, for being a whore,
Scap'd not his justice any jot the more:
He burnt that idoll of the revels too:
Nay, let White-Hall with revels have to doe,
Though but in daunces, it shall know his power;
There was a judgement shown too in an houre.
He is true Vulcan still! he did not spare
Troy, though it were so much his Venus' care.
Foole, wilt thou let that in example come?
Did not she save from thence, to build a Rome?
And what hast thou done in these pettie spights,
More then advanc'd the houses, and their rites?
I will not argue thee, from those of guilt,
For they were burnt, but to be better built.
'T is true, that in thy wish they were destroy'd,
Which thou hast only vented, not enjoy'd.
So would'st th' have run upon the Rolls by stealth,
And didst invade part of the common-wealth,
In those records, which, were all chronicles gone,
Will be remembred by six clerkes, to one.
But say all six, good men, what answer yee?
Lyes there no writ, out of the Chancerie
Against this Vulcan? no injunction?
No order? no decree? though we be gone
At common-law, me thinkes in his despight
A court of equitie should doe us right.
But to confine him to the brew-houses,
The glasse-house, dye-fats, and their fornaces;
To live in sea-coale, and goe forth in smoake;
Or lest that vapour might the citie choake,
Condemne him to the brick-kills, or some hill-
Foot (out in Sussex) to an iron mill;
Or in small fagots have him blaze about
Vile tavernes, and the drunkards pisse him out;
Or in the bell-man's lanthorne, like a spie,
Burne to a snuffe, and then stinke out, and die:
I could invent a sentence, yet were worse;
But I'le conclude all in a civill curse.
Pox on your flameship, Vulcan; if it be
To all as fatall as 't hath beene to me,
And to Paul's steeple; which was unto us
'Bove all your fire-workes had at Ephesus,
Or Alexandria; and though a divine
Losse, remaines yet, as unrepair'd as mine.
Would you had kept your forge at Ætna still,
And there made swords, bills, glaves, and armes
your fill.
Maintain'd the trade at Bilbo; or else-where;
Strooke in at Millan with the cutlers there;
Or stay'd but where the fryar and you first met,
Who from the Devil's arse did guns beget,
Or fixt in the Low-Countreys, where you might
On both sides doe your mischiefes with delight;
Blow up, and ruine, myne, and countermyne,
Make your petards, and granats, all your fine
Engines of murder, and receive the praise
Of massacring man-kind so many wayes.
We aske your absence here, we all love peace,
And pray the fruites thereof, and the increase;
So doth the king, and most of the king's men
That have good places: therefore once agen,
Pox on thee Vulcan, thy Pandora's pox,
And all the evils that flew out her box
Light on thee: or if those plagues will not doo,
Thy wive's pox on thee, and B. B——'s too.

SPEACH ACCORDING TO HORACE.

Why yet, my noble hearts, they cannot say,
But we have powder still for the king's day.
And ord'nance too: so much as from the tower
T' have wak'd, if sleeping, Spaine's ambassador,
Old Æsope Gundomar: the French can tell,
For they did see it the last tilting well,
That we have trumpets, armour, and great horse,
Lances, and men, and some a breaking force.
They saw too store of feathers, and more may,
If they stay here but till Saint George's day.
All ensignes of a warre, are not yet dead,
Nor markes of wealth so from our nation fled,
But they may see gold-chaines, and pearle worse
then,
Lent by the London dames, to the lords men;
Withall, the dirtie paines those citizens take
To see the pride at court, their wives doe make:
And the returne those thankfull courtiers yeeld
To have their husbands drawne forth to the field,
And comming home, to tell what acts were done
Under the auspice of young Swynnerton.
What a strong fort old Pimblicoe had beene!
How it held out! how (last) 't was taken in!
Well, I say thrive, thrive brave artillerie yard,
Thou seed-plot of the warre, that hast not spar'd
Powder, or paper, to bring up the youth
Of London, in the militarie truth,
These ten yeares day; as all may sweare that looke
But on thy practise, and the posture booke:
He that but saw thy curious captaines drill,
Would thinke no more of Vlushing, or the Brill:
But give them over to the common care,
For that unnecessarie charge they were.
Well did thy craftie clerke, and knight, sir Hugh,
Supplant bold Panton; and brought there to view
Translated Ælian's tacticke to be read,
And the Greeke discipline (with the moderne) shed

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So, in that ground, as soone it grew to be
The cittie-question, whether Tilly, or he,
Were now the greater captaine? for they saw
The Berghen siege, and taking in Breda,
So acted to the life, as Maurice might,
And Spinola have blushed at the sight.
O happie art! and wise epitome
Of bearing armes! most civill soldierie!
Thou canst draw forth thy forces, and fight drie
The battells of thy aldermanitie;
Without the hazard of a drop of blood:
More then the surfets in thee that day stood.
Goe on, increast in vertue and in fame,
And keepe the glorie of the English name
Up among nations. In the stead of bold
Beauchamps, and Nevills, Cliffords, Audleys old;
Insert thy Hodges [1], and those newer men,
As Stiles, Dike, Ditchfield, Millar, Crips, and Fen:
That keepe the warre, though now 't be growne more tame,
Alive yet, in the noise, and still the same,
And could (if our great men would let their sonnes
Come to their schooles) show 'hem the use of guns;
And there instruct the noble English heires
In politique, and militar affaires;
But he that should perswade, to have this done
For education of our lordings, soone
Should he heare of billow, wind, and storme,
From the tempestuous grandlings, who 'll informe
Us, in our bearing, that are thus, and thus,
Borne, bred, allied? what 's he dare tutor us?
Are we by booke-wormes to be awde? must we
Live by their scale, that dare doe nothing free?
Why are we rich, or great, except to show
All licence in our lives? what need we know?
More then to praise a dog? or horse? or speake
The hawking language? or our day to breake
With citizens? let clownes and tradesmen breed
Their sonnes to studie arts, the lawes, the creed:
We will beleeve like men of our owne ranke,
In so much land a yeare, or such a banke,
That turnes us so much moneys, at which rate
Our ancestors impos'd on prince and state.
Let poore nobilitie be vertuous: we,
Descended in a rope of titles, be
From Guy, or Bevis, Arthur, or from whom
The herald will. Our blood is now become
Past any need of vertue. Let them care,
That in the cradle of their gentrie are,
To serve the state by councels, and by armes:
We neither love the troubles, nor the harmes.
What love you then? your whore? what study? [gaite,
Carriage, and dressing. There is up of late
The academie, where the gallants meet—
What, to make legs? yes, and to smell most sweet,
All that they doe at playes. O, but first here
They learne and studie; and then practise there.
But why are all these irons i' the fire
Of severall makings? helps, helps, t' attire
His lordship. That is for his band, his haire
This, and that box his beautie to repaire;
This other for his eye-browes: hence, away,
I may no longer on these pictures stay,
These carkasses of honour: taylors' blocks,
Cover'd with tissue, whose prosperitie mocks
The fate of things: whilst totter'd vertue holds
Her broken armes up, to their emptie moulds.

[1] Waller.

AN EPISTLE.

TO MASTER ARTH. SQUIB.

What I am not, and what I faine would be,
Whilst I informe my selfe, I would teach thee,
My gentle Arthur; that it might be said
One lesson we have both learn'd, and well read;
I neither am, nor art thou one of those
That hearkens to a jack's pulse, when it goes.
Nor ever trusted to that friendship yet
Was issue of the taverne, or the spit:
Much lesse a name would we bring up, or nurse,
That could but claime a kindred from the purse.
Those are poore ties depend on those false ends,
'T is vertue alone, or nothing, that knits friends:
And as within your office, you doe take
No piece of money, but you know, or make
Inquirie of the worth: so must we doe,
First weigh a friend, then touch, and trie him too:
For there are many slips, and counterfeits.
Deceit is fruitfull. Men have masques and nets,
But these with wearing will themselves unfold:
They cannot last. No lie grew ever old.
Turne him, and see his threds: looke, if he be
Friend to himselfe, that would be friend to thee.
For that is first requir'd, a man be his owne:
But he that 's too-much that, is friend of none.
Then rest, and a friend's value understand
It is a richer purchase then of land.

AN EPIGRAM

ON SIR EDWARD COKE,

WHEN HE WAS LORD CHIEFE IUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

He that should search all glories of the gowne,
And steps of all rais'd servants of the crowne,
He could not find then thee, of all that store,
Whom fortune aided lesse, or vertue more,
Such, Coke, were thy beginnings, when thy good
In others' evill best was understood: [aide,
When, being the stranger's helpe, the poore man's
Thy just defences made th' oppressor afraid.
Such was thy processe, when integritie,
And skill in thee, now grew authoritie;
That clients strove, in question of the lawes,
More for thy patronage, then for their cause,
And that thy strong and manly eloquence
Stood up thy nation's fame, her crowne's defence;
And now such is thy stand, while thou dost deale
Desired justice to the publique weale
Like Solon's selfe; explat'st the knottie lawes
With endlesse labours, whilst thy learning drawes
No lesse of praise, then readers in all kinds
Of worthiest knowledge, that can take men's minds.
Such is thy all; that (as I sung before)
None fortune aided lesse, or vertue more.
Or if chance must to each man that doth rise
Needs lend an aide, to thine she had her eyes.

AN EPISTLE

ANSWERING TO ONE THAT ASKED TO BE SEALED OF THE TRIBE OF BEN.

Men that are safe, and sure, in all they doe,
Care not what trials they are put unto;
They meet the fire, the test, as martyrs would;
And though opinion stampe them not, are gold.

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I could say more of such, but that I flie
To speake my selfe out too ambitiously,
And showing so weake an act to vulgar eyes,
Put conscience and my right to comprimise.
Let those that meerely talke, and never thinke,
That live in the wild anarchie of drinke,
Subject to quarrell only; or else such
As make it their proficiencie, how much
They 'ave glutted in, and letcher'd out that weeke,
That never yet did friend, or friendship seeke
But for a sealing: let these men protest.
Or th' other on their borders, that will jest
On all soules that are absent; even the dead,
Like flies, or wormes, which man's corrupt parts fed:
That to speake well, thinke it above all sinne,
Of any companie but that they are in,
Call every night to supper in these fitts,
And are receiv'd for the covey of witts;
That censure all the towne, and all th' affaires,
And know whose ignorance is more then theirs;
Let these men have their wayes, and take their times
To vent their libels, and to issue rimes,
I have no portion in them, nor their deale
Of newes they get, to strew out the long meale;
I studie other friendships, and more one,
Then these can ever be; or else wish none.
What is 't to me, whether the French designe
Be, or be not, to get the Val-telline?
Or the state's ships sent forth belike to meet
Some hopes of Spaine in their West-Indian fleet?
Whether the dispensation yet be sent,
Or that the match from Spaine was ever meant?
I wish all well, and pray high Heaven conspire
My prince's safetie, and my king's desire;
But if for honour we must draw the sword,
And force back that, which will not be restor'd,
I have a body yet, that spirit drawes
To live, or fall, a carkasse in the cause.
So farre without inquirie what the states,
Brunsfield, and Mansfield doe this yeare, my fates
Shall carry me at call; and I'le be well,
Though I doe neither heare these newes, nor tell
Of Spaine or France; or were not prick'd downe one
Of the late mysterie of reception,
Although my fame, to his, not under-heares,
That guides the motions, and directs the beares.
But that 's a blow, by which in time I may
Lose all my credit with my Christmas clay,
And animated porc'lane of the court,
I, and for this neglect, the courser sort
Of earthen jarres there may molest me too:
Well, with mine owne fraile pitcher what to doe
I have decreed; keepe it from waves, and presse;
Lest it be justled, crack'd, made nought, or lesse:
Live to that point I will, for which I am man,
And dwell as in my center as I can,
Still looking to, and ever loving Heaven;
With reverence using all the gifts thence given.
'Mongst which, if I have any friendships sent
Such as are square, wel-tagde, and permanent,
Not built with canvasse, paper, and false lights,
As are the glorious scenes at the great sights;
And that there be no fev'ry heats, nor colds,
Oylie expansions, or shrunke durtie folds,
But all so cleare, and led by reason's flame,
As but to stumble in her sight were shame.
These I will honour, love, embrace, and serve:
And free it from all question to preserve.
So short you read my character, and theirs
I would call mine, to which not many staires
Are asked to climbe. First give me faith, who know
My selfe a little. I will take you so,
As you have writ your selfe. Now stand, and then
Sir, you are sealed of the tribe of Ben.

THE DEDICATION

OF THE KING'S NEW CELLAR.

TO BACCHUS.

Since, Bacchus, thou art father
Of wines, to thee the rather
We dedicate this cellar,
Where new, thou art made dweller;
And seale thee thy commission:
But 't is with a condition,
That thou remaine here taster
Of all to the great master.
And looke unto their faces,
Their qualities, and races,
That both their odour take him,
And relish merry make him.
For, Bacchus, thou art freer
Of cares, and over-seer
Of feast, and merry meeting,
And still begin'st the greeting:
See then thou dost attend him,
Lyæus, and defend him,
By all the arts of gladnesse,
From any thought like sadnesse.
So mayst thou still be younger
Then Phœbus; and much stronger
To give mankind their eases,
And cure the world's diseases:
So may the Muses follow
Thee still, and leave Apollo
And thinke thy streame more quicker
Then Hippocrenes liquor:
And thou make many a poet,
Before his braine doe know it;
So may there never quarrell
Have issue from the barrell;
But Venus and the Graces
Pursue thee in all places,
And not a song be other
Then Cupid, and his mother.
That when king James above here
Shall feast it, thou maist love there
The causes and the guests too,
And have thy tales and jests too,
Thy circuits, and thy rounds free,
As shall the feast's faire grounds be.
Be it he hold communion
In great saint George's union;
Or gratulates the passage
Of some wel-wrought embassage:
Whereby he may knit sure up
The wished peace of Europe:
Or else a health advances,
To put his court in dances,
And set us all on skipping,
When with his royall shipping
The narrow seas are shadie,
And Charles brings home the ladie.

Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

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AN EPIGRAM

ON THE COURT-PUCELL.

)oes the Court-Pucell then so censure me,
nd thinkes I dare not her? let the world see.
/hat though her chamber be the very pit
/here fight the prime cocks of the game, for wit?
nd that as any are strooke, her breath creates
'ew in their stead, out of the candidates?
/hat though with tribade lust she force a Muse,
nd in an epicœne fury can write newes
quall with that, which for the best newes goes,
s aërie light, and as like wit as those?
/hat though she talke, and can at once with them,
Iake state, religion, bawdrie, all a theame.
nd, as lip-thirstie, in each word's expense,
oth labour with the phrase more then the sense?
/hat though she ride two mile on holy-dayes
o church, as others doe to feasts and playes,
o shew their tires? to view, and to be view'd?
/hat though she be with velvet gownes indu'd,
nd spangled petticotes brought forth to eye,
s new rewards of her old secrecie!
/hat though she hath won on trust, as many doe,
nd that her truster feares her? must I too?
never stood for any place: my wit
hinkes it selfe nought, though she should valew it.
am no states-man, and much lesse divine
or bawdry, 't is her language, and not mine.
arthest I am from the idolatrie
o stuffes and laces, those my man can buy.
nd trust her I would least, that hath forswore
a contract twice; what can she perjure more?
ndeed, her dressing some man might delight,
ler face there 's none can like by candle light.
'ot be, that should the body have, for case
'o his poore instrument, now out of grace.
hall I advise thee, Pucell? steale away [day;
'rom court, while yet thy fame hath some small
'he wits will leave you, if they onêe perceive
'ou cling to lords; and lords, if them you leave
'or sermoneeres; of which now one, now other,
'hey say, you weekly invite with fits o' th' mother,
nd practise for a miracle; take heed
'his age would lend no faith to Dorrel's deed;
)r if it would, the court is the worst place,
oth for the mothers, and the babes of grace,
'or there the wicked in the chaire of scorne,
Vill call 't a bastard, when a prophet's borne.

AN EPIGRAM

TO THE HONOURED ——— COUNTESSE OF ———.

'HE wisdome, madam, of your private life,
Vhere with this while you live a widowed wife,
nd the right wayes you take unto the right,
'o conquer rumour, and triumph on spight;
Iot only shunning by your act, to doe
)ught that is ill, but the suspition too,
s of so brave example, as he were
Io friend to vertue, could be silent here.
'he rather when the vices of the time
re growne so fruitfull, and false pleasures climbe
ly all oblique degrees, that killing height [weight.
'rom whence they fall, cast downe with their owne
And though all praise bring nothing to your name,
Who (herein studying conscience, and not fame)
Are in your selfe rewarded; yet 't will be
A cheerefull worke to all good eyes, to see
Among the daily ruines that fall foule
Of state, of fame, of body, and of soule,
So great a vertue stand upright to view,
As makes Penelope's old fable true,
Whilst your Ulisses hath ta'ne leave to goe,
Countries and climes, manners and men to know.
Only your time you better entertaine,
Then the great Homer's wit for her could faine;
For you admit no companie but good,
And when you want those friends, or neere in blood,
Or your allies, you make your bookes your friends,
And studie them unto the noblest ends,
Searching for knowledge, and to keepe your mind
The same it was inspir'd, rich, and refin'd.
These graces, when the rest of ladyes view
Not boasted in your life, but practis'd true,
As they are hard for them to make their owne,
So are they profitable to be knowne:
For when they find so many meet in one,
It will be shame for them if they have none.

LORD BACON'S BIRTH-DAY.

HAILE happie Genius of this antient pile!
How comes it all things so about the smile?
The fire, the wine, the men! and in the midst
Thou stand'st as if some mysterie thou did'st!
Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
For whose returnes, and many, all these pray:
And so doe I. This is the sixtieth yeare
Since Bacon, and thy lord was born, and here;
Sonne to the gravè wise keeper of the seale,
Fame and foundation of the English weale.
What then his father was, that since is he,
Now with a title more to the degree;
England's high chancellor: the destin'd heire
In his soft cradle to his father's chaire,
Whose even thred the Fates spinne round and full,
Out of their choysest, and their whitest wooll.
'T is a brave cause of joy, let it be knowne,
For 't were a narrow gladnesse, kept thine owne.
Give me a deep-crown'd-bowle, that I may sing
In raysing him the wisdome of my king.

A POEME

SENT ME BY SIR WILLIAM BURLASE.

THE PAINTER TO THE POET.

'To paint thy worth, if rightly I did know it,
And were but painter halfe like thee a poët,
Ben, I would show it:

But in this skill, m' unskilfull pen will tire,
Thou, and thy worth, will still be found farre higher;
And I a lier.

Then, what a painter's here? or what an eater
Of great attempts! when as his skill's no greater,
And he a cheater?

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Then what a poet's here! whom, by confession
Of all with me, to paint without digression
There 's no expression.

MY ANSWER.

THE POET TO THE PAINTER.

WHY? though I seeme of a prodigious wast,
I am not so voluminous and vast,
But there are lines wherewith I might b' embrac'd.

'Tis true, as my wombe swells, so my backe stoupes,
And the whole lumpe growes round, deform'd, and droupes,
But yet the tun at Heidelberg had houpes.

You were not tied by any painter's law
To square my circle, I confesse; but draw
My superficies: that was all you saw.

Which if in compasse of no art it came
To be described by a monogram,
With one great blot yo' had form'd me as I am.

But whilst you curious were to have it be
An archetipe for all the world to see,
You made it a brave piece, but not like me.

O, had I now your manner, maistry, might,
Your power of handling, shadow, ayre, and spright,
How I would draw, and take hold and delight.

But, you are he can paint; I can but write:
A poet hath no more but black and white,
Ne knowes he flatt'ring colours, or false light.

Yet when of friendship I would draw the face,
A letter'd mind, and a large heart would place
To all posteritie; I will write Burlase.

AN EPIGRAM

TO WILLIAM, EARLE OF NEWCASTLE.

WHEN first, my lord, I saw you backe your horse,
Provoke his mettall, and command his force
To all the uses of the field and race,
Me thought I read the ancient art of Thrace,
And saw a centaure, past those tales of Greece,
So seem'd your horse and you both of a peece!
You show'd like Perseus upon Pegasus;
Or Castor mounted on his Cyllarus:
Or what we heare our home-borne legend tell
Of bold sir Bevis and his Arundell:
Nay, so your seate his beauties did endorse,
As I began to wish my selfe a horse;
And surely, had I but your stable scene
Before, I thinke my wish absolv'd had beene.
For never saw I yet the Muses dwell,
Nor any of their houshold halfe so well.
So well! as when I saw the floore and roome,
I look'd for Hercules to be the groome:
And cri'd, away with the Cæsarian bread,
At these immortall mangers Virgil fed.

EPISTLE

TO MR. ARTHUR SQUIB.

I AM to dine, friend, where I must be weigh'd
For a just wager, and that wager paid
If I doe lose it: and, without a tale,
A merchant's wife is regent of the scale.
Who when she heard the match, concluded streight,
An ill commoditie! 't must make good weight.
So that upon the point my corporall feare
Is, she will play dame justice too severe;
And hold me to it close; to stand upright
Within the ballance, and not want a mite;
But rather with advantage to be found
Full twentie stone, of which I lack two pound:
That 's six in silver; now within the socket
Stinketh my credit, if into the pocket
It doe not come: one piece I have in store,
Lend me, deare Arthur, for a weeke five more,
And you shall make me good, in weight, and fashion,
And then to be return'd; or protestation
To goe out after——till when take this letter
For your securitie. I can no better.

TO MR. JOHN BURGES.

WOULD God, my Burges, I could thinke
Thoughts worthy of thy gift, this inke,
Then would I promise here to give
Verse that should thee and me out-live.
But since the wine hath steep'd my braine,
I only can the paper staine;
Yet with a dye that feares no moth,
But scarlet-like out-lasts the cloth.

EPISTLE

TO MY LADY COVELL.

YOU won not verses, madam, you won me,
When you would play so nobly, and so free.
A booke to a few lynes: but it was fit
You won them too, your oddes did merit it:
So have you gain'd a servant, and a Muse:
The first of which I feare you will refuse;
And you may justly, being a tardie, cold,
Unprofitable chattell, fat and old,
Laden with bellie, and doth hardly approach
His friends, but to breake chaires, or cracke a coach.
His weight is twenty stone within two pound;
And that 's made up as doth the purse abound.
Marrie, the Muse is one can tread the aire,
And stroke the water, nimble, chast, and faire,
Sleepe in a virgin's bosome without feare,
Run all the rounds in a soft ladye's eare,
Widow or wife, without the jealousie
Of either suitor, or a servant by.
Such (if her manners like you) I doe send,
And can for other graces her commend,
To make you merry on the dressing stoole
A mornings, and at afternoones to foole
Away ill company, and helpe in rime,
Your Joane to passe her melancholie time.

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By this, although you fancie not the man,
Accept his Muse; and tell, I know you can,
How many verses, madam, are your due?
I can lose none in tendring these to you.
I gaine, in having leave to keepe my day,
And should grow rich, had *I* much more to pay.

TO MASTER JOHN BURGES.

Father, John Burges,
Necessitie urges
My wofull crie,
To sir Robert Pie:
And that he will venter
To send my *debentur*.
Tell him his Ben
Knew the time, when
He low'd the Muses;
Though now he refuses,
To take apprehension
Of a yeare's pension,
And more is behind:
Put him in mind
Christmas is neere;
And neither good cheare,
Mirth, fooling, nor wit,
Nor any least fit
Of gambol, or sport,
Will come at the court;
If there be no money,
No plover, or coney
Will come to the table,
Or wine to enable
The Muse, or the poet,
The parish will know it.
Nor any quick-warming-pan helpe him to bed,
If the 'chequer be emptie, so will be his head.

EPIGRAM

TO MY BOOK-SELLER.

Thou, friend, wilt heare all censures, unto thee
All mouthes are open, and all stomacks free:
Be thou my booke's intelligencer, note
What each man sayes of it, and of what coat
His judgement is; if he be wise, and praise,
Thanke him: if other, he can give no bayes.
If his wit reach no higher, but to spring
Thy wife a fit of laugher, a cramp-ring
Will be reward enough, to weare like those,
That hang their richest jewells i' their nose;
Like a rung beare, or swine, grunting out wit
As if that part lay for a [ ] most fit!
If they goe on, and that thou lov'st a-life
Their perfum'd judgements, let them kisse thy wife.

AN EPIGRAM

TO WILLIAM EARLE OF NEWCASTLE.

They talk of fencing, and the use of armes,
The art of urging, and avoyding harmes,
The noble science, and the maistring skill
Of making just approaches how to kill:
To hit in angles, and to clash with time:
As all defence, or offence were a chime!
I hate such measur'd, give me mettall'd fire,
That trembles in the blaze, but (then) mounts higher!
A quick, and dazeling motion! when a paire
Of bodies meet like rarified ayre!
Their weapons shot out with that flame and force,
As they out-did the lightning in the course;
This were a spectacle! a sight to draw
Wonder to valour! No, it is the law
Of daring not to doe a wrong; 'tis true,
Valour to sleight it, being done to you!
To know the heads of danger! where 't is fit
To bend, to breake, provoke, or suffer it!
All this (my lord) is valour! this is yours!
And was your father's! all your ancestours'!
Who durst live great, 'mongst all the colds, and heates
Of humane life! as all the frosts, and sweates
Of fortune! when, or death appear'd, or bands!
And valiant were, with or without their hands.

AN EPITAPH

ON HENRY LORD LA-WARE.

TO THE PASSER-BY.

If, passenger, thou canst but reade,
Stay, drop a teare for him that 's dead:
Henry, the brave young lord La-ware,
Minerva's and the Muses' care!
What could their care doe 'gainst the spight
Of a disease, that lov'd no light
Of honour, nor no ayre of good;
But crept like darknesse through his blood,
Offended with the dazeling flame
Of vertue, got above his name?
No noble furniture of parts,
No love of action, and high arts,
No aime at glorie, or in warre,
Ambition to become a starre,
Could stop the malice of this ill,
That spread his body o're, to kill:
And only his great soule envy'd,
Because it durst have noblier dy'd.

AN EPIGRAM.

That you have seene the pride, beheld the sport,
And all the games of fortune plaid at court;
View'd there the mercat, read the wretched rate
At which there are would sell the prince and state,
That scarce you heare a publike voyce alive,
But whisper'd counsells, and those only thrive;
Yet are got off thence with cleare mind and hands
To lift to Heaven: who is 't not understands
Your happinesse, and doth not speake you blest,
To see you set apart thus from the rest,
T' obtaine of God what all the land should aske?
A nation's sinne got pardon'd! 't were a taske
Fit for a bishop's knees! O how them oft,
My lord, till felt griefe make our stone hearts soft,
And we doe weepe to water for our sinne.
He, that in such a flood as we are in

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Of riot and consumption, knowes the way
To teach the people how to fast, and pray,
And doe their penance to avert God's rod,
He is the man, and favorite of God.

AN EPIGRAM

TO KING CHARLES FOR ONE HUNDRED POUNDS HE SENT ME IN MY SICKNESSE.

Great Charles, among the holy gifts of grace
Annexed to thy person, and thy place,
'T is not enough (thy pietie is such)
To cure the call'd king's evill with thy touch;
But thou wilt yet a kinglier mastrie trie,
To cure the poet's evill, povertie:
And, in these cures, do'st so thy selfe enlarge,
As thou dost cure our evill, at thy charge.
Nay, and in this, thou show'st to value more
One poet, then of other folke ten score.
O pietie! so to weigh the poores' estates!
O bountie! so to difference the rates!
What can the poet wish his king may doe,
But that he cure the people's evill too?

TO KING CHARLES, AND QUEENE MARY.

FOR THE LOSSE OF THEIR FIRST-BORN,

AN EPIGRAM CONSOLATORIE.

Who dares denie that all first fruits are due
To God, denies the god-head to be true:
Who doubts those fruits God can with gaine restore,
Doth by his doubt distrust his promise more.
He can, he will, and with large int'rest pay,
What (at his liking) he will take away.
Then royall Charles, and Mary, doe not grutch
That the Almightie's will to you is such:
But thanke his greatnesse, and his goodnesse too;
And thinke all still the best that he will doe.
That thought shall make, he will this losse supply
With a long, large, and blest posteritie!
For God, whose essence is so infinite,
Cannot but heape that grace he will requite.

AN EPIGRAM

TO OUR GREAT AND GOOD KING CHARLES ON HIS ANNIVERSARY DAY.

How happy were the subject! if he knew,
Most pious king, but his owne good in you!
How many times, Live long, Charles, would he say,
If he but weigh'd the blessings of this day?
And as it turnes our joyfull yeare about,
For safetie of such majestie cry out?
Indeed, when had great Brittaine greater cause
Then now, to love the soveraigne and the lawes?
When you that raigne are her example growne,
And what are bounds to her, you make your owne?
When your assidious practise doth secure
That faith which she professeth to be pure?
When all your life's a president of dayes,
And murmure cannot quarrell at your wayes?
How is she barren growne of love! or broke!
That nothing can her gratitude provoke!
O times! O manners! surfet bred of ease,
The truly epidemicall disease!
'T is not alone the merchant, but the clowne
Is banke-rupt turn'd! the cassock, cloake, and gowne,
Are lost upon accompt! and none will know
How much to Heaven for thee, great Charles, they owe!

AN EPIGRAM

ON THE PRINCE'S BIRTH.

And art thou borne, brave babe? blest be thy birth!
That so hath crown'd our hopes, our spring, and earth,
The bed of the chast lilly, and the rose!
What month then May, was fitter to disclose
This prince of flowers? soone shoot thou up, and grow
The same that thou art promis'd, but be slow
And long in changing. Let our nephewes see
Thee quickly [come] the garden's eye to be,
And there to stand so. Haste, now envious Moone,
And interpose thy selfe, ('care not how soone.)
And threat' the great eclipse. Two houres but runne,
Sol will re-shine. If not, Charles hath a sonne.

..... *Non displicuisse meretur*
Festinat Cæsar qui placuisse tibi.

AN EPIGRAM

TO THE QUEENE, THEN LYING IN. 1630.

Haile, Mary, full of grace, it once was said,
And by an angell, to the blessed'st maid
The mother of our Lord: why may not I
(Without prophanenesse) yet, a poet, cry
Haile, Mary, full of honours, to my queene,
The mother of our prince? when was there seene
(Except the joy that the first Mary brought,
Whereby the safetie of man-kind was wrought)
So generall a gladnesse to an isle!
To make the hearts of a whole nation smile,
As in this prince? let it be lawfull, so
To compare small with great, as still we owe
Glorie to God. Then, haile to Mary! spring
Of so much safetie to the realme, and king.

AN ODE, OR SONG,

BY ALL THE MUSES.

IN CELEBRATION OF HER MAJESTIE'S BIRTH-DAY. 1630.

Clio. Up, publike joy, remember
This sixteenth of November,
Some brave un-common way:
And though the parish-steeple
Be silent to the people,
Ring thou it holy-day.

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Mel. What, though the thriftie Tower
And gunnes there, spare to poure
Their noises forth in thunder:
As fearfull to awake
This citie, or to shake
Their guarded gates asunder?

Thal. Yet, let our trumpets sound;
And cleave both ayre and ground,
With beating of our drums:
Let every lyre be strung,
Harpe, lute, Theorbo sprung,
With touch of daintie thums!

Eut. That when the quire is full,
The harmony may pull
The angels from their spheares:
And each intelligence
May wish it selfe a sense;
Whilst it the dittie heares.

Terp. Behold the royall Mary,
The daughter of great Harry!
And sister to just Lewis!
Comes in the pompe and glorie
Of all her brother's storie,
And of her father's prowesse!

Erat. She showes so farre above
The fained queene of love,
This sea-girt isle upon:
As here no Venus were;
But, that she raigning here,
Had got the ceston on!

Calli. See, see our active king
Hath taken twice the ring
Upon his pointed lance:
Whilst all the ravish'd rout
Doe mingle in a shout,
Hay! for the flowre of France!

Ura. This day the court doth measure
Her joy in state and pleasure;
And with a reverend feare,
The revells, and the play,
Summe up this crowned day,
Her two and twenti'th yeare!

Poly. Sweet! happy Mary! all
The people her doe call!
And this the wombe divine!
So fruitfull, and so faire,
Hath brought the land an heire!
And Charles a Caroline.

AN EPIGRAM

TO THE HOUSE-HOLD. 1630.

What can the cause be, when the king hath given
His poet sack, the house-hold will not pay?
Are they so scanted in their store? or driven
For want of knowing the poet, to say him nay?
Well, they should know him, would the king but
His poet leave to sing his house-hold true; [grant
He'ld frame such ditties of their store, and want,
Would make the very greene-cloth to looke blew:
And rather wish, in their expense of sack,
So, the allowance from the king to use,
As the old bard, should no Canary lack,
'T were better spare a butt, then spill his Muse.
For in the genius of a poet's verse,
The king's fame lives. Go now, denie his teirce.

EPIGRAM

TO A FRIEND, AND SONNE.

Sonne, and my friend, I had not call'd you so
To me, or beene the same to you, if show,
Profit, or chance had made us: but I know
What by that name we each to other owe,
Freedome, and truth; with love from those begot.
Wise-crafts on which the flatterer ventures not.
His is more safe commoditie, or none:
Nor dares he come in the comparison.
But as the wretched painter, who so ill
Painted a dog, that now his subtler skill
Was, t' have a boy stand with a club, and fright
All live dogs from the lane, and his shop's sight.
Till he had sold his piece, drawne so unlike:
So doth the flattrer, with farre cunning strike
At a friend's freedome, proves all circling meanes
To keepe him off; and how-so-e're he gleanes
Some of his formes, he lets him not come neere
Where he would fixe, for the distinction's feare.
For as at distance few have facultie
To judge, so all men comming neere can spie,
Though now of flattery, as of picture are
More subtle workes, and finer pieces farre,
Then knew the former ages: yet to life,
All is but web and painting; be the strife
Never so great to get them: and the ends,
Rather to boast rich hangings then rare friends.

TO THE IMMORTALL

MEMORIE AND FRIENDSHIP

OF THAT NOBLE PAIRE, SIR LUCIUS CARY, AND SIR H. MORISON.

THE TURNE.

Brave infant of Saguntum, cleare
Thy comming forth in that great yeare,
When the prodigious Hannibal did crowne
His rage, with razing your immortall towne.
Thou, looking then about,
E're thou wert halfe got out,
Wise child, did'st hastily returne,
And mad'st thy mother's wombe thine urne.
How summ'd a circle didst thou leave man-kind
Of deepest lore, could we the center find!

THE COUNTER-TURNE.

Did wiser nature draw thee back,
From out the horrour of that sack,
Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right
Lay trampled on; the deeds of death, and night
Urg'd, hurried forth, and horld
Upon th' affrighted world:

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Sword, fire, and famine, with fell fury met;
And all on utmost ruine set;
As, could they but life's miseries fore-see,
No doubt all infants would returne like thee?

THE STAND.

For, what is life, if measur'd by the space,
Not by the act?
Or masked man, if valu'd by his face,
Above his fact?
Here 's one out-liv'd his peeres,
And told forth fourescore yeares;
He vexed time, and busied the whole state;
Troubled both foes, and friends;
But ever to no ends:
What did this stirrer, but die late?
How well at twentie had he falne, or stood!
For three of his foure-score he did no good.

THE TURNE.

He entred well, by vertuous parts,
Got up and thriv'd with honest arts:
He purchas'd friends, and fame, and honours then,
And had his noble name advanc'd with men:
But weary of that flight,
He stoop'd in all men's sight
To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunke in that dead sea of life
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup;
But that the corke of title boy'd him up.

THE COUNTER-TURNE.

Alas, but Morison fell young:
He never fell, thou fall'st, my tongue.
He stood, a souldier to the last right end,
A perfect patriot, and a noble friend,
But most a vertuous sonne.
All offices were done
By him, so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As though his age imperfect might appeare,
His life was of humanitie the spheare.

THE STAND.

Goe now, and tell out dayes summ'd up with feares,
And make them yeares;
Produce thy masse of miseries on the stage,
To swell thine age;
Repeat of things a throng,
To show thou hast beene long
Not liv'd; for life doth her great actions spell,
By what was done and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light: her measures are, how well
Each syllab'e answer'd, and was form'd, how faire;
These make the lines of life, and that 's her ayre.

THE TURNE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulke, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oake, three hundred yeare,
To fall a logge, at last, dry, bald, and seare:
A lillie of a day,
Is fairer farre, in May,
Although it fall, and die that night;
It was the plant and flowre of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see:
And in short measures life may perfect be.

THE COUNTER-TURNE.

Call, noble Lucius, then for wine,
And let thy lookes with gladnesse shine:
Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
And thinke, nay know, thy Morison's not dead.
He leap'd the present age,
Possest with holy rage,
To see that bright eternall day:
Of which we priests, and poëts say
Such truths, as we expect for happy men,
And there he lives with memorie; and Ben

THE STAND.

Johnson, who sung this of him, e're he went
Himselfe to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
To have exprest,
In this bright asterisme:
Where it were friendship's schisme,
(Were not his Lucius long with us to tarry)
To separate these twi-
Lights, the Dioscuri;
And keepe the one halfe from his Harry.
But fate doth so alternate the designe,
Whilst that in Heaven, this light on earth must shine.

THE TURNE.

And shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one starre:
Of hearts the union. And those not by chance
Made, or indenture, or leas'd out t' advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vaine did chime,
Of rimes, or ryots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drinke, or fain'd protests:
But simple love of greatnesse and of good;
That knits brave minds and manners more then blood.

THE COUNTER-TURNE.

This made you first to know the why
You lik'd, then after to apply
That liking; and approach so one the t' other,
Till either grew a portion of the other:
Each stiled by his end,
The copie of his friend.
You liv'd to be the great surnames,
And titles, by which all made claimes
Unto the vertue. Nothing perfect done,
But as a Cary, or a Morison.

THE STAND.

And such a force the faire example had,
As they that saw
The good, and durst not practise it, were glad
That such a law
Was left yet to man-kind;
Where they might read, and find
Friendship, indeed, was written, not in words:
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men,
Whose lines her rolles were, and records.
Who, e're the first downe bloomed on the chin,
Had sow'd these fruits and got the harvest in.

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TO THE RIGHT HON. THE

LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND

AN EPISTLE MENDICANT. 1631.

MY LORD,

Poore wretched states, prest by extremities,
Are faine to seeke for succours, and supplies
Of princes' aides, or good men's charities.

Disease the enemie, and his engineeres,
Want, with the rest of his conceal'd compeeres,
Have cast a trench about me, now five yeares;

And made those strong approaches by false braies,
Reduicts, halfe-moones, horne-workes, and such close wayes,
The Muse not peepes out, one of hundred dayes;

But lyes block'd up, and straightned, narrow'd in,
Fix'd to the bed, and boords, unlike to win
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never bin;

Unlesse some saving honour of the crowne,
Dare thinke it, to relieve, no lesse renowne,
A bed-rid wit, then a besieged towne.

TO THE KING

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 19, 1632.

AN EPIGRAM ANNIVERSARIE.

This is king Charles his day. Speake it thou Towre
Unto the ships, and they from tier to tier
Discharge it 'bout the iland, in an houre,
As lowd as thunder, and as swift as fire.
Let Ireland meet it out at sea halfe way,
Repeating all Great Brittain's joy, and more,
Adding her owne glad accents to this day,
Like Eccho playing from the other shore.
What drums, or trumpets, or great ord'nance can,
The poetrie of steeples, with the bells,
Three kingdomes' mirth, in light, and aërie man,
Made lighter with the wine. All noises else,
At bonefires, rockets, fire-workes, with the shoutes
That cry that gladnesse, which their hearts would pray,
Had they but grace of thinking, at these routes,
On th' often comming of this holy-day:
And ever close the burden of the song,
Still to have such a Charles, but this Charles long.

The wish is great; but where the prince is such,
What prayers (people) can you thinke too much!

ON THE RIGHT HON. AND VERTUOUS

LORD WESTON,

LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND, UPON THE DAY HE WAS MADE EARLE OF PORTLAND, FEB. 17, 1632.

TO THE ENVIOUS.

Looke up, thou seed of envie, and still bring
Thy faint and narrow eyes to reade the king
In his great actions: view whom his large hand,
Hath rais'd to be the port unto his land!
Weston! that waking man! that eye of state!
Who seldome sleepes! whom bad men only hate!
Why doe I irritate, or stirre up thee,
Thou sluggish spawne, that canst, but wilt not see!
Feed on thy selfe for spight, and show thy kind:
To vertue, and true worth, be ever blind.
Dreame thou could'st hurt it, but before thou wake,
T' effect it; feele, thou 'ast made thine owne heart ake.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

HIEROME, LORD WESTON,

AN ODE GRATULATORIE,

FOR HIS RETURNE FROM HIS EMBASSIE. 1632.

Such pleasure as the teeming Earth
Doth take an easie Nature's birth,
When she puts forth the life of ev'ry thing:
And in a dew of sweetest raine,
She lies deliver'd without paine,
Of the prime beautie of the yeare, the Spring.

The river in their shores doe run,
The clowdes rack cleare before the Sun,
The rudest winds obey the calmest ayre,
Rare plants from ev'ry banke doe rise,
And ev'ry plant the sense surprise,
Because the order of the whole is faire!

The very verdure of her nest,
Wherein she sits so richly drest,
As all the wealth of season there was spread;
Doth show the Graces and the Houres
Have multipli'd their arts and powers,
In making soft her aromatique bed.

Such joyes, such sweets doth your returne
Bring all your friends (faire lord) that burne
With love to heare your modestie relate,
The bus'nesse of your blooming wit,
With all the fruit shall follow it,
Both to the honour of the king and state.

O how will then our court be pleas'd,
To see great Charles of travaile ease'd,
When he beholds a graft of his owne hand,
Shoot up an olive fruitfull, faire,
To be a shadow to his heire,
And both a strength, and beautie to his land!

EPITHALAMION;

OR

A SONG,

CELEBRATING THE NUPTIALS OF THAT NOBLE GENTLEMAN, MR. HIEROME WESTON, SON AND HEIRE OF THE LORD WESTON, LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND, WITH THE LADY FRANCES STUART, DAUGHTER OF ESME D. OF LENOX DECEASED, AND SISTER OF THE SURVIVING DUKE OF THE SAME NAME.

Though thou hast past thy summer standing, stay
A-while with us, bright Sun, and help our light;
Thou can'st not meet more glory on the way,
Between thy tropicks, to arrest thy sight,

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Then thou shalt see to day:
We wooe thee, stay
And see what can be seene,
The bountie of a king, and beautie of his queene!

See, the procession! what a holy day
(Bearing the promise of some better fate)
Hath filed, with Caroches, all the way,
From Greenwich, hither, to Row-hampton gate!
When look'd the yeare, at best,
So like a feast?
Or were affaires in tune,
By all the spheares consent, so in the heart of June?

What beautie of beauties, and bright youths at charge
Of summer's liveries, and gladding greene,
Do boast their loves, and brav'ries so at large,
As they came all to see, and to be seene!
When look'd the earth so fine,
Or so did shine
In all her bloome and flower;
To welcome home a paire, and deck the nuptial bower?

It is the kindly season of the time,
The month of youth which calls all creatures forth
To doe their offices in nature's chime,
And celebrate (perfection at the worth)
Mariage, the end of life,
That holy strife,
And the allowed warre:
Through which not only we, but all our species are.

Harke, how the bells upon the waters play
Their sister-tunes from Thames his either side,
As they had learn'd new changes for the day,
And all did ring th' approches of the bride,
The lady Frances, drest
Above the rest
Of all the maidens faire, [haire.
In gracefull ornament of garland, gemmes, and

See, how she paceth forth in virgin-white,
Like what she is, the daughter of a duke,
And sister: darting forth a dazling light
On all that come her simplésse to rebuke!
Her tresses trim her back,
As she did lack
Nought of a maiden queene,
With modestie so crown'd, and adoration seene.

Stay, thou wilt see what rites the virgins doe!
The choisest virgin-troup of all the land!
Porting the ensignes of united two,
Both crownes and kingdomes in their either hand;
Whose majesties appeare,
To make more cleare
This feast, then can the day
Although that thou, O Sun, at our entreaty stay!

See, how with roses and with lillies shine,
(Lillies and roses, flowers of either sexe)
The bright bride's paths, embelish'd more then thine
With light of love, this paire doth intertexe!
Stay, see the virgins sow
(Where she shall goe)
The emblemes of their way.
O, now thou smil'st, faire Sun, and shin'st as thou wouldst stay!

With what full hands, and in how plenteous showers
Have they bedew'd the earth, where she doth tread,
As if her ayrie steps did spring the flowers,
And all the ground were garden where she leid!
See, at another doore,
On the same floore,
The bridegroome meets the bride
With all the pompe of youth, and all our court beside.

Our court, and all the grandees; now, Sun, looke,
And looking with thy best inquirie, tell,
In all thy age of journals thou hast tooke,
Saw'st thou that paire, became these rites so well,
Save the preceding two?
Who, in all they doe,
Search, Sun, and thou wilt find [kind.
They are th' exampled paire, and mirrour of their

Force from the phœnix then no raritie
Of sex, to rob the creature; but from man,
The king of creatures; take his paritie
With angels, Muse, to speake these: nothing can
Illustrate these but they
Themselves to day,
Who the whole act expresse;
All else we see beside are shadowes and goe lesse.

It is their grace and favour that makes seene
And wonder'd at the bounties of this day:
All is a story of the king and queene!
And what of dignitie and honour may
Be duly done to those
Whom they have chose,
And set the marke upon,
To give a greater name and title to their owne!

Weston, their treasure, as their treasurer,
That mine of wisdome, and of counsells deep,
Great say-master of state, who cannot erre,
But doth his carract, and just standard keepe
In all the prov'd assayes,
And legall wayes
Of tryals, to worke downe [crowne.
Men's loves unto the lawes, and lawes to love the

And this well mov'd the judgement of the king
To pay with honours, to his noble sonne
To day, the father's service; who could bring
Him up, to doe the same himselfe had done.
That farre-all-seeing eye
Could soone espie
What kind of waking man
He had so highly set; and in what Barbican.

Stand there; for when a noble nature's rais'd,
It brings friends joy, foes griefe, posteritie fame;
In him the times, no lesse then prince, are prais'd,
And by his rise, in active men, his name
Doth emulation stirre;
To th' dull, a spur
It is: to th' envious meant
A meere upbraiding griefe, and tort'ring punishment.

See, how the chappell opens; where the king
And bishop stay, to consummate the rites:
The holy prelate prayes, then takes the ring,
Askes first, who gives her (I Charles) then he plights
One in the other's hand,
Whilst they both stand
Hearing their charge, and then [Amen.
The solemne quire cryes, Joy; and they returne,

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O happy bands! and thou more happy place,
Which to this use wer't built and consecrate!
To have thy God to blesse, thy king to grace,
And this their chosen bishop celebrate;
And knit the nuptiall knot,
Which time shall not,
Or canker'd jealousie,
With all corroding arts, be able to untie!

The chappell empties, and thou may'st be gone
Now, Sun, and post away the rest of day:
These two, now holy church hath made them one,
Doe long to make themselves so, another way;
There is a feast behind,
To them of kind,
Which their glad parents taught
One to the other, long ere these to light were brought.

Haste, haste, officious Sun, and send them night
Some houres before it should, that these may know
All that their fathers and their mothers might
Of nuptiall sweets, at such a season, owe,
To propagate their names,
And keepe their fames
Alive, which else would die;
For fame keepes vertue up, and it's posteritie.

Th' ignoble never liv'd, they were a-while
Like swine, or other cattell here on Earth:
Their names are not recorded on the file
Of life, that fall so; Christians know their birth
Alone, and such a race,
We pray may grace,
Your fruitfull spreading vine,
But dare not aske our wish in language fescennine:

Yet, as we may, we will, with chast desires,
(The holy perfumes of a marriage bed)
Be kept alive those sweet and sacred fires
Of love between you and your lovely-head:
That when you both are old,
You find no cold
There; but, renewed, say,
(After the last child borne) this is our wedding day.

Till you behold a race to fill your hall,
A Richard, and a Hierome, by their names
Upon a Thomas, or a Francis call;
A Kate, a Frank, to honour their grand-dames,
And 'tweene their grandsire's thighes,
Like pretty spies,
Peepe forth a gemme; to see
How each one playes his part, of the large pedigree.

And never may they want one of the stem,
To be a watchfull servant for this state;
But like an arme of eminence 'mongst them,
Extend a reaching vertue early and late:
Whilst the maine tree still found
Upright and sound,
By this sun's noonested 's made
So great; his body now alone projects the shade.

They both are slipt to bed; shut fast the doore,
And let him freely gather loves first-fruits,
He's master of the office; yet no more
Exacts then she is pleas'd to pay: no suits,
Strifes, murmures, or delay,
Will last till day;
Night, and the sheetes will show
The longing couple all that elder lovers know.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF POORE BEN.
TO TH' BEST OF MONARCHS, MASTERS, MEN,

KING CHARLES;

——— Doth most humbly show it,
To your majestie, your poët:

That whereas your royall father,
James the blessed, pleas'd the rather,
Of his speciall grace to letters,
To make all the Muses debters
To his bountie; by extension
Of a free poetique pension,
A large hundred markes annuitie,
To be given me in gratuitie
For done service and to come:
And that this so accepted summe,
Or dispenc'd in bookes, or bread,
(For with both the Muse was fed)
Hath drawne on me, from the times,
All the envie of the rimes,
And the ratling pit-pat-noyse,
Or the lesse-poëtique boyes;
When their pot-guns ayme to hit,
With their pellets of small wit,
Parts of me (they judg'd) decay'd,
But we last out, still unlay'd.
Please your majestie to make
Of your grace, for goodnesse sake,
Those your father's markes, your pounds;
Let their spite (which now abounds)
Then goe on, and doe its worst;
This would all their envie burst:
And so warme the poet's tongue,
You'ld reade a snake in his next song.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE LORD TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

AN EPIGRAM.

If to my mind, great lord, I had a state,
I would present you now with curious plate
Of Noremberg, or Turkie; hang your roomes
Not with the Arras, but the Persian loomes.
I would, if price or prayer could them get,
Send in, what or Romano, Tintaret,
Titian, or Raphael, Michael Angelo
Have left in fame to equall, or out-goe
The old Greek-hands in picture, or in stone.
This I would doe, could I know Weston, one
Catch'd with these arts, wherein the judge is wise
As farre as sense, and onely by the eyes.
But you, I know, my lord; and know you can
Discerne betweene a statue and a man;
Can doe the things that statues doe deserve,
And act the businesse which they paint or carve.
What you have studied are the arts of life;
To compose men and manners; stint the strife
Of murmuring subjects; make the nations know
What worlds of blessings to good kings they owe:
And mightiest monarchs feele what large increase
Of sweets, and safeties, they possesse by peace.
These I looke up at, with a reverent eye,
And strike religion in the standers-by;

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Which, though I cannot, as an architect
In glorious piles or pyramids erect
Unto your honour; I can tune in song
Aloud, and (happ'ly) it may last as long.

AN EPIGRAM

TO MY MUSE, THE LADY DIGBY, ON HER HUSBAND, SIR KENELME DIGBY.

Tho', happy Muse, thou know my Digby well;
Yet read him in these lines: he doth excell
In honour, courtesie, and all the parts
Court can call hers, or man could call his arts.
He's prudent, valiant, just, and temperate;
In him all vertue is beheld in state:
And he is built like some imperiall roome
For that to dwell in, and be still at home.
His breast is a brave palace, a broad street,
Where all heroique ample thoughts doe meet;
Where nature such a large survey hath ta'en,
As other soules to his dwelt in a lane:
Witnesse his action done at Scanderone;
Upon my birth-day, the eleventh of June;
When the apostle Barnabee the bright
Unto our yeare doth give the longest light,
In signe the subject, and the song will live
Which I have vow'd posteritie to give.
Goe, Muse, in, and salute him. Say he be
Busie, or frowne at first; when he sees thee
He will cleare up his forehead; thinke thou bring'st
Good omen to him, in the note thou sing'st:
For he doth love my verses, and will looke
Upon them, (next to Spenser's noble booke)
And praise them too. O! what a fame 't will be!
What reputation to my lines and me!
When he shall read them at the treasurer's bord!
The knowing Weston, and that learned lord
Allowes them! Then what copies shall be had,
What transcripts begg'd! how cry'd up, and how glad
Wilt thou be, Muse, when this shall them befall
Being sent to one, they will be read of all.

New years expect new gifts: sister, your harpe,
Lute, lyre, theorbo, all are call'd to day.
Your change of notes, the flat, the meane, the sharpe,
To show the rites, and t' usher forth the way
Of the new yeare, in a new silken warpe.
To fit the softnesse of our years-gift: when
We sing the best of monarchs, masters, men;
For, had we here said lesse, we had sung nothing then,

A

NEW-YEARES-GIFT,

SUNG TO KING CHARLES, 1635.

Rector To day old Janus opens the new yeare,
Chori. And shuts the old. Haste, haste, all loyall swaines, [appeare,
That know the times, and seasons when t'
And offer your just service on these plaines;
Best kings expect first-fruits of your glad gaines.

1. Pan is the great preserver of our bounds,
2. To him we owe all profits of our grounds
3. Our milke. 4. Our fells. 5. Our fleeces,
6. and first lambs. [rammes.
7. Our teeming ewes, 8. and lustie-mounting
9. See where he walkes with Mira by his side.
Chor. Sound, sound his praises loud, and with his horn divide.

Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,
That drives the hart to seeke unusd wayes,
Shep. And in the chase, more then Sylvanus can,
Chor. Heare, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.

Of brightest Mira doe we raise our song,
Sister of Pan, and glory of the spring:
Nym. Who walkes on earth, as May still west along,
Chor. Rivers, and vallies, eccho what we sing.

Of Pan we sing, the chiefe of leaders, Pan,
That leades our flocks and us, and calls both forth
Shep. To better pastures then great Pales can:
Chor. Heare, O you groves, and hills resound his worth.

Of brightest Mira is our song; the grace
Nym. Of all that nature yet to life did bring:
Chor. And were she lost, could best supply his place,
Rivers and valleys eccho what we sing.

1. Where e're they tread th' enamoured ground,
The fairest flowers are alwayes found;
2. As if the beauties of the yeare,
Still waited on 'hem where they were.
1. He is the father of our peace; [crease.
2. She, to the crowne, hath brought in
1. We know no other power then his,
Pan only our great shep'ard is,
Chor. Our great, our good. Where one's so drest
In truth of colours, both are best.

Haste, haste you thither, all you gentler swaines,
That have a flock, or herd, upon these plaines;
This is the great preserver of our bounds,
To whom you owe all duties of your grounds;
Your milkes, your fells, your fleeces and first lambes, [rammes.
Your teeming ewes, as well as mounting
Whose praises let's report unto the woods,
That they may take it eccho'd by the floods,
'Tis he, 'tis he, in singing he,
And hunting, Pan, exceedeth thee.
He gives all plentie, and increase,
He is the author of our peace.

Where e're he goes upon the ground,
The better grasse and flowers are found.
To sweeter pastures lead he can,
Then ever Pales could or Pan;
He drives diseases from our folds,
The theefe from spoyle his presence holds.
Pan knowes no other power then his,
This only the great shep'ard is.
'Tis he 'tis he, &c.

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Faire friend, 'tis true, your beauties move
My heart to a respect;
Too little to be paid with love,
Too great for your neglect.

I neither love, nor yet am free,
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'Tis of the purest kind.

It little wants of love but paine,
Your beautie takes my sense,
And lest you should that price disdaine,
My thoughts, too, feele the influence.

'Tis not a passion's first accesse
Readie to multiply,
But like love's calmest state it is
Possest with victorie.

It is like love to truth reduc'd;
All the false value's gone
Which were created, and induc'd
By fond imagination.

'Tis either fancie, or 'tis fate,
To love you more then I;
I love you at your beautie's rate,
Lesse were an injurie.

Like unstamp'd gold, I weigh each grace,
So that you may collect
Th' intrinsique value of your face,
Safely from my respect.

And this respect would merit love,
Were not so faire a sight
Payment enough; for who dare move
Reward for his delight?

ON

THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY.

Rouse up thy selfe, my gentle Muse,
Though now our greene conceits be gray,
And yet once more do not refuse
To take thy Phrygian harp, and play
In honour of this cheerefull day:
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of crownes is such a love.

Make first a song of joy and love,
Which chastly flames in royall eyes,
Then tune it to the spheares above,
When the benignest stars doe rise,
And sweet conjunctions grace the skies.
Long may, &c.

To this let all good hearts resound,
Whilst diadems invest his head;
Long may he live, whose life doth bound
More then his lawes, and better led
By high example then by dread.
Long may, &c.

Long may he round about him see
His roses, and his lillies blowne:
Long may his only deare and he
Joy in ideas of their owne,
And kingdomes' hopes so timely sowne.
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of crownes is such a love.

TO MY LORD THE KING,

ON THE CHRISTNING HIS SECOND SONNE JAMES.

That thou art lov'd of God, this work is done,
Great king, thy having of a second sonne:
And by thy blessing, may thy people see
How much they are belov'd of God, in thee;
Would they would understand it! princes are
Great aides to empire, as they are great care
To pious parents, who would have their blood
Should take first seisin of the publique good,
As hath thy James, cleans'd from originall drosse,
This day, by baptisme, and his Saviour's crosse.
Grow up, sweet babe, as blessed in thy name,
As in renewing thy good grandsire's fame;
Me thought Great Brittaine in her sea before
Sate safe enough, but now secured more.
At land she triumphs in the triple shade,
Her rose and lilly, intertwind, have made.

Oceano secura meo, securior umbris.

AN ELEGIE

ON THE LADY ANNE PAWLET, MARCHIONESS OF WINTON.

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hayles me so solemnly to yonder yewgh?
And beckning wooes me from the fatall tree
To pluck a garland, for her selfe, or me?
I doe obey you, beautie! for in death
You seeme a faire one! O that you had breath,
To give your shade a name! stay, stay, I feele
A horrour in me! all my blood is steele!
Stiffe! starke! my joynts 'gainst one another knock!
Whose daughter? ha! great Savage of the Rock!
He's good, as great. I am almost a stone!
And e're I can ask more of her she's gone!
Alas, I am all marble! write the rest
Thou wouldst have written, Fame, upon my brest:
It is a large faire table, and a true,
And the disposure will be something new,
When I, who would the poet have become,
At least may beare th' inscription to her tombe.
She was the lady Jane, and marchionisse
Of Winchester; the heralds can tell this.
Earle Rivers' grand-child—serve not formes, good, Fame,
Sound thou her vertues, give her soule a name.
Had I a thousand mouthes, as many tongues,
And voyce to raise them from my brazen lungs,
I durst not aime at that: the dotes were such
Thereof no notion can expresse how much
Their carract was! I, or my trump must breake,
But rather I, should I of that part speake!
It is too neere of kin to Heaven, the soule,
To be describ'd. Fame's fingers are too foule
To touch these mysteries! we may admire
The blaze and splendour, but not handle fire!
What she did here, by great example, well,
T' inlive posteritie, her fame may tell!
And, calling truth to witnesse, make that good
From the inherent graces in her blood!
Else, who doth praise a person by a new,
But a fain'd way, doth rob it of the true.

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Her sweetnesse, softnesse, her faire courtesie,
Her wary guardes, her wise simplicitie,
Were like a ring of vertues, 'bout her set,
And pietie the center where all met.
A reverend state she had, an awfull eye,
A dazling, yet inviting, majestie:
What nature, fortune, institution, fact
Could summe to a perfection, was her act!
How did she leave the world? with what contempt?
Just as she in it liv'd! and so exempt
From all affection! when they urg'd the cure
Of her disease, how did her soule assure
Her suffrings, as the body had beene away!
And to the torturers (her doctors) say,
Stick on your cupping-glasses, feare not, put
Your hottest causticks to, burne, lance, or cut:
'Tis but a body which you can torment,
And I, into the world, all soule was sent!
Then comforted her lord, and blest her sonne,
Chear'd her faire sisters in her race to runne,
With gladnesse temper'd her sad parents' teares,
Made her friends' joyes, to get above their feares,
And, in her last act, taught the standers-by,
With admiration and applause to die!
Let angels sing her glories, who did call
Her spirit home to her originall!
Who saw the way was made it! and were sent
To carry, and conduct the complement
'Twixt death and life! where her mortalitie
Became her birth-day to eternitie!
And now, through circumfused light, she lookes
On nature's secrets there, as her owne bookes:
Speakes Heaven's language! and discourseth free
To every order, ev'ry hierarchie!
Beholds her Maker! and in him, doth see
What the beginnings of all beauties be;
And all beatitudes, that thence doe flow:
Which they that have the crowne are sure to know!
Goe now, her happy parents, and be sad,
If you not understand what child you had.
If you dare grudge at Heaven and repent
T' have paid againe a blessing was but lent,
And trusted so, as it deposited lay
At pleasure, to be call'd for every day!
If you can envie your owne daughter's blisse,
And wish her state lesse happie then it is!
If you can cast about your either eye,
And see all dead here, or about to dye!
The starres, that are the jewels of the night,
And day, deceasing! with the prince of light,
The Sunne! great kings! and mightiest kingdomes fall!
Whole nations! nay mankind! the world, with all
That ever had beginning there, to 'ave end!
With what injustice should one soule pretend
T' escape this common knowne necessitie,
When we were all borne, we began to die;
And, but for that contention and brave strife
The Christian hath t' enjoy the future life,
He were the wretched'st of the race of men:
But as he soares at that, he bruiseth then
The serpent's head: gets above death and sinne
And, sure of Heaven, rides triumphing in.

EUPHEME;

OR

THE FAIRE FAME,

LEFT TO POSTERITIE OF THAT TRULY-NOBLE LADY, THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY, LATE WIFE OF SIR KENELME DIGBY, KNIGHT: A GENTLEMAN ABSOLUTE IN ALL NUMBERS.

CONSISTING OF THESE TEN PIECES.

THE DEDICATION OF HER CRADLE.
THE SONG OF HER DESCENT.
THE PICTURE OF HER BODY.
HER MIND.
HER BEING CHOSEN A MUSE.
HER FAIRE OFFICES.
HER HAPPIE MATCH.
HER HOPEFULL ISSUE.
HER ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, OR RELATION TO THE SAINTS.
HER INSCRIPTION, OR CROWNE.

Vivam amare voluptas, defunctum Religio. STAT.

I. THE DEDICATION OF HER CRADLE.

FAIRE Fame, who art ordain'd to crowne
With ever-greene, and great renowne,
Their heads that Envy would hold downe
With her, in shade

Of death and darknesse; and deprive
Their names of being kept alive,
By thee, and Conscience, both who thrive
By the just trade

Of goodnesse still: vouchsafe to take
This cradle, and for goodnesse' sake,
A dedicated ensigne make
Thereof to Time.

That all posteritie, as we,
Who read what the Crepundia be,
May something by that twilight see
'Bove rattling rime.

For, though that rattles, timbrels, toyes,
Take little infants with their noyse,
As prop'rest gifts, to girles, and boyes
Of light expense;

Their corrals, whistles, and prime coates,
Their painted maskes, their paper bostes,
With sayles of silke, as the first notes
Surprise their sense:

Yet, here are no such trifles brought,
No cobweb calls; no surcoates wrought
With gold, or claspes, which might be bought
On every stall.

But here's a song of her descent;
And call to the high parliament
Of Heaven; where seraphim take tent
Of ord'ring all.

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This, utter'd by an ancient bard,
Who claimes (of reverence) to be heard,
As comming with his harpe, prepar'd
To chant her 'gree,

Is sung: as als' her getting up
By Jacob's ladder, to the top
Of that eternall port kept ope'
For such as she.

II. THE SONG OF HER DESCENT.

ING the just, and uncontrol'd descent
Of dame Venetia Digby, styl'd the faire:
: mind, and body, the most excellent
That ever nature, or the later ayre
ve two such houses as Northumberland
And Stanley, to the which she was co-heire.
eake it, you bold Penates, you that stand
At either stemme, and know the veines of good
n from your rootes; tell, testifie the grand
Meeting of graces, that so swell'd the flood
vertues in her, as, in short, she grew
The wonder of her sexe, and of your blood.
d tell thou, Alde-Legh, none can tell more true
Thy neece's line, then thou that gav'st thy name
to the kindred, whence thy Adam drew
Meschines' honour with the Cestrian fame
the first Lupus, to the familie
By Ranulph ———

[The rest of this song is lost.]

III. THE PICTURE OF THE BODY.

SITTING, and ready to be drawne,
What makes these velvets, silkes, and lawne,
Embroderies, feathers, fringes, lace,
Where every lim takes like a face?

Send these suspected helpes to aide
Some forme defective or decay'd;
This beautie without falshood fayre,
Needs nought to cloath it but the ayre.

Yet something, to the painter's view,
Were fitly interpos'd; so new:
He shall, if he can understand,
Worke with my fancie, his owne hand.

Draw first a cloud: all save her neck;
And, out of that, make day to breake;
Till, like her face, it doe appeare,
And men may thinke all light rose there.

Then let the beames of that disperse
The cloud, and show the universe;
But at such distance, as the eye
May rather yet adore then spy.

The Heaven design'd, draw next a spring,
With all that youth or it can bring:
Foure rivers branching forth like seas,
And paradise confining these.

Last draw the circles of this globe,
And let there be a starry robe
Of constellations 'bout her horld;
And thou hast painted beautie's world.

But painter, see thou doe not sell
A copie of this peece; nor tell
Whose 'tis: but if it favour find,
Next sitting we will draw her mind.

IV. THE MIND.

PAINTER yo' are come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This work I can performe alone,
And give you reasons more then one.

Not, that your art I doe refuse:
But here I may no colours use.
Beside, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an eye,
An eagle towring in the skye,
The Sunne, a sea, or soundlesse pit;
But these are like a mind, not it.

No, to expresse a mind to sense,
Would aske a Heaven's intelligence;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kinne to whence it came.

Sweet mind, then speake your selfe, and say,
As you goe on, by what brave way
Our sense you doe with knowledge fill,
And yet remaine our wonder still.

I call you Muse, now make it true:
Henceforth may every line be you;
That all may say, that see the frame,
This is no picture, but the same.

A mind so pure, so perfect, fine,
As 'tis not radient, but divine:
And so disdaining any tryer;
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There high exalted in the spheare,
As it another nature were,
It moveth all and makes a flight
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions when it will expresse
In speech, it is with that excesse
Of grace and musique to the eare,
As what it spoke it planted there.

The voyce so sweet, the words so faire,
As some soft chime had stroak'd the ayre;
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an eccho in the sense.

But, that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
It selfe to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossnesse; there's the how, and why.

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Is it because it sees us dull,
And stuck in clay here, it would pull
Us forth by some celestiall slight
Up to her owne sublimed hight?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some paradise, or palace found
In all the bounds of beautie fit
For here to inhabit? There is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so loftie forme, so streight,
So polisht, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from Heaven.

Not swelling like the ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a cloud,
As smooth as oyle pour'd forth, and calme
As showers, and sweet as drops of balme.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a floud
Where it may run to any good;
And where it stayes, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice, and gummes.

In action, winged as the wind,
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a banke, or field of flowers,
Begotten by that wind and showers.

In thee, faire mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art possest,
Thou entertaining in thy brest
But such a mind, mak'st God thy guest.

[A whole quaternion in the middle of this poem is lost, containing entirely the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole, is the eighth) excepting the very end: which at the top of the next quaternion goeth on thus:]

But, for you (growing gentlemen), the happy branches of two so illustrious houses as these, wherefrom your honour'd mother is in both lines descended; let me leave you this last legacie of counsell; which so soone as you arrive at yeares of mature understanding, open you (sir) that are the eldest, and read it to your brethren, for it will concerne you all alike. Vowed by a faithfull servant, and client of your familie, with his latest breath expiring it. B. J.

TO

KENELME, IOHN GEORGE.

Boast not these titles of your ancestors; [yours:
(Brave youths) th' are their possessions, none of
When your owne vertues equall'd have their names,
'Twill be but faire to leane upon their fames;
For they are strong supporters: but, till then,
The greatest are but growing gentlemen.
It is a wretched thing to trust to reedes,
Which all men doe, that urge not their owne deeds
Up to their ancestors; the river's side, [bide:
By which yo' are planted shows your fruit shall
Hang all your rooms with one large pedigree;
'Tis vertue alone, is true nobilitie.
Which vertue from your father ripe will fall;
Study illustrious him, and you have all.

IX. ELEGIE ON MY MUSE,

THE TRULY HONOURED LADY, THE LADY VERETIA DIGBY WHO LIVING GAVE ME LEAVE TO CALL HER SO.

BEING

HER ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, OR RELATION TO THE SAINTS.

Sera quidem tanto struitur medicina dolori.

'Twere time that I dy'd too, now she is dead,
Who was my Muse, and life of all I sey'd.
The spirit that I wrote with, and conceiv'd,
All that was good, or great in me she weav'd,
And set it forth; the rest were cobwebs fine,
Spun out in name of some of the old nine!
To hang a window or make darke the roome,
Till swept away, th' were cancell'd with a broome
Nothing, that could remaine, or yet can stirre
A sorrow in me, fit to wait to her!
O! had I seene her laid out a faire corse,
By Death, on earth, I should have had remorse
On Nature, for her: who did let her lie,
And saw that portion of her selfe to die.
Sleepie, or stupid Nature, couldst thou part
With such a raritie, and not rouse Art
With all her aydes, to save her from the seize
Of vulture Death, and those relentlesse cleies?
Thou wouldst have lost the phœnix, had the kind
Beene trusted to thee: not to 't selfe assign'd.
Looke on thy sloth, and give thy selfe undone,
(For so thou art with me) now she is gone.
My wounded mind cannot sustaine this stroke,
It rages, runs, flies, stands, and would provoke
The world to ruin with it; in her fall,
I summe up my owne breaking, and wish all.
Thou hast no more blowes, Fate, to drive at one:
What's left a poet, when his Muse is gone?
Sure, I am dead, and know it not! I feele
Nothing I doe; but, like a heavy wheele,
Am turned with another's powers. My passion
Whoorles me about, and, to blaspheme in fashion,
I murmure against God, for having ta'en
Her blessed soule hence, forth this valley vaine
Of teares, and dungeon of calamitie!
I envie it the angels amitie!
The joy of saints! the crowne for which it lives,
The glorie, and gaine of rest, which the place gives!
Dare I prophane, so irreligious be,
To 'greet, or grieve her soft euthanasee!
So sweetly taken to the court of blisse,
As spirits had stolne her spirit in a kisse,
From off her pillow and deluded bed;
And left her lovely body unthought dead!
Indeed, she is not dead! but laid to sleepe
In earth, till the last trumpe awake the sheepe
And goates together, whither they must come
To heare their judge and his eternall doome;
To have that final retribution,
Expected with the fleshe's restitution.
For, as there are three natures, schoolemen call
One corporall only, th' other spiritall,
Like single; so, there is a third, conmixt
Of body and spirit together, plac'd betwixt

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ose other two; which must be judg'd, or crown'd:
is as it guilty is, or guiltlesse found,
ust come to take a sentence, by the sense
'that great evidence, the conscience!
ho will be there against that day prepar'd,
accuse, or quit all parties to be heard!
day of joy, and suretie to the just!
ho in that feast of resurrection trust!
at great eternall holy-day of rest
body and soule! where Love is all the guest!
d the whole banquet is full sight of God!
joy the circle, and sole period!
l other gladnesse, with the thought is barr'd;
ope, hath her end! and Faith hath her reward!
is being thus: why should my tongue or pen
esume to interpell that fulnesse, when
thing can more adorne it then the seat
at she is in, or make it more compleat?
etter be dumbe then superstitious!
ho violates the god-head, is most vitious
ainst the nature he would worship. He
ill honour'd be in all simplicitie!
ave all his actions wondred at, and view'd
ith silence, and amazement! not with rude,
ill, and prophane, weake and imperfect eyes,
ave busie search made in his mysteries! [guest,
e knowes what worke h' hath done, to call this
ut of her noble body, to this feast:
d give her place, according to her blood
nongst her peeres, those princes of all good!
ints, martyrs, prophets, with those hierarchies,
ngels, arch-angels, principalities,
e dominations, vertues, and the powers,
he thrones, the cherube, and seraphick bowers,
hat, planted round, there sing before the Lamb,
new song to his praise, and great I AM:
nd she doth know, out of the shade of death,
hat 't is t' enjoy an everlasting breath!
o have her captiv'd spirit freed from flesh,
nd on her innocence a garment fresh
nd white, as that, put on: and in her hand
ith boughs of palme, a crowned victrice stand!
nd will you, worthy sonne, sir, knowing this,
ut black, and mourning on? and say you misse
wife, a friend, a lady, or a love;
hom her Redeemer, honour'd hath above
er fellowes, with the oyle of gladnesse, bright
Heav'n's empire, and with a robe of light?
hither, you hope to come; and there to find
hat pure, that pretious, and exalted mind
ou once enjoy'd: a short space severs ye
ompar'd unto that long eternitie,
hat shall re-joyne ye. Was she, then, so deare,
hen she departed? you will meet her there,
uch more desir'd, and dearer then before,
y all the wealth of blessings, and the store
ccumulated on her, by the Lord
f life and light, the Sonne of God, the Word!
here all the happy soules that ever were,
hall meet with gladnesse in one theatre;
nd each shall know there one another's face,
y beatifick vertue of the place.
here shall the brother with the sister walke,
nd sons and daughters with their parents talke;
ut all of God; they still shall have to say,
ut make him All in All, their theme, that day:
hat happy day, that never shall see night!
here he will be, all beautie to the sight:
ine or delicious fruits unto the taste;
musique in the eares will ever last;
Unto the scent, a spicerie, or balme;
And to the touch, a flower, like soft as palme.
He will all glory, all perfection be,
God, in the union, and the Trinitie!
That holy, great, and glorious mysterie,
Will there revealed be in majestie!
By light, and comfort of spiritualll grace;
The vision of our Saviour, face to face
In his humanitie! to heare him preach
The price of our redemption, and to teach
Through his inherent righteousnesse, in death,
The safetie of our soules, and forfeit breath!
What fulnesse of beatitude is here?
What love with mercy mixed doth appeare?
To style us friends, who were by nature, foes?
Adopt us heires, by grace, who were of those
Had lost our selves? and prodigally spent
Our native portions, and possessed rent;
Yet have all debts forgiven us, and advance
B' imputed right to an inheritance
In his eternall kingdome, where we sit
Equall with angels, and co-heires of it.
Nor dare we under blasphémy conceive
He that shall be our supreme judge, should leave
Himselfe so un-inform'd of his elect,
Who knowes the heart of all, and can dissect
The smallest fibre of our flesh; he can
Find all our atomes from a point t' a span!
Our closest creekes, and corners, and can trace
Each line, as it were graphick, in the face.
And best he knew her noble character,
For 'twas himselfe who form'd, and gave it her.
And to that forme lent two such veines of blood
As nature could not more increase the flood
Of title in her! all nobilitie
(But pride, that schisme of incivilitie)
She had, and it became her! she was fit
T' have knowne no envy, but by suffring it!
She had a mind as calme as she was faire;
Not tost or troubled with light lady-ayre,
But kept an even gaite; as some straight tree
Mov'd by the wind, so comely moved she.
And by the awfull manage of her eye
She swaid all bus'nesse in the familie!
To one she said, doe this, he did it; so
To another, move; he went; to a third, go,
He run; and all did strive with diligence
T' obey, and serve her sweet commandements.
She was in one a many parts of life;
A tender mother, a discreeter wife,
A solemne mistress, and so good a friend,
So charitable, to religious end,
In all her petite actions, so devote,
As her whole life was now become one note
Of pietie, and private holinesse.
She spent more time in teares her selfe to dresse
For her devotions, and those sad essayes
Of sorrow, then all pompe of gaudy daies:
And came forth ever cheered with the rod
Of divine comfort, when sh' had talk'd with God.
Her broken sighes did never misse whole sense:
Nor can the bruised heart want eloquence:
For, prayer is the incense most perfumes
The holy altars, when it least presumes.
And her's were all humilitie! they beat
The doore of grace, and found the mercy-seat.
In frequent speaking by the pious psalmes
Her solemne houres she spent, or giving almes,
Or doing other deeds of charitie,
To cloath the naked, feed the hungry. She

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Would sit in an infirmery, whole dayes
Poring, as on a map, to find the wayes
To that eternall rest, where now sh' hath place
By sure election, and predestin'd grace;
She saw her Saviour, by an earlie light,
Incarnate in the manger, shining bright
On all the world! she saw him on the crosse
Suffring, and dying to redeeme our losse!
She saw him rise, triumphing over death,
To justifie, and quicken us in breath!
She saw him too in glory to ascend
For his designed worke the perfect end
Of raising, judging, and rewarding all
The kind of man, on whom his doome should fall!
All this by faith she saw, and fram'd a plea,
In manner of a daily apostrophe,
To him should be her judge, true God, true man,
Jesus, the onely gotten Christ! who can
As being redeemer, and repairer too
(Of lapsed nature) best know what to doe,
In that great act of judgement: which the father
Hath given wholly to the sonne (the rather
As being the sonne of man) to show his power,
His wisdome, and his justice, in that houre,
The last of houres, and shutter up of all;
Where first his power will appeare, by call
Of all are dead to life! his wisdome show
In the discerning of each conscience so!
And most his justice, in the fitting parts,
And giving dues to all mankind's deserts!
In this sweet extasie, she was rapt hence.
Who reades will pardon my intelligence,
That thus have ventur'd these true straines upon;
To publish her a saint. My Muse is gone.

In pietatis memoriam
quam præstas
Venetiæ tuæ illustrissim.
Merit. dign. Digbeie
Hanc ΑΠΟΘΕΣΙΝ, *tibi, tuisque, sacro.*

The Tenth, being her Inscription, or Crowne, is lost.

THE

PRAISES OF A COUNTRIE LIFE.

FROM HORACE'S BEATUS ILLE, QUI PROCUL NEGOTIIS.

Happie is he, that from all businesse cleere,
As the old race of mankind were,
With his owne oxen tills his sire's left lands,
And is not in the usurer's bands:
Nor souldier like started with rough alarmes,
Nor dreads the sea's inraged harmes:
But flees the barre and courts, with the proud bords,
And waiting chambers of great lords.
The poplar tall, he then doth marrying twine
With the growne issue of the vine;
And with his hooke lops off the fruitlesse race,
And sets more happy in the place:
Or in the bending vale beholds a-farre
The lowing herds there grazing are:
Or the prest honey in pure pots doth keepe
Of earth, and sheares the tender sheepe:
Or when that autumne through the fields lifts round
His head, with mellow apples crown'd,
How plucking peares, his owne hand grafted had,
And purple-matching grapes, he's glad!
With which, Priapus, he may thanke thy hands,
And, Sylvane, thine that keptst his lands!
Then now beneath some ancient oke he may
Now in the rooted grasse him lay,
Whilst from the higher bankes doe slide the floods;
The soft birds quarrell in the woods,
The fountaines murmure as the streames doe creepe,
And all invite to easie sleepe.
Then when the thundring Jove, his snow and showres
Are gathering by the wintry houres;
Or hence, or thence, he drives with many a hound
Wild bores into his toyles pitch'd round:
Or straines on his small forke his subtill nets
For th' eating thrush, or pit-falls sets:
And snares the fearfull hare, and new-come crane,
And 'counts them sweet rewards so ta'en.
Who (amongst these delights) would not forget
Love's cares so evill, and so great?
But if, to boot with these, a chaste wife meet
For houshold aid, and children sweet;
Such as the Sabines, or a sun-burnt-blowse,
Some lustie quick Apulian's spouse,
'To deck the hallow'd harth with old wood fir'd
Against the husband comes home tir'd;
That penning the glad flock in hurdles by
Their swelling udders doth draw dry:
And from the sweet tub wine of this yeare takes,
And unbought viands ready makes:
Not Lucrine oysters I could then more prize,
Nor turbot, nor bright golden eyes:
If with bright floods, the winter troubled much,
Into our seas send any such:
Th' Ionian god-wit, nor the ginny-hen
Could not goe downe my belly then
More sweet then olives, that new gather'd be
From fattest branches of the tree;
Or the herb sorrell, that loves meadows still,
Or mallowes loosing bodyes ill:
Or at the feast of bounds, the lambe then slaine,
Or kid forc't from the wolfe againe.
Among these cates how glad the sight doth come
Of the fed flocks approaching home!
To view the weary oxen draw, with bare
And fainting necks, the turned share!
The wealthy household swarme of bondmen met,
And 'bout the steeming chimney set!
These thoughts when usurer Alphius, now about
To turne more farmer, had spoke out
'Gainst th' ides, his moneys he gets in with paine,
At th' calends, puts all out againe.

FROM HORACE,

ODE THE FIRST, THE FOURTH BOOKE.

TO VENUS.

Venus, againe thou mov'st a warre
Long intermitted pray thee, pray thee spare:
I am not such as in the reigne
Of the good Cynara I was; refraine,
Sower mother of sweet loves, forbeare
To bend a man now at his fiftieth yeare
Too stubborne for commands, so slack:
Goe where youth's soft entreaties call thee back.
More timely hie thee to the house,
With thy bright swans of Paulus Maximus:
There jest, and feast, make him thine host,
If a fit livor thou dost seeke to toast:

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or he's both noble, lovely, young,
nd for the troubled clyent fyls his tongue,
hild of a hundred arts, and farre
Vill he display the ensines of thy warre.
nd when he smiling finds his grace
Vith thee 'bove all his rivals' gifts take place,
le will thee a marble statue make,
eneath a sweet-wood roofe, neere Alba Lake:
here shall thy dainty nostrill take
n many a gumme, and for thy soft eare's sake
hall verse be set to harpe and lute,
nd Phrygian hau'boy, not without the flute.
here twice a day in sacred laies,
he youths and tender maids shall sing thy praise:
nd in the Salian manner meet
hrice 'bout thy altar with their ivory feet.
Ie now, nor wench, nor wanton boy,
elights, nor credulous hope of mutuall joy,
or care I now healths to propound;
r with fresh flowers to girt my temple round.
ut, why, oh why, my Ligurine,
low my thin teares, downe these pale cheeks of mine?
r why, my well-grac'd words among,
Vith an uncomely silence failes my tongue?
ard-hearted, I dreame every night
hold thee fast! but fled hence, with the light,
Vhether in Mars his field thou be,
r Tyber's winding streames, I follow thee.

ODE IX. BOOKE III.

TO LYDIA.

DIALOGUE OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

HORACE.

WHILST, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
And ('bout thy ivory neck) no youth did fling,
His armes more acceptable free,
I thought me richer then the Persian king.

LYDIA.

Whilst Horace lov'd no mistres more,
Nor after Cloë did his Lydia sound;
In name, I went all names before,
The Roman Ilia was not more renown'd.

HORACE.

'T is true, I' am Thracian Chloe's, I
Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning plaies,
As, for her, I'd not feare to die,
So Fate would give her life, and longer daies.

LYDIA.

And I am mutually on fire
With gentle Calais Thurine, Ornith's sonne;
For whom I doubly would expire,
So Fate would let the boy a long thred run.

HORACE.

But, say old love returne should make,
And us dis-joyn'd force to her brazen yoke,
That I bright Cloë off should shake;
And to left Lydia, now the gate stood ope.

LYDIA.

Though he be fairer then a starre;
Thou lighter then the barke of any tree,
And then rough Adria, angrier farre;
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

FROM

MARTIAL, LIB. VIII. 77.

LIBER, of all thy friends, thou sweetest care,
Thou worthy in eternall flower to fare,
If thou be'st wise, with 'Syrian oyle let shine
Thy locks, and rosie garlands crowne thy head;
Darke thy cleare glasse with old Falernian wine;
And heat, with softest love, thy softer bed.
He, that but living halfe his dayes, dies such,
Makes his life longer then 't was given him, much.

EPIGRAMMES.

TO THE

GREAT EXAMPLE OF HONOUR AND VERTUE,

THE MOST NOBLE

WILLIAM, EARLE OF PEMBROKE,

LORD CHAMBERLAINE, &c.

MY LORD,

WHILE you cannot change your merit, I dare not change your title: it was that made it, and not I. Under which name I here offer to your lordship the ripest of my studies, my Epigrammes; which, though they carry danger in the sound, do not therefore seeke your shelter: for, when I made them, I had nothing in my conscience, to expressing of which I did need a cypher. But, if I be falne into those times, wherein, for the likenesse of vice, and facts, every one thinks another's ill deeds objected to him; and that in their ignorant and guilty mouths, the common voyce is (for their security) "Beware the poet," confessing therein so much love to their diseases as they would rather make a party for them, than be either rid, or told of them: I must expect, at your lordship's hand, the protection of truth, and liberty, while you are constant to your own goodnesse. In thanks whereof I returne you the honor of leading forth so many good, and great names (as my verses mention on the better part) to their remembrance with posterity. Amongst whom, if I have praysed, unfortunately, any one that doth not deserve; or, if all answer not, in all numbers, the pictures I have made of them: I hope it will be forgiven me, that they are no ill pieces, though they be not like the persons. But I foresee a neerer fate to my book, than this: that the vices therein will be owned before the vertues (though, there, I have avoided all particulars, as I have done names) and some will be so ready to discredit me, as they will have the impudence to belye themselves. For, if I meant them not, it is so. Nor can I hope otherwise. For why should they remit any thing of their riot, their pride, their selfe-love, and other

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inherent graces, to consider truth or vertue; but, with the trade of the world, lend their long eares against men they love not: and hold their deare mountebank, or iester, in farre better condition than all the study, or studiers of humanity? for such I would rather know them by their visards, still, than they should publish their faces, at their perill, in my theater, where Cato, if he lived, might enter without scandall.

Your lordship's
most faithfull honorer,

BEN. JONSON.

EPIGRAMMES.

I.

TO THE READER.

Pray thee, take care, that tak'st my book in hand,
To read it well: that is, to understand.

II.

TO MY BOOK.

It will be look'd for, Book, when some but see
Thy title, Epigrammes, and nam'd of me,
Thou should'st be bold, licentious, full of gall,
Wormewood, and sulphure, sharp, and tooth'd with-all,
Become a petulant thing, hurle inke, and wit
As mad-men stones: not caring whom they hit.
Deceive their malice, who could wish it so.
And by thy wiser temper let men know
Thou art not covetous of least selfe-fame,
Made from the hazard of another's shame.
Much lesse, with lewd, prophane, and beastly phrase,
To catch the world's loose laughter, or vaine gaze.
He that departs with his own honesty
For vulgar praise, doth it too dearely buy.

III.

TO MY BOOK-SELLER.

Thou, that mak'st gaine thy end, and wisely well,
Call'st a book good, or bad, as it doth sell,
Use mine so too: I give thee leave. But crave,
For the luck's sake, it thus much favour have,
To lie upon thy stall, till it be sought;
Not offer'd, as it made sute to be bought;
Nor have my title-leafe on posts, or walls,
Or in cleft-sticks, advanced to make calls
For termers, or some clerck-like serving-man,
Who scarce can spell th' hard names: whose knight lesse can.
If, without these vile arts, it will not sell,
Send it to Bucklers-bury, there 't will well.

IV.

TO KING JAMES.

How, best of kings, dost thou a scepter beare!
How, best of poets, dost thou laurell weare!
But two things rare, the Fates had in their store,
And gave thee both, to show they could no more.
For such a poet, while thy daies were greene,
Thou wert, as chiefe of them are said t' have been.
And such a prince thou art we daily see,
As chiefe of those still promise they will be.
Whom should my Muse then flye to, but the best
Of kings for grace; of poets for my test?

V.

ON THE UNION.

When was there contract better driven by Fate?
Or celebrated with more truth of state?
The world the temple was, the priest a king,
The spoused paire two realmes, the sea the ring.

VI.

TO ALCHYMISTS.

If all you boast of your great art be true;
Sure, willing poverty lives most in you.

VII.

ON THE NEW HOT-HOUSE.

Where lately harbourd many a famous whore,
A purging bill, now fix'd upon the doore,
Tels you it is a hot-house: so it ma',
And still be a whore-house. Th' are synonyma.

VIII.

ON A ROBBERY.

Ridway rob'd Duncote of three hundred pound,
Ridway was tane, arraign'd, condemn'd to dye;
But, for this money was a courtier found,
Beg'd Ridwaye's pardon: Duncote, now, doth cry;
Rob'd both of money, and the law's reliefe;
The courtier is become the greater thiefe.

IX.

TO ALL, TO WHOM I WRITE.

May none, whose scatter'd names honour my book,
For strict degrees, of rank, or title look:
'T is 'gainst the manners of an epigram:
And, I a poet here, no herald am.

X.

TO MY LORD IGNORANT.

Thou call'st me poet, as a terme of shame:
But I have my revenge made, in thy name.

XI.

ON SOMETHING THAT WALKES SOME-WHERE.

At court I met it, in clothes brave enough,
To be a courtier; and looks grave enough,
To seeme a statesman: as I neere it came,
It made me a great face, I ask'd the name.
"A lord," it cried, "buried in flesh, and blood,
And such from whom let no man hope least good,
For I will do none: and as little ill,
For I will dare none." Good lord, walk dead still.

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XII.

ON LIEUTENANT SHIFT.

IFT, here, in towne, not meanest among squires,
hat haunt Pickt-hatch, Mersh-Lambeth, and White-fryers,
eeps himselfe, with halfe a man, and defrayes
he charge of that state with this charme, God payes.
y that one spell he lives, eats, drinks, arrayes
imselfe: his whole revenue is, god payes.
he quarter day is come; the hostesse sayes,
e must have money: he returnes, God payes.
he taylor brings a suite home; he it 'ssayes,
oks o're the bill, likes it: and says, God payes.
e steales to ordinaries; there he playes
t dice his borrow'd money: which, God payes.
ben takes up fresh commodities, for dayes;
gues to new bonds, forfeits: and cries, God payes.
hat lost, he keeps his chamber, reades essayes,
kes physick, teares the papers: still God payes.
r else by water goes, and so to playes;
lls for his stoole, adornes the stage: God payes.
every cause he meets, this voice he brayes:
is only answer is to all, God payes.
ot his poore cocatrice but he betrayes
us: and for his letchery, scores, God payes.
t see! th' old baud hath servd him in his trim,
ent him a pocky whore. She hath paid him.

XIII.

TO DOCTOR EMPIRICK.

HEN men a dangerous disease did scape,
f old, they gave a cock to Æsculape;
t me give two: that doubly am got free,
om my disease's danger, and from thee.

XIV.

TO WILLIAM CAMDEN.

MDEN, most reverend head, to whom I owe
l that I am in arts, all that I know.
low nothing's that?) to whom my countrey owes
e great renowne, and name wherewith she goes.
an thee the age sees not that thing more grave,
ore high, more holy, that she more would crave.
hat name, what skill, what faith hast thou in things!
hat sight in searching the most antique springs!
hat weight, and what authority in thy speech!
an scarse can make that doubt, but thou canst
rdon free truth, and let thy modesty, [teach.
hich conquers all, be once ore-come by thee.
any of thine this better could, than I,
t for their powers, accept my piety.

XV.

ON COURT-WORME.

L men are wormes: but this no man. In silke
was brought to court first wrapt, and white as
here, afterwards, it grew a butter-flye: [milke;
hich was a cater-piller. So 't will dye.

XVI.

TO BRAINE-HARDY.

HARDY, thy braine is valiant, 't is confest;
Thou more, that with it every day dar'st jest
Thy selfe into fresh braules: when, call'd upon,
Scarce thy week's swearing brings thee off, of one.
So, in short time, th' art in arrerage growne
Some hundred quarrels, yet dost thou fight none;
Nor need'st thou: for those few, by oath releast,
Make good what thou dar'st do in all the rest.
Keep thy selfe there, and think thy valure right;
He that dares damne himselfe, dares more than fight.

XVII.

TO THE LEARNED CRITICK.

May others feare, flye, and traduce thy name,
As guilty men do magistrates: glad I,
That wish my poemes a legitimate fame,
Charge them, for crown, to thy sole censure hye.
And but a spring of bayes given by thee,
Shall out-live garlands stolne from the chast tree.

XVIII.

TO MY MEERE ENGLISH CENSURER.

To thee, my way in epigrammes seemes new,
When both it is the old way, and the true.
Thou saist, that cannot be: for thou hast seene
Davis, and Weever, and the best have beene,
And mine come nothing like. I hope so. Yet,
As theirs did with thee, mine might credit get:
If thou 'ldst but use thy faith, as thou didst then,
When thou wert wont t' admire, not censure men.
Pr'y thee beleeve still, and not judge so fast,
Thy faith is all the knowledge that thou hast.

XIX.

ON SIR COD THE PERFUMED.

THAT Cod can get no widdow, yet a knight,
I sente the cause: he wooes with an ill sprite.

XX.

TO THE SAME SIR COD.

TH' expence in odours is a most vaine sin,
Except thou couldst, sir Cod, weare them within.

XXI.

ON REFORMED GAM'STER.

LORD, how is Gam'ster chang'd! his haire close cut!
His neck fenc'd round with ruffe! his eyes halfe shut!
His clothes two fashions off, and poore! his sword
Forbidd' his side! and nothing, but the word
Quick in his lips! who hath this wonder wrought?
The late tane bastinado. So I thought.
What severall ways men to their calling have!
The bodie's stripes, I see, the soule may save.

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XXII.

ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER.

Here lies to each her parents' ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth:
Yet, all Heaven's gifts being Heaven's due,
It makes the father lesse to rue.
At sixe month's end, she parted hence
With safety of her innocence;
Whose soule Heaven's queen, (whose name she beares)
In comfort of her mother's teares,
Hath plac'd amongst her virgin-traine:
Where, while that sever'd doth remaine,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth.
Which cover lightly, gentle earth.

XXIII.

TO JOHN DONNE.

Donne, the delight of Phœbus, and each Muse,
Who, to thy one, all other braines refuse;
Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
Came forth example, and remaines so yet;
Longer a knowing, than most wits do live;
And which no affection praise enough can give!
To it, thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with halfe mankind maintaine a strife;
All which I meane to praise, and yet I would;
But leave, because I cannot as I should!

XXIV.

TO THE PARLIAMENT.

There's reason good, that you good laws should make:
Men's manners ne're were viler, for your sake.

XXV.

ON SIR VOLUPTUOUS BEAST.

While Beast instructs his faire and innocent wife
In the past pleasures of his sensuall life,
Telling the motions of each petticote,
And how his Ganimede mov'd, and how his goate,
And now, her (hourely) her own cucqueane makes,
In varied shapes, which for his lust she takes:
What doth he else, but say, "Leave to be chaste,
Just wife, and, to change me, make woman's haste."

XXVI.

ON THE SAME BEAST.

Than his chast wife, though Beast now know no more,
He 'adulters still: his thoughts lye with a whore.

XXVII.

ON SIR JOHN ROE.

In place of scutcheons, that should decke thy herse,
Take better ornaments, my teares, and verse.
If any sword could save from Fates, Roe's could;
If any Muse out-live their spight, his can;
If any friends' teares could restore, his would;
If any pious life ere lifted man
To Heaven, his hath: O happy state! wherein
We, sad for him, may glory, and not sin.

XXVIII.

ON DON SURLY.

Don Surly, to aspire the glorious name
Of a great man, and to be thought the same,
Makes serious use of all great trade he knowes.
He speakes to men with a Rhinocerote's nose,
Which he thinks great; and so reades verses, too:
And that is done, as he saw great men doe.
H' has tympanies of businesse, in his face,
And can forget men's names, with a great grace.
He will both argue, and discourse in oathes,
Both which are great. And laugh at ill made cloathes;
That 's greater, yet: to crie his owne up neat.
He doth, at meales, alone, his pheasant eat,
Which is maine greatnesse. And, at his still boot,
He drinks to no man: that's, too, like a lord.
He keeps another's wife, which is a spice
Of solemne greatnesse. And he dares, at dice,
Blaspheme God greatly. Or some poore hinde beat,
That breathes in his dog's way: and this is great.
Nay more, for greatnesse sake, he will be one
May heare my Epigrammes, but like of none.
Surly, use other arts, these only can
Stile thee a most great foole, but no great man.

XXIX.

TO SIR ANNUAL TILTER.

Tilter, the most may' admire thee, though not I.
And thou, right guiltlesse, may'st plead to it, why?
For thy late sharpe device. I say 't is fit
All braines, at times of triumph, should runne wit.
For then, our water-conduits doe runne wine;
But that 's put in, thou'lt say. Why, so is thine.

XXX.

TO PERSON GUILTIE.

Guiltie, be wise; and though thou know'st the crimes
Be thine, I tax, yet doe not owne my rimes:
'T were madnesse in thee, to betray thy fame,
And person to the world; ere I thy name.

XXXI.

ON BANCK, THE USURER.

Banck feeles no lamenesse of his knottie gout,
His moneyes travaile for him, in and out:
And though the soundest legs goe every day,
He toyles to be at Hell, as soone as they.

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XXXII.

ON SIR JOHN ROE.

IAT two brave perills of the private sword
Could not effect, nor all the Furies doe,
At selfe-divided Belgia did afford;
What not the envie of the seas reach'd too,
e cold of Mosco, and fat Irish ayre,
His often change of clime (though not of mind)
at could not work; at home in his repaire
Was his blest fate, but our hard lot to find.
ich shewes, where ever death doth please t' appeare,
s, sefenes, swords, shot, sicknesse, all are there.

XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

not offend thee with a vaine teare more,
d-mention'd Roe: thou art but gone before,
ither the world must follow. And I, now,
eathe to expect my when, and make my how.
hich if most gracious Heaven grant like thine,
ho wets my grave, can be no friend of mine.

XXXIV.

OF DEATH.

that feares death, or mournes it, in the just,
ewes of the resurrection little trust.

XXXV.

TO KING JAMES.

'HO would not be thy subject, James, t' obay
prince that rules by example more than sway?
hose manners draw more than thy powers constraine.
d in this short time of thy happiest raigne,
ast purg'd thy realmes, as we have now no cause
ft us of feare, but first our crimes, then lawes.
ke aydes 'gainst treasons who hath found before?
d then in them, how could we know God more?
rst thou preserved wert, our king to be,
nd since, the whole land was preserv'd for thee.

XXXVI.

TO THE GHOST OF MARTIAL.

IARTIAL, thou gav'st farre nobler Epigrammes
o thy Domitian, than I can my James:
ut in my royall subject I passe thee,
hou flattered'st thine, mine cannot flatter'd be.

XXXVII.

ON CHEV'RIL THE LAWYER.

lo cause, nor client fat, will Chev'ril leese,
lut as they come, on both sides he takes fees,
nd pleaseth both. For while he melts his grease
'or this: that winnes, for whom he holds his peace.

XXXVIII.

TO PERSON GUILTIE.

GUILTIE, because I bade you late be wise,
And to conceale your ulcers, did advise,
You laugh when you are touch'd, and long before
Any man else, you clap your hands and rore,
And cry, Good! good! This quite perverts my sense,
And lyes so farre from wit, 't is impudence.
Beleeve it, Guiltie, if you lose your shame,
I'le lose my modestie, and tell your name.

XXXIX.

ON OLD COLT.

FOR all night-sinnes, with other wives, unknown,
Colt, now, doth daily penance in his own.

XL.

ON MARGARET RATCLIFFE.

M ARBLE, weepe, for thou do'st cover
A dead beautie under-neath thee,
R ich as nature could bequeath thee:
G rant then, no rude hand remove her.
A ll the gazers on the skies
R ead not in faire Heaven's storie,
E xpresser truth, or truer glorie,
T han they might in her bright eyes.

R are as wonder was her wit;
A nd like nectar ever flowing:
T ill time, strong by her bestowing,
C onquer'd hath both life and it.
L ife whose griefe was out of fashion
I n these times; few so have ru'd
F ate in a brother. To conclude,
F or wit, feature, and true passion,
E arth, thou hast not such another.

XLI.

ON GYPSEE.

GYPSEE, new baud, is turn'd physitian,
And gets more gold than all the colledge can:
Such her quaint practice is, so it allures,
For what she gave, a whore; a baud, she cures.

XLII.

ON GILES AND JONE.

Who sayes that Giles and Jone at discord be?
Th' observing neighbours no such mood can see.
Indeed, poore Giles repents he married ever.
But that his Jone doth too. And Giles would never,
By his free-will, be in Jone's company.
No more would Jone he should. Giles riseth early,
And having got him out of doores is glad.
The like is Jone. But turning home is sad.
And so is Jone. Oft-times when Giles doth finde
Harsh fights at home, Giles wisheth he were blind,
All this doth Jone. Or that his long-yearn'd life
Where quite out-spun. The like wish hath his wife.

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The children, that he keepes, Giles sweares are none
Of his begetting. And so sweares his Jone.
In all affections she concurreth still.
If, now, with man and wife, to will and nill
The selfe-same things, a note of concord be:
I know no couple better can agree!

XLIII.

TO ROBERT EARLE OF SALISBURIE.

What need hast thou of me? or of my Muse?
Whose actions so themselves doe celebrate?
Which should thy countrye's love to speake refuse,
Her foes enough would fame thee in their hate.
'Tofore, great men were glad of poets: now,
I, not the worst, am covetous of thee.
Yet dare not to my thought least hope allow
Of adding to thy fame; thine may to me,
When in my book men reade but Cecil's name,
And what I writ thereof finde farre, and free
From servile flatterie (common poets' shame)
As thou stand'st cleare of the necessitie.

XLIV.

ON CHUFFE, BANKS THE USURER'S KINSMAN.

Chuffe, lately rich in name, in chattels, goods,
And rich in issue to inherit all,
Ere blacks were bought for his owne funerall,
Saw all his race approach the blacker floods:
He meant they thither should make swift repaire,
When he made him exectutor, might be heire.

XLV.

ON MY FIRST SONNE.

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sinne was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy,
Seven yeares thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate on the just day.
O, could I lose all father, now. For why,
Will man lament the state he should envie?
To have so soone scap'd world's, and fleshe's rage,
And, if no other miserie, yet age?
Rest in soft peace, and, ask'd, say here doth lye
Ben. Jonson his best piece of poetrie.
For whose sake, hence-forth, all his vowes be such,
As what he loves may never like too much.

XLVI.

TO SIR LUCKLESSE WOO-ALL.

Is this the sir, who, some waste wife to winne,
A knight-hood bought, to goe a-wooing in?
'T is Lucklesse he, that tooke up one on band
To pay at's day of marriage. By my hand
The knight-wright's cheated then: he'll never pay.
Yes, now he weares his knight-hood every day.

XLVII.

TO THE SAME.

Sir Lucklesse, troth, for luck's sake passe by one:
He that wooes every widdow, will get none.

XLVIII.

ON MUNGRIL ESQUIRE.

His bought armes Mung' not lik'd; for his first day
Of bearing them in field, he threw 'hem away:
And hath no honour lost, our due'llists say.

XLIX.

TO PLAY-WRIGHT.

Play-wright me reades, and still my verses damnes,
He sayes, I want the tongue of epigrammes;
I have no salt: no bawdrie he doth meane;
For wittie, in his language, is obscene.
Play-wright, I loath to have thy manners knowne
In my chast booke: professe them in thine owne.

L.

TO SIR COD.

Leave, Cod, tabacco-like, burnt gummes to take,
Or fumie clysters, thy moist lungs to bake:
Arsenike would thee fit for societie make.

LI.

TO KING JAMES.

UPON THE HAPPIE FALSE RUMOUR OF HIS DEATH, THE TWO AND TWENTIETH DAY OF MARCH, 1607.

That we thy losse might know, and thou our love,
Great Heav'n did well, to give ill fame free wing;
Which though it did but panick terrour prove,
And farre beneath least pause of such a king,
Yet give thy jealous subjects leave to doubt:
Who this thy scape from rumour gratulate,
No lesse than if from perill; and devout,
Doe beg thy care unto thy after-state.
For we, that have our eyes still in our eares,
Looke not upon thy dangers, but our feares.

LII.

TO CENSORIOUS COURTLING.

Courtling, I rather thou should'st utterly
Dispraise my work, than praise it frostily:
When I am read, thou fain'st a weak applause,
As if thou wert my friend, but lack'dst a cause.
This but thy judgement fooles: the other way
Would both thy folly and thy spite betray.

LIII.

TO OLD-END GATHERER.

Long-gathering Old-end, I did feare thee wise,
When having pill'd a book, which no man buyes,
Thou wert content the author's name to loose:
But when (in place) thou didst the patron's choose,
It was as if thou printed had'st an oath,
To give the world assurance thou wert both;
And that, as puritanes at baptisme doe,
Thou art the father, and the witnesse too.
For, but thy selfe, where, out of motly, 's he
Could save that line to dedicate to thee?

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LIV.

ON CHEV'RIL.

EV'RIL cryes out, my verses libells are;
d threatens the starre-chamber, and the barre.
hat are thy petulant pleadings, Chev'ril, then,
at quit'st the cause so oft, and rayl'st at men?

LV.

TO FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

w I doe love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse,
at unto me dost such religion use!
w I doe feare my selfe, that am not worth
e least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
once thou mak'st me happie, and unmak'st;
d giving largely to me, more thou tak'st.
hat fate is mine, that so it selfe bereaves?
hat art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?
hen even there, where most thou praisest me,
r writing better, I must envie thee.

LVI.

ON POET-APE.

ORE Poet-ape, that would be thought our chiefe,
Whose works are eene the frippery of wit,
om brocage is become so bold a theefe,
As we, the rob'd, leave rage, and pitie it.
first he made low shifts, would pick and gleane,
Buy the reversion of old playes; now growne
'a little wealth, and credit in the scene,
He takes up all, makes each man's wit his owne.
nd, told of this, he slights it. Tut, such crimes
The sluggish gaping auditor devoures;
e markes not whose 't was first: and after-times
May judge it to be his, as well as ours.
ole, as if halfe eyes will not know a fleece
rom locks of wooll, or shreds from the whole peece?

LVII.

ON BAUDES, AND USURERS.

, as their ends, their fruits were so the same,
laudry and usury were one kind of game.

LVIII.

TO GROOME IDEOT.

DEOT, last night, I pray'd thee but forbeare
'o reade my verses; now I must to heare:
'or offring, with thy smiles, my wit to grace,
hy ignorance still laughs in the wrong place.
ind so my sharpenesse thou no lesse dis-joynts,
han thou did'st late my sense, loosing my points.
o have I seene at Christ-masse sports, one lost,
ind, hood-wink'd, for a man, embrace a post.

LIX.

ON SPIES.

SPIES, you are lights in state, but of base stuffe,
Who, when you 've burnt your selves downe to the snuffe,
Stinke, and are throwne away. End faire enough.

LX.

TO WILLIAM LORD MOUNTEAGLE.

LOE, what my countrey should have done (have
An obeliske, or columne to thy name, [rais'd
Or, if she would but modestly have prais'd
Thy fact, in brasse or marble writ the same)
I, that am glad of thy great chance, here doe!
And proud, my worke shall out-last common deeds,
Durst thinke it great, and worthy wonder too,
But thine, for which I doe't, so much exceeds!
My countrie's parents I have many knowne;
But saver of my countrey thee alone.

LXI.

TO FOOLE, OR KNAVE.

THY praise, or dispraise is to me alike;
One doth not stroke me, nor the other strike.

LXII.

TO FINE LADY WOULD-BE.

FINE madam Would-be, wherfore should you feare,
That love to make so well, a child to beare?
The world reputes you barren: but I know
Your 'pothecary, and his drug sayes no.
Is it the paine affrights? that 's soone forgot.
Or your complexion's losse? you have a pot,
That can restore that. Will it hurt your feature?
To make amends, yo' are thought a wholesome creature.
What should the cause be? Oh, you live at court!
And there's both losse of time, and losse of sport
In a great belly. Write, then on thy wombe;
Of the not borne, yet buried, here's the tombe.

LXIII.

TO ROBERT EARLE OF SALISBURIE.

WHO can consider thy right courses run,
With what thy vertue on the times hath won,
And not thy fortune; who can clearely see,
The judgement of the king so shine in thee;
And that thou seek'st reward of thy each act,
Not from the publick voyce, but private fact?
Who can behold all envie so declin'd
By constant suffring of thy equall mind;
And can to these be silent, Salisburie,
Without his, thine, and all times injurie?
Curst be his Muse, that could lye dumbe, or hid
To so true worth, though thou thy selfe forbid.

LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

UPON THE ACCESSION OF THE TREASURERSHIP TO HIM.

NOT glad, like those that have new hopes, or suites,
With thy new place, bring I these early fruits
Of love, and what the golden age did hold
A treasure, art: condemn'd in th' age of gold.

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Nor glad as those, that old dependents be,
To see thy father's rites new laid on thee.
Nor glad for fashion. Nor to show a fit
Of flattery to thy titles. Nor of wit.
But I am glad to see that time survive,
Where merit is not sepulcher'd alive.
Where good men's vertues them to honours bring,
And not to dangers. When so wise a king
Contends t' have worth enjoy, from his regard,
As her owne conscience, still, the same reward.
These (noblest Cecil) labour'd in my thought,
Wherein what wonder see thy name hath brought?
That whil'st I meant but thine to gratulate,
I've sung the greater fortunes of our state.

LXV.

TO MY MUSE.

Away, and leave me, thou thing most abhord,
That hast betray'd me to a worthlesse lord;
Made me commit most fierce idolatrie
To a great image through thy luxurie.
Be thy next master's more unluckie Muse,
And, as thou 'hast mine, his houres, and youth abuse.
Get him the times' long grudge, the court's ill will;
And reconcil'd, keepe him suspected still.
Make him lose all his friends; and, which is worse,
Almost all wayes, to any better course.
With me thou leav'st an happier Muse than thee,
And which thou brought'st me, welcome povertie,
She shall instruct my after-thoughts to write
Things manly, and not smelling parasite.
But I repent me: stay. Who e're is rais'd,
For worth he has not, he is tax'd, not prais'd.

LXVI.

TO SIR HENRY CARY.

That neither fame, nor love might wanting be
To greatnesse, Cary, I sing that, and thee.
Whose house, if it no other honour had,
In onely thee, might be both great, and glad.
Who, to upbraid the sloth of this our time,
Durst valour make, almost, but not a crime.
Which deed I know not, whether were more high,
Or thou more happie, it to justifie
Against thy fortune: when no foe, that day,
Could conquer thee, but chance, who did betray.
Love thy great losse, which a renowne hath wonne,
To live when Broeck not stands, nor Roor doth runne[1].
Love honours, which of best example be,
When they cost dearest, and are done most free.
Though every fortitude deserves applause,
It may be much, or little, in the cause.
He's valiant'st, that dares fight, and not for pay;
That vertuous is, when the reward's away.

LXVII.

TO THOMAS EARLE OF SUFFOLKE.

Since men have left to doe praise-worthy things,
Most think all praises flatteries. But truth brings
That sound, and that authority with her name,
As, to be rais'd by her, is onely fame.
Stand high, then, Howard, high in eyes of men,
High in thy blood, thy place, but highest then,
When, in men's wishes, so thy vertues wrought,
As all thy honours were by them first sought:
And thou design'd to be the same thou art,
Before thou wert it, in each good man's heart.
Which, by no lesse confirm'd, than thy king's choice,
Proves, that is God's, which was the people's voice.

[1] The castle and river neere where he was taken.

LXVIII.

ON PLAY-WRIGHT.

Play-wright convict of publick wrongs to men,
Takes private beatings, and begins againe.
Two kinds of valour he doth show at ones;
Active in 's braine, and passive in his bones.

LXIX.

TO PERTINAX COB.

Cob, thou nor souldier, theefe, nor fencer art,
Yet by thy weapon liv'st! th' hast one good part.

LXX.

TO WILLIAM ROE.

When Nature bids us leave to live, 't is late
Then to begin, my Roe. He makes a state
In life, that can employ it; and takes hold
On the true causes, ere they grow too old.
Delay is bad, doubt worse, depending worst;
Each best day of our life escapes us, first.
Then, since we (more than many) these truths know:
Though life be short, let us not make it so.

LXXI.

ON COURT-PARRAT.

To pluck downe mine, Poll sets up new wits still,
Still, 't is his luck to praise me 'gainst his will.

LXXII.

TO COURT-LING.

I grieve not, Court-ling, thou art started up
A chamber-critick, and dost dine, and sup
At madame's table, where thou mak'st all wit
Goe high, or low, as thou wilt value it.
'T is not thy judgement breeds the prejudice,
Thy person only, Courtling, is the vice.

LXXIII.

TO FINE GRAND.

What is 't, fine Grand, makes thee my friend-ship [flie,
Or take an epigramme so fearefully:
As 't were a challenge, or a borrower's letter?
The world must know your greatnesse is my debtor.
In-primis, Grand, you owe me for a jest;
I lent you, on meere acquaintance, at a feast.

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Item, a tale or two, some fortnight after;
That yet maintaines you, and your house in laughter.
Item, the Babylonian song you sing;
Item, a faire Greeke poesie for a ring:
With which a learned madame you belye.
Item, a charme surrounding fearefully,
Your *partie-per-pale* picture, one halfe drawne
In solemne cypres, the other cob-web-lawne.
Item, a gulling *imprese* for you, at tilt.
Item, your mistris' anagram, i' your hilt.
Item, your owne, sew'd in your mistris' smock.
Item, an epitaph on my lord's cock,
In most vile verses, and cost me more paine,
Than had I made 'hem good, to fit your vaine.
Fortie things more, deare Grand, which you know true,
For which, or pay me quickly, or I'le pay you.

LXXIV.

TO THOMAS LORD CHANCELOR.

Whil'st thy weigh'd judgements, Egerton, I heare,
And know thee, then, a judge, not of one yeare;
Whil'st I behold thee live with purest hands;
That no affection in thy voyce commands;
That still th' art present to the better cause;
And no lesse wise, than skilfull in the lawes;
Whil'st thou art certaine to thy words, once gone,
As is thy conscience, which is alwayes one:
The virgin, long-since fled from Earth, I see,
T' our times return'd, hath made her Heaven in thee.

LXXV.

ON LIPPE, THE TEACHER.

I cannot think there 's that antipathy
'T wixt puritanes, and players, as some cry;
Though Lippe, at Paul's, ranne from his text away,
T' inveigh 'gainst playes: what did he then but play?

LXXVI.

ON LUCY COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD.

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to forme unto my zealous Muse,
What kinde of creature I could most desire,
To honour, serve, and love; as poets use.
I meant to make her faire, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great,
I meant the day-starre should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemne vice of greatnesse, pride;
I meant each softest vertue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosome to reside.
Only a learned, and a manly soule
I purpos'd her; that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the sheeres controule
Of Destinie, and spin her owne free houres.
Such when I meant to faine, and wish'd to see,
My Muse bade, Bedford write, and that was she.

LXXVII.

TO ONE THAT DESIRED ME NOT TO NAME HIM.

Be safe, nor feare thy selfe so good a fame,
That, any way, my booke should speake thy name:
For, if thou shame, ranck'd with my friends, to goe,
I' am more asham'd to have thee thought my foe.

LXXVIII.

TO HORNET.

Hornet, thou hast thy wife drest for the stall,
To draw thee custome: but her selfe gets all.

LXXIX.

TO ELIZABETH COUNTESSE OF RUTLAND.

That poets are farre rarer births than kings,
Your noblest father prov'd: like whom, before,
Or then, or since, about our Muses' springs,
Came not that soule exhausted so their store.
Hence was it, that the Destinies decreed
(Save that most masculine issue of his braine)
No male unto him: who could so exceed
Nature, they thought, in all, that he would faine.
At which, she happily displeas'd, made you:
On whom, if he were living now, to look,
He should those rare, and absolute numbers view,
As he would burne, or better farre his book.

LXXX.

OF LIFE AND DEATH.

The ports of death are sins; of life, good deeds:
Through which our merit leads us to our meeds.
How wilfull blind is he then, that should stray,
And hath it, in his power, to make his way!
This world death's region is, the other life's:
And here it should be one of our first strifes,
So to front death, as men might judge us past it.
For good men but see death, the wicked tast it.

LXXXI.

TO PROULE THE PLAGIARY.

Forbeare to tempt me, Proule, I will not show
A line unto thee, till the world it know;
Or that I 'ave by two good sufficient men,
To be the wealthy witnesse of my pen:
For all thou hear'st, thou swear'st thy selfe didst doo.
Thy wit lives by it, Proule, and belly too.
Which, if thou leave not soone (though I am loth)
I must a libell make, and cozen both.

LXXXII.

ON CASHIERD CAPTAIN SURLY.

Surly's old whore in her new silks doth swim:
He cast, yet keeps her well! No, she keeps him.

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LXXXIII.

TO A FRIEND.

To put out the word, whore, thou do'st me woo,
Throughout my book. 'Troth put out woman too.

LXXXIV.

TO LUCY COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD.

Madame, I told you late, how I repented,
I ask'd a lord a buck, and he denied me;
And, ere I could aske you, I was prevented:
For your most noble offer had supply'd me.
Straight went I home; and there, most like a poet,
I fancied to my selfe, what wine, what wit [it,
I would have spent: how every Muse should know
And Phœbus-selfe should be at eating it.
O madame, if your grant did thus transfer me,
Make it your gift. See whither that will beare me.

LXXXV.

TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE.

Goodyere, I 'm glad, and gratefull to report,
My selfe a witnesse of thy few dayes' sport:
Where I both learn'd, why wise-men hawking follow,
And why that bird was sacred to Apollo:
She doth instruct men by her gallant flight,
That they to knowledge so should toure upright,
And never stoope, but to strike ignorance:
Which if they misse, they yet should re-advance
To former height, and there in circle tarrie,
Till they be sure to make the foole their quarrie.
Now, in whose pleasures I have this discerned,
What would his serious actions me have learned?

LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

When I would know thee, Goodyere, my thought looks
Upon thy well-made choise of friends, and books;
Then doe I love thee, and behold thy ends
In making thy friends books, and thy books friends:
Now, I must give thy life, and deed, the voyce
Attending such a studie, such a choyce.
Where, though 't be love, that to thy praise doth move,
It was a knowledge, that begat that love.

LXXXVII.

ON CAPTAINE HAZARD THE CHEATER.

Touch'd with the sinne of false play, in his punque,
Hazard a month forswore his; and grew drunke
Each night, to drowne his cares: but when the gaine
Of what she had wrought came in, and wak'd his braine,
Upon th' accompt, hers grew the quicker trade.
Since when, he's sober againe, and all play's made.

LXXXVIII.

ON ENGLISH MOUNSIEUR.

Would you beleeve, when you this mounsieur see,
That his whole body should speake French, not he?
That so much skarfe of France, and hat, and feather,
And shooe, and tye, and garter should come hether,
And land on one, whose face durst never be
Toward the sea, farther than halfe-way tree?
That he, untravell'd, should be French so much,
As French-men in his company should seeme Dutch?
Or had his father, when he did him get,
The French disease, with which he labours yet?
Or hung some mounsieur's picture on the wall,
By which his damme conceiv'd him, clothes and all?
Or is it some French statue? No: 't doth move,
And stoope, and cringe. O then, it needs must prove
The new French-taylor's motion, monthly made,
Daily to turne in Paul's, and helpe the trade.

LXXXIX.

TO EDWARD ALLEN.

If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
Fear'd not to boast the glories of her stage,
As skilfull Roscius, and grave Æsope, men,
Yet crown'd with honours, as with riches, then;
Who had no lesse a trumpet of their name,
Than Cicero, whose every breath was fame:
How can so great example dye in me,
That, Allen, I should pause to publish thee?
Who both their graces in thy selfe hast more
Out-stript, than they did all that went before:
And present worth in all dost so contract,
As others speak, but only thou dost act.
Weare this renowne. 'T is just, that who did give
So many poets life, by one should live.

XC.

ON MILL,

MY LADIE'S WOMAN.

When Mill first came to court, the unprofiting foole,
Unworthy such a mistris, such a schoole,
Was dull, and long, ere she would go to man:
At last, ease, appetite, and example wan
The nicer thing to taste her ladie's page;
And, finding good security in his age,
Went on: and proving him still, day by day,
Discern'd no difference of his yeares, or play.
Not though that haire grew browne, which once was amber, [ber,
And he growne youth, was call'd to his ladie's cham-
Still Mill continu'd: nay, his face growing worse,
And he remov'd to gent'man of the horse,
Mill was the same. Since, both his body and face
Blown up; and he (too unwieldy for that place)
Hath got the steward's chaire; he will not tarry
Longer a day, but with his Mill will marry.
And it is hop'd, that she, like Milo, wull
First bearing him a calfe, beare him a bull.

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XCI.

TO SIR HORACE VERE.

Which of thy names I take, not only beares
A Romane sound, but Romane vertue weares,
Illustrous Vere, or Horace; fit to be
Sung by a Horace, or a Muse as free;
Which thou art to thy selfe: whose fame was won
In th' eye of Europe, where thy deeds were done,
When on thy trumpet she did sound a blast,
Whose rellish to eternity shall last.
I leave thy acts, which should I prosequte
Throughout, might flatt'ry seeme; and to be mute
To any one, were envy: which would live
Against my grave, and time could not forgive.
I speake thy other graces, not lesse shown,
Nor lesse in practice; but lesse mark'd, lesse known:
Humanity, and piety, which are
As noble in great chiefes, as they are rare;
And best become the valiant man to weare,
Who more should seek men's reverence, than feare.

XCII.

THE NEW CRY.

Eat cherries ripe, and straw-berries be gone,
Unto the cryes of London I'le adde one;
Ripe statesmen, ripe: they grow in every street;
At sixe and twenty, ripe. You shall 'hem meet,
And have 'hem yeeld no savour, but of state.
Ripe are their ruffes, their cuffes, their beards, their gaite,
And grave as ripe, like mellow as their faces.
They know the states of Christendome, not the places:
Yet have they seen the maps, and bought 'hem too,
And understand 'hem, as most chapmen do.
The counsels, projects, practises they know,
And what each prince doth for intelligence owe,
And unto whom: they are the almanacks
For twelves yeares yet to come, what each state
They carry in their pockets Tacitus, [lacks.
And the Gazetti, or Gallo-Belgicus:
And talke reserv'd, lock'd up, and full of feare,
Nay, aske you, how the day goes, in your eare.
Keep aStarre-chamber sentence close twelve dayes:
And whisper what a proclamation sayes.
They meet in sixes, and at every mart,
Are sure to con the catalogue by heart;
Or, every day, some one at Rimee's looks,
Or Bil's, and there he buyes the names of books.
They all get Porta, for the sundry wayes
To write in cypher, and the severall keyes,
To ope' the character. They have found the sleight
With juyce of limons, onions, pisse, to write;
To breake up seales, and close 'hem. And they
If the states make peace, how it will go [know,
With England. All forbidden books they get.
And of the powder-plot, they will talke yet.
At naming the French king, their heads they shake,
And at the pope, and Spaine slight faces make.
Or 'gainst the bishops, for the brethren, raile,
Much like those brethren; thinking to prevaile
With ignorance on us, as they have done
On them: and therefore do not only shun
Others more modest, but contemne us too,
That know not so much state, wrong, as they do.

XCIII.

TO SIR JOHN RADCLIFFE.

How like a columne, Radcliffe, left alone
For the great marke of vertue, those being gone
Who did, alike with thee, thy house up-beare,
Stand'st thou, to show the times what you all were?
Two bravely in the battaile fell, and dy'd,
Upbraiding rebell's armes, and barbarous pride[1]:
And two, that would have falne as great, as they,
The Belgick fever ravished away.
Thou, that art all their valour, all their spirit,
And thine own goodnesse to encrease thy merit,
Than whose I do not know a whiter soule,
Nor could I, had I seen all Nature's roll,
Thou yet remayn'st, un-hurt, in peace, or war,
Though not unprov'd: which shows, thy fortunes
Willing to expiate the fault in thee, [are
Wherewith, against thy blood, they[1] offenders be.

XCIV.

TO LUCY COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD,

WITH MR. DONNE'S SATYRES.

Lucy, you brightnesse of our spheare, who are
Life of the Muses' day, their morning starre!
If works (not th' author's) their own grace should look,
Whose poemes would not wish to be your book?
But these, desir'd by you, the maker's ends
Crown with their own. Rare poemes aske rare friends.
Yet satyres, since the most of mankind be
Their un-avoided subject, fewest see:
For none ere tooke that pleasure in sin's sense,
But, when they heard it tax'd, took more offence.
They, then, that living where the matter is bred,
Dare for these poems, yet, both aske, and read,
And like them too; must needfully, though few,
Be of the best: and 'mongst those best are you;
Lucy, you brightnesse of our spheare, who are
The Muses' evening, as their morning-starre.

XCV.

TO SIR HENRY SAVILE.

If, my religion safe, I durst embrace
That stranger doctrine of Pythagoras,
I should beleeve, the soule of Tacitus
In thee, most weighty Savile, liv'd to us:
So hast thou rendred him in all his bounds,
And all his numbers, both of sense and sounds.
But when I read that speciall piece, restor'd,
Where Nero falls, and Galba is ador'd,
To thine owne proper I ascribe then more;
And gratulate the breach, I griev'd before:
Which Fate (it seemes) caus'd in the historie,
Only to boast thy merit in supply.
O, would'st thou adde like hand to all the rest!
Or, better worke! were thy glad countrey blest,
To have her storie woven in thy thred;
Minervae's loome was never richer spred.

[1] In Ireland.

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For who can master those great parts like thee,
That liv'st from hope, from feare, from faction free;
That hast thy brest so cleere of present crimes,
Thou need'st not shrinke at voyce of after-times;
Whose knowledge claymeth at the helme to stand;
But, wisely, thrusts not forth a forward hand,
No more than Salust in the Romane State!
As, then, his cause, his glorie emulate.
Although to write be lesser than to doo,
It is the next deed, and a great one too.
We need a man that knowes the severall graces
Of historie, and how to apt their places;
Where brevitie, where splendour, and where height,
Where sweetnesse is required, and where weight;
We need a man, can speake of the intents,
The counsells, actions, orders and events
Of state, and censure them: we need his pen
Can write the things, the causes and the men.
But most we need his faith (and all have you)
That dares not write things false, nor hide things true.

XCVI.

TO JOHN DONNE.

Who shall doubt, Donne, whêr I a poet be,
When I dare send my epigrammes to thee?
That so alone canst judge, so' alone do'st make:
And in thy censures, evenly, do'st take
As free simplicitie, to dis-avow,
As thou hast best authoritie t' allow.
Read all I send: and if I finde but one
Mark'd by thy hand, and with the better stone,
My title's seal'd. Those that for claps doe write,
Let pui'nees', porters', players' praise delight,
And till they burst, their backs, like asses, load:
A man should seeke great glorie, and not broad.

XCVII.

ON THE NEW MOTION.

See you yond' motion? not the old fa-ding,
Nor captayne Pod, nor yet the Eltham-thing;
But one more rare, and in the case so new:
His cloake with orient velvet quite lin'd through;
His rosie tyes and garters so ore-blowne,
By his each glorious parcell to be knowne!
He wont was to encounter me aloud,
Where ere he met me; now he's dumbe or proud.
Know you the cause? H' has neither land nor lease,
Nor baudie stock that travells for encrease,
Nor office in the towne, nor place in court,
Nor 'bout the beares, nor noyse to make lords sport.
He is no favorite's favorite, no deare trust
Of any madame, hath neadd squires, and must.
Nor did the king of Denmarke him salute,
When he was here. Nor hath he got a sute,
Since he was gone, more than the one he weares.
Nor are the queene's most honor'd maids by th'eares
About his forme. What then so swels each lim?
Only his clothes have over-leaven'd him.

XCVIII.

TO SIR THOMAS ROE.

Thou hast begun well, Roe, which stand well to,
And I know nothing more thou hast to do.
He that is round within himselfe and streight,
Need seeke no other strength, no other height;
Fortune upon him breaks her selfe, if ill,
And what would hurt his vertue, makes it still.
That thou at once, then, nobly mayst defend
With thine owne course the judgement of thy friend,
Be alwayes to thy gather'd selfe the same:
And studie conscience, more than thou would'st fame.
Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
And ever is ill got without the first.

XCIX.

TO THE SAME.

That thou hast kept thy love, encreast thy will,
Better'd thy trust to letters; that thy skill
Hast taught thy selfe worthy thy pen to tread,
And that to write things worthy to be read:
How much of great example wert thou, Roe,
If time to facts, as unto men would owe?
But much it now availes, what's done, of whom:
The selfe-same deeds, as diversly they come,
From place, or fortune, are made high or low,
And even the praiser's judgement suffers so. [be,
Well, though thy name lesse than our great ones
Thy fact is more: let truth encourage thee.

C.

ON PLAY-WRIGHT.

Play-wright by chance hearing some toyes I' had
Cry'd to my face, they were th' elixir of wit: [writ,
And I must now beleeve him: for to day,
Five of my jests, then stolne, past him a play.

CI.

INVITING A FRIEND TO SUPPER

To night, grave sir, both my poore house and I
Doe equally desire your company:
Not that we think us worthy such a ghest,
But that your worth will dignifie our feast, [seeme,
With those that come; whose grace may make that
Something, which else, could hope for no esteeme.
It is the faire acceptance, sir, creates
The entertaynement perfect: not the cates.
Yet shall you have, to rectifie your palate,
An olive, capers, or some better sallad
Ushring the mutton; with a short-leg'd hen,
If we can get her, full of eggs, and then,
Limons, and wine for sauce: to these a coney
Is not to be despair'd of, for our money; [clarks,
And though fowle now be scarce, yet there are
The skie not falling, think we may have larks.
I'le tell you of more, and lye, so you will come:
Of partrich, phesant, wood-cock, of which some
May yet be there; and godwit, if we can:
Knat, raile and ruffe too. How so ere my man
Shall reade a peece of Virgil, Tacitus,
Livie, or of some better booke to us,
Of which we'll speake our minds, amidst our meate;
And I'le professe no verses to repeate:
To this if ought appeare, which I not know of,
That will the pastrie, not my paper, show of.
Digestive cheese, and fruit there sure will be;
But that which most doth take my Muse, and me,

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Is a pure cup of rich Canary-wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine:
Of which had Horace, or Anacreon tasted,
Their lives, as doe their lines, till now had lasted.
Tabacco, nectar, or the Thespian spring,
Are all but Luther's beere, to this I sing.
Of this we will sup free, but moderately,
And we will have no Pooly', or Parrot by;
Nor shall our cups make any guiltie men:
But, at our parting, we will be, as when
We innocently met. No simple word,
That shall be utter'd at our mirthfull boord,
Shall make us sad next morning: or affright
The libertie, that we'le enjoy to night.

CII.

TO WILLIAM EARLE OF PEMBROKE.

I DOE but name thee, Pembroke, and I finde
It is an epigramme, on all man-kinde;
Against the bad, but of, and to the good:
Both which are ask'd, to have thee understood.
Nor could the age have mist thee, in this strife
Of vice, and vertue, wherein all great life
Almost is exercis'd: and scarce one knows,
To which, yet, of the sides himselfe he owes.
They follow vertue, for reward, to day;
To morrow vice, if she give better pay:
And are so good, or bad, just at a price,
As nothing else discernes the vertue' or vice.
But thou whose nobleesse keepes one stature still,
And one true posture, though besieg'd with ill
Of what ambition, faction, pride can raise;
Whose life, ev'n they, that envie it, must praise;
That art so reverenc'd, as thy comming in,
But in the view, doth interrupt their sinne;
Thou must draw more: and they, that hope to see
The common-wealth still safe, must studie thee.

CIII.

TO MARY LADY WROTH.

How well, faire crowne of your faire sex, might he,
That but the twi-light of your sprite did see,
And noted for what flesh such soules were fram'd,
Know you to be a Sydney, though un-nam'd?
And, being nam'd, how little doth that name
Need any Muse's praise to give it fame?
Which is it selfe, the imprese of the great,
And glorie of them all, but to repeate!
Forgive me then, if mine but say you are
A Sydney: but in that extend as farre
As lowdest praisers, who perhaps would finde
For every part a character assign'd.
My praise is plaine, and where so ere profest,
Becomes none more than you, who need it least.

CIV.

TO SUSAN COUNTESSE OF MONTGOMERY.

WERE they that nam'd you, prophets? did they see,
Even in the dew of grace, what you would be?
Or did our times require it, to behold
A new Susanna, equall to that old?
Or, because some scarce think that story true,
To make those faithfull, did the Fates send you?
And to your scene lent no lesse dignitie
Of birth, of match, of forme, of chastitie?
Or, more than born for the comparison
Of former age, or glory of our own,
Where you advanced, past those times to be
The light and marke unto posteritie?
Judge they, that can: here I have rais'd to show
A picture, which the world for yours must know,
And like it too; if they looke equally:
If not, 'tis fit for you, some should envy.

CV.

TO MARY LADY WROTH.

MADAME, had all antiquitie been lost,
All history seal'd up, and fables crost
That we had left us; nor by time, nor place,
Least mention of a nymph, a Muse, a Grace,
But even their names were to be made a-new,
Who could not but create them all from you?
He, that but saw you weare the wheaten hat,
Would call you more than Ceres, if not that:
And, drest in shepherd's tyre, who would not say:
You were the bright Oenone, Flora, or May?
If dancing, all would cry th' Idalian queene
Were leading forth the Graces on the greene:
And, armed to the chase, so bare her bow
Diana' alone, so hit, and hunted so,
There's none so dull, that for your stile would aske,
That saw you put on Pallas' plumed caske:
Or, keeping your due state, that would not cry,
There Juno sate, and yet no peacock by.
So are you Nature's index, and restore,
I' your selfe, all treasure lost of th' age before.

CVI.

TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT.

IF men get name, for some one vertue: then,
What man art thou, that art so many men,
All-vertuous Herbert! on whose every part
Truth might spend all her voice, Fame all her art.
Whether thy learning they would take, or wit,
Or valour, or thy judgement seasoning it,
Thy standing upright to thy selfe, thy ends
Like straight, thy pietie to God, and friends:
Their latter praise would still the greatest be,
And yet they, all together, lesse than thee.

CVII.

TO CAPTAINE HUNGRY.

DOE what you come for, captaine, with your newes;
That's, sit, and eat: doe not my eares abuse.
I oft looke on false coine, to know't from true:
Not that I love it more, than I will you.
Tell the grosse Dutch those grosser tales of yours,
How great you were with their two emperours;
And yet are with their princes: fill them full
Of your Moravian horse, Venetian bull. [away,
Tell them, what parts yo' have taen, whence run
What states yo' have gull'd, and which yet keeps yo'
Give them your services, and embassies [in pay,
In Ireland, Holland, Sweden; pompous lies!
In Hungary, and Poland, Turkie too;
What at Ligorne, Rome, Florence you did doe;

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And in some yeare, all these together heap'd,
For which there must more sea, and land be leap'd,
If but to be beleev'd you have the hap,
Than can a flea at twice skip i' the map. [drunk,
Give your young states men, (that first make you
And then lye with you closer, than a punque,
For newes) your Ville-royes, and Sillcries,
Ianins, your Nuncios, and your Tailleries,
Your arch-dukes' agents, and your Beringhams,
That are your words of credit. Keepe your names
Of Hannow, Shieter-huissen, Popenheim,
Hans-spiegle, Rotteinberg, and Boutersheim,
For your next meale; this you are sure of. Why
Will you part with them, here unthriftily?
Nay, now you puffe, tuske, and draw up your chin,
Twirle the poore chaine you run a feasting in.
Come, be not angrie, you are hungry; eat;
Doe what you come for, captaine, there's your meat.

CVIII.

TO TRUE SOULDIERS.

Strength of my countrey, whilst I bring to view
Such as are misse-call'd captaines, and wrong you;
And your high names: I doe desire, that thence
Be nor put on you, nor you take offence.
I sweare by your true friend, my Muse, I love
Your great profession; which I once did prove:
And did not shame it with my actions then,
No more than I dare now doe with my pen.
He that not trusts me, having vow'd thus much,
But's angry for the captaine still, is such.

CIX.

TO SIR HENRY NEVIL.

Who now calls on thee, Nevil, is a Muse,
That serves nor fame, nor titles; but doth chuse
Where vertue makes them both, and that's in thee:
Where all is faire, beside thy pedigree.
Thou art not one seek'st miseries with hope,
Wrestlest with dignities, or fain'st a scope
Of service to the publique, when the end
Is private gaine, which hath long guilt to friend.
Thou rather striv'st the matter to possesse,
And elements of honour, than the dresse;
To make they lent life good against the fates:
And first to know thine owne state, then the state's.
To be the same in root thou art in height;
And that thy soule should give thy flesh her weight.
Goe on, and doubt not, what posteritie,
Now I have sung thee thus, shall judge of thee.
Thy deeds unto thy name will prove new wombes,
Whil'st others toyle for titles to their tombes.

CX.

TO CLEMENT EDMONDS,

ON HIS CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES OBSERVED, AND TRANSLATED.

Not Cæsar's deeds, nor all his honours wonne,
In these west-parts, nor when that warre was done,
The name of Pompey for an enemie,
Cato's to boot, Rome, and her libertie,
All yeelding to his fortune, nor the while,
To have engrav'd these acts, with his owne stile,
And that so strong and deepe, as 't might be thought,
He wrote with the same spirit that he fought,
Nor that his work liv'd in the hands of foes,
Un-argued then, and yet hath fame from those;
Not all these, Edmonds, or what else put too,
Can so speake Cæsar, as thy labours doe.
For, where his person liv'd scarce one just age,
And that, midst envie, and parts; then fell by rage:
His deeds too dying, but in bookes (whose good
How few have read! how fewer understood?)
Thy learned hand, and true Promethean art
(As by a new creation) part by part,
In every counsell, stratageme, designe,
Action, or engine, worth a note of thine,
T' all future time, not onely doth restore
His life, but makes, that he can die no more.

CXI.

TO THE SAME, ON THE SAME.

Who, Edmonds, reades thy book and doth not see
What th' antique souldiers were, the moderne be?
Wherein thou shew'st how much the latter are
Beholding to this master of the war;
And that in action there is nothing new,
More than to vary what our elders knew:
Which all, but ignorant captaines, will confesse:
Nor to give Cæsar this, makes ours the lesse.
Yet thou, perhaps, shall meet some tongues will grutch,
That to the world thou should'st reveale so much,
And thence, deprave thee, and thy work. To those
Cæsar stands up, as from his urne late rose,
By thy great helpe: and doth proclaime by me,
They murder him againe that envy thee.

CXII.

TO A WEAKE GAMSTER IN POETRY.

With thy small stock, why art thou ventring still
At this so subtile sport; and play'st so ill?
Think'st thou it is meere fortune that can win?
Or thy rank sitting? that thou dar'st put in
Thy all, at all: and what so ere I do,
Art still at that, and think'st to blow me up too?
I cannot for the stage a drama lay,
Tragick, or comick; but thou writ'st the play.
I leave thee there, and giving way, intend
An epick poeme; thou hast the same end.
I modestly quit that, and think to write,
Next morne, an ode: thou mak'st a song ere night.
I passe to elegies; thou meet'st me there:
To satyres; and thou dost pursue me. Where,
Where shall I scape thee? in an epigramme?
O, (thou cry'st out) that is thy proper game.
Troth, if it be, I pitty thy ill lucke;
That both for wit and sense so oft dost plucke,
And never art encounter'd, I confesse:
Nor scarce dost colour for it, which is lesse.
Pr'y thee, yet save the rest; give ore in time:
There's no vexation, that can make thee prime.

CXIII.

TO SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

So Phœbus make me worthy of his bayes,
As but to speake thee, Overbury, is praise:

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So where thou liv'st thou mak'st life understood!
Where, what makes others great, doth keep thee good!
I think, the fate of court thy comming crav'd,
That the wit there, and manners might be sav'd:
For since, what ignorance, what pride is fled!
And letters, and humanity in the stead!
Repent thee not of thy faire precedent,
Could make such men, and such a place repent:
Nor may 'any feare, to lose of their degree,
Who 'in such ambition can but follow thee.

CXIV.

TO MRS. PHILIP SYDNEY.

I must beleeve some miracles still be,
When Sydnye's name I heare, or face I see:
For Cupid, who (at first) took vaine delight
In meere out-formes, untill he lost his sight,
Hath chang'd his soule, and made his object you:
Where finding so much beauty met with vertue,
He hath not only gain'd himselfe his eyes,
But in your love made all his servants wise.

CXV.

ON THE TOWNE'S HONEST MAN.

You wonder, who this is? and why I name
Him not aloud, that boasts so good a fame:
Naming so many, too! but, this is one,
Suffers no name, but a description:
Being no vitious person, but the vice
About the town; and known too, at that price.
A subtile thing, that doth affections win
By speaking well o' the company 'it's in.
Talkes loud, and baudy, has a gather'd deale
Of news, and noyse, to sow out a long meale.
Can come from Tripoly, leape stooles, and wink,
Do all, that 'longs to the anarchy of drink,
Except the duell. Can sing songs and catches;
Give every one his dose of mirth: and watches
Whose name's un-welcome to the present eare,
And him it layes on; if it be not there.
Tells of him all the tales it selfe then makes;
But, if it shall be question'd, under-takes,
It will deny all; and forsweare it too:
Not that it feares, but will not have to do
With such a one. And therein keeps it's word,
'Twill see it's sister naked, ere a sword.
At every meale, where it doth dine, or sup,
The cloth's no sooner gone, but it gets up,
And shifting of its faces, doth play more
Parts than the Italian could do, with his door.
Acts old iniquity, and in the fit
Of miming, gets th' opinion of a wit.
Executes men in picture. By defect,
From friendship, is its own fame's architect.
An inginer, in slanders, of all fashions,
That seeming prayses are yet accusations.
Describ'd it's thus: defin'd would you it have?
Then, the town's honest man's her errant'st knave.

CXVI.

TO SIR WILLIAM JEPHSON.

Iephson, thou man of men, to whose lov'd name
All gentry, yet, owe part of their best flame!
So did thy vertue 'aforme, thy wit sustaine
That age, when thou stood'st up the master-braine;
Thou wert the first, mad'st merit know her strength,
And those that lack'd it, to suspect at length,
'Twas not entayl'd on title. That some word
Might be found out as good, and not my lord:
That nature no such difference had imprest
In men, but every bravest was the best:
That blood not minds, but minds did blood adorne;
And to live great was better than great borne.
These were thy knowing arts: which who doth now
Vertuously practise, must at least allow
Them in, if not from thee; or must commit
A desperate solecisme in truth and wit.

CXVII.

ON GROYNE.

Groyne, come of age, his state sold out of hand
For 'his whore: Groyne doth still occupy his land.

CXVIII.

ON GUT.

Gut eates all day, and lechers all the night,
So all his meat he tasteth over, twice:
And, striving so to double his delight,
He makes himselfe a thorough-fare of vice.
Thus, in his belly, can he change a sin,
Lust it comes out, that gluttony went in.

CXIX.

TO SIR RALPH SHELTON.

Not he that flies the court for want of clothes,
At hunting railes, having no gift in othes,
Cries out 'gainst cocking, since he cannot bet,
Shuns prease, for two maine causes, poxe, and debt,
With me can merit more, than that good man,
Whose dice not doing well, to a pulpit ran.
No, Shelton, give me thee, canst want all these,
But dost it out of judgement, not disease;
Dar'st breathe in any ayre; and with safe skill,
Till thou canst find the best, choose the least ill.
That to the vulgar canst thy selfe apply,
Treading a better path, not contrary;
And, in their errours' maze, thine own way know:
Which is to live to conscience, not to show.
He that, but living halfe his age, dyes such;
Makes the whole longer, than 'twas given him, much.

CXX.

AN EPITAPH.

ON S. P. A CHILD OF Q. EL. CHAPPEL.

Weep with me all you that read
This little story:
And know, for whom a teare you shed,
Death's selfe is sorry.
'Twas a child, that so did thrive
In grace and feature,
As Heaven and Nature seem'd to strive
Which own'd the creature.

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Yeares he numbred scarce thirteene,
When Fates turn'd cruell,
Yet three fill'd zodiackes had he been
The stage's jewell;
And did act (what now we moane)
Old men so duely,
As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
He plai'd so truely.
So, by errour, to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since (alas, too late)
They have repented;
And have sought (to give new birth)
In bathes to steep him;
But being so much too good for Earth,
Heaven vowes to keepe him.

CXXI.

TO BENJAMIN RUDYERD.

Rudyerd, as lesser dames to great ones use,
My lighter comes, to kisse thy learned Muse;
Whose better studies while she emulates,
She learnes to know long difference of their states.
Yet is the office not to be despis'd,
If only love should make the action pris'd:
Nor he, for friendship, to be thought unfit,
That strives his manners should procede his wit.

CXXII.

TO THE SAME.

If I would wish for truth, and not for show,
The aged Saturne's age, and rites to know;
If I would strive to bring back times, and try
The world's pure gold, and wise simplicity;
If I would vertue set, as she was yong,
And heare her speak with one, and her first tongue;
If boliest friend-ship, naked to the touch,
I would restore, and keep it ever such;
I need no other arts, but study thee:
Who prov'st, all these were, and again may be.

CXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Writing thy selfe, or judging others writ,
I know not which th' hast most, candour, or wit:
But both th' hast so, as who affects the state
Of the best writer, and judge, should emulate.

CXXIV.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

Would'st thou heare, what man can say
In a little? reader, stay.
Under-neath this stone doth lye
As much beauty, as could dye:
Which in life did harbour give
To more vertue, than doth live.
If, at all, she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
Th'other let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it dyed, to tell,
Than that it liv'd at all. Farewell.

CXXV.

TO SIR WILLIAM UVEDALE.

Uv'dale, thou piece of the first times, a man
Made for what nature could, or vertue can;
Both whose dimensions, lost, the world might find
Restored in thy body, and thy mind!
Who sees a soule, in such a body set,
Might love the treasure for the cabinet.
But I, no child, no foole, respect the kinde,
The full, the flowing graces there enshrin'd)
Which (would the world not mis-call't, flattery)
I could adore, almost t' idolatry.

CXXVI.

TO HIS LADY, THEN MRS. CARY.

Retyr'd, with purpose your faire worth to praise,
'Mongst Hampton shades, and Phœbus' grove of bayes,
I pluck'd a branch; the jealous god did frowne,
And bade me lay th' usurped laurell down:
Said I wrong'd him, and (which was more) his love.
I answer'd, Daphne now no paine can prove.
Phœbus replyed. Bold head, it is not she:
Cary my love is, Daphne but my tree.

CXXVII.

TO ESME LORD AUBIGNY.

Is there a hope, that man would thankfull be,
If I should faile, in gratitude, to thee
To whom I am so bound, lov'd Aubigny?
No, I do, therefore, call posterity
Into the debt; and reckon on her head,
How full of want, how swallow'd up, how dead
I, and this Muse had been, if thou hadst not
Lent timely succours, and new life begot:
So, all reward, or name, that growes to me
By her attempt, shall still be owing thee:
And than this same, I know no abler way
To thank thy benefits: which is, to pay.

CXXVIII.

TO WILLIAM ROE.

Roe, (and my joy to name) th' art now to go,
Countries, and climes, manners, and men to know,
T' extract, and choose the best of all these knowne,
And those to turne to blood, and make thine owne.
May winds, as soft as breath of kissing friends,
Attend thee hence; and there, may all thy ends,
As the beginnings here, prove purely sweet,
And perfect in a circle always meet.
So, when we, blest with thy returne, shall see
Thy selfe, with thy first thoughts, brought home by thee,

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We each to other may this voyce enspire;
"This is that good Æneas, past through fire, [for Hell,
Through seas, stormes, tempests: and imbarqu'd
Came back untouch'd. This man hath travail'd well."

CXXIX.

TO EDWARD FILMER,

ON HIS MUSICALL WORK DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN. ANNO 1629.

What charming peales are these,
That, while they bind the senses, doe so please?
They are the marriage-rites
Of two, the choicest paire of man's delights,
Musique and Poesie:
French aire, and English verse, here wedded lie.
Who did this knot compose,
Againe hath brought the lilly to the rose;
And, with their chained dance,
Recelebrates the joyfull match with France.
They are a school to win
The faire French daughter to learne English in;
And, graced with her song,
To make the language sweet upon her tongue.

CXXX.

TO MIME.

That not a paire of friends each other see,
But the first question is, When one saw thee?
That there's no journey set, or thought upon,
To Braynford, Hackney, Bow, but thou mak'st one;
That scarce the towne designeth any feast
To which thou'rt not a weeke bespoke a guest;
That still thou'rt made the supper's flagge, the drum,
The very call, to make all others come: [strive
Think'st thou, Mime, this is great? or, that they
Whose noise shall keepe thy miming most alive,
Whil'st thou doth raise some player from the grave,
Out-dance the Babion, or out-boast the brave;
Or (mounted on a stoole) thy face doth hit
On some new gesture, that's imputed wit?
O, runne not proud of this. Yet, take thy due.
Thou dost out-zany Cokely, Pod; nay, Gue:
And thine owne Coriat too. But (would'st thou see)
Men love thee not for this: they laugh at thee.

CXXXI.

TO ALPHONSO FERRABOSCO,

ON HIS BOOKE.

To urge, my lov'd Alphonso, that bold fame,
Of building townes, and making wild beasts tame,
Which Musick had; or speak her knowne effects,
That she removeth cares, sadnesse ejects,
Declineth anger, perswades clemencie,
Doth sweeten mirth, and heighten pietie,
And is t'a body, often, ill inclin'd,
No lesse a sov'raigne cure, than to the mind;
T' alledge, that greatest men were not asham'd,
Of old, even by her practice to be fram'd;
To say, indeed, she were the soule of Heaven,
That the eighth spheare, no lesse, than planets seven,
Mov'd by her order, and the ninth more high,
Including all, where thence call'd harmonie:
I, yet, had utter'd nothing on thy part,
When these were but the praises of the art.
But when I have said, the proofes of all these be
Shed in thy songs; 'tis true: but short of thee.

CXXXII.

TO THE SAME.

When we doe give, Alphonso, to the light,
A work of ours, we part with our owne right;
For then, all mouths will judge, and their owne way:
The learn'd have no more priviledge, than the lay.
And though we could all men, all censures heare,
We ought not give them taste, we had an eare.
For, if the hum'rous world will talke at large,
They should be fooles, for me, at their own charge.
Say, this, or that man they to thee preferre;
Even those for whom they doe this, know they erre:
And would (being ask'd the truth) ashamed say,
They were not to be nam'd on the same day.
Then stand unto thy selfe, nor seeke without [out.
For fame, with breath soone kindled, soone blowne

CXXXIII.

TO MR. JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

If to admire were to commend, my praise
Might then both thee, thy work and merit raise:
But, as it is, (the child of ignorance,
And utter stranger to all ayre of France)
How can I speak of thy great paines, but erre?
Since they can onely judge, that can conferre.
Behold! the reverend shade of Bartas stands
Before my thought, and (in thy right) commands
That to the world I publish, for him, this;
Bartas doth wish thy English now were his.
So well in that are his inventions wrought,
As his will now be the translation thought,
Thine the originall; and France shall boast,
No more, those mayden glories she hath lost.

CXXXIV.

ON THE FAMOUS VOYAGE.

No more let Greece her bolder fables tell
Of Hercules, or Theseus going to Hell.
Orpheus, Ulysses: or the Latine Muse,
With tales of Troye's just knight, our faiths abuse.
We have a Shelton, and a Heyden got,
Had power to act, what they to faine had not.
All, that they boast of Styx, of Acheron,
Cocytus, Phlegeton, ours have prov'd in one;
The filth, stench, noise: save only what was there
Subtly distinguish'd, was confused here.
Their wherry had no saile, too; ours had none:
And in it, two more horride knaves, than Charon.
Arses were heard to croake, in stead of frogs;
And for one Cerberus, the whole coast was dogs.
Furies there wanted not: each scold was ten.
And, for the cries of ghosts, women, and men,
Laden with plague-sores, and their sinnes, were heard,
Lash'd by their consciences, to dye affeard.
Then let the former age, with this content her,
She brought the poets forth, but ours th' adventer.

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THE VOYAGE IT SELFE.

I sing the brave adventure of two wights,
And pity 'tis, I cannot call 'hem knights:
One was; and he, for brawne, and braine, right able
To have been stiled of king Arthur's table.
The other was a squire, of faire degree;
But, in the action, greater man than he:
Who gave, to take at his returne from Hell,
His three for one. Now, lordlings, listen well.
It was the day, what time the powerfull Moone
Makes the poore Banck-side creature wet it' shoone,
In it' owne hall; when these (in worthy scorne
Of those, that put out moneyes, on returne
From Venice, Paris, or some in-land passage
Of six times to and fro, without embassage,
Or he that backward went to Berwick, or which
Did dance the famous morrisse, unto Norwich)
At Bread-street's Mermaid, having din'd, and merry,
Propos'd to goe to Hol'borne in a wherry:
A harder taske, than either his to Bristo',
Or his to Antwerpe. Therefore, once more, list ho'.
A docke there is, that called is Avernus,
Of some Bride-well, and may, in time, concerne us
All, that are readers: but, me thinks 'tis od,
That all this while I have forgot some god,
Or goddesse to invoke, to stuffe my verse;
And with both bombard-stile, and phrase, rehearse
The many perills of this port, and how
Sans helpe of Sybil, or a golden bough,
Or magick sacrifice, they past along!
Alcides, be thou succouring to my song.
Thou hast seene Hell (some say) and know'st all nookes there,
Canst tell me best, how every fury lookes there,
And art a god, if fame thee not abuses,
Alwayes at hand, to aid the merry Muses.
Great club-fist, though thy back, and bones be sore,
Still, with thy former labours; yet, once more,
Act a brave work, call it thy last adventry:
But hold my torch, while I describe the entry
To this dire passage. Say thou stop thy nose:
'Tis but light paines: indeed this dock's no rose.
In the first jawes appear'd that ugly monster,
Ycleped mud, which, when their oares did once stirre,
Belch'd forth an ayre, as hot, as at the muster
Of all your night-tubs, when the carts doe cluster,
Who shall discharge first his merd-urinous load:
Thorow her wombe they make their famous road,
Betweene two walls; where, on one side, to scar men,
Were seene your ugly centaures, yee call car-men,
Gorgonian scolds, and harpyes: on the other
Hung stench, diseases, and old filth, their mother,
With famine, wants, and sorrowes many a dosen,
The least of which was to the plague a cosen.
But they unfrighted passe, though many a privie
Spake to them louder, than the oxe in Livie;
And many a sinke powr'd out her rage anenst'hem,
But still their valour, and their vertue fenc't 'hem,
And, on they went, like Castor brave, and Pollux,
Plowing the mayne. When, see (the worst of all lucks)
They met the second prodigie, would feare a
Man, that had never heard of a Chimæra.
One said, it was bold Briareus, or the beadle,
(Who hath the hundred hands when he doth meddle)
The other thought it Hydra, or the rock
Made of the trull, that cut her father's lock:
But, comming neere, they found it but a liter, [her.
So huge, it seem'd, they could by no meanes quite
Back, cry'd their brace of Charons: they cry'd, no,
No going back; on still, you rogues and row.
How hight the place? a voyce was heard, Cocytus.
Row close then, slaves. Alas, they will beshite us.
No matter, stinkards, row. What croaking sound
Is this we heare? of frogs? no guts wind-bound,
Over your heads: well, row. At this a loud
Crack did report it selfe, as if a cloud
Had burst with storme and downe fell, ab excelsis
Poore Mercury, crying out on Paracelsus,
And all his followers, that had so abus'd him:
And, in so shitten sort, so long had us'd him:
For (where he was the god of eloquence,
And subtiltie of metalls) they dispense
His spirits, now in pils, and eeke in potions,
Suppositories, cataplasmes and lotions.
But many moones there shall not wane (quoth he)
(In the meane time, let 'hem imprison me)
But I will speake (and know I shall be heard)
Touching this cause, where they will be affeard
To answer me. And sure it was th' intent
Of the grave fart, late let in parliament,
Had it been seconded, and not in fume
Vanish'd away, as you must all presume
Their Mercury did now. By this, the stemme
Of the hulke touch'd, and as by Polypheme
The sly Ulysses stole in a sheeps-skin,
The well-greas'd wherry now had got between,
And bade her fare-well sough unto the lurden:
Never did bottom more betray her burden;
The meat-boat of Beares-colledge, Paris-garden,
Stunk not so ill; nor when she kist Kate Arden.
Yet, one day in the yeare, for sweet 't is voyc't
And that is when it is the lord maior's foist.
By this time had they reach'd the Stygian poole,
By which the masters sweare, when on the stoole
Of worship, they their nodding chinnes do hit
Against their breasts. Here, sev'rall ghosts did sit
About the shore, of farts, but late departed,
White, black, blew, greene, and in more formes out-
Than all those Atomi ridiculous, [started,
Whereof old Democrite, and Hill Nicholas,
One said, the other swore, the world consists.
These be the cause of those thick frequent mists
Arising in that place, through which, who goes,
Must try th' un-used valour of a nose:
And that ours did. For yet, no nare was tainted,
Nor thumbe, nor finger to the stop acquainted,
But open and unarm'd encounter'd all:
Whether it languishing stuck upon the wall,
Or were precipitated down the jakes,
And after swom abroad in ample flakes,
Or that it lay, heap'd like an usurer's masse,
All was to them the same, they were to passe,
And so they did, from Styx to Acheron:
The ever-boyling flood. Whose banks upon
Your Fleet-lane furies, and hot cooks do dwell,
That with still-scalding steems, make the place Hell.
The sinks ran grease, and haire of meazled bogs,
The heads, houghs, entrails, and the hides of dogs:
For to say truth, what scullion is so nasty,
To put the skins and offall in a pasty?
Cats there lay divers had been flead and rosted,
And after mouldy grown, again were tosted,
Then selling not, a dish was tane to mince 'hem.
But still, it seem'd, the ranknesse did convince 'hem.
For, here they were thrown in with th' melted pewter,
Yet drown'd they not. They had five lives in future.
But 'mong'st these Tiberts, who do you think there [was?
Old Bankes the juggler, our Pythagoras,

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Grave tutor to the learned horse. Both which,
Being beyond sea, burned for one witch:
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat:
And now, above the poole, a face right fat,
With great gray eyes, are lifted up and mew'd?
Thrice did it spit: thrice div'd. At last it view'd
Our braver heroes with a milder glare,
And in a pittious tune began. How dare
Your dainty nostrils (in so hot a season,
When every clerke eats artichoks and peason,
Laxative lettuce, and such windy meat)
Attempt such a passage? when each privie's seat
Is fill'd with buttock? and the wals do sweat
Urine and plaisters? when the noise doth beat
Upon your eares, of discords so un-sweet?
And out-cries of the damned in the Fleet?
Cannot the Plague-bill keep you back? nor bels
Of loud Sepulchre's with their hourely knels,
But you will visit grisly Pluto's hall?
Behold where Cerberus, rear'd on the wall
Of Hol'borne (three sergeants' heads) looks ore,
And stays but till you come unto the dore!
Attempt not his fury, Pluto is away:
And madame Cæsar, great Proserpina,
Is now from home. You lose your labours quite,
Were you Jove's sons, or had Alcides' might.
They cry'd out, Pusse. He told them he was Banks,
That had so often shew'd them merry pranks.
They laugh't at his laugh-worthy fate. And past
The tripple head without a-sop. At last,
Calling for Radamanthus, that dwelt by
A sope-boyler; and Æacus him nigh,
Who kept an ale-house; with my little Minos,
An ancient pur-blind fletcher, with a high nose;
They took them all to witnesse of their action:
And so went bravely back, without protraction.
In memory of which most liquid deed,
The city since hath rais'd a pyramide.
And I could wish for their eternis'd sakes,
My Muse had plough'd with his, that sung A-jax.

THE FORREST.

I.

WHY I WRITE NOT OF LOVE.

Some act of Love's bound to rehearse,
I thought to bind him in my verse:
Which when he felt, Away, (quoth he)
Can poets hope to fetter me?
It is enough, they once did get
Mars and my mother in their net:
I weare not these my wings in vaine.
With which he fled me: and againe,
Into my rimes could ne're be got
By any art. Then wonder not,
That since my numbers are so cold,
When Love is fled, and I grow old.

II.

TO PENSHURST.

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show,
Of touch, or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polish'd pillars, or a roofe of gold:
Thou hast no lantherne, whereof tales are told;
Or stayre, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And, these grudg'd at, art reverenc'd the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soile, of ayre,
Of wood, of water: therein thou art faire.
Thou hast thy walkes for health, as well as sport:
Thy Mount, to which the Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
Beneath the broad beech and the chest-nut shade;
That taller tree which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the Muses met.
There in the writhed barke, are cut the names
Of many a Sylvane, taken with his flames;
And thence the ruddy Satyres oft provoke
The lighter Faunes, to reach thy ladie's oke.
Thy copp's too, nam'd of Gamage, thou hast there,
That never failes to serve thee season'd deere,
When thou wouldst feast, or exercise thy friends.
The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine and calves do feed:
The middle grounds thy mares, and horses breed.
Each banck doth yeeld thee coneyes; and the topps
Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sydney's copps,
To crown thy open table, doth provide
The purple pheasant, with the speckled side:
The painted partrich lyes in every field,
And for thy messe is willing to be kill'd.
And if the high-swoine Medway faile thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat aged carps, that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kinde to eat,
As loth the second draught, or cast to stay,
Officiously at first themselves betray.
Bright eeles, that emulate them, and leape on land,
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the ayre, and new as are the houres.
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come:
The blushing apricot and woolly peach
Hang on thy wals, that every child may reach.
And though thy wals be of the countrey stone,
They 're rear'd with no man's ruine, no man's grone:
There's none that dwell about them wish them downe;
But all come in, the farmer and the clowne:
And no one empty-handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no sute.
Some bring a capon, some a rurall cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
The better cheeses bring 'hem; or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands; and whose baskets beare
An embleme of themselves, in plum or peare.
But what can this (more than expresse their love)
Adde to thy free provisions, farre above
The need of such? whose liberall boord doth flow,
With all that hospitality doth know!
Where comes no guest, but is allow'd to eat,
Without his feare, and of thy lord's owne meat:
Where the same beere and bread, and selfe-same wine,
That is his lordship's, shall be also mine.
And I not faine to sit (as some this day,
At great men's tables) and yet dine away.
Here no man tels my cups; nor, standing by,
A waiter, doth my gluttony envy:
But gives me what I call for, and lets me eate;
He knowes, below, he shall finde plentie of meate;
Thy tables hoord not up for the next day,
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
For fire, or lights, or livorie: all is there;
As if thou then wert mine, or I raign'd here:

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There 's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.
That found king James, when hunting late this way,
With his brave sonne, the prince, they saw thy fires
Shine bright on every harth, as the desires
Of thy Penates had beene set on flame,
To entertayne them; or the countrey came,
With all their zeale to warme their welcome here.
What (great, I will not say, but) sodaine cheare
Didst thou then make 'hem! and what praise was
On thy good lady then! who therein reap'd [heap'd
The just reward of her high huswifery;
To have her linnen, plate, and all things nigh,
When she was farre: and not a roome, but drest,
As if it had expected such a guest!
These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all.
Thy lady's noble, fruitfull, chaste withall.
His children thy great lord may call his owne:
A fortune in this age but rarely knowne,
They are, and have beene taught religion: thence
Their gentler spirits have suck'd innocence.
Each morne, and even, they are taught to pray
With the whole houshold, and may every day
Reade in their vertuous parents' noble parts,
The mysteries of manners, armes, and arts.
Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see
Those proud, ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say, their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

III.

TO SIR ROBERT WROTH.

How blest art thou, canst love the countrey, Wroth,
Whether by choyce, or fate, or both!
And, though so neere the citie and the court,
Art tane with neither's vice nor sport:
That at great times, art no ambitious guest
Of sheriffe's dinner, or maior's feast.
Nor com'st to view the better cloth of state;
The richer hangings, or crowne-plate;
Nor throng'st (when masquing is) to have a sight
Of the short braverie of the night;
To view the jewels, stuffes, the paines, the wit
There wasted, some not paid for yet!
But canst at home in thy securer rest,
Live with un-bought provision blest;
Free from proud porches or their guilded roofes,
'Mong'st loughing heards and solid hoofes:
Along'st the curled woods and painted meades,
Through which a serpent river leades
To some coole courteous shade, which he cals his,
And makes sleep softer than it is!
Or if thou list the night in watch to breake,
A-bed canst heare the loud stag speake,
In spring oft roused for their master's sport,
Who for it makes thy house his court;
Or with thy friends, the heart of all the yeare,
Divid'st upon the lesser deere;
In autumne, at the partrich mak'st a flight,
And giv'st thy gladder guests the sight;
And in the winter hunt'st the flying hare,
More for thy exercise than fare;
While all that follow their glad eares apply
To the full greatnesse of the cry:
Or hauking at the river or the bush,
Or shooting at the greedy thrush,
Thou dost with some delight the day out-weare,
Although the coldest of the yeare!
The whil'st the severall seasons thou hast seene
Of flowry fields, of cop'ces greene,
The mowed meddows, with the fleeced sheep,
And feasts that either shearers keep;
The ripened eares yet humble in their height,
And furrows laden with their weight;
The apple-harvest that doth longer last;
The hogs return'd home fat from mast;
The trees cut out in log; and those boughs made
A fire now, that lent a shade!
Thus Pan and Sylvane having had their rites,
Comus puts in for new delights;
And fils thy open hall with mirth and cheare,
As if in Saturne's raigne it were;
Apollo's harpe, and Hermes' lyre resound,
Nor are the Muses strangers found:
The rout of rurall folk come thronging in,
(Their rudenesse then is thought no sin)
Thy noblest spouse affords them welcome grace;
And the great heroes of her race,
Sit mixt with losse of state or reverence.
Freedome doth with degree dispence.
The jolly wassall walks the often round,
And in their cups their cares are drown'd:
They think not then which side the cause shall leese
Nor how to get the lawyer fees.
Such, and no other was that age, of old,
Which boasts t' have had the head of gold.
And such since thou canst make thine own content.
Strive, Wroth, to live long innocent.
Let others watch in guilty armes, and stand
The fury of a rash command,
Go enter breaches, meet the cannon's rage,
That they may sleep with scarres in age.
And shew their feathers shot, and callours torne,
And brag that they were therefore borne.
Let this man sweat, and wrangle at the barre,
For every price in every jarre,
And change possessions, oftner with his breath,
Than either money, war, or death:
Let him, than hardest sires, more disinherit,
And each where boast it as his merit,
To blow up orphanes, widdows, and their states;
And think his power doth equall Fate's.
Let that go heape a masse of wretched wealth,
Purchas'd by rapine, worse than stealth,
And brooding o're it sit, with broadest eyes,
Not doing good, scarce when he dyes.
Let thousands more go flatter vice, and winne,
By being organes to great sin,
Get place and honour, and be glad to keepe
The secrets, that shall breake their sleepe:
And, so they ride in purple, eat in plate,
Though poyson, thinke it a great fate.
But thou, my Wroth, if I can truth apply,
Shalt neither that, nor this envy:
Thy peace is made; and, when man's state is well,
'T is better, if he there can dwell.
God wisheth none should wracke on a strange shelfe:
To him man 's dearer, than t' himselfe.
And, howsoever we may thinke things sweet,
He alwayes gives what he knowes meet;
Which who can use is happy: such be thou.
Thy morning's and thy evening's vow
Be thankes to him, and earnest prayer, to finde
A body sound, with sounder minde;
To do thy countrey service, thy selfe right;
That neither want doe thee affright,
Nor death; but when thy latest sand is spent,
Thou maist thinke life a thing but lent.

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IV.

TO THE WORLD.

FAREWELL FOR A GENTLEWOMAN, VERTUOUS AND NOBLE.

ALSE world, good-night, since thou hast brought
That houre upon my morne of age,
ence-forth I quit thee from my thought,
My part is ended on thy stage.
oe not once hope, that thou canst tempt
A spirit so resolv'd to tread
pon thy throat, and live exempt
From all the nets that thou canst spread.
know thy formes are studied arts,
Thy subtill wayes, be narrow straits;
hy curtesie but sudden starts,
And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits.
know too, though thou strut, and paint,
Yet art thou both shrunke up, and old;
hat onely fooles make thee a saint,
And all thy good is to be sold.
know thou whole art but a shop
Of toyes, and trifles, traps, and snares,
o take the weake, or make them stop:
Yet art thou falser than thy wares.
nd, knowing this, should I yet stay,
Like such as blow away their lives,
nd never will redeeme a day,
Enamor'd of their golden gyves?
r having scap'd, shall I returne,
And thrust my neck into the noose,
rom whence, so lately, I did burne,
With all my powers, my selfe to loose?
Vhat bird, or beast, is knowne so dull,
That fled his cage, or broke his chaine,
nd tasting aire, and freedome, wull
Render his head in there againe?
f these, who have but sense, can shun
The engines, that have them annoy'd;
ittle, for me, had reason done,
If I could not thy ginnes avoid.
es, threaten, doe. Alas I feare
As little, as I hope from thee:
know thou canst nor shew, nor beare
More hatred, than thou hast to me.
My tender, first, and simple yeares
Thou did'st abuse, and then betray;
Since stird'st up jealousies and feares,
When all the causes were away.
Then, in a soile hast planted me,
Where breathe the basest of thy fooles;
Where envious arts professed be,
And pride, and ignorance the schooles,
Where nothing is examin'd, weigh'd,
But, as 't is rumor'd, so beleev'd:
Where every freedome is betray'd,
And every goodnesse tax'd, or griev'd.
But, what we're borne for, we must beare:
Our fraile condition it is such,
That, what to all may happen here,
If't chance to me, I must not grutch.
Else, I my state should much mistake,
To harbour a divided thought
From all my kinde: that, for my sake,
There should a miracle be wrought.
No, I doe know, that I was borne
To age, misfortune, sicknesse, griefe:
But I will beare these, with that scorne,
As shall not need thy false reliefs.
Nor for my peace will I goe farre,
As wandrers doe, that still doe rome;
But make my strengths, such as they are,
Here in my bosome, and at home.

V.

SONG.

TO CELIA.

COME, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vaine.
Sunnes, that set, may rise againe:
But, if once we loose this light,
'T is, with us, perpetuall night.
Why should we deferre our joyes?
Fame, and rumour are but toyes.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poore household spyes?
Or his easier eares beguile,
So removed by our wile?
'T is no sinne, love's fruit to steale,
But the sweet theft to reveale:
To be taken, to be seene,
These have crimes accounted beene.

VI.

TO THE SAME.

KISSE me, sweet: the wary lover
Can your favours keepe, and cover,
When the common courting jay
All your bounties will betray.
Kisse againe: no creature comes.
Kisse, and score up wealthy summes
On my lips, thus hardly sundred,
While you breathe. First give a hundred,
Then a thousand, then another
Hundred, then unto the tother
Adde a thousand, and so more:
Till you equall with the store,
All the grasse that Rumney yeelds,
Or the sands in Chelsey fields,
Or the drops in silver Thames,
Or the stars, that guild his streames,
In the silent sommer-nights,
When youths ply their stoln delights.
That the curious may not know
How to tell 'hem as they flow,
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pin'd.

VII.

SONG.

THAT WOMEN ARE BUT MEN'S SHADDOWS.

FOLLOW a shaddow, it still flies you,
Seeme to flye it, it will pursue:
So court a mistris, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.

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Say, are not women truly, then,
Stil'd but the shaddows of us men?

At morne, and even, shades are longest;
At noone, they are or short, or none:
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they 're not knowne.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Stil'd but the shaddows of us men?

VIII.

SONG.

TO SICKNESSE.

Why, Disease, dost thou molest
Ladies? and of them the best?
Do not men, ynow of rites
To thy altars, by their nights
Spent in surfets: and their dayes,
And nights too, in worser wayes?
Take heed, Sicknesse, what you do,
I shall feare, you 'll surfet too.
Live not we, as, all thy stals,
Spittles, pest-house, hospitals,
Scarce will take our present store?
And this age will build no more:
'Pray thee, feed contented, then,
Sicknesse, only on us men.
Or if needs thy lust will taste
Woman-kind; devoure the waste
Livers, round about the town.
But, forgive me, with thy crown
They maintaine the truest trade,
And have more diseases made.
What should, yet, thy pallat please?
Daintinesse, and softer ease,
Sleeked lims, and finest blood?
If thy leannesse love such food,
There are those, that, for thy sake,
Do enough; and who would take
Any paines; yea, think it price,
To become thy sacrifice.
That distill their husbands' land
In decoctions; and are mann'd
With ten emp'ricks, in their chamber,
Lying for the spirit of amber.
That for the oyle of talck, dare spend
More than citizens dare lend
Them, and all their officers.
That to make all pleasure theirs,
Will by coach, and water go,
Every stew in towne to know;
Dare entayle their loves on any,
Bald, or blind, or ne're so many:
And, for thee at common game,
Play away, health, wealth, and fame.
These, Disease, will thee deserve:
And will, long ere thou should'st starve,
On their bed most prostitute,
Move it, as their humblest sute,
In thy justice to molest
None but them, and leave the rest.

IX.

SONG.

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kisse but in the cup,
And I'le not looke for wine.
The thirst, that from the soule doth rise,
Doth aske a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosie wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st onely breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when, it growes, and smells, I sweare
Not of it selfe, but thee.

X.

And must I sing? what subject shall I chuse?
Or whose great name in poets' Heaven use?
For the more countenance to my active Muse?

Hercules? alas his bones are yet sore,
With his old earthly labours. T' exact more,
Of his dull god-head, were sinne. I'le implore

Phœbus? no, tend thy cart still. Envious day
Shall not give out, that I have made thee stay,
And foundred thy hot teame, to tune my lay.

Nor will I begge of thee, lord of the vine,
To raise my spirits with thy conjuring wine,
In the greene circle of thy ivie twine.

Pallas, nor thee I call on, mankind maid,
That, at thy birth, mad'st the poore smith afraid,
Who, with his axe, thy father's mid-wife plaid.

Goe, crampe dull Mars, light Venus, when he snorts,
Or, with thy tribade trine, invent new sports.
Thou, nor thy loosenesse, with my making sorts.

Let the old boy, your sonne, ply his old taske,
Turne the stale prologue to some painted maske,
His absence in my verse, is all I aske.

Hermes, the cheater, shall not mix with us,
Though he would steale his sister's Pegasus,
And riffle him: or pawne his Petasus.

Nor all the ladies of the Thespian lake,
(Though they were crusht into one forme) could make
A beautie of that merit, that should take

My Muse up by commission: no, I bring
My owne true fire. Now my thought takes wing,
And now an epode to deepe eares I sing.

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XI.

EPODE.

or to know vice at all, and keepe true state,
Is vertue, and not fate:
ext, to that vertue, is to know vice well,
And her black spight expell.
Which to effect (since no brest is so sure,
Or safe, but she 'll procure
ome way of entrance) we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch, and ward
t th' eye and eare (the ports unto the minde)
That no strange, or unkinde
Object arrive there, but the heart (our spie)
Give knowledge instantly,
To wakefull reason, our affections' king:
Who (in th' examining)
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
Close, the close cause of it.
T is the securest policie we have,
To make our sense our slave.
But this true course is not embrac'd by many:
By many? scarce by any.
For either our affections doe rebell,
Or else the sentinell
(That should ring larum to the heart) doth sleepe,
Or some great thought doth keepe
Back the intelligence, and falsely sweares,
They 're base, and idle feares
Whereof the loyall conscience so complaines.
Thus by these subtill traines,
Doe severall passions invade the minde,
And strike our reason blinde.
Of which usurping ranck, some have thought love
The first; as prone to move
Most frequent tumults, horrours, and unrests,
In our enflamed brests:
But this doth from the cloud of errour grow,
Which thus we over-blow.
The thing, they here call love, is blinde desire,
Arm'd with bow, shafts, and fire;
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 't is borne,
Rough, swelling, like a storme:
With whom who sailes, rides on the surge of feare,
And boyles, as if he were
In a continuall tempest. Now, true love
No such effects doth prove;
That is an essence farre more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay divine;
It is a golden chaine let downe from Heaven,
Whose linkes are bright, and even.
That falls like sleepe on lovers, and combines
The soft, and sweetest mindes
In equall knots: this beares no brands, nor darts,
To murther different hearts,
But, in a calme, and god-like unitie,
Preserves communitie.
O, who is he, that (in this peace) enjoyes
Th' elixir of all joyes?
A forme more fresh, than are the Eden bowers,
And lasting, as her flowers:
Richer than time, and as time's vertue, rare:
Sober, as saddest care:
A fixed thought, an eye un-taught to glance;
Who (blest with such high chance)
Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
Cast himselfe from the spire
Of all his happinesse? but soft: I heare
Some vicious foole draw neare, [thing,
That cryes, we dream, and swears there 's no such
As this chaste love we sing.
Peace, luxury, thou art like one of those
Who, being at sea, suppose,
Because they move, the continent doth so.
No, vice, we let thee know, [flye,
Though thy wild thoughts with sparrows' wings do
Turtles can chastly dye;
And yet (in this t' expresse our selves more cleare)
We do not number here,
Such spirits as are only continent,
Because lust's meanes are spent:
On those, who doubt the common mouth of fame,
And for their place and name,
Cannot so safely sinne. Their chastity
Is meere necessity.
Nor meane we those, whom vowes and conscience
Have fill'd with abstinence:
Though we acknowledge, who can so abstayne,
Makes a most blessed gaine.
He that for love of goodnesse hateth ill,
Is more crowne-worthy still,
Than he, which for sin's penalty forbeares;
His heart sins, though he feares.
But we propose a person like our dove,
Grac'd with a phœnix love;
A beauty of that cleare, and sparkling light,
Would make a day of night,
And turne the blackest sorrowes to bright joyes:
Whose od'rous breath destroyes
All taste of bitternesse, and makes the ayre
As sweet as she is faire.
A body so harmoniously compos'd,
As if Nature disclos'd
All her best symmetrie in that one feature!
O, so divine a creature,
Who could be false to? chiefly when he knowes
How only she bestowes
The wealthy treasure of her love on him;
Making his fortunes swim
In the full flood of her admir'd perfection?
What savage, brute affection,
Would not be fearefull to offend a dame
Of this excelling frame?
Much more a noble and right generous mind
(To vertuous moods inclin'd)
That knowes the weight of guilt: he will refraine
From thoughts of such a straine.
And to his sense object this sentence ever,
Man may securely sinne, but safely never.

XII.

EPISTLE TO ELIZABETH COUNTESSE OF RUTLAND.

MADAME,

Whil'st that, for which all vertue now is sold,
And almost every vice, almightie gold, [Heaven,
That which, to boote with Hell, is thought worth
And for it, life, conscience, yea soules are given,
Toyles, by grave custome, up and downe the court,
To every squire, or groome, that will report
Well, or ill, only, all the following yeere,
Just to the waight their this daye's presents beare;
While it makes huishers serviceable men,
And some one apteth to be trusted, then,

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Though never after; whiles it gaynes the voyce
Of some grand peere, whose ayre doth make rejoyce
The foole that gave it; who will want, and weepe,
When his proud patron's favours are asleepe;
While thus it buyes great grace, and hunts poore fame; [dame;
Runs betweene man, and man; 'tweene dame, and
Solders crackt friendship; makes love last a day;
Or perhaps lesse: whil'st gold beares all this sway,
I, that have none to send you, send you verse.
A present which (if elder writs reherse
The truth of times) was once of more esteeme,
Than this our gilt, nor golden age can deeme,
When gold was made no weapon to cut throats,
Or put to flight Astrea, when her ingots
Were yet unfound, and better plac'd in earth,
Than, here, to give pride fame, and peasants birth.
But let this drosse carry what price it will
With noble ignorants, and let them still,
Turne, upon scorned verse, their quarter-face:
With you, I know, my offring will finde grace.
For what a sinne 'gainst your great father's spirit,
Were it to think, that you should not inherit
His love unto the Muses, when his skill
Almost you have, or may have, when you will?
Wherein wise Nature you a dowrie gave,
Worth an estate, treble to that you have.
Beauty, I know, is good, and blood is more; [store
Riches thought most: but, madame, thinke what
The world hath seene, which all these had in trust,
And now lye lost in their forgotten dust.
It is the Muse alone, can raise to Heaven,
And, at her strong armes' end, hold up, and even,
The soules she loves. Those other glorious notes,
Inscrib'd in touch or marble, or the cotes
Painted, or carv'd upon our great-men's tombs,
Or in their windowes; doe but prove the wombs,
That bred them, graves: when they were borne, they dy'd,
That had no Muse to make their fame abide.
How many equall with the Argive queene
Have beauty knowne, yet none so famous seene?
Achilles was not first, that valiant was,
Or, in an armie's head, that lockt in brasse,
Gave killing strokes. There were brave men, before
Ajax, or Idomen, or all the store
That Homer brought to Troy; yet none so live:
Because they lack'd the sacred pen, could give
Like life unto 'hem. Who heav'd Hercules
Unto the starrs? or the Tyndarides?
Who placed Jason's Argo in the skie?
Or set bright Ariadne's crowne so high?
Who made a lampe of Berenice's hayre?
Or lifted Cassiopea in her chayre?
But only poets, rapt with rage divine?
And such, or my hopes faile, shall make you shine.
You, and that other starre, that purest light
Of all Lucina's traine; Lucy the bright.
Than which, a nobler Heaven it selfe knowes not.
Who, though she have a better verser got,
(Or poet, in the court account) than I,
And who doth me (though I not him) envy,
Yet, for the timely favours she hath done,
To my lesse sanguine Muse, wherein she hath wonne
My gratefull soule, the subject of her powers,
I have already us'd some happy houres,
To her remembrance; which when time shall bring
To curious light, to notes, I then shall sing,
Will prove old Orpheus' act no tale to be:
For I shall move stocks, stones, no lesse than he.
Then all, that have but done my Muse least grace,
Shall thronging come, and boast the happy place
They hold in my strange poems, which, as yet,
Had not their forme touch'd by an English wit.
There like a rich and golden pyramede,
Borne up by statues, shall I reare your head,
Above your under-carved ornaments,
And show, how, to the life, my soule presents
Your forme imprest there: not with tickling rimes,
Or common-places, filch'd, that take these times,
But high, and noble matter, such as flies
From braines entranc'd, and fill'd with extasies;
Moods, which the god-like Sydney oft did prove,
And your brave friend, and maine so well did love.
Who, wheresoere he be.....

[*The rest is lost.*]

XIII.

EPISTLE TO KATHERINE, LADY AUBIGNY.

'Tis growne almost a danger to speake true
Of any good minde, now: there are so few.
The bad, by number, are so fortified,
As what they 've lost t' expect, they dare deride.
So both the prais'd, and praisers suffer: yet,
For others' ill, ought none their good forget.
I, therefore, who professe my selfe in love
With every vertue, wheresoere it move,
And howsoever; as I am at fewd
With sinne and vice, though with a throne endew'd;
And, in this name, am given out dangerous
By arts, and practise of the vicious,
Such as suspect themselves, and think it fit
For their owne cap'tall crimes, t' indite my wit;
I, that have suffer'd this; and, though forsooke
Of Fortune, have not alter'd yet my looke,
Or so my selfe abandon'd, as because
Men are not just, or keepe no holy lawes
Of nature, and societie, I should faint;
Or feare to draw true lines, 'cause others paint:
I, madame, am become your praiser. Where,
If it may stand with your soft blush to heare,
Your selfe but told unto your selfe, and see,
In my character, what your features bee,
You will not from the paper slightly passe:
No lady, but at sometime loves her glasse.
And this shall be no false one, but as much
Remov'd, as you from need to have it such.
Looke then, and see your selfe. I will not say
Your beautie; for you see that every day:
And so doe many more. All which can call
It perfect, proper, pure, and naturall,
Not taken up o' th' doctors, but as well
As I, can say and see it doth excell.
That askes but to be censur'd by the eyes:
And, in those outward formes, all fooles are wise.
Nor that your beautie wanted not a dower,
Doe I reflect. Some alderman has power,
Or cos'ning farmer of the customes so,
T' advance his doubtfull issue, and ore-flow
A prince's fortune: these are gifts of chance,
And raise not vertue; they may vice enhance.
My mirror is more subtill, cleare, refin'd,
And takes, and gives the beauties of the mind.
Though it reject not those of Fortune: such
As blood and match. Wherein, how more than much

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re you engaged to your happie fate,
or such a lot! that mixt you with a state
f so great title, birth, but vertue most,
Vithout which, all the rest were sounds, or lost.
' is onely that can time and chance defeat:
or he, that once is good, is ever great.
Vherewith, then, madame, can you better pay
his blessing of your starres, than by that way
f vertue, which you tread? what if alone,
Vithout companions? 'T is safe to have none.
n single paths, dangers with ease are watch'd:
ontagion in the prease is soonest catch'd.
his makes, that wisely you decline your life
arre from the maze of custome, errour, strife,
nd keepe an even, and unalter'd gaite;
ot looking by, or back, (like those, that waite
imes, and occasions, to start forth, and seeme)
Vhich though the turning world may dis-esteeme,
ecause that studies spectacles, and showes,
nd after varied, as fresh objects, goes,
iddie with change, and therefore cannot see
ight, the right way: yet must your comfort be
our conscience, and not wonder, if none askes
or truth's complexion, where they all weare maskes.
et who will follow fashions, and attyres,
laintaine their liegers forth, for forrain wyres,
lelt downe their husband's land, to powre away
n the close groome, and page, on new-yeare's day,
nd almost all dayes after, while they live;
They finde it both so wittie, and safe to give)
et 'hem on powders, oyles, and paintings, spend,
ill that no usurer, nor his bawds dare lend
hem, or their officers: and no man know,
Vhether it be a face they weare, or no.
et 'hem waste body and state; and after all,
Vhen their owne parasites laugh at their fall,
lay they have nothing left, whereof they can
oast, but how oft they have done wrong to man:
nd call it their brave sinne. For such their be
hat doe sinne onely for the infamie:
nd never think how vice doth every houre,
at ou her clients, and some one devoure.
ou, madam, yong have learn'd to shun these shelves,
Vhereon the most of mankind wracke themselves,
nd keeping a just course, have early put
nto your harbour, and all passage shut [peace;
lainst stormes, or pyrats, that might charge your
or which you worthy are the glad increase
f your blest wombe, made fruitfull from above
o pay your lord the pledges of chaste love:
nd raise a noble stemme, to give the fame
o Clifton's blood, that is deny'd their name.
row, grow, faire tree, and as thy branches shoote,
leare what the Muses sing above thy root,
y me, their priest, (if they can ought divine)
efore the moones have fill'd their tripple trine,
o crowne the burthen which you go withall,
: shall a ripe and timely issue fall,
' expect the honours of great 'Aubigny:
nd greater rites, yet writ in mystery,
ut which the Fates forbid me to reveale.
nly thus much out of a ravish'd zeale,
Into your name and goodnesse of your life
hey speake; since you are truly that rare wife,
Other great wives may blush at, when they see
Vhat your try'd manners are, what theirs should be;
low you love one, and him you should; how still
'ou are depending on his word and will;
lot fashion'd for the court or strangers' eyes;
ut to please him, who is the dearer prise
Unto himselfe, by being so deare to you.
This makes, that your affections still be new,
And that your soules conspire, as they were gone
Each into other, and had now made one.
Live that one still; and as long yeares do passe,
Madame, be bold to use this truest glasse:
Wherein your forme you still the same shall find;
Because nor it can change, nor such a mind.

XIV.

ODE TO SIR WILLIAM SYDNEY,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Now that the harth is crown'd with smiling fire,
And some do drink, and some do danse,
Some ring,
Some sing,
And all do strive t' advance
The gladnesse higher:
Wherefore should I
Stand silent by.
Who not the least,
Both love the cause, and authors of the feast?

Give me my cup, but from the Thespian well,
That I may tell to Sydney, what
This day
Doth say,
And he may think on that
Which I do tell:
When all the noyse
Of these forc'd joyes,
Are fled and gone,
And he with his best genius left alone.

This day says, then, the number of glad yeares
Are justly summ'd, that make you man;
Your vow
Must now
Strive all right ways it can
T' out-strip your peeres:
Since he doth lack
Of going back
Little, whose will
Doth urge him to run wrong, or to stand still.

Nor can a little of the common store,
Of nobles' vertue, shew in you;
Your blood
So good
And great must seek for new,
And study more:
Nor weary rest
On what 's deceast.
For they that swell
With dust of ancestors, in graves but dwell.

'T will be exacted of your name, whose sonne,
Whose nephew, whose grand-child you are;
And men
Will then
Say you have follow'd farre;
When well began:
Which must be now,
They teach you how.
And he that stayes
To live untill to morrow 'hath lost two dayes.

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So may you live in honour, as in name,
If with this truth you be inspir'd;
So may
This day
Be more and long desir'd:
And with the flame
Of love be bright,
As with the light
Of bone-fires. Then [but men.
The birth-day shines, when logs not burne,

XV.

TO HEAVEN.

Good and great God, can I not think of thee,
But it must straight my melancholy be?
Is it interpreted in me disease,
That, laden with my sinnes, I seeke for ease?
O, be thou witnesse, that the reines dost know,
And hearts of all, if I be sad for show,
And judge me after, if I dare pretend
To ought but grace, or ayme at other end.
As thou art all, so be thou all to me,
First, midst, and last, converted one, and three;
My faith, my hope, my love: and in this state,
My judge, my witnesse, and my advocate.
Where have I been this while exil'd from thee?
And whither rapt, now thou but stoup'st to me?
Dwell, dwell here still: O, being every-where,
How can I doubt to finde thee ever here?
I know my state, both full of shame and scorne,
Conceiv'd in sinne, and unto labour borne,
Standing with feare, and must with horrour fall,
And destin'd unto judgement, after all.
I feele my griefes too, and there scarce is ground,
Upon my flesh t' inflict another wound.
Yet dare I not complaine, or wish for death,
With holy Paul, lest it be thought the breath
Of discontent; or that these prayers be
For wearinesse of life, not love of thee.

SONGS, &c.

FROM HIS DRAMAS.

FROM CYNTHIA'S REVELLS.

I.

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt teares,
Yet slower, yet, O faintly, gentle springs;
List to the heavy part the musick beares,
"Woe weeps out her division, when she sings."
Droup, herbs and flowres;
Fall, griefe, in showres;
"Our beauties are not ours:"
O, I could still
(Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,)
drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is, now, a wither'd daffodill.

II.

O, that joy so soone should waste!
Or so sweet a blisse
As a kisse,
Might not for ever last!
So sugred, so melting, so soft, so delicious,
The dew that lyes on roses,
When the morne her selfe discloses,
Is not so precious.
O, rather than I would it smother,
Were I to taste such another;
It should be my wishing
That I might die kissing.

III.

Thou more than most sweet glove
Unto my more sweet love,
Suffer me to store with kisses
This emptie lodging, that now misses
The pure rosie hand, that ware thee,
Whiter than the kid that bare thee.
Thou art soft, but that was softer;
Cupid's selfe hath kist it ofter,
Than e're he did his mother's doves,
Supposing her the queen of loves,
That was thy mistresse,
Best of gloves.

IV.

Queene and huntresse, chaste and faire,
Now the Sunne is laid to sleepe;
Seated in thy silver chaire,
State in wonted manner keepe:
Hesperus intreats thy light,
Goddesse excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare it selfe to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orbe was made
Heaven to cleere, when day did close;
Blesse us then with wished sight,
Goddesse excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearle apart,
And thy crystall-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddesse excellently bright.

FROM THE POETASTER.

V.

If I freely can discover
What would please me in my lover:
I would have her faire and wittie,
Savouring more of court than citie;
A little proud, but full of pitie:
Light and humorous in her toying.
Oft building hopes, and soone destroying;
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;

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Neither too easie, nor too hard:
All extremes I would have bard.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but us'd as fashions;
Sometimes froward and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish and then swowning,
Every fit, with change, still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her.
'T is a vertue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Neither her peevishnesse annoy me.

VI.

Love is blind, and a wanton;
In the whole world, there is scant
One such another:
No, not his mother.
He hath pluckt her doves and sparrowes,
To feather his sharpe arrowes,
And alone prevaileth,
Whilst sick Venus waileth.
But if Cypris once recover
The wag; it shall behove her
To look better to him:
Or she will undoe him.

VII.

Wake, our mirth begins to die:
Quicken it with tunes and wine:
Raise your notes, you 're out: fie, fie,
This drowzinesse is an ill signe.
We banish him the quire of gods,
That droops agen:
Then all are men,
For here 's not one but nods.

VIII.

Blush, Folly, blush: here 's none that fears
The wagging of an asse's eares,
Although a wolvish case he weares.
Detraction is but basenesse' varlet;
And apes are apes, though cloth'd in scarlet.

FROM VOLPONE.

IX.

Fools, they are the only nation
Worth men's envy, or admiration;
Free from care, or sorrow-taking,
Selves, and others merry-making:
All they speak, or doe, is sterling.
Your foole he is your great man's darling,
And your ladies' sport and pleasure;
Tongue and bable are his treasure.
Eene his face begetteth laughter,
And he speaks truth free from slaughter;
He 's the grace of every feast,
And sometimes the chiefest guest:
Hath his trencher and his stoole,
When wit waits upon the foole.
O, who would not be
He, he, he?

X.

Had old Hippocrates, or Galen,
(That to their books put med'cines all in)
But knowne this secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)
Beene murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtlesse taper:
No Indian drug had ere beene famed,
Tabacco, sassafras not named;
Ne yet, of guacum one small stick, sir,
Nor Raymund Lullie's great elixir.
Ne, had been known the Danish Gonswart,
Or Paracelsus with his long sword.

XI.

You that would last long, list to my song,
Make no more coyle, but buy of this oyle.
Would you be ever faire? and yong?
Stout of teeth? and strong of tongue?
Tart of palat? quick of eare?
Sharp of sight? of nostrill cleare?
Moist of hand? and light of foot?
(Or I will come neerer to 't)
Would you live free from all diseases?
Doe the act your mistris pleases;
Yea fright all aches from your bones?
Here 's a med'cine for the nones.

XII.

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we can the sports of love;
Time will not be ours for ever,
He at length our good will sever;
Spend not thou his gifts in vaine.
Sunnes that set may rise againe:
But if once we lose this light,
'T is with us perpetuall night.
Why should we deferre our joyes?
Fame and rumour are but toies.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poore houshold-spies?
Or his easier eares beguile,
Thus removed by our wile?
'T is no sinne love's fruits to steale,
But the sweet thefts to reveale:
To be taken, to be seene,
These have crimes accounted beene.

FROM THE MASQUES AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

XIII.

See, see, ô see who here is come a Maying!
The master of the ocean;
And his beauteous Orian:
Why left we our playing?

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To gaze, to gaze,
On them, that gods no lesse than men amaze.
Up, nightingale, and sing
Jug, jug, jug, jug, &c.
Raise, larke, thy note, and wing,
All birds their musick bring,
Sweet robin, linet, thrush,
Record from every bush
The welcome of the king
And queene:
Whose like were never seene,
For good, for faire.
Nor can be; though fresh May
Should every day
Invite a severall paire,
No, though she should invite a severall paire.

XIV.

When Love at first did move
From out of chaos[1], brightned
So was the world, and lightned,
As now! ECCHO. As now! ECCHO. As now!
Yeeld, night, then, to the light,
As blacknesse hath to beauty;
Which is but the same duty.
It was for Beauty that the world was made[2],
And where she raignes, Love's lights admit no shade[3].
ECCH. Love's lights admit no shade.
ECCH. Admit no shade.

XV.

So Beauty on the waters stood,
When Love had sever'd earth from flood[4]!
So when he parted ayre from fire,
He did with concord all inspire!
And then a motion he them taught,
That elder than himselfe was thought.
Which thought was yet the child of earth[5],
For Love is elder than his birth.

XVI.

If all these Cupids now were blind
As is their wanton brother;
Or play should put it in their mind
To shoot at one another:
What pretty battaile they would make,
If they their objects should mistake,
And each one wound his mother!

XVII.

It was no polity of court,
Albee' the place were charmed,
To let, in earnest, or in sport,
So many loves in, armed.
For say, the dames should with their eyes,
Upon the hearts, here, meane surprize;
Were not the men like harmed?

XVIII.

Yes, were the loves or false, or straying;
Or beauties not their beauty waighing:
But here no such deceipt is mix'd,
Their flames are pure, their eyes are fix'd:
They do not war with different darts,
But strike a musick of like hearts.

XIX.

Melt, earth, to sea, sea, flow to aire,
And, aire, flie into fire,
Whil'st we in tunes to Arthur's chaire
Beare Oberon's desire;
Than which there nothing can be higher,
Save James, to whom it flies:
But he the wonder is of tongues, of eares, of eies.

Who hath not heard, who hath not seene,
Who hath not sung his name?
The soule that hath not, hath not beene;
But is the very same
With buried sloth, and knowes not fame,
Which doth him best comprise:
For he the wonder is of tongues, of eares, of eies.

XX.

Bow both your heads at once, and hearts:
Obedience doth not well in parts.
It is but standing in his eye,
You 'll feele your selves chang'd by and by.
Few live that know how quick a spring
Works in the presence of a king:
'T is done by this; your slough let fall,
And come forth new-borne creatures all.

[*The masquers let fall their mantles, and discover their masquing apparel—Then dance, which is preceded by the following:*

XXI.

So breakes the Sun Earth's ragged chaines,
Wherein rude Winter bound her veines;
So grows both streame and source of price,
That lately fettered were with ice.

[1] So is he faind by Orpheus, to have appeared first of all the gods awakened by Clotho: and is therefore called Phanes both by him and Lactantius.

[2] An agreeing opinion, both with divines and philosophers, that the great artificer in love with his own idea, did therefore frame the world.

[3] Alluding to his name of Himerus, and his signification in the name, which is desiderium post aspectum: and more than Eros, which is only Cupido, ex aspectu amare.

[4] As in the creation he is said by the ancients to have done.

[5] That is, borne since the world, and out of those duller apprehensions that did not think he was before.

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o naked trees get crisped heads,
nd cullord coates the roughest meads,
nd all get vigour, youth, and spright,
hat are but look'd on by his light.

COMIC SONGS.

FROM THE HONOUR OF WALES.

XXII.

EVAN.

' is not come here to tauke of Brut,
'rom whence the Welse do's take his root;
Nor tell long pedegree of prince Camber,
Whose linage would fill aull this chamber;
Nor sing the deeds of old saint Davy,
The ursip of which would fill a navy.
But harke yow me now, for a liddell tales
I' all make a gread deale to the credit of Wales;

CHORUS.

In which wee 'll toudg your eares,
With the praise of her thirteen s'eeres;
And make yow as glad and merrie
As fourteene pot of perrie.
Still, still we 'll toudg your eares with the praise, &c.

XXIII.

HOWELL.

'T is true, was weare him sherkin freize,
But what is that? we have store of s'eize,
And Got his plenty of goat's milke
That sell him well, yill buy him silke
Inough to make him fine to quarrell
At Hereford-sizes in new apparell;
And get him as much greene melmet perhap,
S' all give it a face to his Monmouth cap.
But then the ore of Lemster,
By got is never a sempster;
That when he is spun, ore did,
Yet match him with hir thrid
Still, still, &c.

XXIV.

RHEESE.

Aull this 's the backs now, let us tell yee,
Of some provisions for the bellie:
As cid, and goat, and great goate's mother,
And runt, and cow, and good cowe's uther.
And once but taste o' the Welse mutton,
Your Englis s'eep's not worth a button.
And then for your fiss, s' all shoose it your diss,
Looke but about, and there is a trout.
A salmon, cor, or chevin,
Will feed you six or seven,
As taull man as ever swagger,
With Welse hooke, or long dagger.
Still, still, &c.

XXV.

EVAN.

But aull this while was never thinke
A word in praise of our Welse drinke,
Yet for aull that, is a cup of bragat,
All England s'eere, may vast his cab-at.
And what you say to ale of Webley,
Toudge him as well, you 'll praise him trebly,
As well as metheglin, or sidar, or meath,
S' all s'ake it your dagger quite out o' the seath.
And oat-cake of Guarthenion,
With a goodly leeke or onion,
To give as sweet a rellis
As ere did harper, Ellis.
Still, still, &c.

XXVI.

HOWELL.

And yet, is nothing now aull this,
If of our musiques we doe misse;
Both harpes and pipes too; and the crowd,
Must all come in and tauke alowd,
As lowd as Bangu, Davie's bell,
Of which is no doubt yow have here tell,
As well as our lowder Wrexham organ,
And rumbling rocks in s'eere Glamorgan;
Where looke but in the ground there,
And you s'all see a sound there,
That put him aull togedder,
Is sweet as measure pedder.
Still, still, &c.

XXVII.

RHEESE.

Au, but what say yow should it shance too,
That we should leape it in a dance too,
And make it you as great a pleasure,
If but your eyes be now at leasure;
As in your eares s'all leave a laughter,
To last upon you sixe dayes after?
Ha! wella-goe too; let us try to do
As your old Britton, things to be writ on.
Come put on other lookes now,
And lay away your hookes too;
And though yet you ha' no pump, sirs,
Let 'hem heare that yow can jump, sirs.
Still, still, &c.

GYPSIES' SONGS.

FROM THE MASQUE PERFORMED AT BURLEIGH.

XXVIII.

From the famous peacke of Darby,
And the Devill's-arse there hard-by,
Where we yearely keepe our musters,
Thus the Ægiptians throng in clusters.

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Be not frighted with our fashion,
Though we seeme a tattered nation;
We account our ragges, our riches,
So our tricks exceed our stitches.

Give us bacon, rindes of walnuts,
Shells of cockels, and of smalnuts;
Ribands, bells, and safroud lynnen,
All the world is ours to winne in.

Knacks we have that will delight you,
Slight of hand that will invite you,
To endure our tawny faces,
Quit your places, and not cause you cut your laces.

All your fortunes we can tell ye,
Be they for the backe or bellie;
In the moodes too, and the tenses,
That may fit your fine five senses.

Draw but then your gloves we pray you,
And sit still, we will not fray you;
For though we be here at Burley,
We'd be loth to make a hurly.

XXIX.

Cock-lorrell, would needs have the Devill his guest,
And bad him once into the Peake to dinner,
Where never the fiend had such a feast,
Provided him yet at the charge of a sinner.

His stomacke was queasie (for comming there coacht)
The jogging had caus'd some crudities rise;
To helpe it he call'd for a puritan poacht,
That used to turne up the eggs of his eyes.

And so recover'd unto his wish,
He sate him downe, and he fell to eate:
Promooter in plum-broth was the first dish,
His owne privie kitchin had no such meate.

Yet though with this he much was taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher,
As soone as he spi'd the bawd and bacon,
By which you may note the Devill 's a wencher.

Sixe pickl'd taylors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, tyrewomen, fit for his pallat;
With feathermen and perfumers put,
Some twelve in a charger to make a grand sallet.

A rich fat usurer stu'd in his marrow,
And by him a lawyer's head and green-sawce;
Both which his belly tooke in like a barrow,
As if till then he had never seene sawce.

Then carbonadoed, and cookt with paines,
Was brought up a cloven serjant's face;
The sauce was made of his yeaman's braines,
That had beene beaten out with his owne mace.

Two roasted sheriffes came whole to the board,
(The feast had nothing beene without 'em)
Both living, and dead, they were foxt, and fu'rd,
Their chaines like sawsages hung about 'em.

The very next dish was the mayor of a towne,
With a pudding of maintenance thrust in his belly;
Like a goose in the feathers drest in his gowne,
And his couple of hinch-boyes boyld to a jelly.

A London cuckold, hot from the spit,
And when the carver up had broke him;
The Devill chopt up his head at a bit, [him.
But the hornes were very neere like to have choakt

The chine of a lecher too there was roasted,
With a plumpe harlot's haunch and garlicke;
A pander's pettitoes that had boasted
Himselfe for a captaine, yet never was warlicke.

A large fat pastie of a mid-wife hot;
And for a cold bak't meat into the story,
A reverend painted ladie was brought,
And coffin'd in crust, till now she was hoary.

To these, an over-growne-justice of peace, [arme;
With a clarke like a gizzard thrust under each
And warrants for sippets, layd in his owne grease,
Set o're a chaffing dish to be kept warme.

The joule of a jaylor, serv'd for fish,
A constable sous'd with vinegar by;
Two aldermen lobsters asleepe in a dish,
A deputy tart, a churchwarden pye.

All which devour'd; he then for a close,
Did for a full draught of Derby call;
He heav'd the huge vessell up to his nose,
And left not till he had drunke up all.

Then from the table he gave a start,
Where banquet and wine were nothing scarce;
All which he slirted away with a fart,
From whence it was call'd the Devil's Arse.

And there he made such a breach with the winde;
The hole too standing open the while,
That the sent of the vapour, before and behinde,
Hath fouly perfumed most part of the isle.

And this was tobacco, the learned suppose;
Which since in countrey, court, and towne,
In the Devill's glister-pipe smoaks at the nose
Of pollcat, and madam, of gallant, and clowne.

From which wicked weed, with swine's flesh and ling;
Or any thing else that 's feast for the fiend:
Our captaine, and we, cry God save the king,
And send him good meate, and mirth without end.

FROM THE SHEPHERD'S HOLIDAY.

XXX.

NYMPH I.

Thus, thus, begin the yearly rites
Are due to Pan on these bright nights;
His morne now riseth, and invites
To sports, to dances, and delights:
All envious, and prophane away,
This is the shepherd's holy-day.

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NYMPH II.

trew, strew, the glad and smiling ground,
Vith every flower, yet not confound
he prime-rose drop, the spring's owne spouse,
right dayes-eyes, and the lips of cowes,
The garden-star, the queene of May,
The rose, to crowne the holy-day.

NYMPH III.

Drop, drop you violets, change your hues,
Now red, now pale, as lovers use,
And in your death goe out as well,
As when you liv'd unto the smell:
That from your odour all may say,
This is the shepherd's holy-day.

XXXI.

HYMNS TO PAN.

HYMN I.

Of Pan we sing, the best of singers, Pan
That taught us swains, how first to tune our lays,
And on the pipe more aires than Phœbus can.
CHO. Heare, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.

Of Pan we sing. the best of leaders, Pan
That leads the Nayads, and the Dryads forth;
And to their daunces more then Hermes can.
CHO. Heare, O you groves, and hills resound his worth.

Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan
That drives the heart to seeke unused wayes,
And in the chace more then Sylvanus can,
CHO. Heare, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.

Of Pan we sing, the best of shepherds, Pan
That keepes our flocks, and us, and both leads forth
To better pastures then great Pales can:
CHO. Heare, O you groves, and hills resound his worth.
And while his powers and praises thus we sing,
The valleys let rebound, and all the rivers ring.

XXXII.

HYMNE II.

PAN is our all, by him we breath, we live,
We move, we are; 't is he our lambes doth reare,
Our flocks doth blesse, and from the store doth give
The warme and finer fleeces that we weare.
He keepes away all heates and colds,
Drives all diseases from our folds:
Makes every where the spring to dwell,
The ewes to feed, their udders swell;
But if he frowne, the sheepe (alas)
The shepheards wither, and the grasse.
Strive, strive to please him then by still increasing thus
The rites are due to him, who doth all right for us.

XXXIII.

HYMNE III.

If yet, if yet
Pan's orgies you will further fit,
See where the silver-footed fayes doe sit,
The nymphes of wood and water;
Each tree's, and fountaine's daughter,
Goe take them forth, it will be good
To see some wave it like a wood,
And others wind it like a flood;
In springs,
And rings,
Till the applause it brings,
Wakes Eccho from her seate,
The closes to repeate.
(ECH. The closes to repeate.)
Eccho the truest oracle on ground,
Though nothing but a sound.
(ECH. Though nothing, &c.)
Belov'd of Pan, the valley's queen,
(ECH. The valley's &c.)
And often heard, though never seene,
(ECH. Though never seene.)

XXXIV.

HYMNE IV.

GREAT Pan, the father of our peace and pleasure,
Who giv'st us all this leasure,
Heare what thy hallowd troope of herdsmen pray
For this their holy-day,
And how their vowes to thee, they in Lycæum pay.
So may our ewes receive the mounting rammes,
And we bring thee the earliest of our lambes:
So may the first of all our fells be thine,
And both the beestning of our goats and kine.
As thou our folds dost still secure,
And keep'st our fountaines sweet and pure
Driv'st hence the wolfe, the tode, the brock,
Or other vermine from the flock.
That we preserv'd by thee, and thou observ'd by us,
May both live safe in shade of thy lov'd Mænalus.

FROM THE MASQUE OF THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

XXXV.

LOOKS forth the shepheard of the seas,
And of the ports that keepe the keyes,
And to your Neptune tell,
Macaria, prince of all the isles,
Wherein there nothing growes but smiles,
Doth here put in to dwell.

The windes are sweet, and gently blow,
But Zephirus, no breath they know,
The father of the flowers:
By him the virgin violets live,
And every plant doth odours give,
As new as are the howers.

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CHORUS.

Then thinke it not a common cause,
That to it so much wonder drawes,
And all the Heavens consent,
With harmony to tune their notes,
In answer to the publike votes,
That for it up were sent.

CHORUS.

Spring all the graces of the age,
And all the loves of time;
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rime:
Adde all the softnesses of courts,
The lookes, the laughters, and the sports.
And mingle all their sweets and salts,
That none may say, the triumph halts.

FROM LOVE'S TRIUMPH THROUGH CALLIPOLIS.

XXXVI.

Joy, joy to mortals, the rejoycing fires
Of gladnesse, smile in your dilated hearts!
Whilst love presents a world of chast desires,
Which may produce a harmony of parts!

Love is the right affection of the minde,
The noble appetite of what is best:
Desire of union with the thing design'd,
But in fruition of it cannot rest.

The father plenty is, the mother want.
Plenty the beauty, which it wanteth, drawes;
Want yeelds it selfe, affording what is scant.
So both affections are the union's cause.

But rest not here. For love hath larger scopes,
New joyes, new pleasures, of as fresh a date
As are his minutes: and in him no hopes
Are pure, but those he can perpetuate.

To you that are by excellence a queene!
The top of beauty! but, of such an ayre,
As onely by the mind's eye may be seene
Your enter-woven lines of good and fayre!

Vouchsafe to grace love's triumph here to night,
Through all the streetes of your Callipolis;
Which by the splendour of your rayes made bright
The seat and region of all beauty is.

Love, in perfection, longeth to appeare,
But prayes of favour he be not call'd on,
Till all the suburbs and the skirts be cleare
Of perturbations and th' infection gon.

Then will he flow forth, like a rich perfume
Into your nostrils! or some sweeter sound
Of melting musique that shall not consume
Within the eare, but run the mazes round.

FROM CHLORIDIA.

XXXVII.

Come forth, come forth, the gentle spring,
And carry the glad newes I bring,
To Earth our common mother:
It is decreed by all the gods
The Heav'n of Earth shall have no oddes,
But one shall love another:

Their glories they shall mutuall make,
Earth looke on Heaven, for Heaven's sake;
Their honours shall be even:
All emulation cease and jarres;
Jove will have Earth to have her starres
And lights no lesse then Heaven.

SPRING.

It is already done, in flowers
As fresh, and new as are the houres,
By warmth of yonder Sunne.
But will be multiply'd on us,
If from the breath of Zephyrus
Like favour we have wonne.

ZEPHYRUS.

Give all to him: his is the dew,
The heate, the humour,

SPRING.

.... All the true,
Beloved of the spring!

ZEPHYRUS.

The Sunne, the wind, the verdure!

SPRING.

.... All,
That wisest nature cause can call
Of quick'ning any thing.

FROM THE SAD SHEPHERD.

XXXVIII.

Though I am young and cannot tell,
Either what Death or Love is well,
Yet I have heard they both beare darts,
And both doe ayme at humane hearts:
And then againe I have beene told
Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold;
So that I feare they doe but bring
Extreames to touch, and meane one thing.

As in a ruine we it call
One thing to be blowne up, or fall;
Or to our end, like way may have,
By a flash of lightning or a wave:
So Love's inflamed shaft or brand,
May kill as soone as Death's cold hand;
Except Love's fires the vertue have
To fright the frost out of the grave.

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FROM THE SILENT WOMAN.

XXXIX.

ILL to be neat, still to be drest,
you were going to a feast;
ill to be powdered, still perfum'd:
dy, it is to be presum'd,
ough art's hid causes are not found,
is not sweet, all is not sound.
ve me a look, give me a face,
at makes simplicity a grace;
bes loosely flowing, hair as free:
ch sweet neglect more taketh me,
an all th' adulteries of art;
ey strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

IN THE DEVIL IS AN ASS.

XL.

but look on her eyes! they do light
All that love's world comprizeth:
but look on her hair! it is bright
As love's star when it riseth!
but mark, her forehead's smoother
an words that sooth her!
d from her arch'd brows such a grace
eds itself through the face;
alone there triumphs to the life,
the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

ve you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
ve you mark'd but the fall of the snow,
Before the soul hath smutch'd it?
ve you felt the wool of the beaver?
swan's-down ever?
have smelt o' the bud of the brier?
the nard i' the fire?
have tasted the bag of the bee?
so white! O, so soft! O, so sweet is she.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

CHORUSES.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF CATALINE.

I.

N nothing great, and at the height
maine so long? but its own weight
ill ruine it? or, is 't blind chance,
at still desires new states t' advance,
d quit the old? else, why must Rome
by itselfe now over-come?
th she not foes inow of those,
hom she hath made such, and enclose
r round about? or are they none,
cept she first become her own?
wretchednesse of greatest states,
be obnoxious to these fates:
That cannot keep what they do gaine;
And what they raise so ill sustaine!
Rome now is mistris of the whole
World, sea, and land, to either pole;
And even that fortune will destroy
The power that made it: she doth joy
So much in plenty, wealth, and ease,
As now th' excesse is her disease.
She builds in gold; and to the starres;
As if she threatned Heav'n with warres:
And seeks for Hell, in quarries deep,
Giving the fiends, that there do keep,
A hope of day. Her women weare
The spoiles of nations in an eare,
Chang'd for the treasure of a shell!
And in their loose attires do swell
More light than sailes when all winds play:
Yet are the men more loose than they!
More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rub'd, and trim'd,
More sleek'd, more soft, and slacker limm'd;
As prostitute: so much, that kinde
May seek it selfe there, and not finde.
They eat on beds of silk and gold;
At ivory tables; or wood sold
Dearer than it: and leaving plate,
Do drink in stone of higher rate.
They hunt all grounds; and draw all seas;
Foule every brook and bush, to please
Their wanton tasts: and in request
Have new and rare things; not the best!
Hence comes that wild and vast expence,
That hath enforc'd Rome's vertue thence,
Which simple poverty first made:
And now ambition doth invade
Her state with eating avarice,
Riot, and every other vice.
Decrees are bought, and lawes are sold,
Honours, and offices for gold;
The people's voyces, and the free
Tongues in the senate bribed be.
Such ruine of her manners Rome
Doth suffer now, as she 's become
(Without the gods it soone gaine-say)
Both her own spoiler and own prey.
So, Asia, 'art thou cru'lly even
With us, for all the blows thee given;
When we whose vertue conquer'd thee,
Thus by thy vices ruin'd be.

II.

GREAT father Mars, and greater Jove,
By whose high auspice Rome hath stood
So long; and first was built in blood
Of your great nephew, that then strove
Not with his brother, but your rites:
Be present to her now, as then,
And let not proud and factious men
Against your wills oppose their mights.

Our consuls now are to be made;
O, put it in the publick voice
To make a free and worthy choice:
Excluding such as would invade
The common-wealth. Let whom we name,
Have wisdome, fore-sight, fortitude,
Be more with faith, than face endu'd,
And studie conscience above fame.

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Such as not seeke to get the start
  In state, by power, parts, or bribes,
  Ambition's bawdes: but move the tribes
By vertue, modestie, desert.
Such as to justice will adhere,
  What ever great one it offend:
  And from the' embraced truth not bend
For envie, hatred, gifts, or feare.

That by their deeds will make it knowne,
  Whose dignitie they doe sustaine;
  And life, state, glory, all they gaine,
Count the republique's not their owne.
Such the old Bruti, Decii were,
  The Cipi, Curtii, who did give
  Themselves for Rome: and would not live
As men, good only for a yeare.

Such were the great Camilli too;
  The Fabii, Scipios; that still thought
  No worke, at price enough, was brought,
That for their countrey they could doe.
And to her honour did so knit,
  As all their acts were understood
  The sinewes of the publick good:
And they themselves one soule with it.

These men were truely magistrates;
  These neither practis'd force nor formes:
  Nor did they leave the helme in stormes!
And such they are make happie states.

III.

What is this, Heavens, you prepare,
  With so much swiftnesse, and so sodaine rising?
There are no sonnes of Earth that dare
  Again rebellion? or the gods surprising?

The world doth shake, and nature feares,
  Yet is the tumult and the horrour greater
Within our minds, than in our eares: [threat her.
  So much Rome's faults (now grown her fate) do

The priest and people run about,
  Each order, age, and sexe amaz'd at other;
And at the ports all thronging out,
  As if their safety were to quit their mother:

Yet finde they the same dangers there,
  From which they make such haste to be preserved;
For guilty states do ever beare
  The plagues about them which they have deserved.

And till those plagues do get above
  The mountaines of our faults, and there do sit;
We see 'hem not. Thus still we love
  The evill we do, untill we suffer it.

But most ambition, that neere vice
  To vertue, hath the fate of Rome provoked;
And made, that now Rome's selfe no price,
  To free her from the death wherewith she 's yoked.

That restlesse ill, that still doth build
  Upon successe; and ends not in aspiring:
But there begins; and ne're is fill'd, [siring.
  While ought remaines that seemes but worth de-

Wherein the thought, unlike the eye,
  To which things far seeme smaller than they are,
Deemes all contentment plac'd on high:
  And thinks there 's nothing great but what is far.

O, that in time, Rome did not cast
  Her errours up, this fortune to prevent;
T' have seene her crimes ere they were past:
  And felt her faults before her punishment.

IV.

Now, do our eares, before our eyes,
  Like men in mist,
Discover, who'ld the state surprize,
  And who resist?

And as these clouds do yeeld to light,
  Now do we see,
Our thoughts of things, how they did fight,
  Which seem'd t' agree?

Of what strange pieces are we made,
  Who nothing know;
But as new ayrs our eares invade,
  Still censure so?

That now do hope, and now do feare,
  And now envy;
And then do hate, and then love deare,
  But know not why:

Or, if we do, it is so late,
  As our best mood,
Though true, is then thought out of date,
  And empty of good.

How have we chang'd, and come about
  In every doome,
Since wicked Catiline went out,
  And quitted Rome?

One while we thought him innocent;
  And then w' accus'd
The consul for his malice spent;
  And power abus'd.

Since that we heare he is in armes,
  We think not so:
Yet charge the consul with our harmes,
  That let him go.

So in our censure of the state,
  We still do wander;
And make the carefull magistrate
  The marke of slander.

What age is this, where honest men,
  Plac'd at the helme,
A sea of some foule mouth or pen
  Shall over-whelme?

And call their diligence deceipt;
  Their vertue, vice;
Their watchfulnesse but lying in wait;
  And blood the price.

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O, let us pluck this evill seed
Out of our spirits;
And give to every noble deed,
The name it merits.

Lest we seeme falne (if this endures)
Into those times,
To love disease: and brooke the cures
Worse than the crimes.

EPITHALAMION.

FROM HYMENÆI.

Glad time is at this point arriv'd
For which love's hopes were so long liv'd.
Lead, Hymen, lead away;
And let no object stay,
Nor banquets (but sweet kisses)
The turtles from their blisses.
[1] 'T is Cupid cals to arme;
And this his last alarme.

Shrink not, soft virgin, you will love,
Anon, what you so feare to prove.
This is no killing warre,
To which you pressed are;
But faire and gentle strife
Which lovers call their life.
'T is Cupid cries to arme;
And this his last alarme.

Helpe, youths and virgins, help to sing
The prize which Hymen here doth bring,
And did so lately rap
From forth the mother's lap[2],
To place her by that side
Where she must long abide.
On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

See Hesperus is yet in view!
What star can so deserve of you?
Whose light doth still adorne
Your bride, that ere the morne,
Shall far more perfect be,
And rise as bright as he;
When (like to him) her name
Is chang'd[3], but not her flame.

Haste, tender lady, and adventer;
The covetous house would have you enter,
That he might wealthy be,
And you her mistris see[4]:
Haste your own good to meet;
And lift your golden feet
Above the threshold high[5],
With prosperous augury.

Now, youths, let go your pretty armes;
The place within chants other charmes.
Whole showers of roses flow;
And violets seeme to grow,
Strew'd in the chamber there,
As Venus meade it were.
On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

Good matrons, that so well are known
To aged husbands of your own,
Place you our bride to night;
And snatch away the light[6]:
That she not hide it dead
Beneath her spouse's bed;
Nor he reserve the same
To helpe the funerall flame.

So now you may admit him in;
The act he covets is no sin,
But chaste and holy love,
Which Hymen doth approve:
Without whose hallowing fires
All aymes are base desires.
On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

Now free from vulgar spight or noise,
May you enjoy your mutual joyes;
Now you no feare controules,
But lips may mingle soules;
And soft embraces bind,
To each the other's mind:
Which may no power untie,
Till one or both must die.

And look before you yeeld to slumber,
That your delights be drawn past number;
"Joyes, got with strife, increase."
Affect no sleepy peace;
But keep the bride's faire eyes
Awake with her owne cryes,
Which are but mayden-feares:
And kisses dry such teares.

[1] This poeme had for the most part versum interalarem or carmen Amœbæum: yet that not always one, but oftentimes varied, and sometimes neglected in the same song, as in ours you shall find observed.

[2] The bride was always fain'd to be ravished, ex gremio matris: or (if she were wanting) ex proxima necessitudine, because that had succeeded well to Romulus, who by force gat wives for him and his, from the Sabines. See Fest. and that of Catul. Qui rapis teneram ad virum virginem.

[3] When he is Phosphorus, yet the same star, as I have noted before.

[4] At the entrance of the bride, the custome was to give her the keyes, to signifie that she was absolute mistris of the place, and the whole disposition of the family at her care. Fest.

[5] This was also another rite: that she might not touch the threshold as she entred, but was lifted over it. Servius saith, because it was sacred to Vesta. Plut. in Quæst. Rom. remembers divers causes. But that, which I take to come neerest the truth, was only the avoyding of sorcerous drugs, used by witches to be buried under that place, to the destroying of marriage-amity, or the power of generation. See Alexand. in Genialib. and Christ. Landus upon Catul.

[6] For this, looke Fest. in Voc. Rapi.

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Then, coyne them, twixt your lips so sweet,
And let not cockles closer meet;
Nor may your murmuring Loves
Be drown'd by Cypris' doves:
Let ivy not so bind
As when your armes are twin'd:
That you may both, e're day,
Rise perfect every way.

And Juno, whose great powers protect
The marriage bed, with good effect
The labour of this night
Blesse thou, for future light:
And, thou, thy happy charge,
Glad Genius, enlarge;
That they may both, e're day,
Rise perfect every way.

And Venus, thou, with timely seed
(Which may their after comforts breed)
Informe the gentle wombe;
Nor, let it prove a tombe:
But, e're ten moones be wasted,
The birth, by Cynthia hasted.
So may they both, e're day,
Rise perfect every way.

And, when the babe to light is shown,
Let it be like each parent known;
Much of the father's face,
More of the mother's grace;
And either grandsire's spirit,
And fame let it inherit.
That men may blesse th' embraces,
That joyned to such races.

Cease, youths and virgins, you have done;
Shut fast the doore: and, as they soone
To their perfection hast,
So may their ardours last.
So either's strength out-live
All losse that age can give:
And, though full yeares be told,
Their formes grow slowly old.

LOVE, A LITTLE BOY.

FROM THE

MASQUE ON LORD HADDINGTON'S MARRIAGE.

FIRST GRACE.

Beauties, have ye seen this toy,
Called Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruell now; and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say;
He is Venus' run-away.

SECOND GRACE.

She, that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall, to night, receive a kisse,
How, or where her selfe would wish:
But, who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kisse, and another.

THIRD GRACE.

H' hath of markes about him plenty:
You shall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That being shot, like lightning, in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

FIRST GRACE.

At his sight, the Sun hath turned,
Neptune in the waters, burned;
Hell hath felt a greater heat:
Jove himselfe forsook his seat:
From the center, to the skie,
Are his trophaees reared hie.

SECOND GRACE.

Wings he hath, which though yee clip,
He will leape from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part;
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himselfe, in kisses.

THIRD GRACE.

He doth beare a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that out-brave
Dian's shafts: where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

FIRST GRACE.

Still the fairest are his fuell.
When his dayes are to be cruell,
Lovers' hearts are all his food;
And his bathes their warmest blood:
Nought but wounds his hand doth season;
And he hates none like to Reason.

SECOND GRACE.

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,
Seldome with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait;
Not a kisse, but poyson beares;
And most treason in his teares.

THIRD GRACE.

Idle minutes are his raigne;
Then, the straggler makes his gaine,
By presenting maids with toyes,
And would have ye think 'hem joyes:
'T is the ambition of the elfe,
To 'have all childish, as himselfe.

FIRST GRACE.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

SECOND GRACE.

Though ye had a will, to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'le not abide him.

THIRD GRACE.

Since ye heare his falser play;
And that he is Venus' run-away.

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EPITHALAMION.

FROM THE SAME.

Up, youthes and virgins, up, and praise
The god whose nights out-shine his dayes;
Hymen, whose hallowed rites
Could never boast of brighter lights:
Whose bands passe libertee.
Two of your troope, that, with the morne were free,
Are now wag'd to his warre.
And what they are,
If you 'll perfection see,
Your selves must bee.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished starre.

What joy, or honours can compare
With holy nuptials, when they are
Made out of equall parts
Of yeeres, of states, of hands, of hearts?
When in the happie choyce,
The spouse and spoused have the formost voyce!
Such, glad of Hymen's warre;
Live what they are,
And long perfection see:
And such ours bee.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished starre.

The solemne state of this one night
Were fit to last an age's light;
But there are rites behind
Have lesse of state, but more of kind:
Love's wealthy croppe of kisses,
And fruitfull harvest of his mother's blisses.
Sound then to Hymen's warre:
That what these are,
Who will perfection see,
May haste to bee.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished starre.

Love's common-wealth consists of toyes;
His councell are those antique boyes,
Games, laughter, sports, delights,
That triumph with him on these nights:
To whom we must give way,
For now their raigne begins, and lasts till day.
They sweeten Hymen's warre,
And, in that jarre,
Make all, that married bee,
Perfection see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished star.

Why stayes the bride-groome to invade
Her, that would be a matron made?
Good-night, whilst yet we may
Good-night, to you a virgin, say:
To morrow, rise the same
Your mother is, and use a nobler name.
Speed well in Hymen's warre,
That, what you are,
By your perfection, wee
And all may see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished star.

To night is Venus' vigil kept.
This night no bride-groome ever slept;
And if the faire bride doo,
The married say, 't is his fault, too.
Wake then; and let your lights
Wake too: for they 'l tell nothing of your nights:
But, that in Hymen's warre
You perfect are.
And such perfection, wee
Doe pray, should bee.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished starre.

That, ere the rosie-fingerd morne
Behold nine moones, there may be borne
A babe, t' uphold the fame
Of Radcliffe's blood, and Ramsey's name:
That may, in his great seed,
Weare the long honours of his father's deed.
Such fruits of Hymen's warre
Most perfect are;
And all perfection, wee
Wish, you should see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished starre.

WITCHES' CHARMS.

FROM THE MASQUE OF QUEENS.

Sisters, stay, we want our dame;
Call upon her by her name,
And the charme we use to say;
That she quickly anoynt, and come away.

FIRST CHARME.

Dame, dame, the watch is set:
Quickly come, we all are met.
From the lakes, and from the fens,
From the rocks, and from the dens,
From the woods, and from the caves,
From the church-yards, from the graves,
From the dungeon, from the tree
That they die on, here are wee.

Comes she not yet?
Strike another heate.

SECOND CHARME.

The weather is faire, the wind is good,
Up, dame, o' your horse of wood:
Or else, tuck up your gray frock,
And sadle your goate, or your greene cock,
And make his bridle a bottome of thrid,
To rowle up how many miles you have rid.
Quickly come away;
For we all stay.

Nor yet? nay, then,
We 'll try her agen.

THIRD CHARME.

The owle is abroad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountaine,
The ant, and the mole sit both in a hole,
And frog peeps out o' the fountaine;
The dogs, they do bay, and the timbrels play,
The spindle is now a-turning;
The Moone it is red, and the starres are fled,
But all the sky is a-burning:
The ditch is made, and our nayles the spade,
With pictures full, of waxe, and of wooll;
Their lives I stick, with needles quick;
There lacks but the blood, to make up the flood.

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Quickly, dame, then, bring your part in,
Spurre, spurre, upon little Martin,
Merrily, merrily, make him saile,
A worme in his mouth, and a thorne in 's taile,
Fire above, and fire below,
With a whip i' your hand, to make him go.

O, now she's come!
Let all be dumbe.

DAME, HAGS.

Well done, my Hags. And, come we fraught with spight,
To overthrow the glory of this night?
Holds our great purpose? HAG. Yes. DAM. But want's there none
Of our just number? HAG. Call us one, by one,
And then our Dame shall see. DAM. First, then, advance
My drowsie servant, stupide Ignorance,
Known by thy scaly vesture; and bring on
Thy fearefull sister, wild Suspition,
Whose eyes do never sleep; let her knit hands
With quick Credulity, that next her stands,
Who hath but one eare, and that always ope;
Two-faced Falsehood follow in the rope;
And lead on Murmure, with the cheeks deep hung;
She Malice, whetting of her forked tongue;
And Malice, Impudence, whose forehead's lost;
Let Impudence lead Slander on, to boast
Her oblique look; and to her subtle side,
Thou, black-mouth'd Execration, stand apply'd;
Draw to thee Bitternesse, whose pores sweat gal;
She flame-ey'd Rage; Rage, Mischiefe. HAG. Here we are all.

DAM. Joyne now our hearts, we faithfull opposites
To Fame and Glory. Let not these bright nights
Of honour blaze, thus to offend our eyes;
Shew our selves truely envious, and let rise
Our wonted rages: do what may beseeme
Such names and natures; Vertue else will deeme
Our powers decreas'd, and think us banish'd Earth,
No lesse than Heaven. All her antique birth,
As Justice, Faith, she will restore; and, bold
Upon our sloth, retrive her age of gold.
We must not let our native manners, thus,
Corrupt with ease. Ill lives not, but in us.
I hate to see these fruits of a soft peace,
And curse the piety gives it such increase.
Let us disturbe it then, and blast the light;
Mixe Hell with Heaven, and make Nature fight
Within her selfe; loose the whole henge of things:
And cause the ends run back, into their springs.

HAG. What our Dame bids us do,
We are ready for. DAM. Then fall too.
But first relate me, what you have sought,
Where you have been, and what you have brought.

HAGGES.

1. I have been, all day, looking after
A raven, feeding upon a quarter;
And, soon as she turn'd her beack to the south,
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

2. I have beene gathering wolves' haires,
The mad dogs' foame, and the adders' eares;
The spurgings of a dead-man's eyes,
And all since the evening starre did rise.

3. I, last night, lay all alone
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;
And pluckt him up, though he grew full low;
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4. And I ha' beene choosing out this scull,
From charnell houses, that were full;
From private grots, and publicke pits,
And frighted a sexten out of his wits.

5. Under a cradle I did creepe,
By day; and, when the child was asleepe,
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6. I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Kill'd an infant, to have his fat.
A piper it got, at a church-ale,
I bade him, againe blow wind i' the taile.

7. A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines,
The Sun and the wind had shrunk his veines;
I bit off a sinew, I clipp'd his haire.
I brought off his rags, that dano'd i' the ayre.

8. The scritch-owles' egs, and the feathers blact,
The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,
I have been getting; and made of his skin
A purset, to keep sir Cranion in.

9. And I ha' been plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adder's-tongue,
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbard's-bane;
And twise, by the dogs, was like to be tane.

10. I, from the jaws of a gardiner's bitch,
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch
Yet went I back to the house againe,
Kill'd the black cat, and here's the braine.

11. I went to the toad breeds under the wall,
I charm'd him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before,
I tore the bat's wing; what would you have more?

DAME.

Yes, I have brought (to helpe our vows)
Horned poppy, cypresse boughs,
The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombes,
And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilick's blood, and the viper's skin:
And, now, our orgies let's begin.

[*Here, the Dame put her selfe in the midst of them, and began her following invocation; wherein she tooke occasion, to boast all the power attributed to witches by the ancients; of which, every poet (or the most) doe give some: Homer to Circe, in the Odyss.; Theocritus to Simatha, in Pharmaceutria; Virgil to Alphesiboeus, in his. Ovid to Dipsas, in Amor. to Medea and Circe, in Metamorph. Tibullus to Saga; Horace to Canidia, Sagana, Veia, Folia; Seneca to Medea, and the nurse, in Herc. Œte. Petr. Arbiter to his Saga, in Frag. and Claudian to Megera, lib. 1. in Rufinum; who takes the habit of a witch, as these do, and supplies that historicall part in the poeme, beside her morall person of a Fury; confirming the same drift, in ours.*]

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ou fiends and furies, (if yet any be
'orne than our selves) you that have quak'd to see
ese knots untied; and shrunk, when we have
charm'd.
ou, that (to arme us) have your selves disarm'd,
d to our powers, resign'd your whips and brands,
'hen we went forth, the scourge of men and lands,
ou, that have seen me ride, when Hecate
rst not take chariot; when the boistrous sea,
ithout a breath of wind, hath knockt the sky;
d that hath thundred, Jove not knowing why:
'hen we have set the elements at wars,
ade midnight see the Sun, and day the stars;
'hen the wing'd lightning, in the course, hath staid;
d swiftest rivers have run back, afraid,
see the corne remove, the groves to range,
hole places alter, and the seasons change,
'hen the pale Moon, at the first voice down fell
yson'd, and durst not stay the second spell.
ou, that have oft been conscious of these sights;
d thou, three-formed star, that, on these nights
t only powerfull, to whose triple name
ous we incline, once, twice, and thrice the same;
now with rites prophane, and foule enough,
'e do invoke thee; darken all this roofe,
'ith present fogs. Exhale Earth's rott'nst vapors,
d strike a blindnesse through these blazing tapers.
ome, let a murmuring charme resound,
he whilst we bury all, i' the grôund.
ut first, see every foot be bare;
nd every knee. HAG. Yes, dame, they are.

FOURTH CHARME.

EEPE, O deepe, we lay thee to sleepe;
'e leave thee drinke by, if thou chance to be dry;
oth milke, and blood, the dew, and the flood.
'e breathe in thy bed, at the foot and the head;
'e cover thee warme, that thou take no harme:
And when thou dost wake,
Dame Earth shall quake,
And the houses' shake,
And her belly shall ake,
As her backe were brake,
Such a birth to make,
As is the blue drake:
Whose form thou shalt take.

DAME.

Never a starre yet shot?
Where be the ashes? HAG. Here i' the pot.
DAM. Cast them up; and the flint-stone
Over the left shoulder bone:
Into the west. HAG. It will be best.

FIFTH CHARME.

The sticks are a-crosse, there can be no losse,
The sage is rotten, the sulphur is gotten
Up to the skie, that was i' the ground.
Follow it then, with our rattles, round;
Under the bramble, over the brier,
A little more heat will set it on fire:
Put it in mind, to do it kind,
Flow water, and blow wind.
Rouncy is over, Robble is under,
A flash of light, and a clap of thunder,
A storme of raine, another of hayle.
We all must home, i' the egge-shell sayle;
The mast is made of a great pin,
The tackle of cobweb, the sayle as thin,
And if we goe through and not fall in—

DAME.

Stay. All our charmes doe nothing win
Upon the night; our labour dies!
Our magick-feature will not rise;
Nor yet the storme! we must repeat
More direfull voyces farre, and beat
The ground with vipers, till it sweat.

SIXTH CHARME.

Barke dogges, wolves howle,
Seas roare, woods roule,
Clouds crack, all be black,
But the light our charmes doe make.

DAME.

Not yet? my rage begins to swell;
Darknesse, devils, night, and Hell,
Doe not thus delay my spell.
I call you once, and I call you twice;
I beat you againe, if you stay my thrice:
Thorough these cranyes, where I peepe,
I'le let in the light to see your sleepe.
And all the secrets of your sway
Shall lie as open to the day,
As unto me. Still are you deafe?
Reach me a bough, that ne're bare leafe,
To strike the aire; and aconite,
To hurle upon this glaring light;
A rustie knife, to wound mine arme;
And, as it drops, I'le speake a charme,
Shall cleave the ground, as low as lies
Old shrunk-up Chaos, and let rise,
Once more, his darke, and reeking head,
To strike the world, and Nature dead,
Untill my magick birth be bred.

SEVENTH CHARME.

Black goe in, and blacker come out;
At thy going downe, we give thee a shout.
Hoo!
At thy rising againe, thou shalt have two,
And if thou dost what we would have thee doe,
Thou shalt have three, thou shalt have foure,
Thou shalt have ten, thou shalt have a score.
Hoo. Har. Har. Hoo!

EIGHTH CHARME.

A cloud of pitch, a spurre, and a switch,
To haste him away, and a whirle-wind play,
Before, and after, which thunder for laughter,
And stormes for joy, of the roaring boy;
His head of a drake, his taile of a snake.

NINTH CHARME.

About, about, and about,
Till the mist arise, and the lights flie out,
The images neither be seene, nor felt;
The wollen burne, and the waxen melt;
Sprinkle your liquors upon the ground,
And into the ayre: around, around.
Around, around,
Around, around,
Till a musique sound,
And the pase be found,
To which we may dance,
And our charmes advance.

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A PANEGYRE,

ON THE HAPPY ENTRANCE OF IAMES, OUR SOVERAIGNE, TO HIS FIRST HIGH SESSION OF PARLIAMENT IN THIS HIS KINGDOME, THE 19TH OF MARCH, 1603.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui. Mart.

HEAV'N now not strives, alone, our breasts to fill
With joyes: but urgeth his full favours still.
Againe, the glory of our westerne world
Unfolds himselfe: and from his eyes are hoorl'd
(To day) a thousand radiant lights, that streame
To every nook and angle of his realme.
His former rayes did only cleare the sky;
But these his searching beams are cast, to pry
Into those dark and deep concealed vaults,
Where men commit black incest with their faults;
And snore supinely in the stall of sin:
Where Murder, Rapine, Lust, do sit within,
Carowsing humane blood in yron bowles,
And make their den the slaughter-house of soules:
From whose foule reeking cavernes first arise
Those damps, that so offend all good men's eyes,
And would (if not dispers'd) infect the crown,
And in their vapour her bright metall drown.
To this so cleare and sanctified an end,
I saw, when reverend Themis did descend
Upon his state; let down in that rich chaine,
That fastneth heavenly power to earthly raigne:
Beside her, stoup't on either hand, a maid,
Faire Dice, and Eunomia; who were said
To be her daughters: and but faintly known
On Earth, till now, they came to grace his throne.
Her third, Irene, help'd to beare his traine;
And in her office vow'd she would remaine,
Till forraine malice, or unnaturall spight
(Which Fates avert) should force her from her right.
With these he pass'd, and with his people's hearts
Breath'd in his way; and soules (their better parts)
Hasting to follow forth in shouts, and cryes.
Upon his face all threw their covetous eyes,
As on a wonder: some amazed stood,
As if they felt, but had not known their good.
Others would faine have shewn it in their words:
But, when their speech so poore a help affords
Unto their zeal's expression; they are mute:
And only with red silence him salute.
Some cry from tops of houses; thinking noyse
The fittest herald to proclaime true joyes:
Others on ground run gazing by his side,
All, as unwearied, as unsatisfied:
And every windore griev'd it could not move
Along with him, and the same trouble prove.
They that had seen, but foure short dayes before,
His gladding look, now long'd to see it more.
And as of late, when he through London went,
The amorous city spar'd no ornament,
That might her beauties heighten; but so drest,
As our ambitious dames, when they make feasts,
And would be courted: so this town put on
Her brightest tyre; and, in it, equall shone
To her great sister: save that modesty,
Her place, and yeares, gave her precedency.
The joy of either was alike, and full;
No age, nor sexe, so weak, or strongly dull,
That did not beare a part in this consent
Of hearts and voyces. All the aire was rent,
As with the murmure of a moving wood;
The ground beneath did seeme a moving flood:
Wals, windores, roofs, towers, steeples, all were set
With severall eyes, that in this object met.
Old men were glad, their fates till now did last;
And infants, that the houres had made such hast
To bring them forth: whil'st riper age'd, and apt
To understand the more, the more were rapt.
This was the people's love, with which did strive
The nobles' zeale, yet either kept alive
The other's flame, as doth the wike and wane,
That friendly temper'd, one pure taper makes.
Meane while, the reverend Themis draws aside
The king's obeying will, from taking pride
In these vaine stirs, and to his mind suggests
How he may triumph in his subjects' brests,
With better pomp. She tels him first, "that kings
Are here on Earth the most conspicuous things:
That they, by Heaven, are plac'd upon his throne,
To rule like Heaven; and have no more their own
As they are men, than men. That all they do,
Though hid at home, abroad is search'd into:
And being once found out, discover'd lyes
Unto as many envies, there, as eyes.
That princes, since they know it is their fate,
Oft-times, to have the secrets of their state
Betraid to fame, should take more care, and fear
In publique acts what face and forme they beare.
She then remembred to his thought the place
Where he was going; and the upward race
Of kings, preceding him in that high court;
Their laws, their ends; the men she did report:
And all so justly, as his eare was joy'd
To heare the truth, from spight of flattery voyd.
She shewd him, who made wise, who honest acts;
Who both, who neither: all the cunning tracts,
And thrivings statutes she could promptly note;
The bloody, base, and barbarous she did quote;
Where laws were made to serve the tyrant's will,
Where sleeping they could save, and waking kill,
Where acts gave licence to impetuous lust
To bury churches, in forgotten dust,
And with their ruines raise the pander's bowers:
When publique justice borrow'd all her powers
From private chambers; that could then create
Laws, judges, counsellors, yea prince and state."
All this she told, and more, with bleeding eyes;
For right is as compassionate as wise.
Nor did he seeme their vices so to love,
As once defend, what Themis did reprove.
For though by right, and benefit of times,
He ownde their crowns, he would not so their crimes.
He knew that princes, who had sold their fame
To their voluptuous lusts, had lost their name;
And that no wretch was more unblest than he,
Whose necessary good 't was now to be
An evill king: and so must such be still,
Who once have got the habit to do ill.
One wickednesse another must defend;
For vice is safe, while she hath vice to friend.
He knew, that those, who would with love com-
Must with a tender (yet a stedfast) hand [mand.
Sustaine the reynes, and in the check forbeare
To offer cause of injury, or feare.
That kings, by their example, more do sway
Than by their power; and men do more obay
When they are led, than when they are compell'd.
In all these knowing arts our prince excell'd.
And now the dame had dried her dropping eyne,
When, like an April Iris, flew her shine

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About the streets, as it would force a spring
From out the stones, to gratulate the king.
She blest the people, that in shoales did swim
To heare her speech; which still began in him,
And ceas'd in them. She told them, what a fate
Was gently falne from Heaven upon this state;
How deare a father they did now enjoy
That came to save, what discord would destroy:
And entring with the power of a king,
The temp'rance of a private man did bring,
That wan affections, ere his steps wan ground;
And was not hot, or covetous to be crown'd
Before men's hearts had crown'd him. Who (unlike
Those greater bodies of the sky, that strike
The lesser fiers dim) in his accesse
Brighter than all, hath yet made no one lesse;
Though many greater; and the most, the best.
Wherein, his choice was happy with the rest
Of his great actions, first to see, and do
What all men's wishes did aspire unto.
Hereat, the people could no longer hold
Their bursting joyes; but through the ayre was rol'd
The length'ned showt, as when th' artillery
Of Heaven is discharg'd along the sky:
And this confession flew from every voyce,
Never had land more reason to rejoyce,
Nor to her blisse, could ought now added bee,
Save, that she might the same perpetuall see.
Which when Time, Nature, and the Fates deny'd,
With a twice louder shoute again they cry'd,
Yet, let blest Brittaine aske (without your wrong)
Still to have such a king, and this king long.

Solus rex, et poeta non quotannis nascitur.

AN

EXPOSTULATION WITH INIGO JONES.

Mr. Surveyor, you that first began
From thirty pounds in pipkins, to the man
You are: from them leap'd forth an architect,
Able to talk of Euclid, and correct
Both him and Archimede: damn Archytas,
The noblest engineer that ever was;
Control Ctesippus, overbearing us
With mistook names, out of Vitruvius:
Drawn Aristotle on us, and thence shown
How much Architectonice is your own:
Whether the building of the stage, or scene,
Or making of the properties it mean,
Vizors, or antics; or it comprehend
Something your sur-ship doth not yet intend.
By all your titles, and whole style at once,
Of tireman, mountebank, and justice Jones,
I do salute you: are you fitted yet?
Will any of these express your place, or wit?
Or are you so ambitious 'bove your peers,
You 'd be an Assinigo by your years?
Why, much good do 't you: be what part you will,
You 'll be, as Langley says, "an Inigo still."
What makes your wretchednesse to bray so loud,
In town and court? are you grown rich and proud?
Your trappings will not change you, change your
No velvet suit you wear will alter kind. [mind:
A wooden dagger, is a dagger of wood;
Nor gold, nor ivory haft can make it good.
What is the cause you pomp it so, I ask,
And all men echo, you have made a masque:
I chime that too, and I have met with those
That do cry up the machine, and the shows;
The majesty of Juno in the clouds,
And peering forth of Iris in the shrouds;
Th' ascent of lady Fame, which none could spy,
Not they that sided here dame Poetry,
Dame History, dame Architecture too,
And goodly Sculpture, brought with much ado
To hold her up: O shows, shows, mighty shows,
The eloquence of masques! what need of prose,
Or verse or prose, t' express immortal you?
You are the spectacles of state, 't is true,
Court hieroglyphics, and all arts afford,
In the mere perspective of an inch board:
You ask no more than certaine politic eyes,
Eyes, that can pierce into the mysteries
Of many colours, read them, and reveal
Mythology, there painted on slit-deal.
O! to make boards to speak! there is a task!
Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque.
Pack with your pedling poetry to the stage,
This is the money-got, mechanic age.
To plant the music, where no ear can reach,
Attire the persons, as no thought can teach
Sense, what they are; which by a specious, fine
Term of architects is call'd design;
But in the practis'd truth, destruction is
Of any art, beside what he calls his.
Whither, O whither will this tireman grow
His name is Σκηνοποιος, we all know,
The maker of the properties; in sum,
The scene, the engine; but he now is come
To be the music-master; tabler too:
He is, or would be, the main *Dominus Do—*
All of the work, and so shall still for Ben,
Be Inigo, the whistle, and his men.
He's warm on his feet, now he says; and can
Swim without cork: why, thank the good queen Anne,
I am too fat to envy, he too lean
To be worth envy; henceforth I do mean
To pity him, as smiling at his feat
Of Lantern-lerry, with fuliginous heat
Whirling his whimsies, by a subtilty
Suck'd from the veins of shop-philosophy.
What would he do now, giving his mind that way,
In presentation of some puppet-play?
Should but the king his justice-hood employ,
In setting forth of such a solemn toy,
How would he firk, like Adam Overdo,
Up and about; dive into cellars too,
Disguis'd, and thence drag forth enormity,
Discover vice, commit absurdity:
Under the moral, show he had a pate
Moulded or strok'd up to survey a state.
O wise surveyor, wiser architect,
But wisest Inigo; who can reflect
On the new priming of thy old sign-posts,
Reviving with fresh colours the pale ghosts
Of thy dead standards; or with marvel see
Thy twice conceiv'd, thrice paid for imagery:
And not fall down before it, and confess
Almighty Architecture, who no less
A goddess is, than painted cloth, deal board,
Vermilion, lake, or crimson can afford
Expression for; with that unbounded line,
Aim'd at in thy omnipotent design.
What poesy ere was painted on a wall,
That might compare with thee: what story shall,
Of all the worthies, hope t' outlast thy own,
So the materials be of Purbeck stone.

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Live long the feasting-room, and e'er thou burn
Again, thy architect to ashes turn:
Whom not ten fires, nor a parliament can,
With all remonstrance make an honest man.

TO A FRIEND,

AN EPIGRAM OF HIM.

Sir, Inigo doth fear it, as I hear,
And labours to seem worthy of this fear;
That I should write upon him some sharp verse,
Able to eat into his bones and pierce
The marrow. Wretch! I quit thee of thy pain:
Thou 'rt too ambitious, and dost fear in vain:
The Lybian lion hunts no butter-flies:
He makes the camel and dull ass his prize.
If thou be so desirous to be read,
Seek out some hungry painter, that for bread,
With rotten chalk or coal upon the wall,
Will well design thee to be viewed of all,
That sit upon the common draught or strand;
Thy forehead is too narrow for my brand.

TO

INIGO MARQUIS WOULD-BE.

A COROLLARY.

But 'cause thou hear'st the mighty king of Spain
Hath made his Inigo marquis, wouldst thou fain
Our Charles should make thee such? 'twill not become
All kings to do the self-same deeds with some:
Besides his man may merit it, and be
A noble honest soul; what's this to thee?
He may have skill, and judgment to design
Cities and temples; thou a cave for wine,
Or ale: he build a palace; thou the shop,
With sliding wipdows, and false lights a-top:
He draw a forum, with quadrivial streets;
Thou paint a lane where Tom Thumb Geffrey meets.
He some Colossus, to bestride the seas,
From the famed pillars of old Hercules:
Thy canvas giant at some channel aims,
Or Dowgate torrents falling into Thames;
And straddling shows the boys brown paper fleet
Yearly set out there, to sail down the street:
Your works thus differing, much less so your style,
Content thee to be Pancridge earl the while,
An earl of show; for all thy worth is show;
But when thou turn'st a real Inigo,
Or canst of truth the least intrenchment pitch,
We'll have thee styl'd the marquis of Town-ditch.

ON

THE HONOURED POEMS

OF HIS HONOURED FRIEND, SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

This book will live, it hath a genius; this
Above his reader or his praiser is.
Hence, then, profane: here needs no words' expence
In bulwarks, rav'lins, ramparts for defence:
Such as the creeping common pioneers use,
When they do sweat to fortify a Muse,
Though I confess a Beaumont's book to be
The bound and frontier of our poetry:
And doth deserve all muniments of praise,
That art, or engine, or the strength can raise;
Yet who dares offer a redoubt to rear?
To cut a dike? or stick a stake up here
Before this work? where envy hath not cast
A trench against it, nor a batt'ry plac'd?
Stay till she make her vain approaches; then,
If maimed she come off, 'tis not of men
This fort of so impregnable access;
But higher pow'r, as spight could not make less,
Nor flatt'ry; but secur'd by th' author's name
Defies what's cross to piety, or good fame:
And like a hallowed temple, free from taint
Of ethnicism, makes his Muse a saint.

TO

MR. JOHN FLETCHER,

UPON HIS FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

The wise and many-headed bench that sits
Upon the life and death of plays and wits,
(Compos'd of gamester, captain, knight, knight's man,
Lady or pucelle, that wears mask or fan,
Velvet, or taffeta cap, rank'd in the dark
With the shop's foreman, or some such brave spark
That may judge for his sixpence) had, before
They saw it half, damn'd thy whole play and more:
Their motives were, since it had not to do
With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.
I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
And wish that all the Muses' blood were spilt
In such a martyrdom, to vex their eyes,
Do crown thy murder'd poem: which shall rise
A glorified work to time, when fire
Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire.

EPITAPH

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, SISTER TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Underneath this marble herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

A VISION

ON THE MUSES OF HIS FRIEND M. DRAYTON.

It hath been question'd, Michael, if I be
A friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:
Because who make the question, have not seen
Those ambling visits pass in verse between
Thy Muse and mine, as they expect. 'Tis true,
You have not writ to me; nor I to you;
And though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Haunch against haunch, or raise a rhyming club
About the town; this reck'ning I will pay,
Without conferring symbols; this 's my day.

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It was no dream! I was awake, and saw.
Lend me thy voice, O Fame, that I may draw
Wonder to truth, and have my vision hurl'd
Hot from thy trumpet round about the world.
I saw a beauty, from the sea to rise,
That all Earth look'd on, and that Earth all eyes!
It cast a beam, as when the cheerful Sun
Is fair got up, and day some hours begun:
And fill'd an orb as circular as Heav'n!
The orb was cut forth into regions seven,
And those so sweet, and well-proportion'd parts,
As it had been the circle of the arts:
When, by thy bright ideas standing by,
I found it pure and perfect poesy.
There read I, straight, thy learned legends three,
Heard the soft airs, between our swains and thee,
Which made me think the old Theocritus,
Or rural Virgil come to pipe to us.
But then thy Epistolar Heroic Songs,
Their loves, their quarrels, jealousies, and wrongs,
Did all so strike me, as I cried, "Who can
With us be call'd the Naso, but this man?"
And looking up, I saw Minerva's fowl,
Perch'd over head, the wise Athenian owl:
I thought thee then our Orpheus, that would'st try,
Like him, to make the air one volary.
And I had styl'd thee Orpheus, but before
My lips could form the voice, I heard that roar,
And rouse the marching of a mighty force,
Drums against drums, the neighing of the horse,
The fights, the cries, and wond'ring at the jars,
I saw and read it was the Baron's Wars.
O how in those dost thou instruct these times,
That rebels' actions are but valiant crimes.
And carried, though with shout and noise, confess
A wild and an unauthoris'd wickedness!
Say'st thou so, Lucan? but thou scorn'st to stay
Under one title: thou hast made thy way
And flight about the isle, well near, by this
In thy admired Periegesis,
Or universal circumduction
Of all that ready thy Poly-Olbion.
That read it; that are ravish'd; such was I,
With every song, I swear, and so would die.
But that I hear again thy drum to beat
A better cause, and strike the bravest heat
That ever yet did fire the English blood,
Our right in France, if rightly understood.
There thou art Homer; pray thee use the style
Thou hast deserv'd, and let me read the while
Thy catalogue of ships, exceeding his,
Thy list of aids and force, for so it is:
The poet's act, and for his country's sake,
Brave are the musters that the Muse will make.
And when he ships them, where to use their arms,
How do his trumpets breathe! what loud alarms!
Look how we read the Spartans were inflam'd
With bold Tyrtæus' verse: when thou art nam'd,
So shall our English youth urge on, and cry
An Agincourt, an Agincourt, or die.
This book, it is a catechism to fight,
And will be bought of every lord or knight
That can but read; who cannot, may in prose
Get broken pieces, and fight well by those.
The miseries of Margaret the queen,
Of tender eyes will more be wept than seen.
I feel it by mine own, that overflow
And stop my sight in every line I go.
But then, refreshed by thy fairy court,
I look on Cynthia, and Syrena's sport,
As on two flow'ry carpets, that did rise,
And with their grassy green restor'd mine eyes.
Yet give me leave to wonder at the birth
Of thy strange Moon-calf, both thy strain of mirth,
And gossip got acquaintance, as to us
Thou hast brought Lapland, or old Cohalus,
Empusa, Lamia, or some monster more,
Than Afric knew, or the full Grecian store.
I gratulate it to thee, and thy ends,
To all thy virtuous and well-chosen friends;
Only my loss is, that I am not there,
And till I worthy am to wish I were,
I call the world that envies me, to see
If I can be a friend, and friend to thee.

ON

MICHAEL DRAYTON,

BURIED IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY [1].

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To Drayton's sacred name; whose dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, preserve his story,
And be a lasting monument of his glory.
And when thy ruins shall disclaim,
To be the treasury of his name;
His name, which cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED

MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise,
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!
Th' applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportion'd muses:

[1] This epitaph, which has been given to Jonson, was written by Quarles.

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For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlow's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I will not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Eschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: thy art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion. And that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muse's anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue: even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-turned, and true filed lines:
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet swan of Avon! what a sight it were,
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those slights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volumes' light,

LEGES CONVIVALES.

Quod fœlix fastumque convivis in Apolline sit.

1. Nemo asymbolus, nisi umbra, huc venito.
2. Idiota, insulsus, tristis, turpis, abesto.
3. Eruditi, urbani, hilares, honesti, adsciscuntor.
4. Nec lectæ fœminæ repudiantor. [esto.
5. In apparatu quod convivis corruget nares nil
6. Epulæ delectu potius quam sumptu parentur.
7. Obsonator et coquus convivarum gulæ periti sunto.
8. De discubitu non contenditor.
9. Ministri à dapibus, oculati et muti,
   A poculis, auriti et celeres sunto. [hospes.
10. Vina puris fontibus ministrentur aut vapulet
11. Moderatis poculis provocare sodales fas esto.
12. At fabulis magis quam vino velitatio fiat.
13. Convivæ nec muti nec loquaces sunto.
14. De seriis ac sacris poti et saturi ne disserunto.
15. Fidicen, nisi accersitus, non venito.
16. Admisso risu, tripudiis, choreis, cantu, salibus,
    Omni gratiarum festivitate sacra celebrantor.
17. Joci sine felle sunto.
18. Insipida poemata nulla recitantor.
19. Versus scribere nullus cogitor.
20. Argumentationis totus strepitus abesto.
21. Amatoriis querelis, ac suspiriis liber angulus esto.
22. Lapitharum more scyphis pugnare, vitrea collidere, [fas esto.
    Fenestras excutere, supellectilem dilacerare, ne-
23. Qui foràs vel dicta, vel facta eliminat, elimin-
24. Neminem reum pocula faciunto. [tor.

Focus perennis esto.

RULES FOR THE TAVERN ACADEMY:

OR,

LAWS FOR THE BEAUX ESPRITS.

FROM THE LATIN OF BEN. JONSON, ENGRAVEN IN MARBLE OVER THE CHIMNEY, IN THE APOLLO OF THE OLD DEVIL TAVERN, TEMPLE-BAR; THAT BEING HIS CLUB-ROOM.

BY A MODERN HAND.

Non verbum reddere verbo.

1. As the fund of our pleasure, let each pay his shot,
   Except some chance-friend, whom a member brings in.
2. Far hence be the sad, the lewd fop, and the sot;
   For such have the plagues of good company been.

3. Let the learned and witty, the jovial and gay,
   The generous and honest, compose our free state;
4. And the more to exalt our delight while we stay,
   Let none be debarr'd from his choice female mate.

5. Let no scent offensive the chamber infest.
6. Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes.
7. Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest,
   And the cook, in his dressing, comply with their wishes.

8. Let's have no disturbance about taking places,
   To show your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.
9. Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses,
   Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be ty'd.

10. Let our wines without mixture or stum, be all fine, [dle.
    Or call up the master, and break his dull nod-
11. Let no sober bigot here think it a sin,
    To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.

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12. Let the contest be rather of books than of wine.
13. Let the company be neither noisy nor mute.
14. Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and head's full, profanely dispute.

15. Let no saucy fidler presume to intrude,
Unless he is sent for to vary our blisse.
16. With mirth, wit, and dancing, and singing conclude,
To regale ev'ry sense, with delight in excess.

17. Let raillery be without malice or heat.
18. Dull poems to read let none privilege take.
19. Let no poetaster command or entreat
Another extempore verses to make.

20. Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
Nor jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve.
21. For generous lovers let a corner be found,
Where they in soft sighs may their passions relieve.

22. Like the old Lapithites, with the goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongst offences unpardon'd will rank;
Or breaking of windows, or glasses, for spite,
And spoiling the goods for a rakehelly prank.

23. Whoever shall publish what's said, or what's done,
Be he banish'd forever our assembly divine.
24. Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine.

OVER THE DOOR

AT THE ENTRANCE INTO THE APOLLO.

Welcome all that lead or follow
To the oracle of Apollo——
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower bottle:
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine.
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sym, the king of skinkers[2];
He the half of life abuses,
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us;
Wine it is the milk of Venus[3],
And the poet's horse accounted:
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'T is the true Phœbeian liquor
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker.
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.
Welcome all that lead or follow,
To the oracle of Apollo.

[2] *Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers.*] Old Sim means Simon Wadloe, who then kept the Devil Tavern; and of him probably is the old catch, beginning, Old sir Simon the king——

[3] *Wine it is the milk of Venus.*] From the Greek Anacreontic, Οινος Γαλα Αφροδιτης.

TO

MY FAITHFUL SERVANT,

AND, BY HIS CONTINUED VIRTUE, MY LOVING FRIEND, THE AUTHOR OF THIS WORK, THE NORTHERN LASS, A COMEDY, MR. RICHARD BROOME.

I had you for a servant once, Dick Broome,
And you perform'd a servant's faithful parts:
Now you are got into a nearer room
Of fellowship, professing my old arts.
And you do do them well, with good applause,
Which you have justly gained from the stage,
By observation of those comic laws,
Which I your master first did teach the age.
You learn'd it well, and for it serv'd your time,
A 'prenticeship, which few do now-a-days:
Now each court hobby-horse will wince in rhyme,
Both learned and unlearned, all write plays.
It was not so of old: men took up trades
That knew the craft they had been bred in right,
An honest bilboe-smith would make good blades,
And the physician teach men spue and sh——.
The cobler kept him to his awl; but now
He'll be a poet, scarce can guide a plow.

THE JUST INDIGNATION THE AUTHOR TOOK AT THE VULGAR CENSURE OF HIS PLAY (NEW INN) BY SOME MALICIOUS SPECTATORS, BEGAT THE FOLLOWING ODE TO HIMSELF.

Come, leave the lothed stage,
And the more lothsome age;
Where pride and impudence (in fashion knit)
Usurp the chair of wit!
Inditing and arraigning every day,
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Run on, and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn:
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acorns eat;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
On such as have no taste!
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,
Whose appetites are dead!
No, give them grains their fill,
Husks, draff to drink and swill.
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not their palates with the swine.
No doubt some moldy tale,
Like Pericles, and stale

As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish-
Scraps, out of every dish
Thrown forth, and rank'd into the common tub,
May keep up the play-club:
There sweepings do as well
As the best order'd meal.
For who the relish of these guests will fit,
Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit.

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And much good do 't you then:
Brave plush and velvet men
Can feed on orts: and safe in your stage-clothes,
Dare quit upon your oaths,
The stagers and the stage-wrights too (your peers)
Of larding your large ears
With their soul comic socks;
Wrought upon twenty blocks: [enough,
Which, if they are torn, and turn'd, and patch'd
The gamesters share your guilt, and you their stuff.

Leave things so prostitute,
And take the Alcœic lute;
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre,
Warm thee by Pindar's fire: [cold,
And though thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be
Ere years have made thee old;
Strike that disdainful heat
Throughout to their defeat:
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy brain.

But when they hear thee sing
The glories of thy king,
His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men:
They may, blood-shaken then,
Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers;
As they shall cry, like ours,
In sound of peace or wars,
No harp e'er hit the stars,
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign:
And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his waine.

AN ANSWER

TO THE ODE, "COME LEAVE THE LOTHED STAGE," BY OWEN FELTHAM [4].

Come, leave this saucy way
Of baiting those that pay
Dear for the sight of your declining wit:
'Tis known it is not fit
That a sale-poet, just contempt once thrown,
Should cry up thus your own.
I wonder by what dower,
Or patent, you had power
From all to rape a judgment. Let 't suffice,
Had you been modest, you'd been granted wise.

'T is known you can do well,
And that you do excel
As a translator; but when things require
A genius, and a fire
Not kindled heretofore by others' pains,
As oft you've wanted brains,
And art to strike the white,
As you have levell'd right;
Yet if men vouch not things apocryphal,
You bellow, rave, and spatter round your gall.

Tug, Pierce, Peek, Fly [5], and all
Your jests so nominal,
Are things so far beneath an able brain;
As they do throw a stain
Through all th' unlucky plot, and do displease
As deep as Pericles.
Where yet, there is not laid
Before a chamber-maid
Discourse so weigh'd [6], as might have serv'd of old
For schools, when they of love and valour told.

Why rage then? when the show
Should judgment be, and know-
Ledge, there are plush who scorn to drudge
For stages, yet can judge
Not only poets' looser lines, but wits,
And all their perquisites;
A gift as rich as high,
Is noble poesy:
Yet though in sport it be for kings a play,
'Tis next mechanics when it works for pay.

Alcæus' lute had none;
Nor loose Anacreon
E'er taught so bold assuming of the bays,
When they deserv'd no praise.
To rail men into approbation,
Is new to your's alone;
And prospers not: for know,
Fame is as coy, as you
Can be disdainful; and who dares to prove
A rape on her, shall gather scorn, not love.

Leave then this humour vain,
And this more humorous strain,
Where self-conceit, and choler of the blood,
Eclipse what else is good:
Then, if you please those raptures high to touch,
Whereof you boast so much;
And but forbear your crown,
Till the world puts it on,
No doubt, from all you may amazement draw,
Since braver theme no Phœbus ever saw.

AN ANSWER

TO MR. BEN JONSON'S ODE, TO PERSUADE HIM NOT TO LEAVE THE STAGE, BY THOMAS RANDOLPH [7].

Ben, do not leave the stage,
'Cause 't is a lothsome age;
For pride and impudence will grow too bold,
When they shall hear it told
They frighted thee: stand high as is thy cause,
Their hiss is thy applause:
More just were thy disdain,
Had they approv'd thy vein:
So thou for them, and they for thee were born:
They to incense, and thou as much to scorn.

[4] Author of a popular book, called, The Resolves, &c.

[5] The names of several of Jonson's dramatis personæ.

[6] New Inn, Act III. Scene 2.—Act IV. Scene 4.

[7] Thomas Randolph, A. M. fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, born at Newnham, near Daventry in Northamptonshire, June 15th. 1605; died at Blatherwyke in that county, March 17th, 1634. His extensive learning, gaiety of humour, and readiness of repartee, gained him admirers among all ranks of mankind, and more especially recommended him to the intimacy and friendship of Jonson, who admitted him as one of his adopted

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Wilt thou engross thy store
Of wheat, and pour no more,
Because their bacon-brains have such a taste,
As more delight in mast:
No! set them forth a board of dainties, full
As thy best Muse can cull;
Whilst they the while do pine
And thirst, midst all their wine.
What greater plague can Hell itself devise,
Than to be willing thus to tantalize?

Thou canst not find them stuff,
That will be bad enough
To please their palates: let 'em refuse
For some pye-corner Muse;
She is too fair an hostesse; 'twere a sin
For them to like thine Inn:
'Twas made to entertain
Guests of a nobler strain;
Yet if they will have any of thy store, [door.
Give them some scraps and send them from thy

And let those things in plush,
Till they be taught to blush,
Like what they will, and more contented be
With what Broome[8] swept from thee.
I know thy worth, and that thy lofty strains
Write not to clothes, but brains:
But thy great spleen doth rise,
'Cause moles will have no eyes:
This only in my Ben I faulty find,
He's angry they'll not see him that are blind.

Why should the scene be mute,
'Cause thou canst touch thy lute,
And string thy Horace: let each Muse of nine
Claim thee, and say, thou'rt mine.
'Twere food to let all other flames expire,
To sit by Pindar's fire;
For by so strange neglect,
I should myself suspect
Thy palsy, were as well thy brain's disease,
If they could shake thy Muse which way they please.

And though thou well canst sing
The glories of thy king,
And on the wings of verse his chariot bear
To Heaven, and fix it there;
Yet let thy Muse as well some raptures raise
To please him, as to praise.
I would not have thee choose
Only a treble Muse;
But have this envious, ignorant age to know,
Thou that canst sing so high, canst reach as low.

FRAGMENT

OF A SATIRE ON JONSON'S MAGNETIC LADY.

BY ALEXANDER GILL OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

But to advise you, Ben, in this strict age,
A brick-kiln's better for thee than a stage;
Thou better know'st a groundsil for to lay,
Than lay the plot or ground-work of a play;
And better canst direct to cap a chimney,
Than to converse with Clio or Polyhimny.
Fall then to work in thy old age agen;
Take up thy trug and trowel, gentle Ben;
Let plays alone; or if thou needs will write,
And thrust thy feeble Muse into the light,
Let Lowen cease, and Taylor scorn to touch
The lothed stage, for thou hast made it such.

THE ANSWER.

Shall the prosperity of a pardon still
Secure thy railing rhymes, infamous Gill,
At libelling? Shall no star-chamber peers,
Pillory, nor whip, nor want of ears,
All which thou hast incurr'd deservedly,
Nor degradation from the ministry,
To be the Denis of thy father's school,
Keep in thy bawling wit, thou bawling fool?
Thinking to stir me, thou hast lost thy end,
I'll laugh at thee, poor wretched tike; go send
Thy blotant Muse abroad, and teach it rather
A tune to drown the ballads of thy father:
For thou hast nought in thee, to cure his fame,
But tune and noise, the echo of his shame.
A rogue by statute, censur'd to be whipt,
Cropt, branded, slit, neck-stockt; go, you are stript.

TO

MY DEAR SON, AND RIGHT LEARNED FRIEND,

MASTER JOSEPH RUTTER.

PREFIXED TO THE SHEPHERD'S HOLIDAY, A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY. 1635.

You look, my Joseph, I should something say
Unto the world in praise of your first play:
And truly, so I would, could I be heard.
You know I never was of truth afeard,
And less asham'd; not when I told the crowd
How well I lov'd truth: I was scarce allow'd
By those deep-grounded, understanding men,
That sit to censure plays, yet know not when,
Or why to like; they found, it all was new,
And newer, then [r. than] could please them bycause true.
Such men I met withal, and so have you.
Now for mine own part, and it is but due
(You have deserv'd it from me), I have read,
And weigh'd your play: untwisted ev'ry thread,
And know the woofe, and warp thereof; can tell
Where it runs round, and even: where so well,
So soft, and smooth it handles, the whole piece,
As it were spun by nature, off the fleece:
This is my censure. Now there is a new
Office of wit, a mint, and (this is true)
Cry'd up of late: whereto there must be first
A malter-worker call'd, th' old standard burst
Of wit, and a new made: a warden then,
And a comptroller, two most rigid men
For order and for governing the pixe,
A say-master, hath studied all the tricks
Of fineness and alloy: follow his hint,
You've all the mysteries of wit's new mint:
The valuations, mixtures, and the same
Concluded from a carract to a dramme.

sons in the muses, and held him in equal esteem with Cartwright. He has left behind him six plays, and several poems, published in 8vo. 1651. The ode addressed to Jonson is reasonbly smooth, and marks him a tolerable versifier.

[8] His amanuensis or attendant, Richard Broome: wrote with success several comedies.

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TO MY CHOSEN FRIEND,

THE LEARNED TRANSLATOR OF LUCAN, THOMAS MAY, ESQ.

When, Rome, I read thee in thy mighty pair,
And see both climbing up the slippery stair
Of Fortune's wheel, by Lucan driv'n about,
And the world in it, I begin to doubt,
At every line some pin thereof should slack,
At least, if not the general engine crack.
But when again I view the parts so piz'd,
And those in number so, and measure rais'd,
As neither Pompey's popularity,
Cæsar's ambition, Cato's liberty,
Calm Brutus' tenor start, but all along
Keep due proportion in the ample song,
It makes me ravish'd with just wonder, cry
What Muse, or rather god of harmony,
Taught Lucan these true moodes? replies my sense,
What gods, but those of arts and eloquence?
Phœbus and Hermes? They whose tongue, or pen,
Are still th' interpreters 'twixt God and men!
But who hath them interpreted, and brought,
Lucan's whole frame unto us, and so wrought,
As not the smallest joint, or gentlest word
In the great mass, or machine there is stirr'd?
The self same genius! so the work will say.
The sun translated, or the son of May.

TO THE

WORTHY AUTHOR OF THE HUSBAND.

AN ANONYMOUS PIECE PUBLISHED IN 1614.

It fits not onely him that makes a booke
To see his worke be good: but that he looke
Who are his test, and what their judgment is,
Lest a false praise do make theyr dotage his,
I do not feel that ever yet I had
The art of utt'ring wares, if they were bad:
Or skill of making matches in my life:
And therefore I commend unto the Wife[9]
That went before—a Husband. She, I'le sweare,
Was worthy of a good one: and this here
I know for such, as (if my word will weigh)
She need not blush upon the marriage day.[10]

HORACE,

OF THE ART OF POETRIE.

If to a woman's head a painter would
Set a horse-neck, and divers feathers fold
On every limbe, ta'en from a severall creature,
Presenting upwards a faire female feature,
Which in some swarthie fish uncomely ends:
Admitted to the sight, although his friends
Could you containe your laughter? Credit me,
This peece, my Piso's, and that booke agree,
Whose shapes, like sick-men's dreames, are fain'd so
As neither head nor foot, one forme retaine. [vaine,
But equall power, to painter and to poët,
Of daring all, hath still beene given; we know it:
And both doe crave, and give againe this leave.
Yet, not as therefore wild and tame should cleave
Together: not that we should serpents see
With doves; or lambes with tygres coupled be.
In grave beginnings, and great things profest,
Ye have oft-times, that may ore-shine the rest,
A scarlet peece, or two, stitch'd in: when or
Diana's grove, or altar, with the bor-
Dring circles of swift waters that intwine
The pleasant grounds, or when the river Rhine,
Or rainbow is describ'd. But here was now
No place for these. And, painter, hap'ly thou
Know'st only well to paint a cipresse tree.
What's this? if he, whose money hireth thee
To paint him, hath by swimming hopelesse scap'd,
The whole fleet wreck'd? a great jarre to be shap'd,
Was meant at first. Why forcing still about
Thy labouring wheele, comes scarce a pitcher out.
In short; I bid, let what thou work'st upon,
Be simply quite throughout, and wholly one.
Most writers, noble sire, and either sonne,
Are, with the likenesse of the truth undone.
My selfe for shortnesse labour; and I grow
Obscure. This, striving to run smooth and flow,
Hath neither soule nor sinewes. Loftie he
Professing greatnesse swells: that low by lee
Creepes on the ground; too safe, too afraid of storme.
This seeking, in a various kind to forme
One thing prodigiously paints in the woods,
A dolphin, and a boare amid' the floods.
So, shunning faults, to greater fault doth lead,
When in a wrong, and artlesse way we tread.
The worst of statuaries, here about
Th' Æmilian schoole, in brasse can fashion out
The nailes, and every curled haire disclose;
But in the maine worke haplesse: since he knowes
Not to designe the whole. Should I aspire
To forme a worke, I would no more desire
To be that smith; than live, mark'd one of those,
With faire black eyes and haire, and a wry nose.
Take therefore, you that write, still matter fit
Unto your strength and long examine it,
Upon your shoulders. Prove what they will beare,
And what they will not. Him whose choice doth feare
His matter to his power, in all he makes,
Nor language, nor cleere order ere forsakes.
The vertue of which order, and true grace,
Or I am much deceiv'd, shall be to place
Invention. Now to speake; and then defer
Much, that mought now be spoke: omitted here
Till fitter season. Now, to like of this,
Lay that aside, the epick's office is.
In using also of new words to be
Right spare, and warie: then thou speak'st to me
Most worthie praise, when words that common grew,
Are, by thy cunning placing, made meere new.
Yet, if by chance, in utt'ring things abstruse,
Thou need new termes; thou maist, without excuse,
Faine words, unheard of to the well-truss'd race
Of the Cethegi; and all men will grace,
And give, being taken modestly, this leave,
And those thy new and late-coyn'd words receive,
So they fall gently from the Grecian spring,
And come not too much wrested. What's that thing,
A Roman to Cæcilius will allow,
Or Plautus, and in Virgil disavow,
Or Varius? why am I now envi'd so,
If I can give some small increase? when loe,
Cato's and Ennius' tongues have lent much worth,
And wealth unto our language; and brought forth
New names of things. It hath beene ever free,
And ever will, to utter termes that be

[9] By Sir Thomas Overbury.
[10] From the Censura Literaria, vol. 5.

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tamp'd to the time. As woods whose change appeares
till in their leaves, throughout the sliding yeares,
he first-borne dying; so the aged state
f words decay, and phrases borne but late
ike tender buds shoot up, and freshly grow.
ur selves, and all that's ours, to death we owe:
Vhether the sea receiv'd into the shore,
hat from the north, the navie safe doth store,
kingly worke; or that long barren fen
nce rowable, but now doth nourish men
neighbour-townes, and feeles the weightie plough;
r the wilde river, who hath changed now
is course so hurtfull both to graine, and seedes,
eing taught a better way. All mortall deeds
hall perish: so farre off it is the state,
r grace of speech, should hope a lasting date.
Iuch phrase that now is dead, shall be reviv'd;
nd much shall dye, that now is nobly liv'd,
custome please; at whose disposing will
he power and rule of speaking resteth still.
The gests of kings, great captaines, and sad warres,
hat number best can fit, Homer declares.
verse unequall match'd, first sowre laments,
fter men's wishes, crown'd in their events
Vere also clos'd: but who the man should be,
hat first sent forth the dapper elegie,
ll the grammarians strive; and yet in court
efore the judge it hangs, and waites report.
Unto the lyrick strings, the Muse gave grace
o chant the gods and all their god-like race,
he conqu'ring champion, the prime horse in course,
resh lovers businesse, and the wine's free source.
h' Iambick arm'd Archilochus to rave,
his foot the socks tooke up and buskins grave,
s fit t' exchange discourse; a verse to win
n popular noise with, and doe businesse in.
The comick matter will not be exprest
tragick verse; no lesse Thyestes' feast
bhorres low numbers, and the private straine
t for the sock: each subject should retaine
he place allotted it, with decent thewes.
now the turnes, the colours, and right hues
f poëms here describ'd, I can, nor use,
or know t' observe: why (i' the Muse's name)
m I called poët? wherefore with wrong shame,
erversly modest, had I rather owe
ignorance still, then either learne, or know.
et sometime, doth the comedie excite
er voyce and angry Chremes chafes out-right
ith swelling throat: and oft the tragick wight
omplains in humble phrase. Both Telephus,
nd Peleus, if they seeke to heart-strike us
hat are spectators, with their miserie,
hen they are poore, and banish'd, must throw by
heir bombard-phrase, and foot-and-halfe-foot words:
is not enough, th' elaborate Muse affords
er poëm's beautie, but a sweet delight
o work the hearers' minds, still to their plight.
len's faces still, with such as laugh, are prone
o laughter; so they grieve with those that mone.
thou would'st have me weepe, be thou first drown'd
hy selfe in teares, then me thy losse will wound,
eleus, or Telephus. If you speake vile
nd ill-penn'd things, I shall, or sleepe, or smile.
ad language fits sad lookes; stuff'd menacings,
he angry brow; the sportive, wanton things;
nd the severe, speech ever serious.
or Nature, first within doth fashion us
o every state of fortune; she helpes on,
r urgeth us to anger; and anon
With weightie sorrow hurles us all along,
And tortures us: and after by the tongue
Her truch-man, she reports the minds each throw.
If now the phrase of him that speaks shall flow
In sound, quite from his fortune; both the rout,
And Roman gentrie, jearing, will laugh out.
It much will differ, if a god speake than,
Or an heroe; if a ripe old man,
Or some hot youth, yet in his flourishing course;
Where some great lady, or her diligent nourse;
A ventring merchant, or the farmer free
Of some small thankfull land: whether he be
Of Cholchis borne; or in Assyria bred;
Or, with the milk of Thebes; or Argus, fed.
Or follow fame, thou that dost write, or faine
Things in themselves agreeing: if againe
Honour'd Achilles chance by thee be seiz'd,
Keepe him still active, angry, un-appeas'd,
Sharpe and contemning lawes at him should aime,
Be nought so 'bove him but his sword let claime.
Medea make brave with impetuous scorne;
Ino bewaild; Ixion false, forsworne;
Poore Jō wandring; wild Orestes mad:
If something strange, that never yet was had
Unto the scene thou bringst, and dar'st create
A meere new person; looke he keepe his state
Unto the last, as when he first went forth,
Still to be like himselfe, and hold his worth.
'T is hard to speake things common, properly:
And thou maist better bring a rhapsody
Of Homer's forth in acts, then of thine owne,
First publish things unspoken and unknowne.
Yet common matter thou thine owne maist make,
If thou the vile, broad-troden ring forsake.
For being a poët, thou maist feigne, create,
Not care, as thou wouldst faithfully translate,
To render word for word: nor with thy sleight
Of imitation, leape into a streight,
From whence thy modestie, or poëme's law
Forbids thee forth againe thy foot to draw.
Nor so begin, as did that circler late,
I sing a noble warre and Priam's fate.
What doth this promiser such gaping worth
Afford? the mountaines travail'd, and brought forth
A scorned mouse! O, how much better this,
Who nought assaies unaptly, or amisse?
"Speake to me, Muse, the man, who after Troy was sack't
Saw many townes and men, and could their manners tract."
He thinkes not, how to give you smoake from light,
But light from smoake; that he may draw his bright
Wonders forth after: as Antiphates,
Scylla, Charybdis, Polypheme, with these.
Nor from the brand, with which the life did burne
Of Meleager, brings he the returne
Of Diomede; nor Troye's sad warre begins
From the two egges, that did disclose the twins,
He ever hastens to the end, and so
(As if he knew it) rapps his hearer to
The middle of his matter: letting goe
What he despaires, being handled, might not show,
And so well faines, so mixeth cunningly
Falsehood with truth, as no man can espie
Where the midst differs from the first: or where
The last doth from the midst dis-joyn'd appeare.
Heare, what it is the people, and I desire:
If such a one's applause thou dost require,
That tarries till the haugings be ta'en downe,
And sits till the epilogue saies clap, or crowne:

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The customes of each age thou must observe,
And give their yeares, and natures, as they swerve,
Fit rites. The child, that now knowes how to say,
And can tread firme, longs with like lads to play;
Soone angry, and soone pleas'd, is sweet, or sowre,
He knowes not why, and changeth every houre.
Th' unbearded youth, his guardian once being
Loves dogges and horses; and is ever one [gone,
I' the open field; is waxe like to be wrought
To every vice, as hardly to be brought
To endure counsell: a provider slow
For his owne good, a carelesse letter-goe
Of money, haughtie, to desire soon mov'd,
And then as swift to leave what he hath lov'd.
These studies alter now, in one, growne man;
His better'd mind seekes wealth and friendship:
Lookes after honours, and bewares to act [then
What straight-way he must labour to retract.
The old man many evils doe girt round;
Either because he seekes, and, having found,
Doth wretchedly the use of things forbeare,
Or does all businesse coldly and with feare;
A great deferrer, long in hope, growne numbe
With sloth, yet greedy still of what's to come:
Froward, complaining, a commender glad
Of the times past, when he was a young lad;
And still correcting youth and censuring. [bring
Man's comming yeares much good with them doe
At his departing take much thence: lest, then,
The parts of age to youth be given, or men
To children; we must alwayes dwell, and stay
In fitting proper adjuncts to each day.
The business either on the stage is done,
Or acted told. But ever, things that run
In at the eare, doe stirre the mind more slow
Than those the faithfull eyes take in by show,
And the beholder to himselfe doth render.
Yet, to the stage, at all thou maist not tender
Things worthy to be done within, but take
Much from the sight, which faire report will make
Present anone: Medea must not kill
Her sonnes before the people; nor the ill-
Natur'd and wicked Atreus cooke, to th' eye,
His nephew's entrailes; nor must Progne flie
Into a swallow there; nor Cadmus take,
Upon the stage, the figure of a snake.
What so is showne, I not beleeve, and hate.
Nor must the fable, that would hope the fate
Once seene, to be againe call'd for and plaid,
Have more or lesse then just five acts: nor laid,
To have a god come in; except a knot
Worth his untying happen there: and not
Any fourth man, to speake at all, aspire.
An actor's parts and office too, the quire
Must maintaine manly; not be heard to sing
Betweene the acts, a quite cleane other thing
Than to the purpose leades and fitly 'grees.
It still must favour good men and to these
Be wonne a friend; it must both sway and bend
The angry, and love those that feare t' offend.
Praise the spare diet, wholsome justice, lawes,
Peace, and the open ports, that peace doth cause,
Hide faults, pray to the gods, and wish aloud
Fortune would love the poore, and leave the proud.
The hau'-boy, not as now with latten bound,
And rivall with the trumpet for his sound,
But soft and simple, at few holes breath'd time
And tune too, fitted to the chorus' rime,
As loud enough to fill the seats, not yet
So over-thick, but where the people met,
They might with ease be numbred, being a few
Chaste, thriftie, modest folke, that came to view.
But as they conquer'd, and enlarg'd their bound,
That wider walls embrac'd their citie round,
And they uncensur'd might at feasts and playes
Steepe the glad genius in the wine whole dayes,
Both in their tunes, the licence greater grew,
And in their numbers; for alas, what knew
The ideot, keeping holy-day, or drudge,
Clowne, towns-man, base and noble, mix'd, to judge:
Thus, to his antient art the piper lent
Gesture and riot, whilst he swooping went
In his train'd gowne about the stage: so grew
In time to tragedie, a musicke new.
The rash, and head-long eloquence brought forth
Unwonted language; and that sense of worth
That found out profit, and foretold each thing,
Now differ'd not from Delphick riddling.
Thespis is said to be the first found out
The tragedie, and carried it about,
Till then unknowne, in carts, wherein did ride
Those that did sing and act: their faces dy'd
With lees of wine. Next Eschylus, more late
Brought in the visor, and the robe of state,
Built a small timbred stage, and taught them talke
Loftie and grave; and in the buskin stalke.
He too, that did in tragick verse contend,
For the vile goat, soone after forth did send
The rough rude satyres naked; and would try,
Though sower, with safetie of his gravitie,
How he could jest; because he mark'd and saw
The free spectators, subject to no law,
Having well eat and drunke, the rites being done,
Were to be staid with softnesses, and woune
With something that was acceptably new.
Yet so the scoffing satyres to men's view,
And so their prating to present was best,
And so to turne all earnest into jest,
As neither any god, were brought in there,
Or semi-god, that late was seene to weare
A royall crowne and purple; be made bop
With poore base termes, through every baser shop
Or whilst he shuns the earth, to catch at aire
And emptie clowdes. For tragedie is faire,
And farre unworthie to blurt out light rimes;
But, as a matrone drawne at solemne times
To dance, so she should, shamefac'd, differ farre
From what the obscene and pertulant satyres are.
Nor I, when I write satyres, will so love
Plaine phrase, my Pisos, as alone t' approve
Meere raigning words: nor will I labour so
Quite from all face of tragedie to goe,
As not make difference, whether Davus speake,
And the bold Pythias, having cheated weake
Simo; and of a talent wip'd his purse;
Or old Silenus, Bacchus' guard and nurse.
I can out of knowne geare, a fable frame,
And so as every man may hope the same;
Yet he that offers at it may sweat much,
And toile in vaine: the excellence is such
Of order and connexion: so much grace
There comes sometimes to things of meanest place.
But let the Faunes, drawne from their groves, beware,
Be I their judge, they doe at no time dare
Like men street-borne, and neere the hall, rehearse
Their youthfull tricks in over-wanton verse:
Or crack out baudie speeches and uncleane.
The Roman gentrie, men of birth, and meane
Will take offence at this: nor, though it strike
Him that buyes chickes blanch'd, or chance to lie

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he nut-crackers throughout, will they therefore
leceive, or give it an applause the more.
'o these succeeded the old comedie,
nd not without much praise; till libertie
ell into fault so farre, as now they saw
ler licence fit to be restrain'd by law:
Vhich law receiv'd, the Chorus held his peace,
is power of foulely hurting made to cease.
Two rests, a short and long, th' iambick frame;
foot, whose swiftnesse gave the verse the name
f trimeter, when yet it was sixe-pac'd,
ut meere iambicks all, from first to last.
or is 't long since, they did with patience take
to their birth-right, and for fitnesse sake,
he steadie spondees; so themselves doe beare
ore slow, and come more weightie to the eare:
rovided me're to yeeld, in any ease
f fellowship, the fourth, or second place.
is foot yet, in the famous trimeters
Accius and Ennius, rare appeares:
rare as with some taxe it doth ingage
ose heavie verses sent so to the stage,
too much haste and negligence in part,
a worse crime, the ignorance of art.
it every judge hath not the facultie
note in poems breach of harmonie;
d there is given, too, unworthy leave
Roman poëts. Shall I therefore weave
y verse at randome and licentiously?
rather, thinking all my faults may spie,
ow a safe writer, and be warie-driven
ithin the hope of having all forgiven.
is cleare, this way I have got off from blame,
it in conclusion, merited no fame.
ke you the Greeke examples, for your light,
hand, and turne them ever day and night.
ir ancestors did Plautus' numbers praise,
d jests; and both to admiration raise
o patiently, that I not fondly say;
either you, or I, know the right way
part scurrilitie from wit, or can
lawfull verse, by th' eare, or finger scan.
Our poëts, too, left nought unproved here;
r did they merit the lesser crowne to weare,
daring to forsake the Greeian tracts,
d celebrating our owne home-borne facts;
ether the guarded tragedie they wrought,
't were the gowned comedy they taught.
Nor had our Italie more glorious bin
vertue and renowne of armes, than in
r language, if the stay and care t' have mended,
d not our every poët like offended.
t you, Pompilius' off-spring, spare you not
taxe that verse, which many a day and blot
ve not kept in; and (lest perfection faile)
t ten times o're, corrected to the naile.
cause Democritus beleeves a wit
ppier then wretched art, and doth, by it,
clude all sober poëts from their share
Helicon; a great sort will not pare
eir nailes, nor shave their beards, but to by-paths
tire themselves, avoid the poblike baths;
r so, they shall not only gaine the worth,
it fame of poëts, they think, if they come forth,
d from the barber Licinus conceale
eir heads, which three Anticyras cannot heale.
I left-witted, that purge every spring
r choller! If I did not, who could bring
ut better poëms? but I cannot buy
y title at the rate, I'ad rather, I,
Be like a whet-stone, that an edge can put
On steele, though 't selfe be dull, and cannot cut.
I, writing nought my selfe, will teach them yet
Their charge and office, whence their wealth to fet,
What nourisheth, what formed, what begot
The poët, what becommeth, and what not:
Whether truth may, and whether error bring.
The very root of writing well, and spring
Is to be wise; thy matter first to know;
Which the Socratick writings best can show:
And, where the matter is provided still,
There words will follow, not against their will.
He, that hath studied well the debt, and knowes
What to his countrey, what his friends he owes,
What height of love a parent will fit best,
What brethren, what a stranger, and his guest,
Can tell a states-man's dutie, what the arts
And office of a judge are, what the parts
Of a brave chiefe sent to the warres: he can,
Indeed, give fitting dues to every man.
And I still bid the learned maker looke
On life and manners, and make those his booke,
Thence draw forth true expressions. For, sometimes,
A poëme of no grace, weight, art, in rimes
With specious places, and being humour'd right,
More strongly takes the people with delight,
And better stayes them there, than all fine noise
Of verse meere-matter-lesse, and tinckling toies.
The Muse not only gave the Greeks a wit,
But a well-compass'd mouth to utter it.
Being men were covetous of nought but praise;
Our Roman youths they learne the subtle wayes
How to divide, into a hundred parts,
A pound, or piece, by their long compting arts:
There's Albin's sonne will say, substract an ounce
From the five ounces; what remaines? pronounce
A third of twelve, you may: foure ounces. Glad,
He cries, good boy, thou'lt keepe thine owne. Now, adde
An ounce, what makes it then? the halfe pound just;
Sixe ounces. O, when once the canker'd rust,
And care of getting, thus our minds hath stain'd,
Think we, or hope, there can be verses fain'd
In juyce of cedar, worthy to be steep'd,
And in smooth cypresse boxes to be keep'd?
Poëts would either profit, or delight,
Or mixing sweet and fit, teach life the right.
Orpheus, and priest, a speaker for the gods,
First frighted men, and wildly liv'd, at ods,
From slaughters and foule life; and for the same
Was tigers said, and lyons fierce to tame.
Amphion, too, that built the Theban towres,
Was said to move the stones, by his lute's powers,
And lead them with soft songs, where that he would.
This was the sacred wisdome, that they had of old,
Things sacred, from prophane to separate;
The publike from the private; to abate
Wild raging lusts; prescribe the marriage good;
Build townes, and carve the lawes in leaves of wood.
And thus at first, an honour and a name
To divine poëts, and their verses came.
Next these great Homer and Tyrtaeus set
On edge the masculine spirits, and did whet
Their minds to warres, with rimes they did rehearse;
The oracles, too, were given out in verse;
All way of life was shewen; the grace of kings
Attempted by the Muses' tunes and strings;
Playes were found out; and rest, the end and crowne
Of their long labours, was in verse set downe:

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All which I tell, lest when Apollo's nam'd,
Or Muse upon the lyre, thou chance b' asham'd.
Be briefe, in what thou wouldst command, that so
The docile mind may soone thy precepts know,
And hold them faithfully, for nothing rests,
But flowes out, that ore-swelleth in full brests.
Let what thou fain'st for pleasures sake, be neere
The truth; nor let thy fable thinke, what e're
It would, must be: lest it alive would draw
The child, when Lamia 'has din'd, out of her maw.
The poëms void of profit, our grave men
Cast out by voyces; want they pleasure, then
Our gallants gave them none, but passe them by:
But he hath every suffrage can apply
Sweet mix'd with sowre to his reader, so
As doctrine and delight together go.
This booke will get the Sosii money; this
Will passe the seas, and long as nature is,
With honour make the farre-knowne author live.
There are yet faults, which we would well forgive,
For, neither doth the string still yeeld that sound
The hand and mind would, but it will resound
Oft-times a sharpe, when we require a flat:
Nor alwayes doth the loosed bow, hit that
Which it doth threaten. Therefore, where I see
Much in the poëm shine, I will not be
Offended with few spots, which negligence
Hath shed, or humane frailtie not kept thence.
How then? why, as a scrivener, if h' offend
Still in the same, and warned will not mend,
Deserves no pardon; or who'd play and sing
Is laugh'd at, that still jarreth on one string:
So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me
A Chœrilus, in whom if I but see
Twice, or thrice good, I wonder: but am more
Angry. Sometimes, I heare good Homer snore.
But I confesse, that in a long work, sleepe
May, with some right, upon an author creepe.
As painting, so is poësie. Some man's hand
Will take you more, the neerer that you stand;
As some the farther off: this loves the darke;
This, fearing not the subtlest judge's marke
Will in the light be view'd: this once the sight
Doth please; this, ten times over, will delight.
You sir, the elder brother, though you are
Informed rightly, by your father's care,
And of your selfe too understand; yet mind
This saying: to some things there is assign'd
A meane and toleration, which does well:
There may a lawyer be, may not excell;
Or pleader at the barre, that may come short
Of eloquent Messalla's power in court,
Or knowes not what Cassellius Aulus can;
Yet, there's a value given to this man.
But neither men, nor gods, nor pillars meant,
Poëts should ever be indifferent.
As jarring musique doth, at jolly feasts,
Or thick grosse ointment, but offend the guests:
As poppie, and Sardane honey; 'cause without
These, the free meale might have been well drawn
So any poëm, fancied, or forth-brought [out:
To bettring of the mind of man, in ought,
If ne're so little it depart the first,
And highest; sinketh to the lowest, and worst.
He, that not knowes the games, nor how to use
His armes in Mars his field, he doth refuse;
Or, who's unskilfull at the coit, or ball,
Or trundling wheele, he can sit still from all;
Lest the throng'd heapes should on a laughter take:
Yet who's most ignorant, dares verses make.
Why not? I'm gentle, and free-borne, doe hate
Vice, and am knowne to have a knight's estate.
Thou, such thy judgement is, thy knowledge too,
Wilt nothing against nature speake, or doe:
But, if hereafter thou shalt write, not feare
To send it to be judg'd by Metius' eare,
And to your fathers, and to mine; though 't be
Nine yeares kept in, your papers by, yo' are free
To change and mend, what you not forth doe set.
The writ once out, never returned yet.
'Tis now inquir'd, which makes the nobler verse,
Nature, or art. My judgement will not pierce
Into the profits, what a meere rude braine
Can; or all toile, without a wealthie veine:
So doth the one, the other's helpe require,
And friendly should unto one end conspire.
He, that's ambitious in the race to touch
The wished goale, both did and suffer'd much
While he was young; he sweat; and freez'd again:
And both from wine and women did abstaine.
Who, since to sing the Pythian rites is heard,
Did learne them first, and once a master fear'd.
But now, it is enough to say; I make
An admirable verse. The great scurfe take
Him that is last, I scorne to come behind,
Or, of the things that ne're came in my mind,
To say I'm ignorant. Just as a crier
That to the sale of wares calls every buyer;
So doth the poët, who is rich in land,
Or great in money out at use, command
His flatterers to their gaine. But say, he can
Make a great supper; or for some poore man
Will be a suretie; or can helpe him out
Of an entangling suit; and bring 't about:
I wonder how this happie man should know,
Whether his soothing friend speake truth, or no.
But you, my Piso, carefully beware,
(Whether yo' are given to, or giver are)
You doe not bring, to ludge your verses, one,
With joy of what is given him, over-gone:
For he'll cry, Good, brave, better, excellent!
Looke pale, distill a showre (was never meant)
Out at his friendly eyes, leape, beat the groun'.
As those that hir'd to weepe at funeralls, swoune.
Cry, and doe more then the true mourners: so
The scoffer, the true praiser doth out-goe.
Rich men are said with many cups to plie,
And rack with wine, the man whom they would try.
If of their friendship he be worthy, or no:
When you write verses, with your judge do so:
Looke through him, and be sure you take not mock
For praises, where the mind conceales a foxe.
If to Quintilius, you recited ought: [naught.
He'd say, Mend this, good friend, and this; 't is
If you denied, you had no better straine,
And twice, or thrice had 'ssayd it, still in vaine:
He'd bid, blot all: and to the anvile bring
Those ill-turn'd verses, to new hammering.
Then, if your fault you rather had defend [spend
Then change: no word, or worke, more would he
In vaine, but you, and yours, you should love still
Alone, without a rivall, by his will.
A wise, and honest man will cry out shame
On artlesse verse; the hard ones he will blame;
Blot out the carelesse, with his turned pen;
Cut off superfluous ornaments; and when [wrote
They 're darke, bid cleare this: all that's doubtfull
Reprove; and, what is to be changed, note:
Become an Aristarchus. And, not say,
Why should I grieve my friend, this trifling way?

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hese trifles into serious mischiefes lead
he man once mock'd, and suffer'd wrong to tread.
Wise, sober folke, a frantick poët feare,
nd shun to touch him, as a man that were
nfected with the leprosie, or had
he yellow jaundies, or were furious mad
ccording to the Moone. But, then the boyes
hey vexe, and follow him with shouts, and noise,
he while he belcheth loftie verses out,
nd stalketh, like a fowler, round about,
busie to catch a black-bird; if he fall
nto a pit, or hole; although he call,
nd cry aloud, Helpe, gentle countrey-men,
here's none will take the care, to helpe him then;
'or if one should, and with a rope make haste
'o let it downe, who knowes, if he did cast
Himselfe there purposely, or no; and would
Not thence be sav'd, although indeed he could?
I'le tell you but the death, and the disease
Of the Sicilian poët Empedocles,
He, while he labour'd to be thought a god
Immortall, tooke a melancholique, odde
Conceipt, and into burning Aetna leap'd.
Let poëts perish, that will not be kept.
He that preserves a man, against his will,
Doth the same thing with him, that would him kill.
Nor did he doe this once; for if you can
Recall him yet, he'ld be no more a man:
Or love of this so famous death lay by.
His cause of making verses none knowes why;
Whether he piss'd upon his father's grave;
Or the sad thunder-stroken thing he have
Defiled, touch'd; but certaine he was mad;
And, as a beare, if he the strength but had
To force the grates, that hold him in, would fright
All; so this grievous writer puts to flight
Learn'd and unlearn'd; holding, whom once he takes;
And, there an end of him reciting makes:
Not letting goe his hold, where he drawes food,
Till he drop off, a horse-leech, full of blood.

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THE

POEMS

OF

BISHOP Richard *CORBET.*

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THE

LIFE OF RICHARD CORBET, D. D.

BISHOP OF OXFORD AND NORWICH.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

RICHARD, the son of Vincent Corbet, was born at Ewell in Surrey, in the year 1582. His father, who attained the age of eighty, appears to have been a man of excellent character, and is celebrated in one of his son's poems with filial ardour. For some reason, his biographers inform us, he assumed the name of Pointer, or perhaps relinquished that for Corbet, which seems more probable. His usual residence was at Whitton in the county of Middlesex, where he was noted for his skill in horticulture, and amassed considerable property in houses and land, which he bequeathed to his son at his death in 1619.

Our poet was educated at Westminster-school, and in lent-term 1597-8 entered in Broadgate-Hall, (afterwards Pembroke College) and the year following was admitted a student of Christ-Church, Oxford, where he soon became noted among men of wit and vivacity. In 1605, he took his master's degree, and entered into holy orders. In 1612, he pronounced a funeral oration, in Saint Mary's church Oxford, on the death of Henry, prince of Wales, and the following year, another on the interment of that eminent benefactor to learning, sir Thomas Bodley. In 1618 he took a journey to France, from which he wrote the epistle to sir Thomas Aylesbury. His Journey to France, one of his most humorous poems, is remarkable for giving some *traits* of the French character that are visible in the present day.

King James, who showed no weakness in the choice of his literary favourites, made him one of his chaplains in ordinary, and in 1627 advanced him to the dignity of dean of Christ Church. At this time he was doctor of divinity, vicar of Cassington near Woodstock in Oxfordshire, and prebendary of Bedminster Secunda in the church of Sarum.

In 1617, Barton Holliday's play of Technogamia was performed before the king at Woodstock, and being received with indifferent success, various verses were written in excuse of his majesty's entertainment. Among others were some from Corbet who, as Anthony Wood informs us, "had that day preached before the king, *with his band starched clean*, for which he was reproved by the graver sort, but those who knew him well took no notice of it, for they have several times said, that *he loved to the last boys*

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play very well." This is not the only occasion which the Oxford biographer takes to advert to a levity in Corbet's character which was thought unbecoming his profession.

On the 30th of July 1629, he was promoted to the see of Oxford, and on the 7th of April 1632 was translated to that of Norwich. He married, probably before this time, Alice the daughter of Dr. Leonard Hutton, vicar of Flower, or Flore in Northamptonshire, who had been his contemporary at the university, and with whom he appears to have renewed his acquaintance during his Iter Boreale. By this wife he had a son, named after his grandfather Vincent, to whom he addresses some lines of parental advice and good wishes. Of the rest of his life, little can be now recovered. We have already seen that he invited Ben Jonson to Oxford and procured him a master's degree. He died July 28, 1635, and was buried at the upper end of the choir of the cathedral church of Norwich, with the following inscription on a brass-plate.

Ricardus Corbet, Theologiæ Doctor,
Ecclésiæ Cathedralis Christi Oxoniensis
Primum Alumnus, deinde Decanus, exinde
Episcopus, illinc huc translatus, et
Hinc in cælum Jul. 28, 1635.

Besides his son Vincent, he had a daughter, named Alice. They were both living in 1642, when their grandmother Anne Hutton made her will, and the son administered to it in 1648, but no memorial can be found of their future history. It would appear that his wife died before him, as in his will he committed his children to the care of their grandmother.

His most accurate biographer, Mr. Gilchrist, to whom this sketch is greatly indebted, has collected many particulars illustrative of his character, which are, upon the whole, favourable. Living in turbulent times, when the church was assailed from every quarter, he conducted himself with great moderation towards the recusants, or puritans; and although he could not disobey, yet contrived to soften by a gracious pleasantry of manner, the harsher orders received from the metropolitan Laud. In his principles he inclined to the Arminianism of Laud, in opposition to the Calvinism of Laud's predecessor archbishop Abbot, and it is evident from his poems, entertained a hearty contempt for the puritans, who, however, could not reproach him for persecution. As he published no theological works we are unable to judge of his talents in his proper profession, but his munificence in matters which regarded the church has been justly extolled. When St. Paul's cathedral stood in need of repairs, he not only contributed four hundred pounds from his own purse, but dispersed an epistle to the clergy of his diocese soliciting their assistance. This epistle, which Mr. Gilchrist has published, is highly characteristic of his propensity to humour, as well as of the quaint and quibbling style of his age. The following short specimen comes nearer to our own times, and will be easily understood by the dealers in fashionable chapels.

"I am verily persuaded, were it not for the pulpit and the pews (I do not now mean the altar and the font for the two sacraments, but for the pulpit and the stools as you call them) many churches had been down that stand. Stately pews are now become tabernacles, with rings and curtains to them. There wants nothing but beds to hear the word of God on; we have casements, locks and keys, and cushions: I had almost said, bolsters and pillows: and for those we love the church, I will not guess what is done within them, who sits, stands, or lies asleep, at prayers, communion, &c. but this I dare

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say, they are either to hide some vice, or to proclaim one: to hide disorder, or proclaim pride."

Wood has insinuated that he was unworthy to be made a bishop, and it must be owned he often betrayed a carelessness and indifference to the dignity of his public character. Of this we have abundant proof, if credit be due to Aubrey's MSS. in the Ashmolean Museum, from which Mr. Headley made the following extract.

"After he was doctor of divinity, he sang ballads at the Crosse at Abingdon; on a market-day he and some of his comrades were at the taverne by the Crosse, (which, by the way, was then the finest of England: I remember it when I was a freshman: it was admirable curious Gothicque architecture, and fine figures in the nitches; 'twas one of those built by king ..... for his queen.) The ballad-singer complayned he had no custome—he could not put off his ballads. The jolly doctor puts off his gowne, and puts on the ballad-singer's leathern jacket, and being a handsome man, and a rare full voice, he presently vended a great many, and had a great audience.

"After the death of Dr. Goodwin, he was made deane of Christ-Church. He had a good interest with great men, as you may finde in his poems; and that with the then great favourite the duke of Bucks, his excellent wit ever 't was of recommendation to him. I have forgot the story; but at the same time Dr. Fell thought to have carried it, Dr. Corbet put a pretty trick on him to let him take a journey to London for it, when he had alreadie the graunt of it.

"His conversation was extreme pleasant. Dr. Stubbins was one of his cronies; he was a jolly fat doctor, and a very good house-keeper. As Dr. Corbet and he were riding in Lob Lane in wet weather, ('t is an extraordinary deepe dirty lane,) the coach fell, and Corbet said, that Dr. S. was up to the elbows in mud, and he was up to the elbows in Stubbins.

"A. D. 1628, he was made bishop of Oxford; and I have heard that he had an admirable grave and venerable aspect.

"One time as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremonie, said he, 'Beare off there! or I'll confirm ye with my staffe.'—Another time, being to lay his hand on the head of a man very bald, he turns to his chaplaine, and said, 'Some dust, Lushington,' to keepe his hand from slipping. There was a man with a venerable beard: said the bishop, 'You, behind the beard!'

"His chaplaine, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned and ingenious man, and they loved one another. The bishop would sometimes take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplaine would go and lock themselves in and be merry: then first he layes down his episcopal hood, 'There layes the doctor;' then he putts off his gowne, 'There layes the bishop;" then t' was, 'Here's to thee, Corbet;'—'Here's to thee, Lushington.'"

The following early specimen of his humour was copied by Mr. Gilchrist from a collection of "Mery Passages and Jeastes," Harl. MS. No. 6395: "Ben Jonson was at a tavern, and in comes bishop Corbet (but not so then) into the next room. Ben Jonson calls for a quart of *raw* wine, and gives it to the tapster. 'Sirrah!' says he, 'carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice my service to him.' The fellow did, and in those terms. 'Friend!' says bishop Corbet, 'I thank him for his love; but pr'ythee tell him from me that he is mistaken, for sacrifices are always burnt.'"

Fuller says of him that he was "of a courteous courage, and no destructive —

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ture to any who offended him, counting himself plentifully repaired with a jest upon him."

His poems after passing through three editions, were lately very carefully revised and published by Mr. Gilchrist, with the addition of an excellent life, notes and illustrations. The liberality of Messrs Longman, the proprietors of this edition, has enabled me to avail myself of Mr. Gilchrist's text, and a part of his notes, which are distinguished by his initial.

As a poet, it will not be found that Corbet stands eminently distinguished. His thoughts, however, are often striking and original, although delivered in the uncouth language of his times, and seldom indebted to correctness of versification. His faults are in general those of the age in which he wrote, and if he fills no conspicuous place in poetical history, it ought not to be forgot that he wrote for the amusement of the moment, and made no pretensions to the veneration of posterity. His principal objects were gaiety and merriment at the expense of the more glaring follies of his day; of his serious efforts, it may be justly said that his feeling was without affectation and his panegyric without servility.

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TO THE READER.

(FROM EDITION 1648.)

READER,

I HEERE offer to view a collection of certaine pieces of poetry, which have flowne from hand to hand, these many yeares, in private papers, but were never fixed for the publique eie of the worlde to looke upon, till now[1]. If that witt which runnes in every veyne of them seeme somewhat out of fashion, because tis neither amorous nor obscene, thou must remember that the author, although scarse a divine when many of them were written, had not only so masculine but even so modest a witt also, that he would lett nothing fall from his pen but what he himselfe might owne, and never blush, when he was a bishop; little imagining the age would ever come, when his calling should prove more out of fashion than his witt could. As concerning any thing else to be added in commendation of the author, I shall never thinke of it; for as for those men who did knowe him, or ever heard of him, they need none of my good opinion: and as for those who knew him not, and never so much as heard of him, I am sure he needs none of theirs. Farewell.

[1] From hence it should seem that the edition 1647 was not published at the time this preface was written. *G.*

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COMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO

THE DEANE,

(FROM FLOWER IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, 1625,)

NOW THE WORTHY BISHOP OF NORWICH.

BY ROBERT GOMERSALL[1].

STILL to be silent, or to write in prose,
Were alike sloth, such as I leave to those
Who either want the grace of wit, or have
Untoward arguments: like him that gave
Life to the flea, or who without a guest
Would prove that famine was the only feast;
Self tyrants, who their braines doubly torment,
Both for their matter and their ornament.
If these do stutter sometimes, and confesse
That they are tired, we could expect no lesse.
But when my matter is prepared and fit,
When nothing's wanting but an equal wit,
I need no Muse's help to ayde me on,
Since that my subject is my Helicon.
And such are you: O give me leave, dear sir,
(He that is thankful is no flatterer)
To speak full truth: wherever I find worth,
I shew I have it if I set it forth:
You read yourself in these; here you may see
A ruder draft of Corbet's infancy.
For I professe, if ever I had thought
Needed not blush if publish'd, were there ought
Which was call'd mine durst beare a critic's view,
I was the instrument, but the author you.
I need not tell you of our health, which here
Must be presum'd, nor yet shall our good cheare
Swell up my paper, as it has done me,
Or as the mayor's feast does Stowe's history:
Without an early bell to make us rise,
Health calls us up and novelty; our eyes
Have divers objects still on the same ground,
As if the Earth had each night walk'd her round
To bring her best things hither: 't is a place
Not more the pride of shires then the disgrace,
Which I 'de not leave, had I my dean to boot,
For the large offers of the cloven-foot
Unto our Saviour, but you not being here
'T is to me, though a rare one, but a shire;
A place of good earth, if compared with worse,
Which hath a lesser part in Adam's curse:
Or, for to draw a simile from the High'st,
'T is like unto salvation without Christ,
A fairly situate prison: when again
Shall I enjoy that friendship, and that braine?
When shall I once more hear, in a few words,
What all the learning of past times affords?
Austin epitomis'd, and him that can
To make him clear contract Tertullian.
But I detain you from them: sir, adieu!
You read their works, but let me study you.

[1] Robert Gomersall was entered of Christ-Church, Oxford, in 1614, at the age of fourteen, where, in 1621, he proceeded M. A. In 1625 he took refuge from the plague at Flore in Northamptonshire, of which the editor of the Biographia Dramatica erroneously supposed he was rector. He was afterwards vicar of Thorncombe in Devonshire, and died in 1646. *G.*

ON DR. CORBET'S MARRIAGE.

(FROM WIT RESTORED, 8vo. 1658.)

COME all yee Muses and rejoice
At your Apolloe's happy choice;
Phœbus has conquer'd Cupid's charme;
Fair Daphne flys into his arm.
If Daphne be a tree, then mark,
Apollo is become the barke.
If Daphne be a branch of bay,
He weares her for a crowne to day:
O happy bridegroom! which dost wed
Thyself unto a virgin's bed.
Let thy love burne with hot desire,
She lacks no oil to feed the fire.
You know not poore Pigmalion's lot,
Nor have you a mere idol got.
You no Ixion, you no proud
Juno makes embrace a cloud.
Looke how pure Diana's skin
Appeares as it is shadow'd in
A chrystal streame; or look what grace
Shines in fair Venus' lovely face,
Whilst she Adonis courts and woos;
Such beauties, yea and more than those,
Sparkle in her; see but her soul,
And you will judge those beauties foul.
Her rarest beauty is within,
She 's fairest where she is not seen;
Now her perfection's character
You have approv'd, and chosen her.
O precious! she at this wedding
The jewel weares—the marriage ring.
Her understanding 's deep: like the
Venetian duke, you wed the sea;
A sea deep, bottomless, profound,
And which none but yourself may sound.

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Blind Cupid shot not this love-dart;
Your reason chose, and not your heart;
You knew her little, and when her
Apron was but a muckender,
When that same coral which doth deck
Her lips she wore about her neck:
You courted her, you woo'd her, not
Out of a window, she was got
And born your wife; it may be said
Her cradle was her marriage-bed.
The ring, too, was layd up for it
Untill her finger was growne fit:
You once gave her to play withal
A babie, and I hope you shall
This day your ancient gift renew,
So she will do the same for you:
In virgin wax imprint, upon
Her breast, your own impression;
You may (there is no treason in 't)
Coine sterling, now you have a mint.
You are now stronger than before,
Your side hath in it one ribb more.
Before she was akin to me
Only in soul and amity;
But now we are, since she's your bride,
In soul and body both allyde:
'T is this has made me less to do,
And I in one can honour two.
This match a riddle may be styled,
Two mothers now have but one child;
Yet need we not a Solomon,
Each mother here enjoyes her own.
Many there are I know have tried
To make her their own lovely bride;
But it is Alexander's lot
To cut in twaine the Gordian knot:
Claudia, to prove that she was chast,
Tyed but a girdle to her wast,
And drew a ship to Rome by land:
But now the world may understand
Here is a Claudia too; fair bride,
Thy spotlesse innocence is tried;
None but thy girdle could have led
Our Corbet to a marriage bed.
Come, all ye Muses, and rejoice
At this your nursling's happy choice:
Come, Flora, strew the bridemaid's bed,
And with a garland crowne her head;
Or if thy flowers be to seek,
Come gather roses at her cheek.
Come, Hymen, light thy torches, let
Thy bed with tapers be beset,
And if there be no fire by,
Come light thy taper at her eye;
In that bright eye there dwells a starre,
And wise men by it guided are.
In those delicious eyes there be
Two little balls of ivory:
How happy is he then that may
With these two dainty balls goe play.
Let not a teare drop from that eye,
Unlesse for very joy to cry.
O let your joy continue! may
A whole age be your wedding-day!
O happy virgin! is it true
That your deare spouse embraceth you?
Then you from Heaven are not farre,
But sure in Abraham's bosom are.
Come, all ye Muses, and rejoyce
At your Apollo's happy choice.

VERSES IN HONOUR OF BISHOP CORBET,

FOUND IN A BLANK LEAF OF HIS POEMS IN MS.

If flowing wit, if verses writ with ease,
If learning void of pedantry can please;
If much good-humour joined to solid sense,
And mirth accompanied with innocence,
Can give a poet a just right to fame,
Then Corbet may immortal honours claim;
For he these virtues had, and in his lines
Poetic and heroic spirit shines;
Though bright yet solid, pleasant but not rude,
With wit and wisdom equally endued.
Be silent, Muse, thy praises are too faint,
Thou want'st a power this prodigy to paint,
At once a poet, prelate, and a saint.

J. C.

UPON MY GOOD LORD THE BISHOP OF NORWICHE,

RICHARD CORBET,

WHO DYED JULY 28, 1635, AND LYES BURIED IN HIS CATHEDRAL CHURCHE.

(BY MR. JOHN TAYLOR OF NORWICH:

FROM THE CABINET, PUBLISHED THERE IN 1795.)

Ye rural bardes, who haunte the budding groves,
Tune your wilde reeds to sing the wood-larkes loves,
And let the softe harpe of the hawthorn vale
Melt in sweet euloge to the nightingale;
Yet haplie, Drummond, well thy Muse might raise
Aires not earth-born to suit my *raven's* praise.

Raven he was, yet was no gloomie fowle,
Merrie at hearte, though innocente of soule;
Where'er he perkt, the birds that came anighe
Constrayned caught the humour of his eye:
Under that shade no spights and wrongs were spred,
Care came not nigh with his uncomlie head.

Somewhile the thicke embranching trees amonge,
Where Isis doth his waters leade alonge,
Kissinge with modeste lippe the holie soyle,
Reflecting backe each hallowed grove the while;
Here did my raven trie his dulcive note,
Charming old Science with his mellow throat.

Sometimes with scholiasts deep in anciente lore,
Through learning's long defyles he would explore;
Then with keene wit untie the perplext knot
Of Aristotle or the cunning Scot;
Anon loud laughter shook the arched hall,
For mirth stood redy at his potente call.

Oxforde, thou couldst not binde his outspred wing,
My raven flew where bade his princelye kinge;
Norwiche must honours give he did not crave,
Norwiche must lend his palace and his grave:
And that kinde hearte which gave such vertue birth
Must here be shrouded in the greedie earth.

Ofte hath thy humble lay-clerke led alonge,
When thou wert by, the eve or matin songe;
And oftimes rounde thy marble shall he strole,
To chaunte sad requiems to thy soothed soul;—
Sleep on, till Gabriel's trump shall breake thy sleep,
And thou and I one heavenlie holiday shall keep.

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POEMS

OF

BISHOP CORBET.

AN ELEGIE

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF DR. RAVIS,

BISHOP OF LONDON.

WHEN I past Paul's, and travell'd in that walke
Where all our Britaine-sinners sweare and talk[1];
Ould Harry-ruffians, bankerupts, southsayers,
And youth whose cousenage is as ould as theirs;
And then beheld the body of my lord
Trodd under foote by vice that he abhorr'd;
It wounded me the landlord of all times
Should let long lives and leases to their crimes,
And to his springing honour did afford
Scarce soe much time as to the prophet's gourd.
Yet since swift flights of vertue have apt ends,
Like breath of angels, which a blessing sends,
And vanisheth withall, whilst fouler deeds
Expect a tedious harvest for bad seeds;
I blame not fame and nature if they gave,
Where they could give no more, their last, a grave.
And wisely doe thy grieved friends forbeare
Bubbles and alabaster boyes to reare
On thy religious dust: for men did know
Thy life, which such illusions cannot show:
For thou hast trod among those happy ones
Who trust not in their superscriptions,
Their hired epitaphs, and perjured stone,
Which oft belyes the soule when she is gon;
And durst committ thy body, as it lyes,
To tongues of living men, nay unborne eyes.
What profits thee a sheet of lead? What good
If on thy coarse a marble quarry stood?
Let those that feare their rising purchase vaults,
And reare them statues to excuse their faults;
As if, like birds that peck at painted grapes,
Their judge knew not their persons from their shapes.
Whilst thou assured, through thy easy dust
Shall rise at first; they would not though they must.
Nor needs the chancellor boast, whose pyramis
Above the host and altar reared is[2];
For though thy body fill a viler roome,
Thou shalt not change deedes with him for his tombe.

[1] Saint Paul's cathedral was in Corbet's time the resort of the idle and profligate of all classes.

[2] This was not the first censure of sir Christopher Hatton's extravagant monument; as, according to Stow, some poet had before complained on the part of Sydney and Walsingham, that

Philip and Francis have no tombe,
For great Christopher takes all the room. G.

SPECTATISSIMO, FUNCTISQUE OMNIBUS DIGNISSIMO,

THOMÆ CORIATO DE ODCOMBE,

PEREGRINANTI,

PEDESTRIS ORDINIS, EQUESTRISQUE FAMÆ.

THE following panegyric on the hero of Odcombe, Thomas Coryate, a pedantic coxcomb, with just brains enough to be ridiculous, to whom the world is much more indebted for becoming "the whetstone of the wits" than for any doings of his own, and the particulars of whose life and peregrinations may be found in every collection of biography, is printed in the Odcombian Banquet, 1611, 4to. sign. I. S.

The Latin lines have been omitted in the former impressions of bishop Corbet's poems. G.

Quod mare transieris, quod rura urbesque pedestet,
Jamque colat reduces patria læta pedes:
Quodque idem numero tibi calceus hæret, et illo
Cum corio redeas, quo Coriatus abis:
Fatum omenque tui miramur nominis, ex quo
Calcibus et soleis fluxit aluta tuis.
Nam quicunque eadem vestigia tentat, opinor
Excoriatus erit, ni Coriatus eat.

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IN LIBRUM SUUM.

De te pollicitus librum es, sed in te
Est magnus tuus hic liber libellus.

TO

THOMAS CORYATE.

I do not wonder, Coryate, that thou hast
Over the Alpes, through France and Savoy past,
Parch'd on thy skin, and founder'd in thy feete,
Faint, thirstie, lowsy, and didst live to see't.
Though these are Roman sufferings, and do show
What creatures back thou hadst could carry so,
All I admire is thy returne, and how
Thy slender pasterns could thee beare, when now
Thy observations with thy braine ingendered,
Have stuft thy massy and voluminous head
With mountaines, abbies, churches, synagogues,
Preputial offals, and Dutch dialogues:
A burden far more grievous than the weight
Of wine or sleepe; more vexing than the freight
Of fruit and oysters, which lade many a pate,
And send folks crying home from Billingsgate.
No more shall man with mortar on his head
Set forwards towards Rome: no! thou art bred
A terrour to all footmen, and all porters,
And all laymen that will turne Jews' exhorters,
To flie their conquered trade. Proud England, then,
Embrace this luggage[3], which the man of men
Hath landed here, and change thy well-a-day!
Into some homespun welcome roundelay.
Send of this stuffe thy territories thorough
To Ireland, Wales, and Scottish Eddenborough.
There let this booke be read and understood,
Where is no theame nor writer halfe so good.

A CERTAIN POEM,

AS IT WAS PRESENTED IN LATINE BY DIVINES AND OTHERS BEFORE HIS MAJESTY IN CAMBRIDGE, BY WAY OF ENTERLUDE, STYLED LIBER NOVUS DE ADVENTU REGIS AD CANTABRIGIAM. FAITHFULLY DONE INTO ENGLISH, WITH SOME LIBERAL ADDITIONS. MADE RATHER TO BE SUNGE THAN READ, TO THE TUNE OF BONNY NELL.

(THE NOTES ARE FROM A MS. COPY IN MR. GILCHRIST'S POSSESSION.)

It is not yet a fortnight since
Lutetia[4] entertain'd our prince,
And vented hath a studied toy
As long[5] as was the seige of Troy:
And spent herself for full five days
In speeches, exercise, and plays.

To trim the town, great care before
Was tane by th' lord vice-chancellor;
Both morn and even he cleans'd the way,
The streets he gravelled thrice a day:
One strike of March-dust for to see
No proverb[6] would give more than he.

Their colledges were new be-painted,
Their founders eke were new be-sainted;
Nothing escap'd, nor post, nor door,
Nor gate, nor raile, nor bawd, nor whore:
You could not know (Oh strange mishap!)
Whether you saw the town or map.

But the pure house of Emanuel[7]
Would not be like proud Jesabel,
Nor shew her self before the king
An hypocrite, or painted thing:
But, that the ways might all prove fair,
Conceiv'd a tedious mile of prayer.

Upon the look'd-for seventh[8] of March,
Outwent the townsmen all in starch,
Both band and beard, into the field,
Where one a speech could hardly wield;
For needs he would begin his stile,
The king being from him half a mile.

They gave the king a piece of plate,
Which they hop'd never came too late;
But cry'd, "Oh! look not in, great king,
For there is in it just nothing:"
And so prefer'd with tune and gate,
A speech as empty as their plate.

Now, as the king came neer the town,
Each one ran crying up and down,
Alas poor Oxford, thou 'rt undone,
For now the king's past Trompington,
And rides upon his brave gray dapple,
Seeing the top of Kings-Colledge chappel.

Next rode his lordship[9] on a nag,
Whose coat was blue[10], whose ruff was shag,
And then began his reverence
To speak most eloquent non-sense:
"See how" (quoth he) "most mighty prince,
For very joy my horse doth wince.

"What cryes the town? What we?" (said he)
"What cryes the University?
What cry the boys? What ev'ry thing?
Behold, behold, yon comes the king:"
And ev'ry period he bedecks
With En et ecce venit rex.

"Oft have I warn'd" (quoth he) "our dirt
That no silk stockings should be hurt;
But we in vain strive to be fine,
Unless your graces sun doth shine;
And with the beams of your bright eye,
You will be pleas'd our streets to dry."

[3] "Coryate's Crudities hastily gobbled up in five months travels in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, Helvetia, some parts of High Germany, and the Netherlands." 4to. 1611. Re-printed in 3 vols. 8vo. 1776. *G.*

[4] Quia valde lutosa est Cantabrigia.

[5] Ludus per spatium 6 horarum infra.

[6] "A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom."

[7] Coll. Eman. abundat puritanis.

[8] The king enterd Cambr. 7 Mar. 1614-5.

[9] Samuel Harsnett, then bp. of Chichester.

[10] Vestis indicat virum.

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Now come we to the wonderment
Of Christendom, and eke of Kent,
The Trinity; which to surpass,
Doth deck her spokesman[11] by a glass:
Who, clad in gay and silken weeds,
Thus opes his mouth, hark how he speeds.

"I wonder what your grace doth here,
Who have expected been twelve year,
And this your son, fair Carolus,
That is so Jacobissimus[12]:
Here's none, of all, your grace refuses,
You are most welcome to our Muses.

"Although we have no bells to jangle,
Yet can we shew a faire quadrangle,
Which, though it ne're was grac'd with king,
Yet sure it is a goodly thing:
My warning's short no more I'le say,
Soon you shall see a gallant play."

But nothing was so much admir'd,
As were their playes so well attir'd;
Nothing did win more praise of mine,
Then did their actors most divine[13]:
So did they drink their healths divinely;
So did they dance and skip so finely.

Their plays had sundry grave wise factors,
A perfect diocess of actors
Upon the stage; for I am sure that
There was both bishop, pastor, curat:
Nor was their labour light, or small,
The charge of some was pastoral.

Our playes were certainly much worse,
For they had a brave hobby-horse,
Which did present unto his grace
A wondrous witty ambling pace:
But we were chiefly spoyl'd by that
Which was six hours of *God knows what*[14].

His lordship then was in a rage,
His lordship lay upon the stage,
His lordship cry'd, all would be marr'd:
His lordship lov'd a-life the guard,
And did invite those mighty men,
To what think you? even to a Hen.

He knew he was to use their might
To help to keep the door at night,
And well bestow'd he thought his Hen,
That they might Tolebooth[15] Oxford men:
He thought it did become a lord
To threaten with that bug-bear word.

Now pass we to the civil law,
And eke the doctors of the spaw,
Who all perform'd their parts so well,
Sir Edward Ratcliff[16] bore the bell,
Who was, by the king's own appointment,
To speak of spells, and magick oyntment.

The doctors of the civil law
Urg'd ne're a reason worth a straw;
And though they went in silk and satten,
They, Thomson-like[17], clip'd the kings Latine;
But yet his grace did pardon then
All treasons against Priscian.

Here no man speak ought to the point,
But all they said was out of joint;
Just like the chappel ominous
I' the colledge called *God with us*;
Which truly[18] doth stand much awry,
Just north and south, yes verily.

Philosophers did well their parts,
Which prov'd them masters of their arts;
Their moderator was no fool,
He far from Cambridge kept a school:
The country did such store afford,
The proctors might not speak a word.

But to conclude, the king was pleas'd,
And of the court the town was eas'd:
Yet Oxford though (dear sister) hark yet,
The king is gone but to New-market,
And comes again e're it be long,
Then you may make another song.

The king being gone from Trinity,
They make a scramble for degree;
Masters of all sorts, and all ages,
Keepers, subcizers, lackeyes, pages,
Who all did throng to come aboard,
With "Pray make me now, Good my lord."

They prest his lordship wondrous hard,
His lordship then did want the guard;
So did they throng him for the nonce,
Until he blest them all at once,
And cryed, "Hodiissimè:
Omnes Magistri estote."

Nor is this all which we do sing,
For of your praise the world must ring:
Reader, unto your tackling look,
For there is coming forth a book
Will spoyl Joseph Barnesius
The sale of Rex Platonicus.

[11] Nethersoli Cant. orator, qui per speculum seipsum solet ornari.

[12] Orator hoc usus est vocabulo in oratione ad regem.

[13] Actores omnes fuere theologi.

[14] Ludus dicebatur Ignoramus, qui durabat per spatium sex horarum.

[15] Idem quod Bocardo apud Oxon.

[16] Insigniss. stultus.

[17] Paulus Tompsonus, qui nuper læsæ majest. reus ob aurum decurtat.

[18] Decorum quia Coll. est puritanorum plenum: scil. Emanuel.

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AN

ANSWER TO THE FORMER SONG,

IN LATIN AND ENGLISH.

BY ——— LAKES.

(FROM AN AUTOGRAPH IN MR. GILCHRIST'S POSSESSION.)

A BALLAD late was made,
But God knows who 'es the penner,
Some say the rhyming sculler[1],
And others say 't was Fenner[1]:
But they that know the style
Doe smell it by the collar,
And doe maintaine it was the braine
Of some yong Oxford scholler.

And first he rails on Cambridge,
And thinkes her to disgrace,
By calling her Lutetia,
And throws dirt in her face:
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
For all the world must grant,
If Oxford be thy mother,
Then Cambridge is thy aunt.

Then goes he to the town,
And puts it all in starch,
For other rhyme he could not find
To fit the seventh of March:
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
For I must vail the bonnet,
And cast the caps at Cambridge
For making song and sonnet.

Thence goes he to their present,
And there he doth purloyne,
For looking in their plate
He nimmes away their coyne:
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
For 't is a dangerous thing
To steal from corporations
The presents of a king.

Next that, my lord vice-chancellor
He brings before the prince,
And in the face of all the court
He makes his horse to wince.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
For sure that jest did faile,
Unless you clapt a nettle
Under his horse's taile.

Then aimes he at our orator,
And at his speech he snarles,
Because he forced a word, and called
The prince "most Jacob-Charles."
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
For he did it compose
That puts you down as much for tongue
As you do him for nose.

[1] The former is Taylor, the celebrated water-poet: the latter, William Fenner, a puritanical poet and pamphleteer of that period, was educated at Pembroke-hall, Oxford. He was preferred to the rectory of Rochford in Essex, by the earl of Warwick. He died about 1640. *G.*

RESPONSIO, &c

PER

——— LAKES.

FACTA est cantilena,
Sed nescio quo autore;
An fluxerit ex remige,
An ex Fenneri ore.
Sed qui legerunt, contendunt,
Esse hanc tenelli
Oxoniensis nescio cujus
Prolem cerebelli.

Nam primò Cantabrigiam
Convitiis execravit,
Quod vocitat Lutetiam,
Et luto conspurcavit.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
Nam istud nihil moror,
Quum hujus academiæ
Oxonia sit soror.

Tunc oppidanos miseros
Horrendo cornu petit,
De quibus dixit, nescio quid,
Et rythmum sic effecit.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
Bardos Oxonienses
In canticis non vicimus
Jam Cantabrigienses.

Jam inspicit cratera
Quæ regi dono datur,
Et aurum ibi positum
Subripere conatur.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
Nam scelus istud lues,
Si fraudes sodalitia,
Ad crucem cito rues.

Dein pro-cancellarium
Produxit equitantem,
In equum valde agilem
Huc et illuc saltantem:
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
Nam tibi vix credetur
Si non sub ejus cauda
Urtica poneretur.

Tunc evomit sententiam
In ipsum oratorem
Qui dixit Jacobissimum,
Præter Latinum morem.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
Orator exit talis
Qui magis pollet lingua
Quam ipse naso vales.

Archbishop Laud in his annual account to the king 1636, p. 37, mentions one Fenner, a principal ringleader of the Separatists, with their conventicles, at and about Ashford in Kent. *G.*

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Then flies he to our comedies,
And there he doth professe
He saw among our actors
A perfect diocess.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
'T was no such witty fiction,
For since you leave the vicar out,
You spoile the jurisdiction.

Next that he backes the hobby-horse,
And with a scholler's grace,
Not able to endure the trott,
He 'd bring him to the pase:
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
For you will hardly do it,
Since all the riders in your muse
Could never bring him to it.

Polonia land can tell,
Through which he oft did trace,
And bore a fardell at his back,
He nere went other pace.
But leave him, scholler, leave him,
He learned it of his sire,
And if you put him from his trott
He 'l lay you in the myre.

Our horse has thrown his rider;
But now he meanes to shame us,
And in the censuring of our play
Conspires with Ignoramus.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
And call 't not "God knows what,"
Your head was making ballads
When you should mark the plot.

His fantasie still working,
Finds out another crotchet;
Then runs he to the bishop,
And rides upon his rotchet.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
And take it not in snuff,
For he that weares no picadell
By law may weare a ruffe.

Next that he goes to dinner,
And like an hardy guest,
When he had cramm'd his belly full
He railes against the feast.
But leave it, scholler, leave it;
For, since you eat his roast,
It argues want of manners
To raile upon the host.

Now listen, masters, listen,
That tax us for our riot,
For here two men went to a hen,
So slender was the diet.
Then leave him, scholler, leave him,
Ye yieldes himself your debtor,
And next time he 's vice-chancellor
Your table shall be better.

Then goes he to the regent-house,
And there he sits and sees
How lackeys and subsisers press
And scramble for degrees.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
'T was much against our mind,
But when the prison doors are ope
Noe thief will stay behind.

Adibat ad comœdiam
Et cuncta circumspexit,
Actorum diœcesin
Completam hic detexit:
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
Hæc cogitare mente
Non valet jurisdictio
Vicario absente.

Fictitio equo subdidit
Calcaria, sperans fore
Ut eum ire cogeret
Gradu submissiore:
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
Hoc non efficietur
Si iste stabularius
Habenis moderetur.

Testis est Polonia,
Quam sæpe is transivit,
Et oneratus sarcina
Eodem gradu ivit.
Tum parce, precor, parcito,
Et credas hoc futurum,
Si Brutum regat Asinus
Gradatim non iturum.

Comœdiam Ignoramus
Eum spectare libet,
Et hujus delicatulo
Structura non arridet.
At parce, precor, parcito,
Tum aliter versatus
In faciendis canticis
Fuisti occupatus.

Tum pergit maledicere
Cicestriensi patri,
Et vestes etiam vellicat
Episcopi barbati.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
Et nos tu sales pone,
Ne tanti patris careas
Benedictione.

Tum cibo se ingurgitans
Abunde saginatur,
Et venter cum expletus est,
Danti convitiatur.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
Nam illud verum erit,
Quicquid ingrato infecerit
Oxoniensi, perit.

At ecce nos videmur
Tenaces nimis esse,
Gallinam unam quod spectasset
Duos comedisse.
O parce, precor, parcito,
Hæc culpa corrigetur
Cum rursus Cantabrigia
Episcopo regetur.

Sed novo in sacello
Pedisse quos aspexit,
Quos nostra Academia
Honoribus erexit.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
Nam ipse es expertus,
Effugiunt omnes protinus
Cum carcer est apertus.

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Behold, more anger yet:
He threatens us ere long,
When as the king comes back againe,
To make another song.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
Your weakness you disclose;
For "Bonny Nell" doth plainly tell
Your wit lies all in prose.

Nor can you make the world
Of Cambridge praise to ringe,
A mouth so foul no market eare
Will stand to hear it sing.
Then leave it, scholler, leave it,
For yet you cannot say,
The king did go from you in March
And come again in May.

At nobis minitatur,
Si rex sit rediturus,
Tunc iste (Phœbo duce) est
Tela resumpturus.
Sed parce, precor, parcito,
Piscator ictus sapit,
Fugatus namque miles iners
Arma nunquam capit.

Et Cantabrigiam non
Lædi hinc speramus,
Ex ore tam spurcidico
Nil damni expectamus.
O parce, ergo, parcito,
Oxonia nunquam dicit,
Cum Martio princeps abiens
In Maio nos revisit.

ADDITAMENTA SUPERIORI CANTICO.

Ingenij amplitudinem
Jam satis ostendisti,
Et eloquentiæ fructus
Abundè protulisti:
Sed parce, tibi, parcito,
Ne omne absumatur,
Ne tandem tibi arido
Nil suavi relinquatur.

Jam satis oppugnasti,
O Polyyhemi proles!
Et tanquam taurus gregis
Nos oppugnare soles.
Sed parce, tandem, parcito,
Tuis laudatus eris,
Et nunc inultus tanquam stultus
A nobis dimitteris.

ON

THE LADY ARABELLA.

(THE UNFORTUNATE LADY ARABELLA STUART WHO DIED IN THE TOWER SEPT. 27, 1615.)

How do I thanke thee, Death, and blesse thy power
That I have past the guard, and scaped the Tower!
And now my pardon is my epitaph,
And a small coffin my poore carkasse hath.
For at thy charge both soule and body were
Enlarged at last, secured from hope and feare;
That among saints, this amongst kings is laid,
And what my birth did claim, my death hath paid.

UPON MISTRIS MALLET[1],

AN UNHANDSOME GENTLEWOMAN WHO MADE LOVE UNTO HIM.

Have I renounc't my faith, or basely sold
Salvation, and my loyalty, for gold?
Have I some forreigne practice undertooke
By poyson, short, sharp-knife, or sharper booke
To kill my king? have I betray'd the state
To fire and fury, or some newer fate,
Which learned murderers, those grand destinies,
The Jesuites, have nurc'd? if of all these
I guilty am, proceed; I am content
That Mallet take me for my punishment.
For never sinne was of so high a rate,
But one night's hell with her might expiate.
Although the law with Garnet[2], and the rest,
Dealt farr more mildly; hanging 's but a jest
To this immortall torture. Had she bin then
In Mary's torrid dayes engend'red, when
Cruelty was witty, and invention free
Did live by blood, and thrive by crueltye,
She would have bin more horrid engines farre
Than fire or famine, racks and halters are.
Whether her witt, forme, talke, smile, tire I name,
Each is a stock of tyranny and shame;
But for her breath, spectatours come not nigh,
That layes about; God blesse the company!
The man in a beare's skin baited to death,
Would chose the doggs much rather then her breath;
One kisse of hers, and eighteene wordes alone
Put downe the Spanish inquisition.
"Thrice happy we" (quoth I, thinking thereon)
"That see no dayes of persecution;
For were it free to kill, this grisly elfe
Wold martyrs make in compasse of herselfe:
And were she not prevented by our prayer,
By this time she corrupted had the aire."
And am I innocent? and is it true,
That thing (which poet Plinye never knew,

[1] For this vehement attack upon the weakness of an infatuated woman, the author must be screened under the example of Horace, Ep. viii. and xii. *G.* But are we sure that her character and manner of making love to him might not have justified his severity? If he could have treated an innocent and virtuous women in this manner, his character must have been despicably inhuman, which we have no reason to think it was. *C.*

[2] Henry Garnet, provincial of the order of Jesuits in England, who was arraigned and executed at the west end of St. Paul's, for his connivance at, rather than for any active participation in the gunpowder plot, May 3, 1605. See State Trials. *G.*

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Nor Africk, Nile, nor ever Hackluyt's eyes
Descry'd in all his east, west-voyages;
That thing which poets were afrayd to feigne,
For feare her shadowe should infect their brayne;
This spouse of antichrist, and his alone,
She 's drest so like the whore of Babylon;)
Should doate on me? as if they did contrive
The Devill and she, to damne a man alive.
Why doth not Welcome rather purchase her,
And beare about this rare familiar?
Sixe markett dayes, a wake, and a fayre too 't,
Would save his charges and the ale to bout.
No tyger's like her; she feedes upon man
Worse than a tygresse or a leopard can.
Let me go pray, and thinke upon some spell,
At once to bid the Devill and her farwell.

IN QUENDAM

ANNIVERSARIORUM SCRIPTOREM[1].

Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros.
Virg. Æn. i. 483.

Even so dead Hector thrice was triumph'd on
The walls of Troy, thrice slain when Fates had done:
So did the barbarous Greekes before their boast
Torment his ashes and profane his ghost:
As Henrye's vault, his peace, his sacred hearse,
Are torne and batter'd by thine Anniverse.
Was 't not enough nature and strength were foes,
But thou must yearly murther him in prose?
Or dost thou thinke thy raving phrase can make
A lowder eccho then the Almanake?
Good friend, our general tie to him that 's gone
Should love the man that yearlie doth him moane:
The author's zeal and place he now doth hold,
His love and duty makes him be thus bold
To offer this poor mite, his anniverse
Unto his good great master's sacred hearse;
The which he doth with privilege of name,
Whilst others, 'midst their ale, in corners blame.
A pennyworth in print they never made,
Yet think themselves as good as Pond or Dade.
One anniverse, when thou hast done thus twice,
Thy words among the best will be of Price.

IN POETAM

EXAUCTORATUM ET EMERITUM.

Nor is it griev'd, grave youth, the memory
Of such a story, such a booke as he,
That such a copy through the world were read;
Henry yet lives, though he be buried.
It could be wish'd that every eye might beare
His eare good witnesse that he still were here:
That sorrowe ruled the yeare, and by that sunne
Each man could tell you how the day had runne:
O 't were an honest boast, for him could say
I have been busy, and wept out the day
Remembring him. An epitaph would last
Were such a trophee, such a banner placed
Upon his corse as this: *Here a man lyes*
Was slaine by Henrye's dart, not Destinie's.
Why this were med'cinable, and would heale,
Though the whole languish'd, halfe the common-weale.
But for a cobler to goe burn his cappe,
And cry, "The prince, the prince! O dire mishappe!"
Or a Geneva-bridegroom, after grace,
To throw his spouse i' th' fire; or scratch her face
To the tune of the Lamentation; or delay
His Friday capon till the sabbath day:
Or an old popish lady half vow'd dead
To fast away the day in gingerbread:
For him to write such annals; all these things
Do open laughter's and shutt up griefe's springs.
Tell me what juster or more congruous peere
Than ale, to judge of workes begott of beere?
Wherefore forbeare—or, if thou print the next,
Bring better notes, or take a meaner text.

ON

MR. FRANCIS BEAUMONT,

THEN NEWLY DEAD.

He that hath such acuteness and such wit
As would aske ten good heads to husband it;
He that can write so well, that no man dare
Refuse it for the best, let him beware:
Beaumont is dead! by whose sole death appears
Wit's a disease consumes men in few yeares.

AN ELEGIE[1]

ON THE LATE LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, BARON OF EFFINGHAM.

I did not know thee, lord, nor do I strive
To win access or grace with lords alive:
The dead I serve, from whence nor faction can
Move me, nor favour; nor a greater man.
To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe sent,
From whom no penance warns, nor portion spent;
To these I dedicate as much of me,
As I can spare from my own husbandry:
And till ghosts walk as they were wont to do,
I trade for some, and do these errands too.
But first I do enquire, and am assur'd,
What tryals in their journeys they endur'd;
What certainties of honour and of worth
Their most uncertain life-times have brought forth;
And who so did least hurt of this small store,
He is my patron, dy'd he rich or poor.
First I will know of Fame (after his peace,
When flattery and envy both do cease)
Who rul'd his actions: reason, or my lord?
Did the whole man rely upon a word,
A badge of title? or, above all chance,
Seem'd he as ancient as his cognizance?

[1] Dr. Daniel Price, who used to preach anniversary sermons on the death of Henry prince of Wales. *C.*

[1] This poem, for what reason does not appear, is printed before some of the later editions of sir Thomas Overbury's "Wife." *G.*

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What did he? acts of mercy, and refrain
Oppression in himself, and in his train?
Was his essential table full as free
As boasts and invitations use to be?
Where if his russet-friend did chance to dine,
Whether his satten-man would fill him wine?
Did he think perjury as lov'd a sin,
Himself forsworn, as if his slave had been?
Did he seek regular pleasures? was he known
Just husband of one wife, and she his own?
Did he give freely without pause or doubt,
And read petitions ere they were worn out?
Or should his well-deserving client ask,
Would he bestow a tilting or a masque
To keep need vertuous? and that done, not fear
What lady damn'd him for his absence there?
Did he attend the court for no man's fall?
Wore he the ruine of no hospital?
And when he did his rich apparel don,
Put he no widow, nor an orphan on?
Did he love simple vertue for the thing?
The king for no respect but for the king?
But, above all, did his religion wait
Upon God's throne, or on the chair of state?
He that is guilty of no quaery here,
Out-lasts his epitaph, out-lives his heir.
But there is none such, none so little bad;
Who but this negative goodness ever had?
Of such a lord we may expect the birth,
He 's rather in the womb, than on the earth.
And 't were a crime in such a public fate,
For one to live well and degenerate:
And therefore I am angry, when a name
Comes to upbraid the world like Effingham.
Nor was it modest in thee to depart
To thy eternal home, where now thou art,
Ere thy reproach was ready; or to die,
Ere custom had prepar'd thy calumny.
Eight days have past since thou hast paid thy debt
To sin, and not a libel stirring yet;
Courtiers, that scoff by patent, silent sit,
And have no use of slander or of wit;
But (which is monstrous) though against the tyde,
The watermen have neither rayl'd nor ly'd.
Of good or bad there 's no dictinction known,
For in thy praise the good and bad are one.
It seems, we all are covetous of fame,
And, hearing what a purchase of good name
Thou lately mad'st, are carefull to increase
Our title, by the holding of some lease
From thee our landlord, and for that th' whole crew
Speak now like tenants, ready to renew.
It were too sad to tell thy pedigree,
Death hath disordered all, misplacing thee;
Whilst now thy herauld, in his line of heirs,
Blots out thy name, and fills the space with tears.
And thus hath conqu'ring Death, or Nature rather,
Made thee prepostrous ancient to thy father,
Who grieve th' art so, and like a glorious light
Shines ore thy hearse.
... . He therefore that would write
And blaze thee throughly, may at once say all,
Here lyes the anchor of our admiral.
Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid when she is sung and heard.

TO THE

LORD MORDANT,

UPON HIS RETURNE FROM THE NORTH, WHITHER HE HAD ACCOMPANIED KING JAMES IN 1617.

My lord, I doe confesse at the first newes
Of your returne towards home, I did refuse
To visit you, for feare the northerne winde
Had peirc't into your manners and your minde;
For feare you might want memory to forget
Some arts of Scotland which might haunt you yet.
But when I kpew you were, and when I heard
You were at Woodstock seene, well sunn'd and air'd,
That your contagion in you now was spent,
And you were just lord Mordant, as you went,
I then resolv'd to come; and did not doubt
To be in season, though the bucke were out.
Windsor the place; the day was Holy roode;
St. George my muse: for be it understood,
For all St. George more early in the yeare
Broke fast and eat a bitt, he dined here:
And though in Aprill in redd inke he shine,
Know 't was September made him redd with wine.
To this good sport rod I, as being allow'd
To see the king, and cry him in the crowd;
And at all solemne meetings have the grace
To thrust, and to be trodde on by my place.
Where when I came, I saw the church besett
With tumults, as if the brethren mett
To heare some silenc't teacher of that quarter
Inveigh against the order of the garter:
And justly might the weake it grieve and wrong,
Because the garter prayes in a strange tongue;
And doth retaine traditions yet of Fraunce,
In an old *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* [t'ance,
Whence learne, you knights that order that have
That all, besides the buckle, is profane.
But there was noe such doctrine now at stake,
Noe starv'd precisian from the pulpit spake:
And yet the church was full; all sorts of men,
Religions, sexes, ages, were there then:
Whils't he that keepes the quire together locks
Papists and Puritans, the pope and Knox:
Which made some wise-one's feare, that love our
This mixture would beget a toleration; [nation,
Or that religions should united be,
When they stay'd service, these the letany.
But noe such hast; this daye's devotion lyes
Not in the hearts of men, but in their eyes;
They that doe see St. George, heare him aright;
For he loves not to parly, but to fight.
Amongst this audience (my lord) stood I,
Well edified as any that stood by;
And knew how many leggs a knight letts fall,
Betwixt the king, the offering, and his stall:
Aske me but of their robes, I shall relate
The colour and the fashion, and the state:
I saw too the procession without doore, [wore.
What the poore knightes, and what the prebends
All this my neighbours that stood by me tooke,
Who div'd but to the garment and the looke;
But I saw more, and though I have their fate
In face and favour, yet I want their pate:
Me thought I then did those first ages know, [soe,
Which brought forth knightes soe arm'd and looking
Who would maintaine their oath, and bind their worde
With these two seales, an altar and a sworde.

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'hen saw I George new-sainted, when such preists
Vore him not only on, but in their breasts.
)ft did I wish that day, with solemne vow,
) that my country were in danger now!
ind 't was no treason; who could feare to dye,
Vhen he was sure his rescue was so nigh?
And here I might a just digression make,
Vhilst of some foure particular knightes I spake,
'o whome I owe my thankes; but 't were not best,
)y praysing two or three, t' accuse the rest;
Vor can I sing that order, or those men,
'hat are above the maistery of my pen;
ind private fingers may not touch those things
Vhose authors princes are, whose parents kings:
Vherefore unburnt I will refraine that fire,
east, daring such a theame, I should aspire
' include my king and prince, and soe rehearse
Vames fitter for my prayer than my verse:
' He that will speake of princes, let him use
Vore grace then witt, know God 's above his Muse."
Voe more of councell: Harke! the trumpetts sound,
ind the grave organ's with the antheme drown'd:
'he church hath said amen to all their rites,
ind now the Trojan horse sets loose his knightes;
'he triumph moves: O what could added be,
iave your accesse to this solemnitye?
Vhich I expect, and doubt not but to see 't,
Vhen the king's favour and your worth shall meete.
thinke the robes would now become you soe,
it. George himselfe could scarce his owne knights know
'rom the lord Mordant: pardon me that preach
A doctrine which king James can only teach;
'o whome I leave you, who alone hath right
'o make knightes lords, and then a lord a knight.
Imagine now the sceane lyes in the hall;
For at high noone we are recusants all)
'he church is empty, as the bellyes were
)f the spectators, which had languish'd there:
And now the favorites of the clarke of th' checke,
Who oft have yaun'd, and stretch't out many a neck
Twixt noone and morning; the dull feeders on
Fresh patience, and raisins of the sunne,
They who had liv'd in th' hall seaven houres at least,
As if 't were an arraignment, not a feast;
And look't soe like the hangings they stood nere,
None could discerne which the true pictures were;
These now shall be refresh't, while the bold drumme
Strikes up his frolick, through the hall they come.
Here might I end, my lord, and here subscribe
Your honours to his power: but oh, what bribe,
What feare or mulct can make my Muse refraine,
When she is urg'd of nature and disdaine?
Not all the guard shall hold me, I must write,
Though they should sweare and lye how they would fight,
If I procede; nay, though the captaine say,
"Hold him, or else you shall not eate to day;"
Those goodly yeomen shall not scape my pen;
'T was dinner-time, and I must speake of men;
So to the hall made I, with little care
To praise the dishes, or to tast the fare;
Much lesse t' endanger the least tart, or pye
By any waiter there stolne, or sett by;
But to compute the valew of the meate,
Which was for glory, not for hunger eate;
Nor did I feare, (stand back) who went before
The presence, or the privy-chamber doore.
And woe is me, the guard, those men of warre,
Who but two weapons use, beife, and the barre,
Began to gripe me, knowing not in truth,
That I had sung John Dory in my youth;
Or that I knew the day when I could chaunt
Chevy, and Arthur, and the Seige of Gaunt.
And though these be the vertues which must try
Who are most worthy of their curtesy,
They profited me nothing: for no notes [coates:
Will move them now, they 're deafe in their new
Wherefore on me afresh they fall, and show
Themselves more active then before, as though
They had some wager lay'd, and did contend
Who should abuse me furthest at armes end.
One I remember with a grisly beard,
And better growne then any of the heard;
One, were he well examin'd, and made looke
His name in his owne parish and church booke,
Could hardly prove his christendome; and yet
It seem'd he had two names, for there were writt
On a white canvasse doublett that he wore,
Two capitall letters of a name before;
Letters belike which he had spew'd and spilt,
When the great bumbard leak't, or was a tilt.
This Ironside tooke hold, and sodainly
Hurled me, by judgment of the standers by,
Some twelve foote by the square; takes me againe,
Out-throwes it halfe a bar; and thus we twaine
At this hot exercise an hower had spent,
He the feirce agent, I the instrument,
My man began to rage, but I cry'd, "Peace,
When he is dry or hungry he will cease:
Hold, for the Lord's sake, Nicholas, lest they take us,
And use us worse then Hercules us'd Cacus."
And now I breath, my lord, now have I time
To tell the cause, and to confesse the crime:
I was in black; a scholler straite they guest;
Indeed I colour'd for it at the least.
I spake them faire, desired to see the hall,
And gave them reasons for it, this was all;
By which I learne it is a maine offence,
So neere the clarke of th' check to utter sense.
Talk of your emblemes, maisters, and relate
How Æsope hath it, and how Alciate;
The Cock and Pearle, the Dunghill and the Gemme,
This passeth all, to talke sence amongst them.
Much more good service was committed yet,
Which I in such a tumult must forget;
But shall I smother that prodigious fitt,
Which pass'd Heon's invention, and pure witt?
As this: a nimble knave, but something fatt,
Strikes at my head, and fairly steales my hatt:
Another breakes a jest, (well, Windsor, well,
What will ensue thereof there 's none can tell,
When they spend witt, serve God) yet twas not much,
Although the clamours and applause were such,
As when salt Archy or Garret doth provoke them [1],
And with wide laughter and a cheat-loafe choake them.
What was the jest doe you aske? I dare repeate it,
And put it home before you shall entreat it;
He call'd me Bloxford-man: confesse I must
'T was bitter; and it griev'd me, in a thrust

[1] These reverend gentlemen were jesters to James the first. The name of the former was Archibald Armstrong, of whom and of whose jests an account may be found in Granger, vol. ii. p. 399. ed. 1775. 8vo. They are again joined in a manuscript poem (*penes me*) by Peter Heylin, written in derision of

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That most ungratefull word (Bloxford) to heare
From him, whose breath yet stunk of Oxford beere:
But let it passe; for I have now pass'd throw
Their halberds, and worse weapons, their teeth, too:
And of a worthy officer was invited
To dine; who all their rudeness hath requited:
Where we had mirth and meat, and a large board
Furnish't with all the kitchin could afford.
But to conclude, to wipe of from before ye
All this which is noe better then a story;
Had this affront bin done me by command
Of noble Fenton [2], had their captaine's hand
Directed them to this, I should beleive
I had no cause to jeast, but much to greive:
Or had discerning Pembrooke [3] seene this done,
And thought it well bestow'd, I would have run
Where no good man had dwelt, nor learn'd would fly,
Where no disease would keepe me company,
Where it should be preferment to endure
To teach a schoole, or else to starve a cure.
But as it stands, the persons and the cause
Consider'd well, their manners and their lawes,
'T is no affliction to me, for even thus
Saint Paul hath fought with beasts at Ephesus,
And I at Windsor. Let this comfort then
Rest with all able and deserving men:
He that will please the guard, and not provoke
Court-witts, must suite his learning by a cloake:
"For at all feasts and masques the doome hath bin,
A man thrust out and a gay cloake let in."

Quid immerentes hospites vexas canis,
Ignavus adversus lupos?

TO

THE PRINCE.

(AFTERWARDS CHARLES THE FIRST.)

(FROM A MANUSCRIPT IN ASHMOLE'S MUSEUM.)

For ever dear, for ever dreaded prince,
You read some verse of mine a little since,
And so pronounced each word and every letter,
Your gratious reading made my verse the better:
Since that your highness doth by gifte exceeding
Make what you read the better for your reading,
Let my poor Muse thus far your grace importune,
To leave to reade my verse, and read my fortune.

Barten Holiday's play already mentioned in the life of the bishop, of which the following are the introductory lines:

Whoop Holyday! why then 't will ne'er be better,
Why all the guard, that never saw more letters
Than those upon their coates; whose wit consists
In Archy's bobs and Garret's sawcy jests,
Deride our Christ-church scene. *G.*

[2] Thomas Ereskine, earl of Fenton. *G.*

[3] William, earl of Pembroke, a poet himself, and an universal patron of learning, whose character is so admirably drawn by Clarendon. *G.*

A

NEW-YEARE'S GIFT.

TO MY LORDE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

When I can pay my parents or my king,
For life, or peace, or any dearer thing;
Then, dearest lord, expect my debt to you
Shall be as truly paid, as it is due.
But as no other price or recompence
Serves them, but love, and my obedience;
So nothing payes my lord but what's above
The reach of hands, 't is vertue, and my love.
"For, when as goodnesse doth so overflow,
The conscience bindes not to restore, but owe:"
Requitall were presumption; and you may
Call me ungratefull, while I strive to pay.
Nor with a morall lesson doe I shift,
Like one that meant to save a better gift;
Like very poore, or counterfeite poore men,
Who, to preserve their turky or their hen,
Doe offer up themselves: no; I have sent,
A kind of guift, will last by being spent,
Thankes sterling: far above the bullion rate
Of horses, hangings, jewells, or of plate.
O you that know the choosing of that one,
Know a true diamond from a Bristow stone:
You know, those men alwaies are not the best
In their intent, that lowdest can protest:
But that a prayer from the convocation,
Is better than the commons' protestation.
Trust those that at the test their lives will lay,
And know no arts but to deserve and pray:
Whilst they that buy preferment without praying,
Begin with broyles, and finish with betraying.

A LETTER

SENT FROM DR. CORBET TO SIR THOMAS AILESBURY, SECRETARY TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, DECEMBER THE 9TH, 1618.

ON THE OCCASION OF A BLAZING STAR.

My brother and much more, hadst thou been mine,
Hadst thou in one rich present of a line
Inclos'd sir Francis, for in all this store
No gift can cost thee less, or binde me more;
Hadst thou (dear churle) imparted his return,
I should not with a tardy welcome burn;
But had let loose my joy at him long since,
Which now will seem but studied negligence:
But I forgive thee, two things kept thee from it,
First such a friend to gaze on, next a comet;
Which comet we discern, though not so true
As you at Sion, as long tayl'd as you;
We know already how will stand the case,
With Barnavelt [1] of universal grace,
Though Spain deserve the whole star, if the fall
Be true of Lerma duke and cardinal:
Marry, in France we fear no blood, but wine;
Less danger's in her sword, than in her vine.

[1] The great negociator and general, who fell by the jealousy of the prince of Orange the 15th March 1619. *G.*

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nd thus we leave the blazers coming over,
or our portends are wise, and end at Dover:
nd though we use no forward censuring,
or send our learned proctors to the king.
et every morning when the star doth rise,
here is no black for three hours in our eyes;
ut like a Puritan dreamer, towards this light
ll eyes turn upward, all are zeale and white:
fore it is doubtful that this prodigy
Vill turne ten schools to one astronomy:
nd the analysis we justly fear,
ince every art doth seek for rescue there;
hysicians, lawyers, glovers on the stall,
he shopkeepers speak mathematics all;
nd though men read no gospels in these signes,
et all professions are become divines;
ll weapons from the bodkin to the pike,
he mason's rule and taylor's yard alike
ake altitudes, and th' early fidling knaves
n fluits and hoboyes made them Jacobs-staves;
astly of fingers, glasses we contrive,
nd every fist is made a prospective:
urton to Gunter cants [2], and Burton hears
rom Gunter, and th' exchange both tongue and ears
y carriage: thus doth mired Guy complain,
is waggon in their letters bears Charles-Wain,
harles-Wain, to which they say the tayl will reach;
nd at this distance they both hear and teach.
low, for the peace of God and men, advise
Thou that hast where-withall to make us wise)
hine own rich studies, and deep Harriot's mine [3],
which there is no dross, but all refine:
tell us what to trust to, lest we wax
ll stiff and stupid with his parallax:
ay, shall the old philosophy be true?
r doth he ride above the Moon, think you?
he a meteor forced by the Sun?
r a first body from creation?
lath the same star been object of the wonder
f our forefathers? Shall the same come under
he sentence of our nephews? Write and send,
r else this star a quarrel doth portend.

DR. CORBET'S

JOURNEY INTO FRANCE.

WENT from England into France,
or yet to learn to cringe nor dance,
Nor yet to ride or fence;
or did I go like one of those
hat do returne with half a nose
They carried from hence.

But I to Paris rode along,
Much like John Dory in the song [4],
Upon a holy tide.
I on an ambling nag did jet,
I trust he is not paid for yet;
And spur'd him on each side.

And to St. Dennis fast we came,
To see the sights of Nostre Dame,
The man that shows them snaffles:
Where who is apt for to beleeve,
May see our Ladie's right-arm sleeve,
And eke her old pantofles;

Her breast, her milk, her very gown
That she did wear in Bethlehem town,
When in the inn she lay.
Yet all the world knows that's a fable,
For so good clothes ne're lay in stable
Upon a lock of hay.

No carpenter could by his trade
Gain so much coyn as to have made
A gown of so rich stuff.
Yet they, poor fools, think, for their credit,
They may believe old Joseph did it,
'Cause he deserv'd enough.

There is one of the crosse's nails,
Which who so sees, his bonnet vails,
And if he will, may kneel.
Some say 't was false, 't was never so,
Yet, feeling it, thus much I know,
It is as true as steel.

There is a lanthorn which the Jews,
When Judas led them forth, did use,
It weighs my weight downright:
But to believe it, you must think
The Jews did put a candle in 't,
And then twas very light.

There 's one saint there hath lost his nose;
Another's head, but not his toes,
His elbow and his thumb.
But when that we had seen the rags
We went to th' inn and took our nags,
And so away did come.

We came to Paris on the Seine,
'Tis wondrous fair, 't is nothing clean,
'Tis Europe's greatest town.
How strong it is I need not tell it,
For all the world may easily smell it,
That walk it up and down.

[2] William Burton is said, by Antony à Wood, to ave been a *pretender* to astronomy, of which he ublished an Ephemeris in 1655.—Edmund Gunter, mathematician of greater eminence, was astro-omical professor of Gresham College, and eminent or his skill in the sciences: his publications were opular in his day. He died at Gresham College, 626. *G.*

[3] Thomas Hariot, styled by Camden "Mathema-cus Insignis," was a pensioner and companion of r Walter Raleigh in his voyage to Virginia (1584), f which upon his return he published an account. le was held in high estimation by the earl of Northumberland, sir Thomas Aylesbury, and others, for his mathematical knowledge, but like his patron, Raleigh, was a deist in religion.—Ob. 1621. See Wood's Athenæ, vol. i. p. 460. ed. 1721. *G.*

[4] Of this popular song, which is reprinted from Deuteromelia, 1609, in Hawkins's History of Music, and in Ritson's Antient Songs, the following is the introductory stanza:

As it fell upon a holyday
And upon a holy-tide-a,
John Dory bought him an ambling nag
To Paris for to ride-a. *G.*

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There many strange things are to see,
The palace and great gallery,
The Place Royal doth excel:
The new bridge, and the statues there,
At Nostre Dame, Saint Q. Pater,
The steeple bears the bell.

For learning, th' universitie;
And for old clothes, the Frippery;
The house the queen did build.
Saint Innocents, whose earth devoures
Dead corps in four and twenty hours,
And there the king was kill'd:

The Bastile and Saint Dennis-street,
The Shafflenist, like London-Fleet,
The Arsenal, no toy.
But if you'll see the prettiest thing,
Go to the court and see the king,
O 't is a hopeful boy.

He is of all his dukes and peers
Reverenc'd for much wit at 's years,
Nor must you think it much;
For he with little switch doth play,
And make fine dirty pyes of clay,
O never king made such!

A bird that can but kill a fly,
Or prate, doth please his majesty,
'T is known to every one.
The duke of Guise gave him a parret,
And he had twenty cannons for it
For his new galeon.

O that I ere might have the hap
To get the bird which in the map
Is called the Indian Ruck!
I'de give it him, and hope to be
As rich as Guise, or Livine,
Or else I had ill luck.

Birds round about his chamber stand,
And he them feeds with his own hand;
'T is his humility.
And if they do want any thing,
They need but whistle for their king,
And he comes presently.

But now then, for these parts he must
Be enstiled Lewis the Just,
Great Henry's lawful heir;
When to his stile to add more words,
They 'd better call him king of birds,
Than of the great Navarre.

He hath besides a pretty quirk,
Taught him by nature, how to work
In iron with much ease.
Sometimes to the forge he goes,
There he knocks, and there he blows,
And makes both locks and keys:

Which puts a doubt on every one,
Whether he be Mars or Vulcan's son,
Some few believe his mother:
But let them all say what they will,
I came resolv'd, and so think still,
As much the one as th' other.

The people, too, dislike the youth,
Alledging reasons, for, in truth,
Mothers should honour'd be;
Yet others say, he loves her rather
As well as ere she lov'd his father,
And that's notoriously.

His queen, a pretty little wench,
Was born in Spaid, speaks little French,
She 's nere like to be mother:
For her incestuous house could not
Have children which were not begot
By uncle or by brother.

Now why should Lewis, being so just,
Content himself to take his lust
With his Lucina's mate;
And suffer his little pretty queen,
From all her race that yet hath been,
So to degenerate?

'T were charity for to be known
To love others' children as his own,
And why? it is no shame;
Unless that he would greater be
Than was his father Henery,
Who, men thought, did the same.

AN EXHORTATION

TO MR. JOHN HAMMON, MINISTER IN THE PARISH OF BEWDLY,

FOR THE BATTERING DOWNE OF THE VANITYES OF THE GENTILES, WHICH ARE COMPREHENDED IN A MAYPOLL.

WRITTEN BY A ZEALOUS BROTHER FROM THE BLACK-FRYERS.

The mighty zeale which thou hast new put on,
Neither by prophet nor by prophet's sonne
As yet prevented, doth transport me so
Beyond my selfe, that, though I ne're could go
Farr in a verse, and all rithmes have defy'd
Since Hopkins and old Thomas Sternhold dy'de,
(Except it were that little paines I tooke
To please good people in a prayer-booke
That I' sett forth, or so) yet must I raise
My spirit for thee, who shall in thy praise
Gird up her loynes, and furiously run
All kinde of feet, save Satan's cloven one.
Such is thy zeale, so well dost thou express it,
That, (wer't not like a charme,) I'de say, Christ bless it,
I needs must say 't is a spirituall thing
To raile against a bishopp, or the king;
Nor are they meane adventures we have bin in,
About the wearing of the churche's linnen;
But these were private quarrells: this doth fall
Within the compass of the generall.
Whether it be a pole, painted and wrought
Farr otherwise, than from the wood 't was brought,
Whose head the idoll-maker's hand doth croppe,
Where a lew'd bird, towring upon the topp,
Lookes like the calfe at Hereb; at whose roote
The unyoak't youth doth exercise his foote;
Or whether it reserve his boughes, befriended
By neighb'ring bushes, and by them attended:
How canst thou chuse but seeing it complaine,
That Baall's worship't in the groves againe?

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'ell me how curst an egging, what a sting
f lust do their unwildly daunces bring?
'he simple wretches say they meane no harme,
hey doe not, surely; but their actions warme
ur purer blouds the more: for Satan thus
empts us the more, that are more righteous.
ft hath a brother most sincerely gon,
tified in prayer and contemplation,
Then lighting on the place where such repaire,
le viewes the nimphes, and is quite out in 's prayer.
ft hath a sister, grownded in the truth,
eeing the jolly carriage of the youth,
in tempted to the way that's broad and bad;
nd (wert not for our private pleasures) had
enounc't her little ruffe, and goggle eye,
nd quitt her selfe of the fraternity:
hat is the mirth, what is the melody,
hat sets them in this Gentiles' vanity?
Then in our sinagogue we rayle at sinne,
nd tell men of the faults which they are in,
Vith hand and voice so following our theames,
hat we put out the side-men from their dreames.
ounds not the pulpett, which we then be-labour,
etter, and bolyet, than doth the tabour?
et such is unregenerate man's folly,
le loves the wicked noyse, and hates the holy.
outes and wilde pleasures doe invite temptation,
nd this is dangerous for our damnation;
Ve must not move our selves, but, if w' are mov'd,
Ian is but man; and therefore those that lov'd
till to seeme good, would evermore dispence
Vith their own faults, so they gave no offence.
' the times sweete entising, and the blood
hat now begins to boyle, have thought it good.
o challenge liberty and recreation,
et it be done in holy contemplation:
rothers and sisters in the feilds may walke,
eginning of the holy worde to talke,
f David, and Uriah's lovely wife,
f Thamer, and her lustfull brother's strife;
hen, underneath the hedge that woos them next,
hey may sitt downe, and there act out the text.
'or do we want, how ere we live austeere,
winter sabbath-nights our lusty cheere;
nd though the pastor's grace, which oft doth hold
alfe an howre long, make the provision cold,
Ve can be merry; thinking 't nere the worse
o mend the matter at the second course.
hapters are read, and hymnes are sweetly sung,
yntly commanded by the nose and tongue;
hen on the worde we diversly dilate,
Vrangling indeed for heat of zeale, not hate:
Then at the length an unappeased doubt
iercely comes in, and then the light goes out;
arkness thus workes our peace, and we containe
ur fyery spiritts till we see againe.
ill then, no voice is heard, no tongue doth goe,
xcept a tender sister shreike, or so.
uch should be our delights, grave and demure,
lot so abominable, not so impure,
s those thou seek'st to hinder, but I feare
atan will be too strong; his kingdome's here:
ew are the righteous now, nor do I know
low we shall ere this idoll overthrow;
ince our sincerest patron is deceas't,
he number of the righteous is decreast.
lut we do hope these times will on, and breed
faction mighty for us; for indeede
Ve labour all, and every sister joynes
'o have regenerate babes spring from our loynes:
Besides, what many carefully have done,
Getting the unrighteous man, a righteous sonne:
Then stoutly on, let not thy flock range lewdly
In their old vanity, thou lampe of Bewdly.
One thing I pray thee: do not too much thirst
After idolatryes last fall; but first
Follow this suit more close, let it not goe
Till it be thine as thou would'st have 't: for soe
Thy successors, upon the same entayle,
Hereafter, may take up the Whitson-ale.

AN ELEGY

UPON THE DEATH OF QUEENE ANNE.

Nor; not a quatch, sad poets; doubt you,
There is not greife enough without you?
Or that it will asswage ill newes,
To say, Shee 's dead, that was your Muse?
Joine not with Death to make these times
More grevious than most grievous rimes.
And if 't be possible, deare eyes,
The famous universityes,
If both your eyes be matches, sleepe;
Or, if you will be loyall, weepe:
For-beare the press, there's none will looke
Before the mart for a new booke.
Why should you tell the world what witts
Grow at New-parkes, or Campus-pitts?
Or what conceipts youth stumble on,
Taking the ayre towards Trumpington?
Nor you, grave tutours, who doe temper
Your long and short with que and semper;
O doe not, when your owne are done,
Make for my ladie's eldest sonne
Verses, which he will turn to prose,
When he shall read what you compose!
Nor, for an epithite that failes,
Bite off your unpoëticke nailes.
Unjust! why should you in these vaines,
Punish your fingers for your braines?
Know henceforth, that griefe's vitall part
Consists in nature, not in art:
And verses that are studied
Mourne for themselves, not for the dead:
Heark, the queene's epitaph shall be
Noe other then her pedigree:
For lines in bloud cutt out are stronger
Then lines in marble, and last longer:
And such a verse shall never fade,
That is begotten, and not made.
"Her father, brother, husband,...kinges;
Royall relations! from her springes
A prince and princesse; and from those
Fair certaintyes, and rich hope growes."
Here 's poetry shall be secure
While Britaine, Denmarke, Rheine endure:
Enough on Earth; what purchase higher,
Save Heaven, to perfect her desire?
And as a straying starr intic't
And governd those wise-men to Christ,
Ev'n soe a herauld-starr this yeare
Did beckon on her to appeare:
A starr which did not to our nation
Portend her death, but her translation:
For when such harbingers are seene,
God crownes a saint, not kills a queene.

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AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF HIS OWNE FATHER.

VINCENT Corbet, farther knowne
By Poynter's name, then by his owne,
Here lyes ingaged till the day
Of raising bones, and quickning clay.
Nor wonder, reader, that he hath
Two surnames in his epitaph;
For this one did comprehend
All that two familyes could lend:
And if to know more arts then any
Could multiply one into many,
Here a colony lyes, then,
Both of qualityes and men.
Yeares he liv'd well nigh fourscore;
But count his vertues, he liv'd more;
And number him by doeing good,
He liv'd their age beyond the flood.
Should we undertake his story,
Truth would seeme fain'd, and plainesse glory:
Besides, this tablet were too small,
Add to the pillars and the wall.
Yet of this volume much is found,
Written in many a fertill ground;
Where the printer thee affords
Earth for paper, trees for words.
He was Nature's factour here,
And legier lay for every sheire;
To supply the ingenious wants
Of some spring-fruits, and forraigne plants.
Simple he was, and wise withall;
His purse nor base nor prodigall;
Poorer in substance than in friends;
Future and publicke were his endes;
His conscience, like his dyett, such
As neither tooke nor left two much:
Soe that made lawes were uselesse growne
To him, he needed but his owne.
Did he his neighbours bid, like those
That feast them onely to enclose?
Or with their roast meate racke their rents,
And cozen them with their consents?
Noe; the free meetings at his boord
Did but one litterall sence afforde;
Noe close or aker understood,
But only love and neighbourhood.
His alms were such as Paul defines,
Not causes to be said, but signes;
Which alms, by faith, hope, love, laid down,
Laid up what now he wears...a crown.
Besides his fame, his goods, his life,
He left a griev'd sonne, and a wife;
Straunge sorrow, not to be beleiv'd,
Whenas the sonne and heire is greiv'd.
Reade then, and mourne what ere thou art
That doost hope to have a part
In honest epitaphs; least, being dead,
Thy life be written, and not read.

AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF LADY HADDINGTON, WIFE OF JOHN RAMSAY, VISCOUNT HADDINGTON, WHO DYED OF THE SMALL POX.

DEARE losse, to tell the world I greive were true,
But that were to lament my selfe, not you;
That were to cry out helpe for my affaires,
For which nor publick thought, nor private cares:
No, when thy fate I publish amongst men,
I should have power to write with the state's pen:
I should in naming thee force publicke teares,
And bid their eyes pay ransome for their eares.
First, thy whole life was a short feast of witt,
And Death th' attendant which did wait on it:
To both mankind doth owe devotion ample,
To that their first, to this their last example.
And though 't were praise enough (with them whose [fame
And vertue's nothing but an ample name)
That thou wert highly borne, (which no man doubtes)
And so mightst swath base deedes in noble cloutes;
Yet thou thy selfe in titles didst not shroud,
And being noble, wast nor foole, nor proud;
And when thy youth was ripe, when now the suite
Of all the longing court was for thy fruit,
How wisely didst thou choose! Foure blessed eyes,
The kings and thine, had taught thee to be wise.
Did not the best of men thee virgin give
Into his handes, by which himselfe did live?
Nor didst thou two yeares after talke of force,
Or, lady-like, make suit for a divorce:
Who, when their own wild lust is falsely spent,
Cry out, "My lord, my lord is impotent."
Nor hast thou in his nuptiall armes enjoy'd
Barren imbraces, but wert girl'd and boy'd:
Twice-pretty-ones, thrice worthier were their youth.
Might she but bring them up, that brought them forth:
She would have taught them by a thousand strains,
(Her bloud runns in their manners, not their veines)
That glory is a lye; state a grave sport;
And country sicknesse above health at court.
Oh what a want of her loose gallants have,
Since she hath chang'd her window for a grave;
From whence she us'd to dart out witt so fast,
And stick them in their coaches as they past!
Who now shall make well-colour'd vice looke pale?
Or a curl'd meteor with her eyes exhale,
And talke him into nothing? who shall dare
Tell barren braines they dwell in fertill haire?
Who now shall keepe ould countesses in awe,
And, by tart similyes, repentance draw [such
From those, whom preachers had given ore? Eyes
Whom esermons could not reach, her arrowes touch.
Hereafter, fooles shall prosper with applause,
And wise men smile and no man aske the cause:
He of fourescore, three night cappa, and two haires,
Shall marry her of twenty, and get heyres
Which shall be thought his owne; and none shall say
But tis a wondrous blessing, and he may.
Now (which is more then pitty) many a knight,
Which can doe more then quarrell, less then fight,
Shall choose his weapons, ground; draw seconds thither,
Put up his sword, and not be laught at neyther.
Oh thou deform'd unwoeman-like disease, [pease,
That plowst up flesh and bloud, and there sow'st
And leav'st such printes on beauty, that dost come
As clouted shon do on a floore of lome;
Thou that of faces hony-combes dost make,
And of two breasts two cullenders, forsake
Thy deadly trade; thou now art rich, give ore,
And let our curses call thee forth no more.
Or, if thou needs will magnify thy power,
Goe, where thou art invoked every houre,
Amongst the gamsters, where they name thee thicke
At the last maine, or the last pocky nicke.

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Get thee a lodging neare thy clyent, dice,
There thou shalt practice on more than one vice.
There's wherewithall to entertaine the pox, [box.
There 's more than reason, there 's rime for 't, the
Thou who hast such superfluous store of game,
Why struckst thou one whose ruine is thy shame?
O, thou hast murdred where thou shouldst have kist;
And, where thy shaft was needfull, there it mist.
Thou shouldst have chosen out some homely face,
Where thy ill-favour'd kindnesse might adde grace,
That men might say, "How beauteous once was she!"
Or, "What a peece, ere she was seaz'd by thee!"
Thou shouldst have wrought on some such ladyes mould
That ne're did love her lord, nor ever could
Untill she were deform'd, thy tyranny
Were then within the rules of charity.
But upon one whose beauty was above
All sort of art, whose love was more than love,
On her to fix thy ugly counterfett,
Was to erect a pyramide of jett,
And put out fire to digg a turfe from Hell,
And place it where a gentle soule should dwell:
A soule which in the body would not stay,
When twas noe more a body, nor good clay,
But a huge ulcer. O thou heav'nly race,
Thou soule that shunn'st th' infection of thy case,
Thy house, thy prison, pure soule, spotless, faire,
Rest where no heat, no cold, no compounds are!
Rest in that country, and injoy that ease,
Which thy frayle flesh deny'de, and her disease!

ON

CHRIST-CHURCH PLAY

AT WOODSTOCK.

If we, at Woodstock, have not pleased those,
Whose clamorous judgments lye in urging noes,
And, for the want of whifflers, have destroy'd
Th' applause, which we with vizards hadd enjoy'd,
We are not sorry; for such witts as these
Libell our windowes oft'ner than our playes;
Or, if their patience be moov'd, whose lipps
Deserve the knowledge of the proctorships,
Or judge by houses, as their howses goe,
Not caring if their cause be good or noe;
Nor by desert or fortune can be drawne
To credit us, for feare they loose their pawne;
We are not greatly sorry; but if any,
Free from the yoake of the ingaged many, [by,
That dare speake truth even when their head stands
Or when the senior's spoone is in the pye;
Nor to commend the worthy will forbeare,
Though he of Cambridge, or of Christ-church were,
And nôt of his owne colledge; and will shame
To wrong the person for his howse, or name;
If any such be griev'd, then downe proud spirit;
If not, know, number never conquer'd merit.

A LETTER

TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, BEING WITH THE PRINCE IN SPAINE.

I've read of ilands floating and remov'd
In Ovid's time, but never heard it prov'd
Till now: that fable, by the prince and you,
By your transporting England, is made true.
We are not where we were; the dog-starr raignes
No cooler in our climate, than in Spaine's;
The selfe same breath, same ayre, same heate, same burning,
Is here, as there; will be, till your returning:
Come, e're the card be alter'd, lest perhaps
Your stay may make an errour in our mapps;
Lest England should be found, when you shall passe,
A thousand miles more southward than it was.
Oh that you were, my lord, oh that you were
Now in Blackfryers, in a disguis'd haire[1];
That you were Smith againe, two houres to be
In Paul's next sunday, at full sea at three;
There you should heare the legend of each day,
The perills of your inne, and of your way;
Your enterprises, accidents, untill
You did arrive at court, and reach Madrill.
There your should heare how the state-grandees flout you,
With their twice-double diligence about you;
How our environ'd prince walkes with a guard
Of Spanish spies, and his owne servants barr'd;
How not a chaplaine of his owne may stay
When he would heare a sermon preach'd, or pray.
You would be hungry, having din'd, to heare
The price of victuailes, and the scarcity, there;
As if the prince had ventur'd there his life
To make a famine, not to fetch a wife.
Your eggs (which might be addle too) are deare
As English capons; capons as sheepe, here;
No grass neither for cattle; for they say
It is not cut and made, grasse there grows hay:
That 't is soe seething hott in Spaine, they sweare
They never heard of a raw oyster there:
Your cold meat comes in reaking, and your wine
Is all burnt sack, the fire was in the vine;
Item, your pullets are distinguish't there
Into four quarters, as we carve the yeare,
And are a weeke a wasting: Munday noone
A wing; at supper something with a spoone;
Tuesday a legg, and soe forth; Sunday more,
The liver and a gizard betweene foure:
And for your mutton, in the best houshoulder
'Tis felony to cheapen a whole shoulder.
Lord! how our stomacks come to us againe,
When we conceive what snatching is in Spaine!
I, whilst I write, and doe the newes repeate,
Am forc't to call for breakfast in, and eate:
And doe you wonder at the dearth the while?
The floods that make it run in th' middle ile,
Poets of Paul's, those of duke Humfry's messe,
That feede on nought but graves and emptinesse.
But heark you, noble sir, in one crosse weeke
My lord hath lost a thowsand pound at gleeke;
And though they doe allow but little meate,
They are content your losses should be great.
False, on my deanery! falser than your fare is;
Or than your difference with *Cond' de Olivares*,
Which was reported strongly for one tyde,
But, after six houres floating, ebb'd and dyde.
If God would not this great designe should be
Perfect and round without some knavery,
Nor that our prince should end this enterprize,
But for so many miles, so many lies:

[1] The prince and Buckingham on their journey wore false beards and assumed the names of Jack and Tom Smith. *G.*

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If for a good event the Heav'ns doe please
Men's tongues should become rougher than the seas,
And that th' expence of paper shall be such;
First written, then translated out of Dutch:
Corantoes, diets, packets, newes, more newes;
Which soe much innocent whitenesse doth abuse;
If first the Belgicke[2] pismire must be seene,
Before the Spanish ladie be our queene;
With such successe, and such an end at last,
All's wellcome, pleasant, grateful, that is past.
And such an end we pray that you should see,
A type of that which mother Zebedee
Wisht for her sonnes in Heav'n; the prince and you
At either hand of James, (you need not sue)
He on the right, you on the left, the king
Safe in the mids't, you both invironing.
Then shall I tell my lord, his word and band
Are forfeit, till I kisse the princes hand;
Then shall I tell the duke, your royall friend
Gave all the other honours, this you earn'd;
This you have wrought for; this you hammer'd out
Like a strong smith, good workman and a stout.
In this I have a part, in this I see
Some new addition smiling upon me:
Who, in an humble distance, claime a share
In all your greatnesse, what soe ere you are.

ON

THE EARL OF DORSET'S DEATH.

(RICHARD, THE THIRD EARL OF DORSET.)

Let no prophane, ignoble foot tread here,
This hallowed piece of earth, Dorset lyes there:
A small poore relique of a noble spirit,
Free as the air, and ample as his merit:
A soul refin'd, no proud forgetting lord,
But mindful of mean names, and of his word:
Who lov'd men for his honour, not his ends,
And had the noblest way of getting friends
By loving first, and yet who knew the court,
But understood it better by report
Than practice: he nothing took from thence
But the king's favour for his recompence.
Who, for religion or his countrey's good,
Neither his honour valued, nor his blood.
Rich in the world's opinion, and men's praise,
And full in all we could desire, but days.
He that is warn'd of this, and shall forbear
To vent a sigh for him, or shed a tear,
May he live long scorn'd, and unpitied fall;
And want a mourner at his funeral[1]!

[2] This refers to a popular tract published in 1622, under that title, in favour of the Low Countries, and for the purpose of prejudicing the people of England against the marriage which Villers was negotiating when this poem was addressed to him. The negotiation was not only disgraceful, but unsuccessful:

—αισχρον γαρ ἡμιν και προς αισχυνη κακον. *G.*

[1] Mr. Gilchrist observes that Corbet's claim to this poem is somewhat doubtful as it occurs in bishop King's poems. *C.*

TO

THE NEW-BORNE PRINCE,

AFTERWARDS CHARLES II.

UPON THE APPARITION OF A STARR, AND THE FOLLOWING ECCLYPSE.

Was Heav'ne afray'd to be out-done on Earth,
When thou wert borne, great prince, that it brought [forth
Another light to helpe the aged Sunne,
Lest by thy luster he might be out-shone?
Or were th' obsequious starres so joy'd to view
Thee, that they thought their countlesse eyes too few
For such an object; and would needes create
A better influence to attend thy state?
Or would the Fates thereby shew to the Earth
A Cæsar's birth, as once a Cæsar's death?
And was 't that newes that made pale Cynthia run
In so great hast to intercept the Sunne;
And, enviously, so she might gaine thy sight,
Would darken him from whom she had her light?
Mysterious prodigies yet sure they be,
Prognosticks of a rare prosperity:
For, can thy life promise lesse good to men,
Whose birth was th' envy, and the care of Heav'ne?

ON THE

BIRTH OF YOUNG PRINCE CHARLES.

When private men gett sonnes they get a spoone[1]
Without ecclypse, or any starr at noone:
When kings gett sonnes, they get withall supplyes
And succours, farr beyond all subsedyes.
Wellcome, God's loane! thou tribute to the state,
Thou mony newly coyn'd, thou fleete of plate!
Thrice happy childe! whome God thy father sent
To make him rich without a parliament!

TO

HIS SON, VINCENT CORBET,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1630, BEING THEY THREE YEARS OLD.

What I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well;
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health:
Nor too much wealth, nor wit, come to thee.
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct, and know;
Not such as gentlemen require,
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support;

[1] Alluding to the practice of the sponsors at christenings giving spoons to the child as a baptismal present. *G.*

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To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy wayes,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

AN EPITAPH

ON

DR. DONNE, DEAN OF PAULS,

BORN IN 1573; DIED MARCH 31, 1631.

He that would write an epitaph for thee,
nd do it well, must first begin to be
uch as thou wert; for none can truly know
'hy worth, thy life, but he that hath liv'd so.
le must have wit to spare, and to hurl down
nough to keep the gallants of the town;
le must have learning plenty, both the laws
ivil and common, to judge any cause;
ivinity great store, above the rest,
ot of the last edition, but the best.
e must have language, travel, all the arts,
odgment to use, or else he wants thy parts:
le must have friends the highest, able to do,
uch as Mecænas and Augustus too.
le must have such a sickness, such a death,
r else his vain descriptions come beneath.
Vho then shall write an epitaph for thee,
le must be dead first; let 't alone for me.

CERTAIN FEW WOORDES

SPOKEN

CONCERNING ONE BENET CORBETT AFTER HER DECEASE.

SHE DIED OCTOBER THE 2D, ANNO 1634.

(FROM MSS. HARL NO. 464.)

Hear, or not many feet from hence,
The virtue lies call'd Patience.
Sickness and Death did do her honour
By loosing paine and feare upon her.
'T is true they forst her to a grave,
That 's all the triumph that they have—
A silly one—Retreat o'er night
Proves conquest in the morning-fight:
She will rise up against them both—
All sleep, believe it, is not sloth.
And, thou that read'st her elegie,
Take something of her historie:
She had one husband and one sonne;
Ask who they were, and then have doone.

ITER BOREALE.

'OURE clerkes of Oxford, docters two, and two
hat would be docters, having lesse to do
Vith Augustine than with Galen in vacation,
hang'd studyes, and turn'd bookes to recreation:
And on the tenth of August, northward bent
A journey, not so soon conceiv'd as spent.
The first halfe day they rode, they light upon
A noble cleargy host, Kitt Middleton[1];
Who, numb'ring out good dishes with good tales,
The major part o' th' cheere weigh'd downe the scales:
And though the countenance makes the feast, (say bookes)
Wee nere found better welcome with worse lookes.
Here wee pay'd thankes and parted; and at night
Had entertainement, all in one man's right[2],
At Flore, a village; where our tenant shee,
Sharp as a winter's morning, feirce yet free,
With a leane visage, like a carved face
On a court cupboard, offer'd up the place.
Shee pleas'd us well; but, yet, her husband better;
A harty fellow, and a good bone-setter[3].
Now, whether it were providence or lucke,
Whether the keeper's or the stealer's bucke,
There wee had ven'son; such as Virgill slew
When he would feast Æneas and his crew.
Here wee consum'd a day; and the third morne
To Daintry with a land-wind were wee borne.
It was the market and the lecture-day,
For lecturers sell sermons, as the lay
Doe sheep and oxen; have their seasons just
For both their marketts: there wee dranke downe dust.
In th' interim comes a most officious drudge[4],
His face and gowne drawne out with the same budge;
His pendent pouch, which was both large and wide,
Lookt like a letters-patent by his side:
He was as awfull, as he had bin sent
From Moses with th' elev'nth commandement;
And one of us he sought; a sonne of Flore
He must bid stand, and challendge for an hower.
The doctors both were quitted of that feare,
The one was hoarce, the other was not there;
Wherefore him of the two he seazed, best
Able to answere him of all the rest:
Because hee neede but ruminate that ore
Which he had chew'd the Sabbath-day before.
And though he were resolv'd to doe him right,
For Mr. Bayley's sake, and Mr. Wright,
Yet he dissembled that the mace did erre;
That he nor deacon was, nor minister.
No! quoth the serjeant; sure then, by relation,
You have a licence, sir, or toleration:
And if you have no orders 'tis the better,
So you have Dod's Præcepts, or Cleaver's Letter.
Thus looking on his mace, and urging still
Twas Mr. Wright's and Mr. Bayley's will
That hee should mount; at last he condiscended
To stopp the gapp; and so the treaty ended.
The sermon pleas'd, and, when we were to dine,
Wee all had preacher's wages, thankes and wine.
Our next day's stage was Lutterworth, a towne
Not willing to be noted or sett downe

[1] At Aston on the Wall, in Northamptonshire, where Christopher Middleton, as rector, accounted for the first-fruits Oct. 12th, 1612; and was buried Feb. 5th, 1627. *G.*

[2] By the right of Dr. Leonard Hutton, a man of some note in his day, the fellow-collegian and subsequent father-in-law of bishop Corbet. *G.*

[3] A note in the old copies informs us that his name was Ned Hale. *G.*

[4] A sergeant. Edit. 1648. *G.*

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By any traveller; for, when w' had bin
Through at both ends, wee could not finde an inne:
Yet, for the church sake, turne and light we must,
Hoping to see one dramme of Wickliff's dust;
But we found none: for underneath the pole
Noe more rests of his body then his soule.
Abused martyr! how hast thou bin torne
By two wilde factions! first, the Papists burne
Thy bones for hate; the Puritans, in zeale,
They sell thy marble, and thy brasse they steale.
A parson mett us there, who had good store
Of livings, some say, but of manners more;
In whose streight chearefull age a man might see
Well govern'd fortune, bounty wise and free.
He was our guide to Leister, save one mile,
There was his dwelling, where we stay'd a while,
And dranke stale beere, I thinke was never new,
Which the dun wench that brought it us did brew.
And now we are at Leister, where we shall
Leape ore six steeples, and one hospitall
Twice told; but those great landmarkes I referr
To Camden's eye, England's chorographer.
Let me observe that almesmans heraldrye,
Who being ask'd, what Henry that should be
That was their founder, duke of Lancaster,
Answer'd: "'Twas John of Gaunt, I' assure you, sir;"
And so confuted all the walles, which sayd
Henry of Grisemond this foundation layd.
The next thing to be noted was our cheere,
Enlarg'd, with seav'ne and sixpence bread and beere!
But, oh you wretched tapsters as you are,
Who reckon by our number, not your ware,
And sett false figures for all companyes,
Abusing innocent meales with oathes and lyes;
Forbeare your coos'nage to divines that come,
Least they be thought to drinke up all your summe.
Spare not the laity in your reckoning thus,
But sure your theft is scandalous to us.
Away, my Muse, from this base subject, know
Thy Pegasus nere strooke his foote soe low.
Is not th' usurping Richard buryed here,
That king of hate, and therefore slave of feare;
Dragg'd from the fatall feild Bosworth, where he
Lost life, and, what he liv'd for,—cruelty?
Search; find his name: but there is none. Oh kings!
Remember whence your power and vastnesse springs;
If not as Richard now, so shall you be;
Who hath no tombe, but scorne and memorye.
And though that Woolsey from his store might save
A pallace, or a colledge for his grave,
Yet there he lyes interred, as if all
Of him to be remembred were his fall.
Nothing but earth to earth, no pompeous waight
Upon him, but a pibble or a quaite.
If thou art thus neglected, what shall we[5]
Hope after death, who are but shreads of thee?
Hold! William calls to horse; William is he,
Who, though he never saw threescore and three,
Ore-reckons us in age, as he before
In drink, and will baite nothing of foure score:
And he commands, as if the warrant came
From the great earle himselfe of Nottingham.
There we crost Trent, and on the other side
Prayd to St. Andrew; and up hill we ride.
Where we observ'd the cunning men, like moles,
Dwell not in howses, but were earth't in holes;

[5] Students of Christ-Church College, Oxford, which, as well as Whitehall, the "palace" before mentioned, was founded by Wolsey. *G.*

So did they not builde upwards, but digg thorough,
As hermitts caves, or conyes do their borough:
Great underminers sure as any where;
Tis thought the powder-traitors practis'd there.
Would you not thinke the men stood on their heads,
When gardens cover howses there, like leades;
And on the chymneyes topp the mayd may know
Whether her pottage boyle or not, below;
There cast in hearbes, and salt, or bread; their meate
Contented rather with the smoake then heate?
This was the Rocky-Parish; higher stood
Churches and houses, buildings stone and wood;
Crosses not yet demolish't; and our Ladye
With her armes on, embracing her whole baby[6].
Where let us note, though those are northerne parts,
The crosse finds in them more than southerne hearts.
The castle's next; but what shall I report
Of that which is a ruine, was a fort?
The gates two statues keepe, which gyants[7] are,
To whome it seemes committed was the care
Of the whole downfall. If it be your fault;
If you are guilty; may king David's vault[8],
Or Mortimer's darke hole[9], contain you both!
A just reward for so prophane a sloth.
And if hereafter tidings shall be brought
Of any place or office to be bought,
And the left lead, or unwedg'd timber yet
Shall pass by your consent to purchase it;
May your deformed bulkes endure the edge
Of axes, feele the beetle and the wedge!
May all the ballads be call'd in and dye,
Which sing the warrs of Colebrand and sir Guy
Oh you that doe Guild-hall and Holmeby keepe
Soe carefully, when both the founders sleepe,
You are good giants, and partake no shame
With those two worthlesse trunkes of Nottingham:
Looke to your severall charges; wee must goe,
Though greiv'd at heart to leave a castle so.
The Bull-head is the word, and we must eate;
Noe sorrow can descend soe deepe as meate:
So to the inne we come; where our best cheere
Was, that his grace of Yorke had lodged there:
He was objected to us when we call,
Or dislike ought: "My lord's grace" answers all:
"He was contented with this bed, this dyett."
That keepes our discontented stomackes quiett.
The inne-keeper was old, fourescore allmost,
Indeede an emblème rather then an host;
In whome we read how God and Time decree
To honour thrifty ostlers, such as he.
For in the stable first he did begin;
Now see he is sole lord of the whole inne:
Mark the encrease of straw and hay, and how,
By thrift, a bottle may become a mow.
Marke him, all you that have the golden itch,
All whome God hath condemned to be rich[10].

[6] The figure in these lines is taken from the fine church of St. Mary's, Nottingham, in which the long chancel and nave with the tower in the midst resemble the object of the bishop's metaphor. The castle mentioned in the succeeding lines has "perished 'mid the wreck of things that were." *G.*

[7] Guy and Colebrand. *G.*

[8] Where David king of the Scots was kept prisoner. *G.*

[9] Which is within the castle. *G.*

[10] "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." Proverbs xxviii. ver. 20. *G.*

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rwell, glad father of thy daughter Maris,
ou ostler-phœnix, thy example rare is.
We are for Newarke after this sad talke;
d whither tis noe journey, but a walke.
ature is wanton there, and the high-way
em'd to be private, though it open lay;
if some swelling lawyer, for his health,
frantick usurer, to tame his wealth,
d chosen out ten miles by Trent, to trye
o great effects of art and industry.
e ground we trodd was meddow, fertile land,
w trimm'd and levell'd by the mower's hand;
ove it grew a roke, rude, steepe, and high,
hich claimes a kind of reverence from the eye:
twixt them both there glides a lively streame,
t loud, but swifte: Mæander was a theme
ooked and rough; but had the poetts seene
raight, even Trent, it had immortall bin.
is side the open plaine admitts the sunne
halfe the river; there did silver runne:
e other halfe ran clowdes; where the curl'd wood
ith his exalted head threaten'd the floude.
ere could I wish us ever passing by
d never past; now Newarke is too nigh:
d as a Christmas seemes a day but short,
eluding time with revells and good sport;
did these beauteous mixtures us beguile,
d the whole twelve, being travail'd, seem'd a mile.
ow as the way was sweet, soe was the end;
ur passage easy, and our prize a friend [11],
home there we did enjoy; and for whose sake,
s for a purer kinde of coyne, men make
s liberall welcome; with such harmony
s the whole towne had bin his family.
line host of the next inne did not repine
hat we preferr'd the Heart, and past his signe:
nd where we lay, the host and th' hostesse faine
ould shew our love was aym'd at, not their gaine:
he very beggars were s' ingenious,
hey rather prayd for him, than begg'd of us.
nd, soe the doctor's friends will please to stay,
he Puritans will let the organs play.
ould they pull downe the gallery, builded new,
ith the church-wardens' seat and Burleigh-pew,
ewarke, for light and beauty, might compare
ith any church, but what cathedralls are.
this belongs a vicar [12], who succeeded
he friend I mention'd; such a one there needed;
man whose tongue and life is eloquent,
ble to charme those mutinous heads of Trent,
nd urge the canon home, when they conspire
gainst the crosse and bells with swords and fire.
here stood a castle, too; they shew us here
he roome where the king slep't, the window where
e talk't with such a lord, how long he staid
his discourse, and all, but what he said.
om hence, without a perspective, we see
ever and Lincolne, where we faine would bee;
ut that our purse and horses both are bound
ithin the circuite of a narrower ground.
ur purpose is all homeward, and twas time
t parting to have witt, as well as rime;
all three a clock, and twenty miles to ride,
ill aske a speedy horse, and a sure guide;
e wanted both: and Loughborow may glory,
rrour hath made it famous in our story.

[11] Dr. Jucks. *G.*

[12] Mr. Edward Mason.—MS. 1625. *G.*

Twas night, and the swifte horses of the Sunne
Two houres before our jades their race had runn;
Noe pilott Moone, nor any such kinde starre
As governd those wise men that came from farre
To holy Bethlem; such lights had there bin,
They would have soone convay'd us to an inne;
But all were wandring-stars; and we, as they,
Were taught noe course, but to ride on and stray.
When (oh the fate of darknesse, who hath tride it)
Here our whole fleete is scatter'd and divided;
And now we labour more to meete, than erst
We did to lodge; the last cry drownes the first:
Our voyces are all spent, and they that follow
Can now no longer track us by the hollow;
They curse the formost, we the hindmost, both
Accusing with like passion, hast, and sloth.
At last, upon a little towne we fall,
Where some call drinke, and some a candle call:
Unhappy we, such stragglers as we are
Admire a candle oftner then a starre:
We care not for those glorious lampes a loofe,
Give us a tallow-light and a dry roofe.
And now we have a guide we cease to chafe,
And now w' have time to pray the rest be safe.
Our guide before cryes come, and we the while
Ride blindfold, and take bridges for a stile:
Till at the last we overcame the darke,
And spight of night and errour hitt the marke.
Some halfe howre after enters the whole tayle,
As if they were committed to the jayle:
The constable, that tooke them thus divided,
Made them seeme apprehended, and not guided:
Where, when we had our fortunes both detested,
Compassion made us friends, and so we rested.
Twas quickly morning, though by our short stay
We could not find that we had lesse to pay.
All travellers, this heavy judgement heare:
"A handsome hostesse makes the reckoning deare;"
Her smiles, her wordes, your purses must requite them,
And every wellcome from her, adds an item.
Glad to be gon from thence at any rate,
For Bosworth we are horst: behold the state
Of mortall men! Foule Errour is a mother,
And, pregnant once, doth soone bring forth an other:
We, who last night did learne to loose our way,
Are perfect since, and farther out next day.
And in a forrest [13] having travell'd sore,
Like wandring Bevis ere he found the bore;
Or as some love-sick lady oft hath donne,
Ere shee was rescued by the knight of th' Sunne:
Soe are we lost, and meete no comfort then
But carts and horses, wiser then the men.
Which is the way? They neyther speake nor point;
Their tongues and fingers both were out of joynt:
Such monsters by Coal-Orton bankes there sitt,
After their resurrection from the pitt.
Whilst in this mill wee labour and turne round
As in a conjurer's circle, William found
A menes for our deliverance: "Turne your cloakes,"
Quoth he, "for Puck is busy in these oakes:
If ever ye at Bosworth will be found,
Then turne your cloakes, for this is Fayry-ground."
But, ere this witchcraft was perform'd, we mett
A very man, who had no cloven feete;
Though William, still of little faith, doth doubt
Tis Robin, or some sprite that walkes about:

[13] Leister forrest. *G.*

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"Strike him," quoth he, "and it will turne to ayre;
Crosse your selves thrice and strike it. "Strike that dare,"
Thought I, "for sure this massy forrester
In stroakes will prove the better conjurer."
But 't was a gentle keeper, one that knew
Humanity, and manners where they grew;
And rode along soe farr till he could say,
"See yonder Bosworth stands, and this your way."
And now when we had swett 'twixt sunn and sunn,
And eight miles long to thirty broad had spun;
We learne the just proportion from hence
Of the diameter and circumference.
That night yet made amends; our meat and sheetes
Were farr above the promise of those streetes;
Those howses, that were tilde with straw and mosse,
Profest but weake repaire for that day's losse
Of patience: yet this outside lets us know,
The worthyest things make not the bravest show:
The shott was easy; and what concernes us more,
The way was so; mine host doth ride before.
Mine host was full of ale and history;
And on the morrow when he brought us nigh
Where the two Roses[14] joyn'd, you would suppose
Chaucer nere made the Romant of the Rose.
Heare him. "See ye yon wood? There Richard lay,
With his whole army: looke the other way,
And loe where Richmond in a bed of gorsse
Encampt himselfe ore night, and all his force:
Upon this hill they mett." Why, he could tell
The inch where Richmond stood, where Richard fell:
Besides what of his knowledge he could say,
He had authenticke notice from the play;
Which I might guesse, by 's mustring up the ghost,
And policyes, not incident to hosts;
But cheifly by that one perspicuous thing,
Where he mistooke a player for a king.
For when he would have sayd, "King Richard dyed,
And call'd—A horse! a horse!"—he, "Burbidge" cry'de[15].
Howere his talke, his company pleas'd well;
His mare went truer than his chronicle;
And even for conscience sake, unspurr'd, unbeaten,
Brought us six miles, and turn'd tayle at Nuneaten.
From thence to Coventry, where we scarcely dine;
Our stomackes only warm'd with zeale and wine:
And then, as if we were predestin'd forth,
Like Lot from Sodome, fly to Killingworth.
The keeper of the castle was from home,
Soe that halfe mile we lost; yet when we come
An host receiv'd us there, wee'l nere deny him,
My lord of Leister's man; the parson by him,
Who had no other proofe to testify
He serv'd the Lord, but age and baudery[16].
Away, for shame, why should foure miles devide
Warwicke and us? They that have horses ride.
A short mile from the towne, an humble shrine
At foote of an high rock consists, in signe
Of Guy and his devotions; who there stands
Ugly and huge, more then a man on's hands:
His helmet steele, his gorgett mayl, his sheild
Brass, made the chappell fearefull as a feild.
And let this auswere all the pope's complaints;
We sett up gyants though we pull downe saintes.
Beyond this, in the roadway as we went,
A pillar stands, where this Colossus leant;
Where he would sigh and love, and, for hearts ease,
Oftimes write verses (some say) such as these:
"Here will I languish in this silly bower,
Whilst my true love triumphes in yon high tower."
No other hinderance now, but we may passe
Cleare to our inne: oh there an hostesse was,
To whome the castle and the dun cow are
Sights after dinner; she is morning ware.
Her whole behaviour borrowed was, and mixt,
Halfe foole, halfe puppet, and her pace betwixt
Measure and jigge; her court'sy was an honour;
Her gate, as if her neighbour had out-gon her.
She was barrd up in whale-bones which doe leese
None of the whale's length; for they reach'd her knees:
Off with her head, and then she hath a middle:
As her wast stands, she lookes like the new fiddle,
The favorite Theorbo, (truth to tell ye,)
Whose neck and throat are deeper then the belly.
Have you seene monkyes chain'd about the loynes,
Or pottle-potts with rings? Just soe she joynes
Her selfe together: a dressing she doth love
In a small print below, and text above.
What though her name be King, yet 't is noe treason,
Nor breach of statute, for to aske the reason
Of her brancht ruffe, a cubit every poke;
I seeme to wound her, but she strook the stroke
At our departure; and our worshipps there
Pay'd for our titles deare as any where:
Though beadles and professors both have done,
Yet every inne claimes augmentation.
Please you walke out and see the castle[17]? Come,
The owner saith, it is a scholler's home;
A place of strength and health: in the same fort,
You would conceive a castle and a court.
The orchards, gardens, rivers, and the aire,
Doe with the trenches, rampires, walls, compare:
It seemes nor art nor force can intercept it,
As if a lover built, a souldier kept it.
Up to the tower, though it be steepe and high,
We doe not climbe but walke; and though the eye
Seeme to be weary, yet our feet are still
In the same posture cozen'd up the hill:
And thus the workeman's art deceaves our sence,
Making those rounds of pleasure a defence.
As we descend, the lord of all this frame,
The honourable chancellour, towards us came[18].
Above the hill there blew a gentle breath,
Yet now we see a gentler gale beneath.
The phrase and wellcome of this knight did make
The seat more elegant; every word he spake
Was wine and musick, which he did expose
To us, if all our art could censure those.
With him there was a prelate[19], by his place
Arch-deacon to the byshopp, by his face
A greater man; for that did counterfeit
Lord abbot of some convent standing yet,

[14] Bosworth field. Edit. 1648. *G.*

[15] From this passage we learn that Richard Burbage, the *alter Roscius* of Camden, was the original representative of Shakespeare's Richard the Third. He was buried in the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, as Mr. Chalmers discovered, on the 16th of March, 1618-19. *G.*

[16] The clerical profligate thus gibbeted for the example of posterity was John Bust, inducted the 8th of April, 1611. *G.*

[17] Warwick castle. Edit. 1648. *G.*

[18] Fulke Greville, lord Brooke. *G.*

[19] Arch-deacon Burton. Edit. 1648. *G.*

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corpulent relique: marry and 't is sinne
ome Puritan gets not his face call'd in;
mongst leane brethren it may scandall bring,
Tho seeke for parity in every thing.
or us, let him enjoy all that God sends,
lenty of flesh, of livings, and of freinds.
Imagine here us ambling downe the street,
ircling in Flower, making both ends meet:
There we fare well foure dayes, and did complain,
ike harvest folkes, of weather and the raine:
nd on the feast of Barthol'mew we try
That revells that saint keepes at Banbury[20].
 th' name of God, amen! First to begin,
he altar was translated to an inne;
Te lodged in a chappell by the signe,
ut in a banquerupt taverne by the wine:
esides, our horses usage made us thinke
' was still a church, for they in coffins drinke[21];
s if 't were congruous that the ancients lye
lose by those alters in whose faith they dye.
ow ye beleeve the church hath good varietye
f monuments, when inns have such satiety;
ut nothing lesse: ther's no inscription there,
ut the church-wardens' names of the last yeare:
nstead of saints in windowes and on walls,
ere bucketts hang, and there a cobweb falls:
Toald you not sweare they love antiquity,
Tho brush the quire for perpetuity?
Thilst all the other pavement and the floore
re supplicants to the surveyor's power
f the high wayes, that he would gravell keepe;
or else in winter sure it will be deepe.
' not for God's, for Mr. Wheatlye's sake
evell the walkes; suppose these pittfalls make
lim spraine a lecture, or misplace a joynt
n his long prayer, or his fiveteenth point:
hinke you the dawes or stares can sett him
right?
urely this sinne upon your heads must light.
nd say, beloved, what unchristian charme
 this? you have not left a legg or arme
f an apostle: think you, were they whole,
hat they would rise, at least assume a soule?
f not, 't is plaine all the idolatry
yes in your folly, not th' imagery.
T is well the pinnacles are falne in twaine;
or now the Divell, should he tempt againe,
lath noe advantage of a place soe high:
ooles, he can dash you from your gallery,
Where all your medly meete; and doe compare,
Not what you learne, but who is longest there;
he Puritan, the Anabaptist, Brownist,
ike a grand sallet: Tinkers, what a towne ist?
he crosses also, like old stumps of trees,
re stooles for horsemen that have feeble knees;
Carry noe heads above ground: they which tell,
That Christ hath nere descended into Hell,
But to the grave, his picture buried have
n a far deeper dungeon than a grave:
That is, descended to endure what paines
The Divell can think, or such disciples' braines.
No more my greife, in such prophane abuses
Good whipps make better verses then the Muses.
Away, and looke not back; away, whilst yet
The church is standing, whilst the benefitt
Of seeing it remaines; ere long you shall
Have that rac't downe, and call'd apocryphal,
And in some barne heare cited many an author,
Kate Stubbs, Anne Askew, or the Ladye's daughter;
Which shall be urg'd for fathers. Stopp Disdaine,
When Oxford once appears, Satyre refraine.
Neighbours, how hath our anger thus out gon's?
Is not St. Giles's this, and that St. John's?
We are return'd; but just with soe much ore
As Rawleigh from his voyage, and noe more.

Non recito cuiquam nisi amicis, idque coactus,
Non ubivis, coramve quibuslibet.
Hor. lib. i. sat. 4.

[20] At the signe of the Alter-stone. Edit. 1648. G.

[21] Which serve for troughs in the backside. Ib. G.

ON MR. RICE,

THE MANCIPLE OF CHRIST-CHURCH IN OXFORD.

Who can doubt, Rice, but to th' eternall place
Thy soule is fledd, that did but know thy face?
Whose body was soe light, it might have gone
To Heav'ne without a resurrection.
Indeed thou wert all type; thy limmes were signes,
Thy arteryes but mathematicke lines:
As if two soules had made thy compound good,
That both should live by faith, and none by blood.

ON HENRY BOLINGS.

If gentleness could tame the Fates, or wit
Deliver man, Bolings had not di'd yet;
But One which over us in judgment sits,
Doth say our sins are stronger than our wits.

ON JOHN DAWSON,

BUTLER OF CHRIST-CHURCH.

Dawson the butler's dead: although I think
Poets were ne're infus'd with single drink,
I 'll spend a farthing, Muse; a watry verse
Will serve the turn to cast upon his herse
If any cannot weep amongst us here,
Take off his cup, and so squeeze out a tear.
Weep, O ye barrels! let your drippings fall
In trickling streams; make waste more prodigal
Than when our beer was good, that John may float
To Styx in beer, and lift up Charon's boat
With wholsome waves: and, as the conduits ran
With claret at the coronation,
So let your channels flow with single tiff,
For John, I hope, is crown'd: take off your whiff,
Ye men of rosemary, and drink up all,
Remembring 't is a butler's funeral:
Had he been master of good double beer,
My life for his, John Dawson had been here.

ON

GREAT TOM OF CHRIST-CHURCH.

Be, dumb, ye infant-chimes, thump not your mettle,
That ne're out-ring a tinker and his kettle;

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Cease, all you petty larums; for, to day
Is young Tom's resurrection from the clay:
And know, when Tom rings out his knells,
The best of you will be but dinner-bells.
Old Tom 's grown young again, the fiery cave
Is now his cradle, that was erst his grave:
He grew up quickly from his mother Earth,
For, all you see was but an hour's birth;
Look on him well, my life I dare engage,
You ne're saw prettier baby of his age.
Some take his measure by the rule, some by
The Jacob's staff take his profundity,
And some his altitude; but some do swear
Young Tom 's not like the old: but, Tom, ne're fear
The critical geometrician's line,
If thou as loud as e're thou did ring'st nine.
Tom did no sooner peep from under-ground,
But straight St. Marie's tenor lost his sound.
O how this may-pole's heart did swell
With full main sides of joy, when that crackt bell
Choakt with annoy, and's admiration,
Rung like a quart-pot to the congregation.
Tom went his progress lately, and lookt o're
What he ne're saw in many years before;
But when he saw the old foundation,
With some like hope of preparation,
He burst with grief; and lest he should not have
Due pomp, he 's his own bell-man to the grave:
And that there might of him be still some mention,
He carried to his grave a new invention.
They drew his brown-bread face on pretty gins,
And made him stalk upon two rolling-pins;
But Sander Hill swore twice or thrice by Heaven,
He ne're set such a loaf into the oven.
And Tom did Sanders vex, his Cyclops maker,
As much as he did Sander Hill, the baker;
Therefore, loud thumping Tom, be this thy pride,
When thou this motto shalt have on thy side:
"Great world! one Alexander conquer'd thee,
And two as mighty men scarce conquer'd me."
Brave constant spirit, none could make thee turn,
Though hang'd, drawn, quarter'd, till they did thee burn:
Yet not for this, nor ten times more be sorry,
Since thou was martyr'd for the churche's glory;
But for thy meritorious suffering,
Thou shortly shalt to Heaven in a string:
And though we griev'd to see thee thump'd and bang'd,
We 'll all be glad, Great Tom, to see thee hang'd.

R. C.

When too much zeal doth fire devotion,
Love is not love, but superstition:
Even so in civil duties, when we come
Too oft, we are not kind, but troublesome.
Yet as the first is not idolatry,
So is the last but grieved industry:
And such was mine, whose strife to honour you
By overplus, hath rob'd you of your due.

A PROPER NEW BALLAD,

INTITULED

THE FAERYE'S FAREWELL;

OR,

GOD-A-MERCY WILL.

TO BE SUNG OR WHISTLED TO THE TUNE OF "THE MEADOW BROW," BY THE LEARNED; BY THE UNLEARNED, TO THE TUNE OF "FORTUNE."

Farewell rewards and Faeries,
Good houswives now may say,
For now foule slutts in daries
Doe fare as well as they.
And though they sweepe theyr hearths no less
Then maydes were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleaneliness,
Finds sixe-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbies,
The Faries lost command;
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have chang'd your land:
And all your children sprung from thence
Are now growne Puritanes;
Who live as changelings ever since
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleepe or sloth
These prettie ladies had;
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily merrily went theyre tabor,
And nimbly went theyre toes.

Wittness those rings and roundelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine,
Were footed in queene Marie's dayes
On many a grassy playne;
But since of late, Elizabeth,
And later, James came in,
They never daunc'd on any heath
As when the time hath bin.

By which we note the Faries
Were of the old profession;
Theyre songs were Ave Maryes;
Theyre daunces were procession:
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas;
Or farther for religion fled,
Or elce they take theyre ease.

A tell-tale in theyre company
They never could endure,
And whoe so kept not secretly
Theyre mirth was punisht sure;
It was a just and christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blew:
O how the common welth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters
A register they have,
Who looketh to theyre charters,
A man both wise and grave;

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An hundred of theyre merry prancks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store, conn twenty thanks
To William for the same.

I marvell who his cloake would turne
When Pucke had led him round,
Or where those walking fires would burne,
Where Cureton would be found;
How Broker would appeare to be,
For whom this age doth mourne;
But that theyre spiritts live in thee,
In thee, old William Chourne.

To William Chourne of Stafford shire
Give laud and prayses due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true:
To William all give audience,
And pray ye for his noddle,
For all the Farie's evidence
Were lost, if that were addle.

A NON SEQUITUR.

(FROM "WIT RESTORED," 8vo. 1658.)

MARKE! how the lanterns clowd mine eyes,
See where a moon-drake 'gins to rise;
Saturne crawls much like an iron catt,
To see the naked moone in a slipshott hatt.
Thunder-thumping toadstools crock the pots
To see the mermaids tumble;
Leather cat-a-mountaines shake their heels,
To heare the gosh-hawke grumble.
The rustic threed
Begins to bleed,
And cobwebs elbows itches;
The putrid skyes
Eat mulsacke pyes,
Backed up in logicke breches.

Munday trenchers made good hay,
The lobster weares no dagger;
Meale-mouthed she-peacocke powle the starres,
And made the lowbell stagger.
Blew crocodiles foame in the toe,
Blind meale-bagges do follow the doe;
A ribb of apple braine spice
Will follow the Lancashire dice.
Harke! how the chime of Plutoes pispot cracks,
To see the rainbowes wheele-gann made of flax.

NONSENCE.

(ASHMOLE'S MUSEUM, A. 37.)

LIKE to the thundring tone of unspoke speeches,
Or like a lobster clad in logicke breeches,
Or like the graye-furre of a crimson catt,
Or like the moone-calfe in a slip-shodde hatt:
Even such is he who never was begotten
Untill his children were both dead and rotten.
Like to the fiery tombstone of a cabbage,
Or like a crabbe-house with its bag and baggage,
Or like the four square circle of a ring,
Or like to hey dinge, dingea dingea dinge:
Even such is he who spake, and yet no doubt
Spake to small purpose, when his tougue was out.

Like to a faire, fresh, faiding, withered rose,
Or lyke to rhyming verse that runs in prose,
Or lyke the stumbles of a tynder box,
Or lyke a man that's sound yet hath the pox:
Even such is he who dyed, and yet did laugh
To see these lines writt for his epitaph.

THE COUNTRY LIFE[1].

THRICE and above blest (my soul's halfe!) art thou
In thy though last yet better vowe,
Canst leave the cyttye with exchange to see
The country's sweet simplicitie,
And to knowe and practise, with intent
To growe the sooner innocent,
By studdyinge to knowe vertue, and to ayme
More at her nature than her name.
The last is but the least, the first doth tell
Wayes not to live, but to live well.
And both are knowne to thee, who now canst live,
Led by thy conscience, to give
Justice[2] to soon pleas'd Nature, and to showe
Wisdome and she togeather goe,
And keepe one center: this with that conspires
To teach man to confine's desires;
To knowe that riches have their proper stint
In the contented minde, not mint;
And canst instruct, that those that have the itch
Of cravinge more, are never rich. [prevent
These thinges thou knowst to th' height, and dost
The mange, because thou art content
With that Heaven gave thee with a sparinge hand,
More blessed in thy brest than land,
To keepe but Nature even and upright,
To quench not cocker appetite.
The first is Nature's end; this doth impart
Least thankes to Nature, most to Art.
But thou canst tersely live, and satisfie
The bellye only, not the eye;
Keepinge the barkinge stomache meanly quiet
With a neat yet needfull dyett.
But that which most creates thy happy life,
Is the fruition of a wife,
Whom (starres consentinge with thy fate) thou hast
Gott, not so beautifull as chast.

[1] This poem, of which the leading features seem to be copied from the 10th epistle of the 1st book of Horace, has been printed in The Antient and Modern Miscellany, by Mr. Waldron, from a manuscript in his possession, and it is consequently retained in this edition of Corbet's Poems; to whose acknowledged productions it bears no resemblance, at the same time that it is attributed (in Ashmole's MSS. No. 38, fol. 91.) to Robert Heyrick, the author of Hesperides. *G.*

[2] Discite quam parvo liceat producere vitam,
Et quantum natura petat.
Lucan, iv. ver. 377.

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By whose warm'd side thou dost securely sleepe,
Whilst Love the centinell doth keepe
With those deeds done by day, which ne'er affright
The silken slumbers in the night;
Nor hath the darkenesse power to usher in
Feare to those sheets that knowe no sinne:
But still thy wife, by chast intention led,
Gives thee each night a maidenhead.
For where pure thoughts are led by godly feare,
Trew love, not lust at all, comes there;
And in that sense the chaster thoughts commend
Not halfe so much the act as end:
That, what with dreams in sleepe of rurall blisse,
Night growes farre shorter than she is.
The damaske meddowes, and the crawlinge streames,
Sweeten, and make soft thy dreams.
The purlinge springes, groves, birdes, and well-weav'd bowers,
With fields enamelled with flowers,
Present thee shapes, whilst phantasye discloses
Millions of lillyes mixt with roses.
Then dreame thou hear'st the lambe with many a bleat
Woo'd to come sucke the milkey teate;
Whilst Faunus, in the vision, vowes to keepe
From ravenouse wolfe the woolley sheepe;
With thowsand such enchantinge dreames, which meet
To make sleepe not so sound as sweet.
Nor can these figures in thy rest endeere,
As not to up when chanticleere
Speaks the last watch, but with the dawne dost rise
To worke, but first to sacrifice:
Makinge thy peace with Heaven for some late fault,
With holy meale and cracklinge salt. [us,
That done, thy painfull thumbe this sentence tells
God for our labour all thinges sells us.
Nor are thy daylye and devout affayres
Attended with those desperate cares
Th' industriouse marchant hath, who for to finde
Gold, runneth to the furthest Inde [3],
And home againe tortur'd with fear doth hye.
Untaught to suffer povertye.
But you at home blest with securest ease,
Sitt'st and beleev'st that there are seas,
And watrye dangers; but thy better hap
But sees these thinges within thy mapp,
And viewinge them with a more safe survaye,
Mak'st easy Feare unto thee say,
A heart thrice wall'd with oake and brass that man
Had, first durst plough the ocean.
But thou at home, without or tyde or gale,
Canst in thy mapp securely sayle,
Viewinge the parted countryes, and so guesse
By their shades their substances;
And from their compasse borrowing advise,
Buy'st travayle at the lowest price.
Nor are thy eares so seald but thou canst heare
Far more with wonder than with feare.

—*Cætera desiderantur.*

[3] Impiger extremos currit mercator ad Indos,
Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes.
Hor. Epist. 1.

TO

THE GHOST OF ROBERT WISDOME [4].

Thou, once a body, now but aire,
Arch-botcher of a psalme or prayer,
From Carfax come;
And patch me up a zealous lay,
With an old *ever and for ay*,
Or, *all and some*.

Or such a spirit lend me,
As may a hymne downe send me,
To purge my braine:
So, Robert, looke behinde thee,
Least Turke or Pope doe find thee,
And goe to bed againe.

AN

EPITAPH ON THOMAS JONCE [5].

Here, for the nonce,
Came Thomas Jonce,
In St. Giles church to lye.
None Welsh before,
None Welshman more,
Till Shon Clerk die.

I 'll tole the bell
I 'll ring his knell;
He died well,
He 's sav'd from Hell;
And so farwel
Tom Jonce.

TO THE

LADYES OF THE NEW DRESSE,

THAT WEARE THEIR GORGETS AND RAYLES DOWNE TO THEIR WASTES.

Ladyes, that weare black cipress-vailes
Turn'd lately to white linnen-rayles,
And to your girdle weare your bands,
And shew your armes instead of hands;
What can you doe in Lent so meet
As, fittest dress, to weare a sheet?
T' was once a band, 't is now a cloake,
An acorne one day proves an oke:
Weare but your linnen to your feet,
And then your band will prove a sheet.
By which devise, and wise excesse,
You'l doe your penance in a dresse;
And none shall know, by what they see,
Which lady's censur'd, and which free.

[4] See Warton's History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 170, 171. *G.* He contributed some of the Psalms in the Old Version. *C.*

[5] A clergyman, and inhabitant of St. Giles's parish, Oxford. His proper name was Jones. *G.*

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THE LADIES' ANSWER.

(HARL. MSS. NO. 6396.)

LACKE cypresse vailes are shroudes on night,
'hite linnen railes are raies of light,
'hich though we to the girdles weare,
'e've hands to keep your hands off there.
fitter dresse we have in Lent,
o shew us trewly penitent.
'hoe makes the band to be a cloke
akes John-a-style of John-an-oake.
'e weare our garments to the feet,
et neede not make our bandes a sheet:
he clergie weare as long as we,
et that implies conformitie.
e wise, recant what you have writt,
east you doe pennance for your witte;
ove's charm hath power to weare a stringe,
o tye you as you tied your ringe;
here by love's sharpe but just decree
ou may be censured, we go free.

CORBET'S REPLY.

(ASHMOLE'S MUSEUM, A. 38. FOL. 66.)

EY nought but love-charmes power have
our blemisht creditt for to save;
hen know your champion is blind,
nd that love-nottes are soon untwinde.
ut blemishes are now a grace,
nd add a lustre to your face;
our blemisht credit for to save,
ou needed not a vayle to have;
he rayle for women may be fitte,
ecause they daylie practice ytt.
nd, seeing counsell can you not reforme,
ead this reply—and take ytt not in scorne.

UPON FAIRFORD WINDOWS[6].

TELL me, you anti-saints, why brass
Vith you is shorter lived than glass?
nd why the saints have scap't their falls
letter from windows than from walles?
s it, because the brethren's fires
Maintain a glass-house at Blackfryars?
Iext which the church stands north and south,
nd east and west the preacher's mouth.
Or is 't, because such painted ware
tesembles something that you are,
oe py'de, soe seeming, soe unsound
n manners, and in doctrine, found,
That, out of emblematick witt,
Vou spare yourselves in sparing it?
f it be soe, then, Faireford, boast
Thy church hath kept what all have lost;
And is preserved from the bane
Of either warr, or puritane:
Whose life is colour'd in thy paint,
The inside drosse, the outside saint.

[6] Twenty-eight in number, and painted with the ries of the Old and New Testament. *C.*

UPON FAIREFORD WINDOWES[7].

(MISC. MSS. POEMS, MUS. BRIT. BIB. SLOAN. NO. 1446.)

I KNOWE no painte of poetry
Can mend such colour'd imag'ry
In sullen inke, yet (Fayreford) I
May rellish thy fair memory.
Such is the echoe's fainter sound,
Such is the light when the Sunn 's drown'd,
So did the fancy look upon
The work before it was begun.
Yet when those showes are out of sight,
My weaker colours may delight.
Those images doe faithfullie
Report true feature to the eie,
As you may think each picture was
Some visage in a looking-glass;
Not a glass window face, unless
Such as Cheapside hath, where a press
Of painted gallants, looking out,
Bedeck the casement rounde about.
But these have holy phisnomy;
Each paine instructs the laity
With silent eloquence; for heere
Devotion leads the eie, not eare,
To note the cathechisinge paint,
Whose easie phrase doth soe acquainte
Our sense with gospell, that the creede
In such an hand the weake may reade.
Such tipes e'en yett of vertue bee,
And Christ as in a glass we see—
When with a fishinge rod the clarke
St. Peter's draught of fish doth marke,
Such is the scale, the eie, the finn,
You'd thinke they strive and leape within;
But if the nett, which holdes them, brake,
He with his angle some would take.
But would you walke a turn in Paul's,
Looke up, one little pane inrouls
A fairer temple. Flinge a stone,
The church is out at the windowe flowne.
Consider not, but aske your eies,
And ghosts at mid-day seem to rise,
The saintes there seemeing to descend,
Are past the glass, and downwards bend.
Look there! The Devill! all would cry,
Did they not see that Christ was by.
See where he suffers for thee! See
His body taken from the tree!
Had ever death such life before?
The limber corps, be-sully'd o'er
With meagre paleness, does display
A middle state 'twixt flesh and clay.
His armes and leggs, his head and crown,
Like a true lambskin dangle downe:
Whoe can forbeare, the grave being nigh,
To bringe fresh ointment in his eye?
The wond'rous art hath equall fate,
Unfixt, and yet inviolate.
The Puritans were sure deceav'd
Whoe thought those shaddowes mov'd and heav'd,

[7] This poem, which is in some manuscripts attributed to William Stroude, has already been printed in the topographer of my very intelligent friend, Samuel Egerton Brydges, esq. vol. ii. p. 112. *G.*

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So held from stouinge Christ; the winde
And boysterous tempests were so kinde,
As on his image not to prey,
Whome both the winde and seas obey.
At Momus' wish be not amaz'd;
For if each Christian's heart were glaz'd
With such a windowe, then each brest
Might bee his owne evangelist.

THE DISTRACTED PURITANE.

Am I madd, O noble Festus,
When zeale and godly knowledge
Have put me in hope
To deal with the pope,
As well as the best in the colledge?
Boldly I preach, hate a crosse, hate a surplice,
Miters, copes, and rotchets:
Come heare me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

In the house of pure Emanuel
I had my education;
Where my friends surmise
I dazeled mine eyes
With the light of revelation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a bedlam,
They lash't my foure poore quarters;
Whilst this I endure,
Faith makes me sure
To be one of Foxe's martyrs.
Boldly I preach, &c.

These injuryes I suffer
Through Anti-Christ's perswasions:
Take off this chaine,
Neither Rome nor Spaine
Can resist my strong invasions.
Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the beast's ten hornes (God blesse us!)
I have knock 't off three already:
If they let me alone,
I 'll leave him none;
But they say I am too heady.
Boldly I preach, &c.

When I sack'd the seaven-hill'd citty
I mett the great redd dragon:
I kept him aloofe
With the armour of proofe,
Though here I have never a rag on.
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery sword and targett
There fought I with this mouster:
But the sonnes of pride
My zeale deride,
And all my deedes misconster.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I unhorst the whore of Babel
With a launce of inspirations:
I made her stinke,
And spill her drinck
In the cupp of abominations.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seene two in a vision,
With a flying booke betweene them:
I have bin in dispaire
Five times a yeare,
And cur'd by reading Greenham.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd in Perkin's Tables *
The black lines of damnation:
Those crooked veines
Soe struck in my braines,
That I fear'd my reprobation.
Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Chanaan
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure:
Till I prickt my foote
With an Hebrew roote,
That I bledd beyond all measure.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the arch-bishopp,
And all the high commission:
I gave him noe grace,
But told him to his face
That he favour'd superstition.
Boldly I preach, hate a crosse, hate a surplice,
Miters, copes, and rotchets:
Come heare me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

* An eminent divine of Cambridge. C.

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THE

POEMS

OF

THOMAS CAREW.

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THE

LIFE OF THOMAS CAREW,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

HIS elegant poet was the younger brother of sir Matthew Carew, a zealous adherent the fortunes of Charles I. and of the family of the Carews in Gloucestershire, but de-ended from the more ancient family of that name in Devonshire. He is supposed to ıve been born in 1589[1]. According to Anthony Wood, he received his academical lucation at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, but was neither matriculated, nor took ıy degree.

After leaving college, he improved himself by travelling, according to the custom of e age, and associating with men of learning and talents both at home and abroad: and ing distinguished for superior elegance of manners and taste, he was received into the ourt of Charles I. as gentleman of the privy chamber, and sewer in ordinary. His wit ıd recommended him to his sovereign, who, however, Clarendon informs us, incurred ıe displeasure of the Scotch nation by bestowing upon him the place of sewer, in pre-rence to a gentleman recommended upon the interest of the courtiers of that nation.

He appears after this appointment to have passed his days in affluence and gaiety. lis talents were highly valued by his contemporaries, particularly Ben Jonson and sir Villiam Davenant. Sir John Suckling, only, in his Session of the Poets, insinuates that his oems cost him more labour than is consistent with the fertility of real genius. But of this ıere are not many marks visible in his works, and what sir John mistakes for the labour f costiveness may have been only the laudable care he employed in bringing his verses to higher degree of refinement than any of his contemporaries.

His death is said to have taken place in 1639, which agrees with the information we ave in Clarendon's life. "He was a person of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made ıany poems (especially in the amorous way) which for the sharpness of the fancy, and the legance of the language, in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not su-erior to any of that time: but his glory was, that after *fifty years* of his life spent with ss severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with great remorse for that cence, and with the greatest manifestation of christianity, that his best friends could lesire." It is pleasing to record such ample atonement for the licentiousness of some of is poems, which, however, his editors have hitherto persisted in handing down to posterity.

It does not appear that any of his poems were published during his life-time, except such s were set to music. The first collection was printed in 12mo. 1640, the second in 1642, he third (not in 1654 as Cibber asserts, but) in 1651, and a fourth in 1670. In 1772 Mr. Thomas Davies published an edition, with a few notes, and a short character, in which the

[1] MS. note in my copy of the edition 1651, probably on the authority of Clarendon hereafter given.

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writer has taken for granted some particulars for which no authority can be found. Thi edition, with some necessary omissions and corrections, has been principally used on th present occasion. A dialogue, in irregular measure, is printed in Mr. Ellis's Specimen from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Malone.

Carew's Cœlum Britannicum, at one time erroneously attributed to Davenant, wa printed with the first editions of his poems, and afterwards separately in 1651. Lang baine, and Cibber after him, says that our author placed the Latin notes on the fron when printed, but no edition printed in his life-time, is now known. The distich, how ever, might have been prefixed to the music of the Masque.

Oldys, in his MSS. notes on Langbaine, informs us, that "Carew's Sonnets were mor in request than any poet's of his time, that is between 1630 and 1640. They were man of them set to music by the two famous composers, Henry and William Lawes, and oth eminent masters, and sung at court in their masques." It may be added that Carew wa one of the old poets whom Pope studied, and from whom he borrowed. Dr. Per honours him with the compliment of being an "elegant, and almost forgotten write whose poems deserve to be revised." But no modern critic appears to have estimated h merit with more liberality than Mr. Headley; his opinion however, is here copied, n without suspicion that his enthusiasm may be thought to have carried him too far.

"The consummate elegance of this gentleman entitles him to very considerable atten tion. Sprightly, polished, and perspicuous, *every part* of his works displays the man o sense, gallantry, and breeding; indeed many of his productions have a certain happ finish, and betray a dexterity both of thought and expression much superior to any thi of his contemporaries, and on similar subjects, rarely surpassed by his successors. Care has the ease without the pedantry of Waller, and perhaps less conceit. He reminds us o the best manner of lord Lyttelton. Waller is too exclusively considered as the first ma who brought versification to any thing like its present standard. Carew's pretensions t the same merit are seldom sufficiently either considered, or allowed. Though love ha long before softened us into civility, yet it was of a formal, ostentatious, and romanti cast; and, with a very few exceptions, its effects upon composition were similar to tha on manners. Something more light, unaffected, and alluring, was still wanting; in every thing but sincerity of intention it was deficient. Panegyric, declamatory and nauseous was rated by those to whom addressed, on the principle of Ruben's taste for beauty, by its quantity, not its elegance. Satire, dealing in rancour rather than reproof, was more inclined to lash than to laugh us out of our vices; and nearly counteracted her intention by her want of good manners. Carew and Waller jointly began to remedy those defects In them, gallantry, for the first time, was accompanied by the Graces, the fulsomness o panegyric forgot its gentility, and the edge of satire rendered keener in proportion to its smoothness. Suckling says of our author in his Session of the Poets, that

> ..... the issue of his brain
> Was seldome brought forth but with trouble and pain.

"In Lloyd's Worthies, Carew is likewise called '*elaborate* and accurate.' However the fact might be, the internal evidence of his poems says no such thing. Hume has properly remarked, that Waller's pieces, 'aspire not to the sublime, still less to the pathetic.' Carew, in his beautiful Masque, has given us instances of the former; and, in his Epitaph on lady Mary Villers, eminently of the latter."

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POEMS

OF

THOMAS CAREW.

THE SPRING.

OW that the winter's gone, the Earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the
ıdies the grass, or casts an icy cream [frost
on the silver lake, or chrystal stream:
t the warm Sun thaws the benummed Earth
d makes it tender, gives a sacred birth
the dead swallow, wakes in hollow tree
e drowsy cuckow and the humble bee.
w do a quire of chirping minstrels bring
triumph to the world, the youthful Spring:
e vallies, hills, and woods, in rich array,
lcome the coming of the long'd-for May.
w all things smile; only my love doth low'r:
r hath the scalding noon-day-Sun the pow'r
melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
r heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
e ox, which lately did for shelter fly
o the stall, doth now securely lie
open fields: and love no more is made
the fire-side; but in the cooler shade
ıyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
der a sycamore, and all things keep
ne with the season; only she doth carry
ne in her eyes, in her heart January.

TO A. L.

PERSUASIONS TO LOVE.

INK not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,
are fresh as April, sweet as May,
ight as is the morning-star,
at you are so; or though you are,
not therefore proud, and deem
l men unworthy your esteem:
r being so, you lose the pleasure
being fair, since that rich treasure
Of rare beauty and sweet feature
Was bestow'd on you by nature
To be enjoy'd, and 't were a sin
There to be scarce, where she hath been
So prodigal of her best graces;
Thus common beauties and mean faces
Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
The sport you lose by being coy.
Did the thing for which I sue,
Only concern myself, not you;
Were men so fram'd as they alone
Reap'd all the pleasure, women none,
Then had you reason to be scant;
But 't were a madness not to grant
That which affords (if you consent)
To you the giver, more content
Than me the beggar; oh then be
Kind to yourself, if not to me;
Starve not yourself, because you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake:
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
'T is sooner past, 't is sooner done
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun;
Most fleeting, when it is most dear;
'T is gone, while we but say 't is here.
These curious locks so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White, and cold as winter's snow.
That eye which now is Cupid's nest
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lilly shall be found, nor rose;
And what will then become of all
Those, whom now you servants call?
Like swallows, when your summer's done
They 'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
Then wisely chuse one to your friend,
Whose love may (when your beauties end)

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Remain still firm: be provident,
And think before the summer's spent
Of following winter; like the ant
In plenty hoard for time of scant.
Call out amongst the multitude
Of lovers, that seek to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day;
One that will quench your youthful fires,
And feed in age your hot desires.
For when the storms of time have mov'd
Waves on that cheek which was belov'd;
When a fair lady's face is pin'd,
And yellow spread where red once shin'd;
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may return, but lovers never:
And old folks say there are no pains
Like itch of love in aged veins.
Oh love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not lose this present minute:
For time and age will work that wrack
Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flow'r:
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

LIPS AND EYES.

In Celia's face a question did arise,
Which were more beautiful, her Lips or Eyes:
"We," said the Eyes, "send forth those pointed darts
Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts."
"From us," reply'd the Lips, "proceed those blisses,
Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses."
Then wept the Eyes, and from their springs did pour
Of liquid oriental pearl a show'r.
Whereat the Lips, mov'd with delight and pleasure,
Through a sweet smile unlock'd their pearly treasure;
And bade Love judge, whether did add more grace,
Weeping or smiling pearls in Celia's face.

A DIVINE MISTRESS.

In Nature's pieces still I see
Some errour that might mended be;
Something my wish could still remove,
Alter or add; but my fair love
Was fram'd by hands far more divine;
For she hath every beauteous line:
Yet I had been far happier
Had Nature, that made me, made her;
Then likeness might (that love creates)
Have made her love what now she hates:
Yet I confess I cannot spare
From her just shape the smallest hair;
Nor need I beg from all the store
Of Heaven for her one beauty more:
She hath too much divinity for me:
Ye gods, teach her some more humanity!

SONG.

A BEAUTIFUL MISTRESS.

If when the Sun at noon displays
His brighter rays,
Thou but appear,
He then all pale with shame and fear,
Quencheth his light,
Hides his dark brow, flies from thy sight,
And grows more dim,
Compar'd to thee, than stars to him.
If thou but show thy face again,
When darkness doth at midnight reign,
The darkness flies, and light is hurl'd
Round about the silent world:
So as alike thou driv'st away
Both light and darkness, night and day.

A CRUEL MISTRESS.

We read of kings, and gods, that kindly took
A pitcher fill'd with water from the brook:
But I have daily tendred without thanks
Rivers of tears that overflow their banks.
A slaughter'd bull will appease angry Jove;
A horse the Sun, a lamb the god of love;
But she disdains the spotless sacrifice
Of a pure heart, that at her altar lies.
Vesta is not displeased, if her chaste urn
Do with repaired fuel ever burn;
But my saint frowns, though to her honour'd name
I consecrate a never-dying flame.
Th' Assyrian king did none i' th' furnace throw,
But those that to his image did not bow;
With bended knees I daily worship her,
Yet she consumes her own idolater.
Of such a goddess no times leave record,
That burnt the temple where she was ador'd.

SONG.

MURDERING BEAUTY.

I 'll gaze no more on her bewitching face,
Since ruin harbours there in every place:
For my enchanted soul alike she drowns
With calms and tempests of her smiles and frowns
I 'll love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
Which, pleas'd or anger'd, still are murderers:
For if she dart (like lightning) through the air
Her beams of wrath, she kills me with despair;
If she behold me with a pleasing eye,
I surfeit with excess of joy, and die.

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MY MISTRESS,

COMMANDING ME TO RETURN HER LETTERS.

o grieves th' advent'rous merchant, when he throws
ll the long-toil'd-for treasure his ship stows
nto the angry main, to save from wrack
imself and men; as I grieve to give back
hese letters: yet so powerful is your sway,
s if you bid me die, I must obey.
o then, blest papers, you shall kiss those hands
hat gave you freedom, but hold me in bands;
'hich with a touch did give you life, but I,
ecause I may not touch those hands, must die.
lethinks, as if they knew they should be sent
ome to their native soil from banishment,
see them smile, like dying saints, that know
hey are to leave the Earth, and tow'rd Heav'n go.
'hen you return, pray tell your sovereign,
nd mine, I gave you courteous entertain;
ich line receiv'd a tear, and then a kiss;
rst bath'd in that, it scap'd unscorch'd from this:
kist it, because your hand had been there;
at, 'cause it was not now, I shed a tear.
ell her no length of time nor change of air,
o cruelty, disdain, absence, despair,
o, nor her stedfast constancy can deter
y vassal heart from ever hon'ring her.
hough these be pow'rful arguments to prove
love in vain; yet I must ever love.
ay, if she frown when you that word rehearse,
rvice in prose is oft call'd love in verse:
hen pray her, since I send back on my part
er papers, she will send me back my heart.
she refuse, warn her to come before
he god of love, whom thus I will implore:
Trav'ling thy country's road (great god) I spy'd
y chance this lady, and walk'd by her side
rom place to place, fearing no violence,
or I was well arm'd, and had made defence
former fights, 'gainst fiercer foes than she
id at our first encounter seem to be:
at going farther, every step reveal'd
ome hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd.
eing those outward arms, I did begin
o fear some greater strength was lodg'd within.
oking unto her mind, I might survey
n host of beauties that in ambush lay;
nd won the day before they fought the field:
or I, unable to resist, did yield.
ut the insulting tyrant so destroys
y conquer'd mind, my ease, my peace my joys;
reaks my sweet sleep, invades my harmless rest,
obs me of all the treasure of my breast;
pares not my heart, nor yet a greater wrong;
or having stol'n my heart, she binds my tongue.
ut at the last her melting eyes unseal'd
y lips, enlarg'd my tongue, then I reveal'd
o her own ears the story of my harms,
'rought by her virtues, and her beauty's charms.
ow hear (just judge) an act of savageness:
'hen I complain, in hope to find redress,
he bends her angry brow, and from her eye
hoots thousand darts. I then well hop'd to die;
ut in such sovereign balm love dips his shot,
hat, though they wound a heart, they kill it not:
he saw the blood gush forth from many a wound,
et fled, and left me bleeding on the ground,
or sought my care, nor saw me since; 't is true,
bsence and time (two cunning leeches) drew
The flesh together, yet sure though the skin
Be clos'd without, the wound festers within.
Thus hath this cruel lady us'd a true
Servant and subject to herself and you;
Nor know i (great Love) if my life be lent
To show thy mercy, or my punishment;
If this inditement fright her, so as she
Seem willing to return my heart to me,
But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may,
'Mongst other trifling hearts, be out of the way)
If she repent, and would make me amends,
Bid me but send me her's, and we are friends."

SECRECY PROTESTED.

Fear not (dear love) that I 'll reveal
Those hours of pleasure we two steal;
No eye shall see, nor yet the Sun
Descry, what thou and I have done;
No ear shall hear our love, but we
Silent as the night will be;
The god of love himself (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
Shall never know, that we can tell,
What sweets in stol'n embraces dwell:
This only means may find it out;
If, when I die, physicians doubt
What caus'd my death; and there to view
Of all their judgments which was true,
Rip up my heart: O then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.

A PRAYER TO THE WIND.

Go, thou gentle whispering Wind,
Bear this sigh; and if thou find
Where my cruel fair doth rest,
Cast it in her snowy breast;
So, inflam'd by my desire,
It may set her heart a-fire:
Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain,
Will reward thee for thy pain.
Boldly light upon her lip,
There suck odours, and thence skip
To her bosom; lastly, fall
Down, and wander over all;
Range about those ivory hills
From whose every part distils
Amber dew; there spices grow,
There pure streams of nectar flow;
There perfume thyself, and bring
All those sweets upon thy wing:
As thou return'st, change by thy pow'r
Every weed into a flow'r;
Turn each thistle to a vine,
Make the bramble eglantine;
For so rich a booty made,
Do but this, and I am paid.
Thou canst, with thy pow'rful blast,
Heat apace, and cool as fast:
Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
And again destroy the same:
Then, for pity, either stir
Up the fire of love in her,
That alike both flames may shine,
Or else quite extinguish mine.

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SONG.

MEDIOCRITY IN LOVE REJECTED.

Give me more love, or more disdain,
The torrid, or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
Like Danae in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes; and he 's possess'd
Of Heaven that 's but from Hell releas'd:
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more disdain.

SONG[1].

GOOD COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MAID.

Gaze not on thy beauty's pride,
Tender maid, in the false tide
That from lovers' eyes doth slide.

Let thy faithful chrystal show,
How thy colours come and go:
Beauty takes a foil from woe.

Love, that in those smooth streams lies
Under Pity's fair disguise,
Will thy melting heart surprise.

Nets of passion's finest thread,
Snaring poems, will be spread,
All to catch thy maidenhead.

Then beware; for those that cure
Love's disease, themselves endure
For reward a calenture.

Rather let the lover pine,
Than his pale cheek should assign
A perpetual blush to thine.

TO MY MISTRESS,

SITTING BY A RIVER'S SIDE.

AN EDDY.

Mark how yon eddy steals away
From the rude stream into the bay;
Then lock'd up safe, she doth divorce
Her waters from the channel's course,
And scorns the torrent that did bring
Her headlong from her native spring.

Now doth she with her new love play,
Whilst he runs murmuring away.
Mark how she courts the banks, whilst they
As amorously their arms display,
T' embrace and clip her silver waves:
See how she strokes their sides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny;
Whereat she frowns, threatning to fly
Home to her stream, and 'gins to swim
Backward, but from the channel's brim
Smiling returns into the creek,
With thousand dimples on her cheek.
Be thou this eddy, and I'll make
My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take
Secure repose, and never dream
Of the quite forsaken stream:
Let him to the wide ocean haste,
There lose his colour, name and taste;
Thou shalt save all, and, safe from him,
Within these arms for ever swim.

SONG.

CONQUEST BY FLIGHT.

Ladies, fly from love's smooth tale,
Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevail;
Grief is infectious, and the air
Inflam'd with sighs will blast the fair:
Then stop your ears when lovers cry,
Least yourself weep, when no soft eye
Shall with a sorrowing tear repay
That pity which you cast away.

Young men, fly, when beauty darts
Amorous glances at your hearts:
The fixt mark gives the shooter aim,
And ladies' looks have power to maim;
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a smile, or kiss, love lies;
Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.

SONG.

TO MY INCONSTANT MISTRESS.

When thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joys of love, shalt see
The full reward, and glorious fate,
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own inconstancy.

A fairer hand than thine shall cure
That heart which thy false oaths did wound.
And to my soul, a soul more pure
Than thine shall by love's hand be bound,
And both with equal glory crown'd.

Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain
To love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy tears shall be as vain
As mine were then, for thou shalt be
Damn'd for thy false apostacy.

[1] We shall observe, once for all, that elegance characterises all our poet's love pieces. This song, with the Persuasions to Love, and several other poems which the judicious reader will easily distinguish, are incontestable proofs of it.

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SONG.

PERSUASIONS TO ENJOY.

the quick spirits in your eye
w languish, and anon must die;
ev'ry sweet, and ev'ry grace
ist fly from that forsaken face:
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,
ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

if that golden fleece must grow
ever, free from aged snow;
hose bright suns must know no shade,
your fresh beauties ever fade;
n fear not, Celia, to bestow
at still being gather'd still must grow.
Thus, either Time his sickle brings
n vain, or else in vain his wings.

A DEPOSITION FROM LOVE.

as foretold, your rebel sex
for love nor pity knew;
with what scorn you use to vex
oor hearts that humbly sue;
I believ'd, to crown our pain,
ould we the fortress win,
happy lover sure should gain
paradise within:
ought love's plagues like dragons sate,
y to fright us at the gate.

I did enter, and enjoy
That happy lovers prove;
I could kiss, and sport, and toy,
nd taste those sweets of love,
ich, had they but a lasting state,
r if in Celia's breast
force of love might not abate,
ove were too mean a guest.
now her breach of faith far more
cts, than did her scorn before.

d fate! to have been once possest,
s victor, of a heart
iev'd with labour and unrest,
nd then forc'd to depart!
e stout foe will not resign
Then I besiege a town,
e but what was never mine:
ut he that is cast down
n enjoy'd beauty, feels a woe,
y deposed kings can know.

GRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

ow, Celia (since thou art so proud)
I was I that gave thee thy renown:
u hadst, in the forgotten crowd
f common beauties, liv'd unknown,
I not my verse exhal'd thy name,
I with it impt[1] the wings of Fame.

[1] This technical phrase is borrowed from falconry. oners say, *To imp* a feather in a hawk's wing, to add a new piece to an old stump.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes:
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fir'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate:
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
I 'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn:
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some pow'r, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

A LOOKING-GLASS.

That flattering glass, whose smooth face wears
Your shadow, which a sun appears,
Was once a river of my tears.

About your cold heart they did make
A circle, where the briny lake
Congeal'd into a chrystal cake.

Gaze no more on that killing eye,
For fear the native cruelty
Doom you, as it doth all, to die;

For fear lest the fair object move
Your froward heart to fall in love,
Then you yourself my rival prove.

Look rather on my pale cheeks pin'd;
There view your beauties; there you 'll find
A fair face, but a cruel mind.

Be not for ever frozen, coy;
One beam of love will soon destroy
And melt that ice to floods of joy.

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AN

ELEGY ON THE LADY PEN[1].

SENT TO MY MISTRESS OUT OF FRANCE.

Let him, who from his tyrant mistress did
This day receive his cruel doom, forbid
His eyes to weep that loss, and let him here
Open those flood-gates to bedew this bier;
So shall those drops, which else would be but brine,
Be turn'd to manna, falling on her shrine.
Let him, who, banish'd far from her dear sight
Whom his soul loves, doth in that absence write
Or lines of passion, or some pow'rful charms,
To vent his own grief, or unlock her arms,
Take off his pen, and in sad verse bemoan
This general sorrow, and forget his own:
So may those verses live, which else must die;
For though the Muses give eternity,
When they embalm with verse, yet she could give
Life unto that Muse by which others live.
Oh pardon me (fair soul) that boldly have
Dropt, though but one tear, on thy silent grave;
And writ on that earth, which such honour had
To clothe that flesh wherein thyself was clad.
And pardon me, sweet saint, whom I adore,
That I this tribute pay out of the store
Of lines and tears, that 's only due to thee;
Oh, do not think it new idolatry!
Though you are only sovereign of this land,
Yet universal losses may command
A subsidy from every private eye,
And press each pen to write, so to supply
And feed the common grief: if this excuse
Prevail not, take these tears to your own use,
As shed for you; for when I saw her die,
I then did think on your mortality:
For since nor virtue, wit, nor beauty, could
Preserve from Death's hand this their heav'nly mould,
Where they were framed all, and where they dwelt,
I then knew you must die too, and did melt
Into these tears: but thinking on that day,
And when the gods resolv'd to take away
A saint from us, I that did know what dearth
There was of such good souls upon the Earth,
Began to fear lest Death, their officer,
Might have mistook, and taken thee for her;
So hadst thou robb'd us of that happiness
Which she in Heaven, and I in thee possess.
But what can Heaven to her glory add?
The praises she hath dead, living she had.
To say she 's now an angel, is no more
Praise than she had, for she was one before.
Which of the saints can show more votaries
Than she had here? E'en those that did despise
The angels (and may her, now she is one)
Did, whilst she liv'd, with pure devotion
Adore and worship her; her virtues had
All honour here, for this world was too bad
To hate or envy her; these cannot rise
So high, as to repine at deities:
But now she 's 'mongst her fellow saints, they may
Be good enough to envy her: this way [if the
There 's loss i' th' change, 'twixt Heav'n and Earth
Should leave her servants here below, to be
Hated of her competitors above;
But sure her matchless goodness needs must move
Those blest souls to admire her excellence;
By this means only can her journey hence
To Heav'n prove gain, if as she was but here
Worship'd by men, she be by angels there.
But I must weep no more over this urn,
My tears to their own channel must return;
And having ended these sad obsequies,
My Muse must back to her old exercise,
To tell the story of my martyrdom.
But oh! thou idol of my soul, become
Once pitiful, that she may change her stile,
Dry up her blubber'd eyes, and learn to smile:
Rest then, blest soul; for as ghosts fly away,
When the shrill cock proclaims the infant day;
So must I hence—for lo, I see from far,
The minions of the Muses coming are,
Each of them bringing to her sacred hearse
In either eye a tear, each hand a verse.

[1] The time is too distant to trace out this lady's name with any certainty; probably she belonged to the Pennington family, who were then well known. Our poet is not so successful in grave elegy as in love sonnets. Perhaps he was not so sincere in his grief as in his love. When the fancy wanders after frivolous pointedness and epigrammatic conceit, it shows too well that the heart is at ease.

TO

MY MISTRESS IN ABSENCE.

Though I must live here, and by force
Of your command suffer divorce;
Though I am parted, yet my mind
(That 's more myself) still stays behind;
I breathe in you, you keep my heart;
'T was but a carcase that did part.
Then though our bodies are disjoin'd,
As things that are to place confin'd;
Yet let our boundless spirits meet,
And in love's sphere each other greet;
There let us work a mystic wreath,
Unknown unto the world beneath;
There let our claspt loves sweetly twine;
There our secret thoughts unseen,
Like nets be weav'd and intertwin'd,
Wherewith we catch each other's mind:
There, whilst our souls do sit and kiss,
Tasting a sweet and subtle bliss
(Such as gross lovers cannot know,
Whose hands and lips meet here below;)
Let us look down, and mark what pain
Our absent bodies here sustain,
And smile to see how far away
The one doth from the other stray;
Yet burn, and languish with desire
To join and quench their mutual fire.
There let us joy, to see from far
Our emulous flames at loving war,
Whilst both with equal lustre shine,
Mine bright as your's, your's bright as mine.
There seated in those heavenly bowers,
We 'll cheat the lag and ling'ring hours,
Making our bitter absence sweet,
Till souls and bodies both may meet.

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TO HER IN ABSENCE.

A SHIP.

Lost in a troubled sea of griefs, I float
Far from the shore in a storm-beaten boat,
Where my sad thoughts do (like the compass) show,
The several points from which cross winds do blow.
My heart doth, like the needle, touch'd with love,
Still fix'd on you, point which way I would move.
You are the bright pole-star which in the dark
Of this long absence guides my wand'ring bark.
Love is the pilot, but o'ercome with fear
Of your displeasure, dares not homewards steer;
My fearful hope hangs on my trembling sail;
Nothing is wanting but a gentle gale; [lip;
Which pleasant breath must blow from your sweet
Bid it but move, and quick as thought, this ship
Into your arms, which are my port, will flie,
Where it for ever shall at anchor lie.

SONG.

ETERNITY OF LOVE PROTESTED.

How ill doth he deserve a lover's name
Whose pale weak flame
Cannot retain
His heat, in spight of absence or disdain;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn and expire!
True love can never change his seat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.

That noble flame, which my breast keeps alive,
Shall still survive
When my soul's fled;
Nor shall my love die when my body's dead;
That shall wait on me to the lower shade,
And never fade.
My very ashes in their urn
Shall, like a hallow'd lamp, for ever burn.

UPON

SOME ALTERATION IN MY MISTRESS.

AFTER MY DEPARTURE INTO FRANCE.

On gentle love, do not forsake the guide
Of my frail bark, on which the swelling tide
Of ruthless pride
Doth beat, and threaten wrack from every side.
Gulphs of disdain do gape to overwhelm
This boat, nigh sunk with grief; whilst at the helm
Despair commands,
And round about the shifting sands
Of faithless love and false inconstancy,
With rocks of cruelty,
Stops up my passage to the neighbour lands.
My sighs have rais'd those winds, whose fury bears
My sails o'erboard, and in their place spreads tears;
And from my tears
This sea is sprung, where nought but death appears.
A misty cloud of anger hides the light
Of my fair star, and every where black night
Usurps the place
Of those bright rays, which once did grace
My forth-bound ship; but when it could no more
Behold the vanish'd shore,
In the deep flood she drown'd her beamy face.

GOOD COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MAID.

When you the sun-burnt pilgrim see,
Fainting with thrist, haste to the springs;
Mark how at first with bended knee
He courts the chrystal nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where he
Prostrate adores the flowing deity.

But when his sweaty face is drench'd
In her cool waves, when from her sweet
Bosom his burning thirst is quench'd;
Then mark how with disdainful feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refresh'd him, moves with sullen pace.

So shalt thou be despis'd, fair maid,
When by the sated lover tasted;
What first be did with tears invade,
Shall afterwards with scorn be wasted;
When all the virgin springs grow dry,
When no stream shall be left, but in thine eye[1].

CELIA BLEEDING.

TO THE SURGEON.

Fond man, that canst believe her blood
Will from those purple channels flow,
Or that the pure untainted flood
Can any foul distemper know;
Or that thy weak steel can incise
The chrystal case wherein it lies:

Know, her quick blood, proud of his seat,
Runs dancing through her azure veins;
Whose harmony no cold nor heat
Disturbs, whose hue no tincture stains;
And the hard rock wherein it dwells,
The keenest darts of love repels.

But thou reply'st, "Behold she bleeds."
Fool, thou 'rt deceiv'd, and dost not know
The mystic knot whence this proceeds,
How lovers in each other grow;
Thou struck'st her arm, but 't was my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the smart.

TO T. H.

A LADY RESEMBLING MY MISTRESS.

Fair copy of my Celia's face,
Twin of my soul, thy perfect grace
Claims in my love an equal place.

[1] This little poem is entirely worthy of Carew's sense and elegance.

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Disdain not a divided heart;
Though all be hers, you shall have part:
Love is not ty'd to rules of art.

For as my soul first to her flew,
Yet stay'd with me; so now 't is true
It dwells with her, though fled to you.

Then entertain this wand'ring guest,
And if not love, allow it rest;
It left not, but mistook, the nest.

Nor think my love or your fair eyes
Cheaper, 'cause from the sympathies
You hold with her, these flames arise.

To lead or brass, or some such bad
Metal, a prince's stamp may add
That value which it never had:

But to the pure refined ore,
The stamps of kings imparts no more
Worth, than the metal held before.

Only the image gives the rate
To subjects; in a foreign state
'T is priz'd as much for its own weight:

So though all other hearts resign
To your pure worth, yet you have mine,
Only because you are her coin.

TO SAXHAM.

Though frost and snow look'd from mine eyes
That beauty which without door lies,
The gardens, orchards, walks, that so
I might not all thy pleasures know;
Yet, Saxham, thou, within thy gate,
Art of thyself so delicate,
So full of native sweets, that bless
Thy roof with inward happiness;
As neither from, nor to thy store,
Winter takes aught, or spring adds more.
The cold and frozen air had starv'd
Much poor, if not by thee preserv'd;
Whose prayers have made thy table blest
With plenty, far above the rest.
The season hardly did afford
Coarse cates unto thy neighbour's board,
Yet thou hadst dainties, as the sky
Had only been thy volary [1];
Or else the birds, fearing the snow
Might to another deluge grow,
The pheasant, partridge, and the lark,
Flew to thy house, as to the ark.
The willing ox of himself came
Home to the slaughter, with the lamb,
And every beast did thither bring
Himself to be an offering.
The scaly herd more pleasure took,
Bath'd in thy dish, than in the brook.
Water, earth, air, did all conspire
To pay their tributes to thy fire;
Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
Through every room, where they deride
The night, and cold abroad; whilst they,
Like suns within, keep endless day.
Those cheerful beams send forth their light,
To all that wander in the night,
And seem to beckon from aloof
The weary pilgrim to thy roof;
Where, if refresh'd, he will away,
He 's fairly welcome; or, if stay,
Far more, which he shall hearty find,
Both from the master and the hind.
The stranger's welcome each man there
Stamp'd on his cheerful brow doth wear;
Nor doth this welcome, or his cheer,
Grow less, 'cause he stays longer here.
There 's none observes, much less repines,
How often this man sups or dines.
Thou hast no porter at the door
T' examine or keep back the poor;
Nor locks nor bolts; thy gates have been
Made only to let strangers in;
Untaught to shut, they do not fear
To stand wide open all the year;
Careless who enters, for they know
Thou never didst deserve a foe;
And as for thieves, thy bounty 's such,
They cannot steal, thou giv'st so much.

[1] A great bird-cage, in which the birds have room to fly up and down.

UPON A RIBBAND [1].

This silken wreath, which circles in mine arm,
Is but an emblem of that mystic charm,
Wherewith the magic of your beauties binds
My captive soul, and round about it winds
Fetters of lasting love: this hath entwin'd
My flesh alone, that hath impal'd my mind:
Time may wear out these soft, weak bands; but those
Strong chains of brass fate shall not discompose.
This only relic may preserve my wrist,
But my whole frame doth by that pow'r subsist:
To that my prayers and sacrifice, to this
I only pay a superstitious kiss:
This but the idol, that 's the deity;
Religion there is due, here cer'mony.
That I receive by faith, this but in trust;
Here I *may* tender duty, there I *must*:
This order as a layman I may bear,
But I become Love's priest when that I wear.
This moves like air, that as the centre stands;
That knot your virtue ty'd, this but your hands:
That nature fram'd, but this was made by art;
This makes my arm your prisoner, that my heart.

TO THE KING,

AT HIS ENTRANCE INTO SAXHAM.

BY MASTER JO. CROFT.

SIR,

Ere you pass this threshold, stay,
And give your creature leave to pay
Those pious rites which unto you,
As to our houshold gods are due.

[1] These verses were presented to his mistress.

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Instead of sacrifice, each breast
like a flaming altar drest
Vith zealous fires; which, from pure hearts,
ove mix'd with loyalty imparts.
Incense nor gold have we, yet bring
s rich and sweet an offering;
nd such as doth both these express,
Vhich is, our humble thankfulness:
y which is paid the all we owe
o gods above, or men below.
he slaughter'd beast, whose flesh should feed
he hungry flames, we, for pure need,
ress for your supper; and the gore,
Vhich should be dash'd on every door,
Ve change into the lusty blood
f youthful vines, of which a flood
hall sprightly run through all your veins,
irst to your health, then your fair trains.
Ve shall want nothing but good fare
o show your welcome, and our care;
uch rarities that come from far,
rom poor men's houses banish'd are;
et we 'll express, in homely cheer,
ow glad we are to see you here.
Ve 'll have whate'er the season yields,
ut of the neighbouring woods and fields;
or all the dainties of your board
Vill only be what those afford;
nd, having supp'd, we may perchance
resent you with a country dance.
Thus much your servants, that bear sway
ere in your absence, bade me say;
nd beg, besides, you 'd hither bring
nly the mercy of a king,
nd not the greatness; since they have
thousand faults must pardon crave;
ut nothing that is fit to wait
pon the glory of your state.
et your gracious favour will,
hey hope, as heretofore, shine still
n their endeavours; for they swore,
hould Jove descend, they could no more.

UPON THE SICKNESS OF E. S.

Must she then languish, and we sorrow thus,
nd no kind god help her, nor pity us?
justice fled from Heaven? can that permit
foul deformed ravisher to sit
pon her virgin cheek, and pull from thence
he rose-buds in their maiden excellence?
o spread cold paleness on her lips, and chase
he frighted rubies from their native place?
o lick up with his searching flames a flood
f dissolv'd coral, flowing in her blood;
nd with the damps of his infectious breath,
rint on her brow moist characters of death?
Must the clear light, 'gainst course of nature, cease
n her fair eyes, and yet the flames increase?
Must fevers shake this goodly tree, and all
hat ripen'd fruit from the fair branches fall,
Vhich princes have desired to taste? Must she
Vho hath preserv'd her spotless chastity
rom all solicitation, now at last
y agues and diseases be embrac'd?
orbid it, holy Dian! else who shall
ay vows, or let one grain of incense fall
On thy neglected altars, if thou bless
No better this thy zealous votaress?
Haste then, O maiden goddess, to her aid;
Let on thy quiver her pale cheek be laid,
And rock her fainting body in thine arms;
Then let the god of music with still charms
Her restless eyes in peaceful slumbers close,
And with soft strains sweeten her calm repose.
Cupid, descend, and, whilst Apollo sings,
Fanning the cool air with thy panting wings,
Ever supply her with refreshing wind.
Let thy fair mother with her tresses bind
Her labouring temples, with whose balmy sweat
She shall perfume her hairy coronet,
Whose precious drops shall, upon every fold,
Hang like rich pearls about a wreath of gold:
Her looser locks, as they unbraided lie,
Shall spread themselves into a canopy,
Under whose shadow let her rest secure
From chilling cold, or burning calenture;
Unless she freeze with ice of chaste desires,
Only holy Hymen kindle nuptial fires.
And when at last Death comes to pierce her heart,
Convey into his hand thy golden dart.

A

NEW YEAR'S SACRIFICE.

TO LUCINDA.

Those that can give, open their hands this day;
Those that cannot, yet hold them up to pray;
That health may crown the seasons of this year,
And mirth dance round the circle; that no tear
(Unless of joy) may with its briny dew
Discolour on your cheek the rosy hue;
That no access of years presume t' abate
Your beauty's ever flourishing estate:
Such cheap and vulgar wishes I could lay,
As trivial offerings at your feet this day;
But that it were apostacy in me
To send a prayer to any deity
But your divine self, who have power to give
Those blessings unto others, such as live
Like me, by the sole influence of your eyes,
Whose fair aspects govern our destinies.
Such incense, vows, and holy rites, as were
To the involved serpent[1] of the year
Paid by Egyptian priests, lay I before
Lucinda's sacred shrine; whilst I adore
Her beauteous eyes, and her pure altars dress
With gums and spice of humble thankfulness.
So may my goddess from her Heaven inspire
My frozen bosom with a Delphic fire;
And then the world shall, by that glorious flame,
Behold the blaze of thy immortal name!

[1] The Egyptians, in their hieroglyphics, represented the year by a serpent rolled in a circular form, biting his tail, which they afterwards worshipped; to which the poet here alludes. This was the famous serpent which Claudian describes:

Perpetuumque; virens squamis, caudamque; reducto
Ore vorans, tacito religens exordia morsu.

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SONG.

TO ONE WHO, WHEN I PRAISED MY MISTRESS'S BEAUTY, SAID I WAS BLIND.

Wonder not though I am blind,
For you must be
Dark in your eyes, or in your mind;
If, when you see
Her face, you prove not blind like me:
If the pow'rful beams that fly
From her eye,
And those amorous sweets that lie
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Find a passage to your heart,
Then you 'll confess your mortal sight
Too weak for such a glorious light:
For if her graces you discover,
You grow like me a dazzled lover;
But if those beauties you not spy,
Then are you blinder far than I.

SONG.

TO MY MISTRESS, I BURNING IN LOVE.

I burn, and cruel you, in vain,
Hope to quench me with disdain;
If from your eyes those sparkles came
That have kindled all this flame,
What boots it me, though now you shrowd
Those fierce comets in a cloud,
Since all the flames that I have felt,
Could your snow yet never melt?
Nor can your snow (though you should take
Alps into your bosom) slake
The heat of my enamour'd heart;
But with wonder learn love's art.
No seas of ice can cool desire;
Equal flames must quench love's fire:
Then think not that my heat can die,
Till you burn as well as I.

SONG.

TO HER AGAIN, SHE BURNING IN A FEVER.

Now she burns as well as I,
Yet my heat can never die;
She burns that never knew desire,
She that was ice, she that was fire.
She, whose cold heart chaste thoughts did arm
So, as love's could never warm
The frozen bosom where it dwelt;
She burns, and all her beauties melt:
She burns, and cries, "Love's fires are mild;
Fevers are gods, but he 's a child."
Love, let her know the difference
'Twixt the heat of soul and sense;
Touch her with thy flames divine,
So shalt thou quench her fire and mine.

UPON THE KING'S[1] SICKNESS.

Sickness, the minister of Death, doth lay
So strong a siege against our brittle clay,
As, whilst it doth our weak forts singly win,
It hopes at length to take all mankind in.
First, it begins upon the womb to wait,
And doth the unborn child there uncreate;
Then rocks the cradle where the infant lies,
Where, ere it fully be alive, it dies.
It never leaves fond youth, until it have
Found or an early, or a later grave.
By thousand subtle slights from heedless man
It cuts the short allowance of a span;
And where both sober life and art combine
To keep it out, age makes them both resign.
Thus, by degrees, it only gain'd of late
The weak, the aged, or intemperate;
But now the tyrant hath found out a way
By which the sober, strong, and young, decay;
Ent'ring his royal limbs, that is our head,
Through us, his mystic limbs, the pain is spread.
That man that doth not feel his part, hath none
In any part of his dominion;
If he hold land, that earth is forfeited,
And he unfit on any ground to tread.
This grief is felt at court, where it doth move
Through every joint, like the true soul of love.
All those fair stars that do attend on him,
Whence they derive their light, wax pale and dim:
That ruddy morning-beam of majesty,
Which should the Sun's eclipsed light supply,
Is overcast with mists, and in the lieu
Of cheerful rays, sends us down drops of dew.
That curious form made of an earth refin'd,
At whose blest birth the gentle planets shin'd
With fair aspects, and sent a glorious flame
To animate so beautiful a frame;
That darling of the gods and men doth wear
A cloud on 's brow, and in his eye a tear:
And all the rest (save when his dread command
Doth bid them move) like lifeless statues stand.
So full of grief, so generally worn,
Shows a good king is sick, and good men mourn.

SONG.

TO A LADY NOT YET ENJOYED BY HER HUSBAND.

Come, Celia, fix thine eyes on mine,
And through those crystals, our souls flitting,
Shall a pure wreath of eye-beams twine,
Our loving hearts together knitting.
Let eaglets the bright Sun survey,
Though the blind mole discern not day.

When clear Aurora leaves her mate,
The light of her grey eyes despising,
Yet all the world doth celebrate
With sacrifice her fair uprising.
Let eaglets, &c.

[1] Charles I.

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dragon kept the golden fruit,
Yet he those dainties never tasted;
s others pin'd in the pursuit,
So he himself with plenty wasted.
et eaglets, &c.

SONG.

THE WILLING PRISONER TO HIS MISTRESS.

ET fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better;
Thilst proud of my triumphant chain,
I sit and court my beauteous fetter.

er murdering glances, snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles so please me,
s *he*[1] brings ruin, *that* repairs
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

ide not those panting balls of snow
With envious veils from my beholding;
nlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

nd let those eyes, whose motion wheels
The restless fate of every lover,
urvey the pains my sick heart feels,
And wounds themselves have made, discover.

A FLY

THAT FLEW INTO MY MISTRESS'S EYE.

WHEN this fly liv'd, she us'd to play
the sunshine all the day;
ill coming near my Celia's sight,
he found a new and unknown light,
o full of glory, as it made
he noon-day Sun a gloomy shade;
hen this amorous fly became
ly rival, and did court my flame.
he did from hand to bosom skip,
nd from her breath, her cheek, and lip,
uck'd all the incense and the spice,
nd grew a bird of paradise:
t last into her eye she flew,
here scorch'd in flames and drown'd in dew,
ike Phaeton from the Sun's sphere,
he fell, and with her dropp'd a tear;
f which a pearl was straight compos'd,
Vherein her ashes lie enclos'd.
hus she receiv'd from Celia's eye,
uneral flame, tomb obsequy.

SONG.

CELIA SINGING.

ARK how my Celia, with the choice
Music of her hand and voice
tills the loud wind; and makes the wild
ncensed boar and panther mild!

[1] Cupid.

Mark how these statues like men move,
Whilst men with wonder statues prove!
The stiff rock bends to worship her,
That idol turns idolater.
Now see how all the new inspir'd
Images with love are fir'd!
Hark how the tender marble groans,
And all the late transformed stones
Court the fair nymph with many a tear,
Which she (more stony than they were)
Beholds with unrelenting mind;
Whilst they, amaz'd to see combin'd
Such matchless beauty with disdain,
Are all turn'd into stones again.

SONG.

CELIA SINGING.

You that think Love can convey,
No other way
But through the eyes, into the heart
His fatal dart,
Close up those casements, and but hear
This Syren sing,
And on the wing
Of her sweet voice it shall appear
That Love can enter at the ear:
Then unveil your eyes, behold
The curious mould
Where that voice dwells; and as we know,
When the cocks crow,
We freely may
Gaze on the day;
So may you, when the music's done,
Awake, and see the rising Sun.

SONG.

TO ONE THAT DESIRED TO KNOW MY MISTRESS.

SEEK not to know my love, for she
Hath vow'd her constant faith to me;
Her mild aspects are mine, and thou
Shalt only find a stormy brow:
For, if her beauty stir desire
In me, her kisses quench the fire;
Or, I can to Love's fountain go,
Or dwell upon her ills of snow:
But when thou burn'st, she shall not spare
One gentle breath to cool the air;
Thou shalt not climb those alps, nor spy
Where the sweet springs of Venus lie.
Search hidden nature, and there find
A treasure to enrich thy mind;
Discover arts not yet reveal'd,
But let my mistress live conceal'd;
Though men by knowledge wiser grow,
Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know.

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IN THE PERSON OF A LADY,

TO HER INCONSTANT SERVANT.

When on the altar of my hand
(Bedew'd with many a kiss, and tear)
Thy new-revolted heart did stand
An humble martyr, thou didst swear
Thus, (and the god of love did hear)
"By those bright glances of thine eye,
Unless thou pity me, I die."

When first those perjur'd lips of thine,
Bepal'd with blasting sighs, did seal
Their violated faith on mine,
From the soft bosom that did heal
Thee, thou my melting heart didst steal;
My soul, inflam'd with thy false breath,
Poison'd with kisses, suck'd in death.

Yet I nor hand nor lip will move,
Revenge or mercy to procure
From the offended god of love;
My curse is fatal, and my pure
Love shall beyond thy scorn endure:
If I implore the gods, they'll find
Thee too ingrateful, me too kind.

TRUCE IN LOVE ENTREATED.

No more, blind god! for see, my heart
Is made thy quiver, where remains
No void place for another dart;
And, alas! that conquest gains
Small praise, that only brings away
A tame and unresisting prey.

Behold a nobler foe, all arm'd,
Defies thy weak artillery,
That hath thy bow and quiver charm'd,
A rebel beauty, conquering thee:
If thou dar'st equal combat try,
Wound her, for 'tis for her I die.

TO MY RIVAL.

Hence, vain intruder! hast away,
Wash not with unhallowed brine
The footsteps of my Celia's shrine;
Nor on her purer altars lay
Thy empty words, accents that may
Some looser dame to love incline:
She must have offerings more divine;
Such pearly drops, as youthful May
Scatters before the rising day;
Such smooth soft language, as each line
Might stroake[1] an angry god, or stay
Jove's thunder, make the hearers pine
With envy: do this, thou shalt be
Servant to her, rival with me.

[1] An ancient phrase for pacify.

BOLDNESS IN LOVE.

Mark how the bashful morn in vain
Courts the amorous marigold
With sighing blasts and weeping rain;
Yet she refuses to unfold:
But when the planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerful ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.
So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;
If thy tears and sighs discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover:
But when with moving accents thou
Shalt constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE[2].

CELIA. CLEON.

As Celia rested in the shade,
With Cleon by her side,
The swain thus courted the young maid;
And thus the nymph reply'd.

CLEON.

Sweet! let thy captive fetters wear
Made of thine arms and hands;
Till such as thraldom scorn or fear,
Envy those happy bands.

CELIA.

Then thus my willing arms I wind
About thee, and am so
Thy pris'ner; for myself I bind,
Until I let thee go.

CLEON.

Happy that slave whom the fair foe
Ties in so soft a chain!
Cel. Far happier I, but that I know
Thou wilt break loose again.

[1] A modern poet seems to have availed himself of this beautiful passage, and made a very happy use of it. See the Fables of Flora, Fab. I.—We may observe here, that many, very many of the most beautiful passages which are found in the poems of this age, have been borrowed from the neglected bards of the 16th and 17th centuries.

[2] That the reader may not be surprised at our author's having entitled this piece a Pastoral Dialogue, in which we do not find even the most distant allusion drawn from pastoral life; it may be necessary to inform him, that it was a prevailing custom in our author's time, to style almost every poetical dialogue of which love was the subject, pastoral. Most of the wits of Charles's court left propriety to be studied by the following age.

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CLEON.

By thy immortal beauties, never,
CEL. Frail as thy love 's thine oath.
CL. Though beauty fade, my faith lasts ever.
CEL. Time will destroy them both.

CLEON.

Doat not on thy snow-white skin.
CEL. What then? CL. Thy purer mind.
CEL. It lov'd too soon. CL. Thou hadst not been
So fair, if not so kind.

CELIA.

Oh strange, vain fancy! CL. But yet true.
CEL. Prove it. CL. Then make a braid
Of those loose flames that circle you,
My suns, and yet your shade[2].

CELIA.

'Tis done. CL. Now give it me. CEL. Thus thou
Shalt thine own errour find,
If these were beauties, I am now
Less fair, because more kind.

CLEON.

You shall confess you err; that hair,
Shall it not change the hue,
Or leave the golden mountain bare?
CEL. Ah me! it is too true.

CLEON.

But this small wreath shall ever stay
In its first native prime;
And, smiling when the rest decay,
The triumphs sing of Time.

Then let me cut from thy fair grove
One branch, and let that be
An emblem of eternal love;
For such is mine to thee.

CELIA.

Thus are we both redeem'd from time,
I by thy grace. CL. And I
Shall live in thy immortal rhime,
Until the Muses die.

By Heaven—CEL. Swear not: if I must weep,
Jove shall not smile at me.
This kiss, my heart, and thy faith keep.
CL. This breathes my soul to thee.

Then forth the thicket Thyrsis rush'd,
Where he saw all their play:
The swain stood still, and smil'd, and blush'd;
The nymph fled fast away.

[2] There is an obscurity in these and the following lines which gives to the whole the air of a riddle. All that the poet means, however, in this and the four following stanzas is, that the lock of hair with which his mistress had favoured him, would retain its beauty, preserved in a ring or pocket, for a long series of years; while those tresses which adorned her head would soon feel the ravages of time, would change their colour, or fall entirely off.

GRIEF INGROST.

WHEREFORE do thy sad numbers flow
So full of woe;
Why dost thou melt in such soft strains,
Whilst she disdains?
If she must still deny,
Weep not, but die;
And in thy funeral fire
Shall all her fame expire:
Thus both shall perish, and as thou on thy hearse
Shalt want her tears, so she shall want thy verse.
Repine not then at thy blest state,
Thou art above thy fate:
But my fair Celia will not give
Love enough to make me live;
Nor yet dart from her bright eye
Scorn enough to make me die.
Then let me weep alone, till her kind breath
Or blow my tears away, or speak my death.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

SHEPHERD, NYMPH, CHORUS.

SHEPHERD.

THIS mossy bank they prest. NYM. that aged oak
Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the damp air.
CHO. Here let us sit, and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day-breaking their embraces broke.

SHEPHERD.

See, love, the blushes of the morn appear;
And now she hangs her pearly store
(Robb'd from the eastern shore)
I' th' cowslip's bell and rose's ear:
Sweet, I must stay no longer hear.

NYMPH.

Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day[1],
But show my sun must set; no morn
Shall shine till thou return:
The yellow planets, and the gray
Dawn, shall attend thee on thy way.

SHEPHERD.

If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their useless shine. NYM. My tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.
SHEP. Those drops will make their beams more clear,
Love's flames will shine in every tear.

CHORUS.

They kist, and wept; and from their lips and eyes,
In a mixt dew of briny sweet,
Their joys and sorrows meet[2];
But she crys out. NYM. Shepherd, arise,
The Sun betrays us else to spies.

[1] This pastoral dialogue seems to be entirely an imitation of the scene between Romeo and Juliet, Act. iii. sc. 7. The time, the persons, the sentiments, the expressions, are the same.

JUL. You light is not day-light, I know it well;
It is some meteor, &c.
To light thee on thy way to Mantua.

[2] It is impossible to pass over these three lines

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SHEPHERD.

The winged houres fly fast whilst we embrace;
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
NYM. Then let us pinion Time, and chace
The day for ever from this place.

SHEPHERD.

Hark! NYM. Ah me stay! SHEP. For ever. NYM. No, arise;
We must be gone. SHEP. My nest of spice.
NYM. My soul. SHEP. My paradise. [eyes
CHO. Neither could say farewell, but through their
Grief interrupted speech with tears supplies.

RED AND WHITE ROSES.

READ in these roses the sad story
Of my hard fate and your own glory:
In the white you may discover
The paleness of a fanting lover;
In the red, the flames still feeding
On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.
The white will tell you how I languish,
And the red express my anguish:
The white my innocence displaying,
The red my martyrdom betraying.
The frowns that on your brow resided,
Have those roses thus divided;
Oh! let your smiles but clear the weather,
And then they both shall grow together.

TO

MY COUSIN C. R.

MARRYING MY LADA A.

HAPPY youth, that shall possess
Such a spring-tide of delight,
As the sated appetite,
Still enjoying such excess,
With the flood of pleasure, less
When the hymeneal rite
Is perform'd, invoke the night,
That it may in shadows dress
Thy too real happiness;
Else, as Semele[1], the bright
Deity in her full height
May thy feeble soul oppress.
Strong perfumes and glaring light
Oft destroy both smell and sight.

with inattention. The delicacy of the thought is equalled only by the simplicity of the description. Those soft sensations which arise in lovers when their joys and sorrows meet, as a man of genius only can describe them, so a man of taste only can conceive them.

[1] When Jupiter descended from Heaven to Semele, she was dazzled and overpowered by the splendour of his divinity.

A LOVER

UPON AN ACCIDENT NECESSITATING HIS DEPARTURE, CONSULTS WITH REASON.

LOVER.

WEEP not, nor backward turn your beams,
Fond eyes; sad sighs, lock in your breath;
Lest on this wind, or in those streams,
My griev'd soul fly, or sail to death,
Fortune destroys me if I stay,
Love kills me if I go away;
Since Love and Fortune both are blind,
Come, Reason, and resolve my doubtful mind.

REASON.

Fly, and blind Fortune be thy guide,
And 'gainst the blinder god rebel;
Thy love-sick heart shall not reside
Where scorn and self-will'd errour dwell;
Where entrance unto truth is barr'd;
Where love and faith find no reward;
For my just hand may sometime move
The wheel of Fortune, not the sphere of Love.

PARTING, CELIA WEEPS.

WEEP not, my dear, for I shall go
Loaden enough with my own woe:
Add not thy heaviness to mine;
Since fate our pleasures must disjoin,
Why should our sorrows meet? If I
Must go, and lose thy company,
I wish not theirs; it shall relieve
My grief, to think thou dost not grieve.
Yet grieve and weep, that I may bear
Every sigh and every tear
Away with me; so shall thy breast
And eyes, discharg'd, enjoy their rest:
And it will glad my heart, to see
Thou wert thus loth to part with me.

EPITAPH

ON THE LADY MARY VILLIERS[1].

THE lady Mary Villiers lies
Under this stone: with weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her breath,
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear:
Or if thyself possess a gem,
As dear to thee as this to them;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in their's thine own hard case;
For thou perhaps at thy return
Mayst find thy darling in an urn.

[1] Daughter of George Villiers duke of Buckingham.

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ANOTHER.

ne purest soul that e'er was sent
to a clayey tenement
form'd this dust; but the weak mould
ould the great guest no longer hold;
he substance was too pure; the flame
oo glorious that thither came:
en thousand Cupids brought along
grace on each wing, that did throng
r place there till they all oppress
he seat in which they sought to rest;
the fair model broke, for want
f room to lodge th' inhabitant.

ANOTHER.

his little vault, this narrow room,
f love and beauty is the tomb:
he dawning beam, that 'gan to clear
ur clouded sky, lies darken'd here,
r ever set to us, by death
nt to inflame the world beneath[1].
'was but a bud, yet did contain
fore sweetness than shall spring again;
budding star that might have grown
nto a sun, when it had blown.
his hopeful beauty did create
ew life in Love's declining state;
ut now his empire ends, and we
rom fire and wounding darts are free:
is brand, his bow, let no man fear;
he flames, the arrows, all lie here.

EPITAPH

ON THE LADY S. WIFE TO SIR W. S.

'HE harmony of colours, features, grace,
esulting airs (the magic of a face)
f musical sweet tunes, all which combin'd
o crown one sovereign beauty, lie confin'd
o this dark vault: she was a cabinet
Vhere all the choicest stones of price were set;
Vhose native colours and pure lustre lent
ler eye, cheek, lip, a dazzling ornament;
Vhose rare and hidden virtues did express
ler inward beauties and mind's fairer dress;
he constant diamond, the wise chrysolite,
he devout sapphire, em'rald apt to write
ecords of mem'ry, cheerful agate, grave
nd serious onyx, topaz that doth save
he brain's calm temper, witty amethyst;
his precious quarry, or what else the list
n Aaron's ephod planted had, she wore:
he only pearl was wanting to her store;
Vhich in her Saviour's book she found exprest;
o purchase that, she sold Death all the rest.

[1] Politeness, as well as charity, must incline us to elieve, that the bard alludes in this expression to e heathen mythology, and that by the words world beneath" he means the Elysium of the acients.

MARIA WENTWORTH[1],

THOMÆ COMITIS CLEVELAND FILIA PRIMOGENITA, VIRGINIAM ANIMAM EXHALAVIT. AN. DOM.—ÆT. SUÆ—

And here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely tempered clay was made
So fine that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin.

In height it soar'd to God above,
In depth it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to gen'ral love.

Before, a pious duty shin'd
To parents; courtesy, behind;
On either side an equal mind.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe.

So, though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, she justify'd
A chaste polygamy, and dy'd.

Learn from hence (reader) what small trust
We owe this world, where Virtue must,
Frail as our flesh, crumble to dust.

ON THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM[2].

BEATISSIMIS MANIBUS CHARISSIMI VIRI ILLMA CONJUNX SIC PARENTAVIT.

When, in the brazen leaves of fame,
The life the death of Buckingham
Shall be recorded, if Truth's hand
Incise the story of our land,
Posterity shall see a fair
Structure, by the studious care
Of two kings raised, that no less
Their wisdom than their pow'r express;
By blinded zeal (whose doubtful light
Made Murder's scarlet robe seem white,
Whose vain-deluding phantasms charm'd
A clouded sullen soul, and arm'd
A desperate hand thirsty of blood)
Torn from the fair earth where it stood;
So the majestic fabric fell.
His actions let our annals tell;

[1] She was the eldest daughter of sir Thomas Wentworth, who was afterwards raised to the title of Cleveland, and to several important dignities in the state, by the interest of archbishop Laud.

[2] This was George Villiers, the first duke of Buckingham, who was introduced to the court of James I. as his favourite; and afterwards, in the reign of Charles I. ascended to the highest dignities. He was the admiration and terrour of his time.

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We write no chronicle; this pile
Wears only sorrow's face and stile,
Which ev'n the envy, that did wait
Upon his flourishing estate,
Turn'd to soft pity of his death,
Now pays his hearse; but that cheap breath
Shall not blow here, nor th' unpure brine
Puddle those streams that bathe this shrine.
These are the pious obsequies
Dropp'd from his chaste wife's pregnant eyes
In frequent showers, and were alone
By her congealing sighs made stone,
On which the carver did bestow
These forms and characters of woe:
So he the fashion only lent,
Whilst she wept all this monument [3].

ANOTHER.

SISTE, HOSPES, SIVE INDIGENA, SIVE ADVENA: VICISSITUDINIS RERUM MEMOR, PAUCA PERLEGE.

Reader, when these dumb stones have told
In borrowed speech what guest they hold,
Thou shalt confess the vain pursuit
Of human glory yields no fruit;
But an untimely grave. If Fate
Could constant happiness create,
Her ministers, Fortune and Worth,
Had here that miracle brought forth:
They fix'd this child of honour where
No room was left for hope or fear,
Of more or less: so high, so great
His growth was, yet so safe his seat:
Safe in the circle of his friends;
Safe in his loyal heart and ends;
Safe in his native valiant spirit;
By favour safe, and safe by merit;
Safe by the stamp of Nature, which
Did strength with shape and grace enrich;
Safe in the cheerful courtesies
Of flowing gestures, speech, and eyes;
Safe in his bounties, which were more
Proportion'd to his mind than store:
Yet though for virtue he becomes
Involv'd himself in borrow'd sums,
Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd
No friend, engag'd no debt unpaid.
But though the stars conspire to show'r
Upon one head th' united power
Of all their graces, if their dire
Aspects must other breasts inspire
With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife
May cut (as here) their darling's life:
Who can be happy then, if Nature must,
To make one happy man, make all men just?

[3] This little poem is not destitute of some pathetic touches, expressive of the illustrious lady's grief who is supposed to utter them; but the eight concluding lines, instead of being the mournful monody of a widow, degrade it into the wretched conceit of a poetaster.—But this was the fashion of the times.

FOUR SONGS

BY WAY OF CHORUS TO A PLAY, AT AN ENTERTAINMENT OF THE KING AND QUEEN BY MY LORD CHAMBERLAIN [1].

I.

OF JEALOUSY. DIALOGUE.

QUESTION.

From whence was this first fury hurl'd,
This Jealousy, into the world?
Came she from Hell? Answ. No, there doth reign
Eternal Hatred, with Disdain:
But she the daughter is of Love,
Sister of Beauty. Quest. Then above
She must derive from the third sphere
Her heavenly off-spring. Answ. Neither there:
From those immortal flames could she
Draw her cold frozen pedigree?

QUESTION.

If not from Heaven nor Hell, where then
Had she her birth? Ans. In th' hearts of men.
Beauty and Fear did her create,
Younger than Love, elder than Hate.
Sister to both, by Beauty's side
To Love, by Fear to Hate ally'd.
Despair her issue is, whose race
Of fruitful mischief drowns the space
Of the wide earth in a swoln flood
Of wrath, revenge, spite, rage, and blood.

QUESTION.

Oh how can such a spurious line
Proceed from parents so divine?

ANSWER.

As streams, which from their chrystal spring
Do sweet and clear their waters bring,
Yet, mingling with the brackish main,
Nor taste nor colour they retain.

QUESTION.

Yet rivers 'twixt their own banks flow
Still fresh: can Jealousy do so?

ANSWER.

Yes, whilst she keeps the stedfast ground
Of Hope and Fear, her equal bound:
Hope, sprung from favour, worth, or chance,
Tow'rds the fair object doth advance;
Whilst Fear, as watchful centinel,
Doth the invading foe repel;
And Jealousy, thus mixt, doth prove
The season and the salt of love:
But when Fear takes a larger scope,
Stifling the child of reason, Hope,
Then, sitting on th' usurped throne,
She like a tyrant rules alone;
As the wild ocean unconfin'd,
And raging as the northern wind.

[1] These entertainments were frequent in Charles's court, and had always attached to them a musical interlude, or some sumptuous piece of pageantry. On one of these occasions the present songs were composed. They are written in imitation of the ancient manner.

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II.

FEMININE HONOUR.

'N what esteem did the gods hold
Fair Innocence and the chaste bed,
When scandal'd Virtue might be bold,
Bare-foot upon sharp cultures, spread
Per burning coals, to march; yet feel
Nor scorching fire nor piercing steel[1]?

Why, when the hard-edg'd iron did turn
Soft as a bed of roses blown,
When cruel flames forgot to burn
Their chaste, pure limbs, should man alone
Gainst female innocence conspire,
Harder than steel, fiercer than fire?

Oh hapless sex! unequal sway
Of partial honour! who may know
Rebels from subjects that obey,
When Malice can on vestals throw
Disgrace, and Fame fix high repute
In the loose shameless prostitute?

Vain Honour! thou art but disguise,
A cheating voice, a juggling art;
To judge of Virtue whose pure eyes
Court her own image in the heart,
More pleas'd with her true figure there,
Than her false echo in the ear.

III.

SEPARATION OF LOVERS.

For the chased boar, or play
With the lion's paw, yet fear
From the lover's side to tear
The idol of his soul away.

Though love enter by the sight
To the heart, it doth not fly
From the mind, when from the eye
The fair objects take their flight.

But since want provokes desire,
When we lose what we before
Have enjoy'd, as we want more,
So is love more set on fire.

Love doth with an hungry eye
Glut on beauty, and you may
Safer snatch the tiger's prey
Than his vital food deny.

Yet, though absence for a space
Sharpen the keen appetite,
Long continuance doth quite
All Love's characters efface.

[1] This alludes to the ancient ordeal by fire, a method by which accused persons undertook to prove their innocence, by walking blind-fold and barefoot over nine red-hot ploughshares or pieces of iron, placed at unequal distances. This barbarous custom began before the conquest, and continued till the time of Henry III.

For the sense, not fed, denies
Nourishment unto the mind,
Which with expectation pin'd,
Love of a consumption dies.

IV.

INCOMMUNICABILITY OF LOVE.

QUESTION.

By what power was love confin'd
To one object? who can bind,
Or fix a limit to the free-born mind?

ANSWER.

Nature; for as bodies may
Move at once but in one way,
So nor can minds to more than one love stray.

REPLY.

Yet I feel double smart;
Love's twinn'd flame, his forked dart.
ANS. Then hath wild lust, not love possest thy heart.

QUESTION.

Whence springs love? ANS. From beauty. QUEST. [Why
Should the effect not multiply
As fast in the heart as doth the cause in th' eye?

ANSWER.

When two beauties equal are,
Sense preferring neither fair,
Desire stands still, distracted 'twixt the pair.

So in equal distance lay
Two fair limbs in the wolf's way,
The hungry beast will starve ere choose his prey.

But where one is chief, the rest
Cease and that's alone possest.
Without a rival monarch of the breast.

SONGS IN THE PLAY.

A LOVER, IN THE DISGUISE OF AN AMAZON, IS DEARLY BELOVED OF HIS MISTRESS.

CEASE, thou afflicted soul, to mourn,
Whose love and faith are paid with scorn;
For I am starv'd that feel the blisses,
Of dear embraces, smiles and kisses,
From my soul's idol, yet complain
Of equal love more than disdain.

Cease, beauty's exile, to lament
The frozen shades of banishment,
For I in that fair bosom dwell,
That is my Paradise and Hell;
Banish'd at home, at once at ease
In the safe port, and tost on seas.

Cease in cold jealous fears to pine,
Sad wretch, whom rivals undermine;
For though I had lock'd in mine arms
My life's sole joy, a traitor's charms
Prevail; whilst I may only blame
Myself, that mine own rival am.

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ANOTHER.

A LADY RESCUED FROM DEATH BY A KNIGHT, WHO IN THE INSTANT LEAVES HER, COMPLAINS THUS.

Oh whither is my fair sun fled,
  Bearing his light not heat away?
If thou repose in the moist bed
  Of the sea-queen, bring back the day
To our dark clime, and thou shalt lie
Bath'd in the sea-flows from mine eye.

Upon what whirlwind didst thou ride
  Hence, remain fixt in my heart,
From me, and to me; fled, and ty'd?
  Dark riddles of the amorous art;
Love lent thee wings to fly; so he
Unfeather'd now must rest with me.

Help, help, brave youth! I burn, I bleed!
  The cruel god with bow and brand
Pursues the life thy valour freed;
  Disarm him with thy conquering hand;
And that thou may'st the wild boy tame,
Give me his dart, keep thou his flame.

TO BEN. JONSON,

UPON OCCASION OF HIS ODE OF DEFIANCE ANNEXED TO HIS PLAY OF THE NEW INN [1].

'Tis true (dear Ben.) thy just chastising hand
Hath fix'd upon the sotted age a brand.
To their swoln pride and empty scribbling due:
It can nor judge, nor write; and yet, 'tis true,
Thy comic Muse from the exalted line
Touch'd by the alchymist, doth since decline
From that her zenith, and foretels a red
And blushing evening, when she goes to bed;
Yet such as shall out-shine the glimmering light
With which all stars shall gild the following night.
Nor think it much (since all thy eaglets may
Endure the sunny trial) if we say
This hath the stronger wing, or that doth shine
Trick'd up in fairer plumes, since all are thine.
Who hath his flock of cackling geese compar'd
With thy tun'd quire of swans? or else who dar'd
To call thy births deform'd? But if thou bind,
By city custom, or by gavel kind,
In equal shares thy love on all thy race,
We may distinguish of their sex, and place;
Though one hand form them, and through one brain [strike
Souls into all, they are not all alike.
Why should the follies then of this dull age
Draw from thy pen such an immodest rage
As seems to blast thy (else immortal) bays,
When thine own tongue proclaims thy itch of praise?
Such thirst will argue drought. No; let be hurl'd
Upon thy works, by the detracting world,
What malice can suggest; let the rout say,
The running sands, that (ere thou make a play)
Count the slow minutes, might a Goodwin [2] frame,
To swallow, when th' hast done, thy shipwreck'd name;
Let them the dear expense of oil upbraid,
Suck'd by thy watchful lamp, that hath betray'd
To theft the blood of martyr'd authors, spilt
Into thy ink, whilst thou grow'st pale with guilt:
Repine not at the taper's thrifty waste,
That sleeks thy terser poems; nor is haste
Praise, but excuse; and if thou overcome
A knotty writer, bring the booty home;
Nor think it theft, if the rich spoils, so torn
From conquer'd authors, be as trophies worn.
Let others glut on thee th' extorted praise
Of vulgar breath, trust thou to after-days:
Thy labour'd works shall live, when time devours
Th' abortive off-spring of their hasty hours:
Thou art not of their rank; the quarrel lies
Within thine own verge; then let this suffice,
The wiser world doth greater thee confess
Than all men else, than thyself only less.

[1] This was the last of Ben. Jonson's dramatic productions, and it bore every mark of departing genius. The New-Inn gave him more vexation than all his former pieces had done. It was exhibited at the theatre without any success: but a great poet is never tired of fame; he appealed from the stage to the closet, and published his comedy, having prefixed to it an ode addressed to himself, in which he complimented his own abilities, and set the critics at defiance. To this ode our poet here alludes.

AN HYMENEAL DIALOGUE.

BRIDE AND GROOM.

GROOM.

Tell me (my love) since Hymen ty'd
  The holy knot, hast thou not felt
A new infused spirit slide
  Into thy breast, whilst thine did melt?

BRIDE.

First tell me (sweet) whose words were those?
  For though your voice the air did break,
Yet did my soul the sense compose,
  And through your lips my heart did speak.

GROOM.

Then I perceive, when from the flame
  Of love my scorch'd soul did retire
Your frozen heart in her place came,
  And sweetly melted in that fire.

BRIDE.

'Tis true; for when that mutual change
  Of souls was made with equal gain,
I straight might feel diffus'd a strange
  But gentle heat through every vein.

CHORUS.

Oh blest disunion! that doth so
  Our bodies from our souls divide,
As two do one and one four grow,
  Each by contraction multiply'd.

[2] Carew here alludes to the Goodwin Sands in Kent, which have proved fatal to such a number of vessels and their crews.

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BRIDE. Thy bosom then I'll make my nest,
Since there my willing soul doth perch.
GROOM. And for my heart in thy chaste breast
I'll make an everlasting search.

CHORUS. Oh blest disunion, &c.

OBSEQUIES TO THE LADY ANNE HAY[1].

HEARD the virgins sigh; I saw the sleek
And polish'd courtier channel his fresh cheek
With real tears; the new betrothed maid
Smil'd not that day; the graver senate laid
Their business by; of all the courtly throng
Grief seal'd the heart, and silence bound the tongue:
That ne'er more of private sorrow knew
Than from my pen some froward mistress drew,
And for the public woe had my dull sense
So sear'd with ever-adverse influence,
As the invader's sword might have, unfelt,
Pierc'd my dead bosom, yet began to melt:
Grief's strong instinct did to my blood suggest
A th' unknown loss peculiar interest.
But when I heard the noble Carlisle's gem,
The fairest branch of Denny's ancient stem,
Was from that casket stolen, from this trunk torn,
I found just cause why they, why I should mourn.
But who shall guide my artless pen, to draw
Those blooming beauties which I never saw?
How shall posterity believe my story,
If I her crowded graces, and the glory
Due to her riper virtues, shall relate
Without the knowledge of her mortal state?
Shall I, as once Appelles, here a feature,
Here steal a grace; and rifling so whole nature
Of all the sweets a learned eye can see,
Figure one Venus, and say, "Such was she?"
Shall I her legend fill with what of old
Hath of the worthies of her sex been told;
And what all pens and times to all dispense,
Restrain to her by a prophetic sense?
Or shall I, to the moral and divine
Exactest laws, shape by an even line
Life so straight, as it should shame the square
Left in the rules of Katherine or Clare,
And call it hers? Say, "So did she begin;
And, had she liv'd, such had her progress been?"
These are dull ways, by which base pens, for hire,
Daub glorious Vice, and from Apollo's quire
Steal holy ditties, which profanely they
Upon the hearse of every strumpet lay.
We will not bathe thy corpse with a forc'd tear,
Nor shall thy train borrow the blacks they wear;
Such vulgar spice and gums embalm not thee;
Thou art the theme of truth, not poetry.
Thou shalt endure a trial by thy peers;
Virgins of equal birth, of equal years,
Those virtues held with thine an emulous strife,
Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life:
One shall ensphere thine eyes, another shall
Unpearl thy teeth, a third thy white and small
Hand shall besnow, a fourth incarnadine
Thy rosy cheek; until each beauteous line,
Drawn by her hand in whom that part excels,
Meet in one centre, where all beauty dwells.
Others, in task, shall thy choice virtues share;
Some shall their birth, some their ripe growth declare,
Though niggard Time left much unhatch'd by deeds:
They shall relate how thou hadst all the seeds
Of every virtue, which in the pursuit
Of time must have brought forth admired fruit;
Thus shalt thou from the mouth of Envy raise
A glorious journal of thy thrifty days,
Like a bright star shot from his sphere, whose race
In a continued line of flames we trace.
This, if survey'd, shall to thy view impart
How little more than late thou wert, thou art:
This shall gain credit with succeeding times,
When nor by bribed pens, nor partial rhimes
Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth
Is storied by the partners of thy youth;
Their breath shall saint thee, and be this thy pride,
Thus ev'n by rivals to be deify'd.

[1] She was the daughter of James Hay, first earl of Carlisle.

TO THE COUNTESS OF ANGLESEA[1],

UPON THE IMMODERATELY BY HER LAMENTED DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

MADAM, men say you keep with dropping eyes
Your sorrows fresh, wat'ring the rose that lies
Fall'n from your cheeks upon your dear lord's hearse.
Alas! those odours now no more can pierce
His cold, pale nostril, nor the crimson dye
Present a graceful blush to his dark eye.
Think you that flood of pearly moisture hath
The virtue fabled of old Eson's bath?
You may your beauties and your youth consume
Over his urn, and with your sighs perfume
The solitary vault, which, as you groan,
In hollow echoes shall repeat your moan:
There you may wither, and an autumn bring
Upon your self, but not call back his spring.
Forbear your fruitless grief then; and let those
Whose love was doubted, gain belief with shows
To their suspected faith; you whose whole life
In every act crown'd you a constant wife,
May spare the practice of that vulgar trade,
Which superstitious custom only made;
Rather, a widow now of wisdom prove
The pattern, as a wife you were of love.
Yet since you surfeit on your grief, 'tis fit
I tell the world upon what cares you sit
Glutting your sorrows; and at once include
His story, your excuse, my gratitude.
You, that behold how yon sad lady blends
Those ashes with her tears, lest, as she spends
Her tributary sighs, the frequent gust
Might scatter up and down the noble dust;
Know, when that heap of atoms was with blood
Kneaded to solid flesh, and firmly stood
On stately pillars, the rare form might move
The froward Ino's, or chaste Cynthia's love.
In motion, active grace; in rest, a calm;
Attractive sweetness brought both wound and balm
To every heart; he was compos'd of all
The wishes of ripe virgins, when they call
For Hymen's rites, and in their fancies wed
A shape of studied beauties to their bed.

[1] This was Elizabeth, the wife of the renowned Arthur Annesley, first earl of Anglesey, and daughter of sir James Altham.

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Within this curious palace dwelt a soul
Gave lustre to each part, and to the whole:
This drest his face in courteous smiles; and so
From comely gestures sweeter manners flow.
This courage join'd to strength; so the hand, bent,
Was Valour's; open'd, Bounty's instrument;
Which did the scale and sword of Justice hold,
Knew how to brandish steel and scatter gold.
This taught him not t' engage his modest tongue
In suits of private gain, though public wrong;
Nor misemploy (as is the great man's use)
His credit with his master, to traduce,
Deprave, malign, and ruin Innocence,
In proud revenge of some mis-judg'd offence:
But all his actions had the noble end
To advance desert, or grace some worthy friend.
He chose not in the active stream to swim,
Nor hunted Honour, which yet hunted him;
But like a quiet eddy that hath found
Some hollow creek, there turns his waters round,
And in continual circles dances, free
From the impetuous torrent; so did he
Give others leave to turn the wheel of state,
(Whose steerless motion spins the subject's fate)
Whilst he, retir'd from the tumultuous noise
Of court, and suitors' press, apart enjoys
Freedom, and mirth, himself, his time, and friends,
And with sweet relish tastes each hour he spends.
I could remember how his noble heart
First kindled at your beauties; with what art
He chas'd his game through all opposing fears,
When I his sighs to you, and back your tears
Convey'd to him; how loyal then, and how
Constant he prov'd since to his marriage vow,
So as his wandring eyes never drew in
One lustful thought to tempt his soul to sin;
But that I fear such mention rather may
Kindle new grief, than blow the old away.
Then let him rest, join'd to great Buckingham,
And with his brother's mingle his bright flame.
Look up, and meet their beams, and you from thence
May chance derive a cheerful influence.
Seek him no more in dust, but call again
Your scatter'd beauties home; and so the pen,
Which now I take from this sad elegy,
Shall sing the trophies of your conqu'ring eye.

AN ELEGY

UPON

THE DEATH OF DOCTOR DONNE[1],

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

CAN we not force from widow'd Poetry,
Now thou art dead, great Donne, one elegy
To crown thy hearse? Why yet did we not crust,
Though with unkneaded, dough-bak'd prose, thy dust;
Such as th' uncizar'd lect'rer from the flow'r
Of fading rhetoric, short-liv'd as his hour,
Dry as the sand that measures it, might lay
Upon the ashes on the funeral day?
Have we not tune, nor voice? Didst thou dispense
Through all our language both the words and sense?
'T is a sad truth. The pulpit may her plain
And sober christian precepts still retain;
Doctrines it may, and wholsome uses, frame,
Grave homilies, and lectures; but the flame
Of thy brave soul (that shot such heat and light
As burnt our Earth, and made our darkness bright,
Committed holy rapes upon the will,
Did through the eye the melting hearts distil,
And the deep knowledge of dark truths so teach
As sense might judge what fancy could not reach)
Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire
That fills with spirit and heat the Delphic quire,
Which, kindled first by the Promethean breath,
Glow'd here a while, lies quench'd now in thy death.
The Muses' garden, with pedantic weeds
O'erspread, was purg'd by thee; the lazy seeds
Of servile imitation thrown away,
And fresh invention planted. Thou didst pay
The debts of our penurious bankrupt age:
Licentious thefts, that make poetic rage
A mimic fury, when our souls must be
Possest or with Anacreon's ecstasy
Or Pindar's, not their own; the subtle cheat
Of sly exchanges, and the juggling feat
Of two-edg'd swords; or whatsoever wrong
By ours was done the Greek or Latin tongue,
Thou hast redeem'd; and open'd us a mine
Of rich and pregnant fancy; drawn a line
Of masculine expression, which had good
Old Orpheus seen, or all the ancient brood
Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
Their lead more precious than thy burnish'd gold,
Thou hadst been their exchequer, and no more
They each in other's dung had search'd for ore.
Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,
And the blind fate of language, whose tun'd chime
More charms the outward sense: yet thou may'st claim
From so great disadvange greater fame,
Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
Our troublesome language bends, made only fit
With her tough thick-rib'd hoops to gird about
Thy giant fancy, which had prov'd too stout
For their soft, melting phrases. As in time
They had the start, so did they cull the prime
Buds of invention many a hundred year,
And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands
Of what was only thine, thy only hands
(And that their smallest work) have gleaned more
Than all those times and tongues could reap before.
But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
Too hard for libertines in poetry;
They will recall the goodly, exil'd train
Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign
Was banish'd noble poems. Now, with these,
The silenc'd tales i' th' Metamorphoses
Shall stuff their lines, and swell the windy page;
Till verse, refin'd by thee, in this last age
Turn ballad-rhime, or those old idols be
Ador'd again with new apostacy.

[1] This excellent poet is better known in our age by his Satires, which were modernised and versified by Mr. Pope, than by his other works, which are scarce. If he was not the greatest poet, he was at least the greatest wit, of James the First's reign Carew seems to have thought still more highly of him; for in another place he exalts him above all the other bards, ancient and modern:

— Donne, worth all that went before.

He died in the year 1631.

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Oh pardon me! that break with untun'd verse
The reverend silence that attends thy hearse;
Whose solemn, awful murmurs were to thee,
More than those rude lines, a loud elegy;
That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
The death of all the arts, whose influence,
Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies,
Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies:
So doth the swiftly-turning wheel not stand
I' th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,
But some short-time retains a faint, weak course,
By virtue of the first impulsive force;
And so, whilst I cast on thy funeral pile
Thy crown of bays, oh let it crack a while,
And spit disdain, till the devouring flashes
Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.
I will not draw the envy, to engross
All thy perfections, or weep all the loss;
Those are too numerous for one elegy,
And 't is too great to be express'd by me:
Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice,
I on thy grave this epitaph incise.
"Here lies a king that rul'd as he thought fit
The universal monarchy of wit;
Here lies two flamens[2], and both those the best;
Apollo's first, at last the true God's priest."

IN ANSWER

TO

AN ELEGIACAL LETTER UPON THE DEATH OF THE KING OF SWEDEN[3]

FROM AURELIAN TOWNSEND, INVITING ME TO WRITE ON THAT SUBJECT.

Why dost thou sound, my dear Aurelian,
In so shrill actions, from thy Barbican,
A loud alarum to my drowsy eyes[4],
Bidding them wake in tears and elegies
For mighty Sweden's fall? Alas! how may
My lyric feet, that of the smooth, soft way
Of Love and Beauty only know the tread,
In dancing paces celebrate the dead
Victorious king, or his majestic hearse
Profane with th' humble touch of their low verse?
Virgil nor Lucan, no, nor Tasso, more
Than both; not Donne, worth all that went before;
With the united labour of their wit
Could a just poem to this subject fit.
His actions were too mighty to be rais'd
Higher by verse: let him in prose be prais'd,
In modest faithful story, which his deeds
Shall turn to poems: when the next age reads
Of Francfort, Leipsic, Warsburgh, of the Rhine,
The Leck, the Danube, Tilley, Wallestein,
Bavaria, Dapenheim, Lutzen field, where he
Gain'd after death a posthume victory,
They'll think his acts things rather feign'd than done,
Like our romances of the Knight o' th' Sun.
Leave we him then to the grave chronicler,
Who though to annals he cannot refer
His too-brief story, yet his journals may
Stand by the Cæsar's years, and every day
Cut into minutes, each shall more contain
Of great designment than an emperor's reign:
And (since 't was but his church-yard) let him have
For his own ashes now no narrower grave
Than the whole German continent's vast womb,
Whilst all her cities do but make his tomb.
Let us to Supreme Providence commit
The fate of monarchs, which first thought it fit
To rend the empire from the Austrian grasp,
And next from Sweden's, even when he did clasp
Within his dying arms the sov'reignty
Of all those provinces, that men might see
The Divine Wisdom would not leave that land
Subject to any one king's sole command.
Then let the Germans fear, if Cæsar shall,
Or the united princes, rise and fall;
But let us that in myrtle bowers sit,
Under secure shades, use the benefit
Of peace and plenty, which the blessed hand
Of our good king gives this obdurate land:
Let us of revels sing, and let thy breath
(Which fill'd Fame's trumpet with Gustavus' death,
Blowing his name to Heaven) gently inspire
Thy past'ral pipe till all our swains admire
Thy song and subject, whilst they both comprise
The beauties of the Shepherd's Paradise[5]:
For who, like thee, (whose loose discourse is far
More neat and polish'd than our poems are,
Whose very gait's more graceful than our dance)
In sweetly flowing numbers may advance
The glorious night: when, not to act foul rapes,
Like birds, or beasts, but in their angel-shapes
A troop of deities came down to guide
Our steerless barks in Passion's swelling tide
By Virtue's card, and brought us from above
A pattern of their own celestial love.
Nor lay it in dark sullen precepts drown'd;
But with rich fancy and clear action crown'd,
Through a mysterious fable (that was drawn
Like a transparent veil of purest lawn
Before their dazzling beauties) the divine
Venus did with her heavenly Cupid shine:
The story's curious web, the masculine stile,
The subtle sense, did time and sleep beguile:
Pinion'd and charm'd, they stood to gaze upon
Th' angel-like forms, gestures, and motion;
To hear those ravishing sounds, that did dispense
Knowledge and pleasure to the soul and sense.
It fill'd us with amazement to behold
Love made all spirit; his corporeal mold,
Dissected into atoms, melt away
To empty air, and from the gross allay
Of mixtures and compounding accidents,
Refin'd to immaterial elements.
But when the queen of beauty did inspire
The air with perfumes, and our hearts with fire,
Breathing, from her celestial organ, sweet
Harmonious notes, our souls fell at her feet.
And did with humble, reverend duty, more
Her rare perfections than high state adore.

[2] Alluding to his being both a poet and a divine.

[3] Gustavus Adolphus, the great protector of the protestants in Germany; who, after having subdued Ingria, Livonia, and Pomerania, was killed at the battle of Lutzen, near Leipsic.

[4] Our author in this passage lost sight of his usual correctness. To "sound an alarum to the eyes" is a harsh expression on this side of the Irish Channel.—But, quandoque dormitat Homerus.

[5] The title of a poem written by Aurelian Townsend.

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These harmless pastimes let my Townsend sing
To rural tunes; not that thy Muse wants wing
To soar a loftier pitch, (for she hath made
A noble flight, and plac'd th' heroic shade
Above the reach of our faint, flagging rhime;)
But these are subjects proper to our clime.
Tornies[6], masks, theatres better become
Our Halcyon days. What though the German drum
Bellow for freedom and revenge? the noise
Concerns not us, nor should divert our joys;
Nor ought the thunder of their carabins
Drown the sweet airs of our tun'd violins.
Believe me, friend, if their prevailing pow'rs
Gain them a calm security like ours,
They 'll hang their arms upon the olive bough,
And dance and revel then as we do now.

UPON MR. W. MOUNTAGUE

HIS RETURN FROM TRAVEL.

Lead the black bull to slaughter, with the boar
And lamb; then purple with their mingled gore
The Ocean's curled brow, that so we may
The sea-gods for their careful waftage pay:
Send grateful incense up in pious smoke
To those mild spirits that cast a curbing yoke
Upon the stubborn winds, that calmly blew
To the wish'd shore our long'd-for Mountague:
Then, whilst the aromatic odours burn
In honour of their darling's safe return,
The Muse's quire shall thus with voice and hand
Bless the fair gale that drove his ship to land.

Sweetly-breathing vernal air,
That with kind warmth do'st repair
Winter's ruins; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' east
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;
Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smiles dress'd,
The halcyon sits and builds her nest;
Beauty, youth, and endless spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing.
Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant flow'ry birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth:
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what 's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us;
Thou canst stroke great Eolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain.

Thus, whilst you deal your body 'mongst your friends,
And fill their circling arms, my glad soul sends
This her embrace: thus we of Delphos greet;
As lay-men clasp their hands, we join our feet.

[6] This species of entertainment, we suppose, was a-kin to our modern routs, the expression seeming to be borrowed from the Spanish tornado, or hurricane.

TO

MASTER W. MOUNTAGUE.

Sir, I arrest you at your country's suit,
Who, as a debt to her, requires the fruit
Of that rich stock, which she by Nature's hand
Gave you in trust, to th' use of this whole land:
Next she indites you of a felony,
For stealing what was her propriety[1],
Yourself, from hence; so seeking to convey
The public treasure of the state away.
More: y' are accus'd of ostracism, the fate
Impos'd of old by the Athenian state
On eminent virtue; but that curse which they
Cast on their men, you on your country lay:
For, thus divided from your noble parts,
This kingdom lives in exile, and all hearts
That relish worth or honour, being rent
From your perfections, suffer banishment.
These are your public injuries; but I
Have a just private quarrel, to defy
And call you coward; thus to run away
When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring stay
Till I redeem'd my honour: but I swear
By Celia's eyes, by the same force to tear
Your heart from you, or not to end this strife,
Till I or find revenge, or lose my life.
But as in single fights it oft hath been
In that unequal equal trial seen,
That he who had receiv'd the wrong at first,
Came from the combat oft too with the worst;
So if you foil me when we meet, I 'll then
Give you fair leave to wound me so again.

ON THE

MARRIAGE OF T. K. AND C. C.

THE MORNING STORMY.

Such should this day be, so the Sun should hide
His bashful face, and let the conquering bride
Without a rival shine, whilst he forbears
To mingle his unequal beams with hers;
Or if sometimes he glance his squinting eye
Between the parting clouds, 't is but to spy,
Not emulate her glories, so comes drest
In veils, but as a masker to the feast.
Thus Heav'n should lowr, such stormy gusts should blow,
Not to denounce ungentle fates, but show,
The cheerful bridegroom to the clouds and wind
Hath all his tears and all his sighs assign'd.
Let tempests struggle in the air, but rest
Eternal calms within thy peaceful breast!
Thrice happy youth! but ever sacrifice
To that fair hand that dry'd thy blubber'd eyes,
That crown'd thy head with roses, and turn'd all
The plagues of love into a cordial,
When first it join'd her virgin snow to thine,
Which when to day the priest shall recombine,
From the mysterious, holy touch, such charms
Will flow, as shall unlock her wreathed arms,
And open a free passage to that fruit
Which thou hast toil'd for with a long pursuit.
But ere thou feed, that thou mayst better taste
Thy present joys, think on thy torments past:

[1] Property.

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'hink on the mercy freed thee, think upon
ler virtues, graces, beauties, one by one;
o shalt thou relish all, enjoy the whole
elights of her fair body and pure soul:
hen boldly to the fight of love proceed;
' is mercy not to pity, though she bleed.
Ve 'll strew no nuts, but change that ancient form,
or till to morrow we 'll prorogue this storm,
Vhich shall confound with its loud whistling noise
ier pleasing shrieks, and fan thy panting joys.

FOR A PICTURE

THERE THE QUEEN LAMENTS OVER THE TOMB OF A SLAIN KNIGHT.

Brave youth, to whom Fate in one hour
Gave death and conquest, by whose pow'r
Those chains about my heart are wound,
With which the foe my kingdom bound;
Freed, and captiv'd by thee, I bring
For either act an offering:
For victory, this wreath of bay;
Insign of thraldom, down I lay
Sceptre and crown: take from my sight
Those royal robes; since Fortune's spight
Forbids me live thy virtue's prize,
I'll die thy valour's sacrifice.

TO A LADY

THAT DESIRED I WOULD LOVE HER.

Now you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you do?
Shall I your mirth, or passion move,
When I begin to woo?
Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too?

Each petty beauty can disdain, and I,
Spite of your hate,
Without your leave can see and die:
Dispense a nobler fate;
'T is easy to destroy, you may create.

Then give me leave to love, and love me too;
Not with design
To raise, as Love's curst rebels do,
When puling poets whine,
Tame to their beauty from their blubber'd eyn.

Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear
Your beauty's rays:
Joys are pure streams, your eyes appear
Sullen in sadder lays;
In cheerful numbers they shine bright with praise;

Which shall not mention, to express you fair,
Wounds, flames, and darts,
Storms in your brow, nets in your hair,
Suborning all your parts,
Or to betray or torture captive hearts.

I'll make your eyes like morning suns appear,
As mild and fair;
Your brow, as crystal smooth and clear;
And your dishevel'd hair
Shall flow like a calm region of the air.

Rich Nature's store (which is the poet's treasure)
I 'll spend to dress
Your beauties, if your mine of pleasure
In equal thankfulness
You but unlock, so we each other bless.

UPON MY LORD CHIEF JUSTICE

HIS ELECTION OF MY LADY A. W. FOR HIS MISTRESS [1].

Hear this, and tremble all
Usurping beauties that create
A government tyrannical
In Love's free state:
Justice hath to the sword of your edg'd eyes
His equal balance join'd; his sage head lies
In Love's soft lap, which must be just and wise.

Hark how the stern Law breathes
Forth amorous sighs, and now prepares
No fetters but of silken wreaths
And braided hairs:
His dreadful rods and axes are exil'd,
Whilst he sits crown'd with roses: Love hath fil'd
His native roughness; Justice is grown mild.

The golden age returns;
Love's bow and quiver useless lie;
His shaft, his brand, nor wounds nor burns;
And cruelty
Is sunk to Hell: the fair shall all be kind;
Who loves shall be belov'd; the froward mind
To a deformed shape shall be confin'd.

Astræa hath possest
An earthly seat, and now remains
In Finch's heart; but Wentworth's breast
That guest contains:
With her she dwells, yet hath not left the skies,
Nor lost her sphere; for, new-enthron'd, she cries,
"I know no Heaven but fair Wentworth's eyes."

TO A. D.

UNREASONABLY DISTRUSTFUL OF HER OWN BEAUTY.

Fair Doris, break thy glass; it hath perplext,
With a dark comment, Beauty's clearest text;
It hath not told thy face's story true,
But brought false copies to thy jealous view:
No colour, feature, lovely air, or grace,
That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
But thou may'st read in thine, or justly doubt,
Thy glass hath summon'd been to leave it out.

[1] This was written on the occasion of lord chief justice Finch paying his addresses to lady Anne Wentworth, the favourite lady whose marriage (with lord Lovelace) our poet celebrates in another part of his works.

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But if it offer to thy nice survey
A spot, a stain, a blemish or decay,
It not belongs to thee; the treacherous light
Or faithless stone abuse thy credulous sight.
Perhaps the magic of thy face hath wrought
Upon th' enchanted crystal, and so brought
Fantastic shadows to delude thine eyes
With airy, repercussive sorceries:
Or else th' enamoured image pines away
For love of the fair object, and so may
Wax pale and wan; and though the substance grow
Lively and fresh, that may consume with woe.
Give thou no faith to the false specular stone,
But let thy beauties by th' effects be known:
Look, sweetest Doris, on my love-sick heart;
In that true mirror see how fair thou art
There, by Love's never-erring pencil drawn,
Shalt thou behold thy face, like th' early dawn,
Shoot through the shady covert of thy hair,
Enam'ling and perfuming the calm air
With pearls and roses, till thy suns display
Their lids, and let out the imprison'd day.
Whilst Delphic priests (enlighten'd by their theme)
In amorous numbers court thy golden beam,
And from Love's altars clouds of sighs arise
In smoking incense to adore thine eyes:
If then love flow from beauty as th' effect,
How canst thou the resistless cause suspect?
Who would not brand that fool that should contend,
There were no fire where smoke and flames ascend?
Distrust is worse than scorn; not to believe
My harms, is greater wrong than not to grieve.
What cure can for my fest'ring sore be found,
Whilst thou believ'st thy beauty cannot wound?
Such humble thoughts more cruel tyrants prove,
Than all the pride that e'er usurp'd in love;
For Beauty's herald here denounceth war,
There her false spies betray me to a snare.
If fire disguis'd in balls of snow were hurl'd,
It unsuspected might consume the world:
Where our prevention ends, danger begins;
So wolves in sheeps', lions in asses' skins
Might far more mischief work, because less fear'd;
Those, the whole flock, these might kill all the herd.
Appear then as thou art, break through this cloud,
Confess thy beauty, though thou thence grow proud:
Be fair, though scornful; rather let me find
Thee cruel, than thus mild and more unkind.
Thy cruelty doth only me defy,
But these dull thoughts thee to thyself deny.
Whether thou mean to barter or bestow
Thyself, 't is fit thou thine own value know.
I will not cheat thee of thyself, nor pay
Less for thee than thou'rt worth; thou shalt not say,
That is but brittle glass which I have found
By strict inquiry a firm diamond.
I 'll trade with no such Indian fool as sells
Gold, pearls, and precious stones, for beads and bells[1];
Nor will I take a present from your hand,
Which you or prize not or not understand.
It not endears your bounty that I do
Esteem your gift, unless you do so too.
You undervalue me, when you bestow
On me what you nor care for, nor yet know.
No, lovely Doris, change thy thoughts, and be
In love first with thyself, and then with me.

[1] Alluding to the ignorance of the Indian tribes in South America, who used to barter their riches for the toys and trinkets of the Europeans.

You are afflicted that you are not fair,
And I as much tormented that you are:
What I admire you scorn; what I love, hate;
Through different faiths both share an equal fate:
Fast to the truth, which you renounce, I stick;
I die a martyr, you an heretic.

TO MY FRIEND, G. N.

FROM WREST.

I BREATHE, sweet Ghibs, the temperate air of Wrest,
Where I, no more with raging storms oppress,
Wear the cold nights out by the banks of Tweed,
On the bleak mountains where fierce tempests breed,
And everlasting winter dwells; where mild
Favonius and the vernal winds, exil'd,
Did never spread their wings: but the wild north
Brings sterile fern, thistles, and brambles forth.
Here, steep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant Earth
Sends from her teeming womb a flow'ry birth;
And, cherish'd with the warm Sun's quick'ning heat,
Her porous bosom doth rich odours sweat;
Whose perfumes through the ambient air diffuse
Such native aromatics, as we use
No foreign gums, nor essence fetch'd from far,
No volatile spirits, nor compounds that are
Adulterate; but, at Nature's cheap expense,
With far more genuine sweets refresh the sense.
Such pure and uncompounded beauties bless
This mansion with an useful comeliness
Devoid of art; for here the architect
Did not with curious skill a pile erect
Of carved marble, touch, or prophecy,
But built a house for hospitality.
No sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone
Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,
And coldly entertain his sight; but clear
And cheerful flames cherish and warm him here.
No Doric nor Corinthian pillars grace
With imagery this structure's naked face:
The lord and lady of this place delight
Rather to be in act, than seem, in sight.
Instead of statues to adorn their wall,
They throng with living men their merry hall,
Where, at large tables fill'd with wholsome meats,
The servant, tenant, and kind neighbour eats:
Some of that rank, spun of a finer thread,
Are with the women, steward, and chaplain, fed
With daintier cates; others of better note,
Whom wealth, parts, office, or the herald's coat
Have sever'd from the common, freely sit
At the lord's table, whose spread sides admit
A large access of friends to fill those seats
Of his capacious sickle, fill'd with meats
Of choicest relish, till his oaken back
Under the load of pil'd-up dishes crack.
Nor think, because our pyramids and high
Exalted turrets threaten not the sky,
That therefore Wrest of narrowness complains,
Or straighten'd walls; for she more numerous trains
Of noble guests daily receives, and those
Can with far more conveniency dispose,
Than prouder piles, where the vain builder spent
More cost in outward gay embellishment
Than real use; which was the sole design
Of our contriver, who made things not fine,

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but fit for service. Amalthea's horn[2]
Of plenty is not in effigy worn
Without the gate; but she within the door
Empties her free and unexhausted store.
Nor crown'd with wheaten wreaths doth Ceres stand
In stone, with a crook'd sickle in her hand:
Nor on a marble tun, his face besmear'd
With grapes, is curl'd, uncizar'd Bacchus rear'd.
We offer not, in emblems, to the eyes,
But to the taste, those useful deities:
We press the juicy god, and quaff his blood,
And grind the yellow goddess into food.
Yet we decline not all the work of Art;
But where more bounteous Nature bears a part,
And guides her handmaid, if she but dispense
Fit matter, she with care and diligence
Employs her skill; for where the neighbour source
Pours forth her waters, she directs her course,
And entertains the flowing streams in deep
And spacious channels, where they slowly creep
In snaky windings, as the shelving ground
Leads them in circles, till they twice surround
This island mansion, which, i' th' centre plac'd,
Is with a double crystal Heaven embrac'd;
In which our wat'ry constellations float,
Our fishes, swans, our waterman and boat,
Envy'd by those above, which wish to slake
Their star-burnt limbs in our refreshing lake;
But they stick fast nail'd to the barren sphere,
Whilst our increase, in fertile waters here,
Disport, and wander freely where they please
Within the circuit of our narrow seas.
With various trees we fringe the water's brink,
Whose thirsty roots the soaking moisture drink,
And whose extended boughs in equal ranks
Yield fruit, and shade, and beauty to the banks.
On this side young Vertumnus sits, and courts
His ruddy-cheek'd Pomona; Zephyr sports
On th' other with lov'd Flora, yielding there
Sweets for the smell, sweets for the palate here.
But did you taste the high and mighty drink
Which from that luscious fountain flows, you 'd think
The god of wine did his plump clusters bring,
And crush the Falern[3] grape into our spring;
Or else, disguis'd in wat'ry robes, did swim
To Ceres' bed, and make her beg of him,
Begetting so himself on her: for know,
Our vintage here in March doth nothing owe
To theirs in autumn; but our fire boils here
As lusty liquor as the Sun makes there.
Thus I enjoy myself, and taste the fruit
Of this blest place; whilst, toil'd in the pursuit
Of bucks and stags, th' emblem of war, you strive
To keep the memory of our arms alive.

[2] Amalthea was the daughter of Melissus, king of Crete. She is fabled to have fed Jupiter, while an infant, with the milk of a goat, whose horn the god afterwards made her a present of, endued with this virtue, that whoever possessed it, should have every thing they wished for. Hence it was called the horn of plenty.

[3] The grape of Falernus is celebrated by all antiquity. It was produced from vines of a peculiar strength and flavour which grew in the Falernian fields in Campania.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

TO THE KING.

Look back, old Janus, and survey,
From Time's birth till this new-born day,
All the successful seasons bound
With laurel wreaths, and trophies crown'd;
Turn o'er the annals past, and, where
Happy auspicious days appear,
Mark'd with the whiter stone that cast
On the dark brow of th' ages past
A dazz'ling lustre, let them shine
In this succeeding circle's twine,
Till it be round with glories spread;
Then with it crown our Charles his head,
That we th' ensuing year may call
One great continu'd festival.
Fresh joys in varied forms apply
To each distinct captivity.
Season his cares by day with nights
Crown'd with all conjugal delights.
May the choice beauties that inflame
His royal breast be still the same,
And he still think them such, since more
Thou canst not give from Nature's store:
Then as a father let him be
With numerous issue blest, and see
The fair and god-like off-spring grown
From budding stars to suns full blown.
Circle with peaceful olive boughs
And conquering bays his regal brows:
Let his strong virtues overcome,
And bring him bloodless trophies home:
Strew all the pavements where he treads
With loyal hearts or rebels' heads:
But, Byfront[1], open thou no more,
In his blest reign, the temple door.

TO THE QUEEN.

Thou great commandress, that dost move
Thy sceptre o'er the crown of Love,
And through his empire, with the awe
Of thy chaste beams, dost give the law;
From his profaner altars we
Turn to adore thy deity.
He only can wild lust provoke;
Thou those impurer flames canst choke:
And where he scatters looser fires,
Thou turn'st them into chaste desires:
His kingdom knows no rule but this,
"Whatever pleaseth lawful is."
Thy sacred lord shows us the path
Of modesty and constant faith,
Which makes the rude male satisfy'd
With one fair female by his side;
Doth either sex to each unite,
And form love's pure hermaphrodite.
To this thy faith behold the wild
Satyr already reconcil'd,

[1] Janus, who was painted with two faces. He was worshipped as a god, and had a temple built to him: in time of peace it was shut; in time of war it was open.

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Who from the influence of thine eye
Hath suck'd the deep divinity.
O free them then, that they may teach
The centaur and the horseman; preach
To beasts and birds, sweetly to rest
Each in his proper lare and nest:
They shall convey it to the flood,
Till there thy law be understood.
So shalt thou, with thy pregnant fire,
The water, earth, and air inspire.

TO THE NEW YEAR,

FOR THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE [1].

Give Lucinda pearl nor stone,
Lend them light who else have none:
Let her beauty shine alone.

Gums nor spice bring from the east,
For the phenix in her breast
Builds his funeral pile and nest.

No rich 'tire thou canst invent
Shall to grace her form be sent;
She adorns all ornament.

Give her nothing, but restore
Those sweet smiles which heretofore
In her cheerful eyes she wore.

Drive those envious clouds away,
Veils that have o'ercast my day,
And eclips'd her brighter ray.

Let the royal Goth mow down
This year's harvest with his own
Sword, and spare Lucinda's frown.

Janus, if, when next I trace
Those sweet lines, I in her face
Read the charter of my grace;

Then, from bright Apollo's tree,
Such a garland wreath'd shall be
As shall crown both her and thee.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND,

MASTER THOMAS MAY [2],

UPON HIS COMEDY, THE HEIR.

The Heir being born, was in his tender age
Rock'd in a cradle of a private stage,
Where, lifted up by many a willing hand,
The child did from the first day fairly stand.
Since, having gather'd strength, he dares prefer
His steps into the publick theatre,
The world; where he despairs not but to find
A doom from men more able, not less kind.
I but his usher am, yet if my word
May pass, I dare be bound he will afford
Things must deserve a welcome, if well known,
Such as best writers would have wish'd their own.
You shall observe his words in order meet,
And, softly stealing on with equal feet,
Slide into even numbers with such grace
As each word had been moulded for that place.
You shall perceive an amorous passion span
Into so smooth a web, as had the Sun,
When he pursu'd the swiftly-flying maid [3],
Courted her in such language, she had stay'd.
A love so well exprest must be the same
The author felt himself from his fair flame.
The whole plot doth alike itself disclose
Through the five acts, as doth the lock that goes
With letters; for till every one be known,
The lock 's as fast as if you had found none:
And where his sportive Muse doth draw a thread
Of mirth, chaste matrons may not blush to read.
Thus have I thought it fitter to reveal
My want of art, dear friend, than to conceal
My love. It did appear I did not mean
So to commend thy well-wrought comic scene,
As men might judge my aim rather to be,
To gain praise to myself, than give it thee;
Though I can give thee none, but, what thou hast
Desery'd, and what must my faint breath out-last.
Yet was this garment (though I skillless be
To take thy measure) only made for thee;
And if it prove too scant, 't is 'cause the stuff
Nature allow'd me was not large enough.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND,

MASTER GEORGE SANDS [1],

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF THE PSALMS.

I press not to the choir, nor dare I greet
The holy place with my unhallowed feet;
My unwasht Muse pollutes not things divine,
Nor mingles her profaner notes with thine:
Here, humbly waiting at the porch, she stays,
And with glad ears sucks in thy sacred lays.
So, devout penitents of old were wont,
Some without door, and some beneath the font,
To stand and hear the church's liturgies,
Yet not assist the solemn exercise:
Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gain,
To trim thy vestments, or but bear thy train:
Though nor in tune, nor wing, she reach thy lark,
Her lyric feet may dance before the ark.

[1] This was Anne, daughter of Edward lord Howard of Escrick, and wife of Charles Howard, first earl of Carlisle.

[2] These complimentary verses must be considered rather as a tribute to friendship than to genius; for though May was a competitor with sir William D' Avenant for the royal laurel, his abilities were much less splendid. He translated the Georgics of Virgil and Lucan's Pharsalia, and was the historian of the Oliverian parliament.—These verses were written in 1620.

[3] Alludes to the fable of Apollo and Daphne.

[1] This was Mr. George Sands, son of Edwin archbishop of York. Besides the Translation of the Psalms here mentioned, (which was the delight and amusement of Charles I. during his imprisonment in the Isle of Wight,) he translated Ovid's Metamorphoses and part of Virgil's Æneis. Dryden calls him the best versifier of his time.

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ho knows, but that her wand'ring eyes that run,
w hunting glow-worms, may adore the Sun:
pure flame may, shot by Almighty pow'r
o her breast, the earthly flame devour:
y eyes in penitential dew may steep
at brine, which they for sensual love did weep.
(though 'gainst Nature's course) fire may be quench'd
ith fire, and water be with water drench'd;
rhaps my restless soul, tir'd with pursuit
mortal beauty, seeking without fruit
ntentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
ench'd all her thirst, nor satisfy'd, though cloy'd;
eary of her vain search below, above
the first fair may find th' immortal love.
ompted by thy example then, no more
moulds of clay will I my God adore;
t tear those idols from my heart, and write
hat his blest spirit, not fond love, shall indite;
en I no more shall court the verdant bay,
t the dry leafless trunk on Golgotha;
d rather strive to gain from thence one thorn,
an all the flourishing wreaths by laureats worn.

TO MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,

HENRY LORD CARY OF LEPINGTON,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF MALVEZZI.

MY LORD,

every trivial work, 't is known,
ranslators must be masters of their own
d of their author's language; but your task
greater latitude of skill did ask;
r your Malvezzi first requir'd a man
teach him speak vulgar Italian:
is matter's so sublime, so new his phrase,
far above the stile of Bembo's days,
ld Varchie's rules, or what the Trusca[1] yet
r current Truscan mintage will admit,
I believe your marquis by a good
rt of his natives hardly understood.
u must expect no happier fate; 't is true,
is of noble birth, of nobler you:
nor your thoughts nor words fit common ears;
writes, and you translate, both to your peers.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND,

MASTER D'AVENANT[2],

ON HIS EXCELLENT PLAY, THE JUST ITALIAN.

LL not mispend in praise the narrow room
orrow in this leaf; the garlands bloom
om thine own seeds, that crown each glorious page
thy triumphant work; the sullen age
Requires a satyr. What star guides the soul
Of these our froward times, that dare controul,
Yet dare not learn to judge? When didst thou fly
From hence, clear, candid ingenuity?
I have beheld, when perch'd on the smooth brow
Of a fair modest troop, thou didst allow
Applause to slighter works; but then the weak
Spectator gave the knowing leave to speak.
Now noise prevails, and he is tax'd for drowth
Of wit, that with the cry spends not his mouth.
Yet ask him reason why he did not like;
Him, why he did; their ignorance will strike
Thy soul with scorn and pity: mark the places
Provoke their smiles, frowns, or distorted faces,
When they admire, nod, shake the head, they 'll be
A scene of mirth, a double comedy.
But thy strong fancies (raptures of the brain,
Drest in poetic flames) they entertain
As a bold, impious reach; for they 'll still slight
All that exceeds Red Bull[3] and Cockpit flight.
These are the men in crouded heaps that throng
To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue
Of th' untun'd kennel can a line repeat
Of serious sense, but the lips meet like meat;
Whilst the true brood of actors, that alone
Keep nat'ral, unstrain'd Action in her throne,
Behold their benches bare, though they rehearse
The terser Beaumont's or great Jonson's verse.
Repine not thou then, since this churlish fate
Rules not the stage alone; perhaps the state
Hath felt this rancour, where men great and good
Have by the rabble been misunderstood.
So was thy play; whose clear, yet lofty strain,
Wise men, that govern fate, shall entertain.

TO THE READER

OF MR. WILLIAM D'AVENANT'S PLAY[1].

It hath been said of old, that plays are feasts,
Poets the cooks, and the spectators guests;
The actors, waiters: from this simile,
Some have deriv'd an unsafe liberty
To use their judgments as their tastes, which chuse,
Without controul, this dish, and that refuse:
But wit allows not this large privilege,
Either you must confess or feel its edge;
Nor shall you make a current inference,
If you transfer your reason to your sense:

[1] Tuscany, famous for speaking the Italian language in its greatest purity.

[2] This gentleman, who was supposed, but with e greatest improbability, to be a natural son of akspeare, was one of the first poets of his time. was he who harmonized the stage. He first induced scenery, and the order and decorum of the ench theatre, upon the British one. He succeeded n Jonson as poet-laureat to Charles.

[3] After the restoration, there were two companies of players formed, one under the title of the king's servants, the other under that of the duke's company, both by patent from the crown; the first granted to Mr. Killigrew, and the latter to sir William D'Avenant. The king's servants acted first at the Red Bull in St. John's Street, and afterwards at the Cockpit in Drury Lane; to which place our poet here alludes. It seems, by the verses before us, that though Killigrew's company was much inferior to D'Avenant's, it was more successful; though the company of the latter, who performed at the duke's theatre in Lincoln-inn-Fields, acted the pieces of Shakspeare, Jonson, Beaumont, and were headed by the celebrated Betterton.

[1] The Just Italian, which did not meet with so much success as it ought to have had from a polite audience.

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Things are distinct, and must the same appear
To every piercing eye or well-tun'd ear. [meet:
Though sweets with your's, sharps best with my taste
Both must agree, this meat's or sharp, or sweet.
But if I scent a stench, or a perfume,
Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
You have that sense imperfect: so you may
Affect a sad, merry, or humorous play;
If, though the kind distaste or please, the good
And bad be by your judgment understood:
But if, as in this play, where with delight
I feast my Epicurean appetite
With relishes so curious, as dispense
The utmost pleasure to the ravish'd sense,
You should profess that you can nothing meet
That hits your taste either with sharp or sweet,
But cry out, 'T is insipid; your bold tongue
May do its master, not the author wrong;
For men of better palate will by it
Take the just elevation of your wit.

TO

MY FRIEND WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

I crowned 'mongst the first, to see the stage
(Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,
By thy bright fancy dazzled; where each scene
Wrought like a charm, and forc'd the audience lean
To th' passion of thy pen: thence ladies went
(Whose absence lovers sigh'd for) to repent
Their unkind scorn; and courtiers, who by art
Made love before, with a converted heart,
To wed those virgins, whom they woo'd t' abuse;
Both render'd Hymen's pros'lites by thy Muse.
But others, who were proof 'gainst love, did sit
To learn the subtle dictates of thy wit;
And, as each profited, took his degree,
Master, or bachelor, in comedy.
We of th' adult'rate mixture not complain,
But thence more characters of virtue gain;
More pregnant patterns of transcendent worth,
Than barren and insipid fruit brings forth:
So, oft the bastard nobler fortune meets,
Than the dull issue of the lawful sheets.

THE COMPARISON.

Dearest, thy tresses are not threads of gold,
Thy eyes of diamonds, nor do I hold
Thy lips for rubies, thy fair cheeks to be
Fresh roses, or thy teeth of ivory:
Thy skin, that doth thy dainty body sheath,
Not alabaster is, nor dost thou breath
Arabian odours; those the earth brings forth,
Compar'd with which, would but impair thy worth.
Such may be others' mistresses, but mine
Holds nothing earthly, but is all divine.
Thy tresses are those rays that do arise,
Not from one sun, but two; such are thy eyes;
Thy lips congealed nectar are, and such
As, but a deity, there 's none dare touch;
The perfect crimson that thy cheek doth cloath
(But only that it far exceeds them both)
Aurora's blush resembles, or that red
That Iris struts in when her mantle 's spread;
Thy teeth in white do Leda's swan exceed;
Thy skin's a heavenly and immortal weed;
And when thou breath'st, the winds are ready straight
To filch it from thee; and do therefore wait
Close at thy lips, and, snatching it from these,
Bear it to Heaven, where 't is Jove's frankincense.
Fair goddess, since thy feature makes thee one,
Yet be not such for these respects alone;
But as you are divine in outward view,
So be within as fair, as good, as true.

THE ENQUIRY.

Amongst the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd:
"Tell me, (said I in deep distress)
Where may I find my shepherdess?"

"Thou fool," (said Love) "know'st thou not this,
In every thing that 's good she is?
In yonder tulip go and seek,
There thou mayst find her lip, her cheek.

"In yon enamel'd pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye.
In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
There wave the streamers of her blood.

"In brightest lilies that there stand,
The emblems of her whiter hand.
In yonder rising hill there smell
Such sweets as in her bosom dwell."

"'T is true" (said I): and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union;
But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stopt: said Love, "These be,
Fond man, resemblances of thee:
And, as these flow'rs, thy joys shall die,
Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye:
And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
Like these short sweets thus knit together[1]."

THE SPARK.

My first love, whom all beauties did adorn,
Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn;
Sunlike to tinder in my breast it lies,
By every sparkle made a sacrifice.
Each wanton eye now kindles my desire,
And that is free to all, that was entire.
Desiring more by thee, desire I lost,
As those that in consumptions hunger most;
And now my wand'ring thoughts are not confin'd
Unto one woman, but to woman-kind:

[1] This little poem, with the several little love-verses and songs that follow, fully evince our poet's superior genius on the subject of love. We wish he had never sacrificed at any shrine but the shrine in Cyprus.

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s for her shape I love; that for her face;
s for her gesture or some other grace;
l where I none of these do use to find,
oose there by the kernel, not the rind:
l so I hope, since first my hopes are gone,
find in many what I lost in one;
, like to merchants after some great loss,
de by retail, that cannot now in gross.
fault is hers that made me go astray;
needs must wander that hath lost his way.
ltless I am; she did this change provoke,
made that charcoal which to her was oak:
as a looking-glass, from the aspect,
ilst it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
being crack'd or broken, there are shown
y half-faces, which at first were one;
ve unto my heart did first prefer
image, and there planted none but her;
since 't was broke and martyr'd by her scorn,
y less faces in her face are born:
, like to tinder, am I prone to catch
falling sparkle, fit for any match.

ON

'GHT OF A GENTLEWOMAN'S FACE

IN THE WATER.

o still, you floods, do not deface
at image which you bear:
taries, from every place,
you shall altars rear.

inds but lovers' sighs blow here,
trouble these glad streams,
hich no star from any sphere
d ever dart such beams.

rystal then in haste congeal,
st you should lose your bliss;
to my cruel fair reveal,
w cold, how hard she is.

f the envious nymphs shall fear
eir beauties will be scorn'd,
ire the ruder winds to tear
at face which you adorn'd;

rage and foam amain, that we
eir malice may despise;
rom your froth we soon shall see
econd Venus rise.

SONG.

ne no more where Jove bestows,
June is past, the fading rose;
your beauties, orient deep
flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

e no more, whither do stray
olden atoms of the day;
n pure love, Heaven did prepare
powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
The phenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

SONG.

Would you know what 's soft, I dare
Not bring you to the down or air;
Nor to stars to show what 's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear;
Nor, to please your sense, bring forth
Bruised nard, or what 's more worth.

Or, on food were your thoughts plac'd,
Bring you nectar for a taste:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 't is done.

THE HUE AND CRY.

In Love's name, you are charg'd hereby,
To make a speedy hue and cry
After a face which t' other day,
Stole my wand'ring heart away.
To direct you, these, in brief,
Are ready marks to know the thief.
Her hair a net of beams would prove,
Strong enough to captive Jove
In his eagle shape; her brow
Is a comely field of snow;
Her eye so rich, so pure a grey,
Every beam creates a day;
And if she but sleep (not when
The Sun sets) 't is night again;
In her cheeks are to be seen
Of flowers both the king and queen,
Thither by the Graces led,
And freshly laid in nuptial bed;
On whom lips like nymphs do wait,
Who deplore their virgin state;
Oft they blush, and blush for this,
That they one another kiss:
But observe, besides the rest,
You shall know this felon best
By her tongue; for if your ear
Once a heavenly music hear,
Such as neither gods nor men,
But from that voice, shall hear again,
That, that is she. O straight surprize,
And bring her unto Love's assize:

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If you let her go, she may
Antedate the latter day,
Fate and philosophy controul,
And leave the world without a soul.

SONG.

TO HIS MISTRESS CONFINED.

O think not, Phœbe, cause a cloud
Doth now thy silver brightness shrowd,
My wand'ring eye
Can stoop to common beauties of the sky,
Rather be kind, and this eclipse
Shall neither binder eye nor lips;
For we shall meet
With our hearts, and kiss, and none shall see 't.

Nor canst thou in thy prison be,
Without some living sign of me:
When thou dost spy
A sun-beam peep into the room, 't is I;
For I am hid within a flame,
And thus into thy chamber came,
To let thee see
In what a martyrdom I burn for thee.

When thou dost touch thy lute, thou mayst
Think on my heart, on which thou play'st;
When each sad tone
Upon the strings doth show my deeper groan.
When thou dost please, they shall rebound
With nimble airs, struck to the sound
Of thy own voice;
O think how much I tremble and rejoice!

There 's no sad picture that doth dwell
Upon thy Arras wall, but well
Resembles me.
No matter though our age do not agree,
Love can make old, as well as Time;
And he that doth but twenty climb,
If he dare prove
As true as I, shows fourscore years in love.

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears:
Ask me why this flow'r doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

THE TINDER.

Or what mould did Nature frame me?
Or was it her intent to shame me,
That no woman can come near me,
Fair, but her I court to hear me?
Sure that mistress, to whose beauty
First I paid a lover's duty,
Burnt in rage my heart to tinder;
That nor pray'rs, nor tears can hinder;
But wherever I do turn me,
Every spark let fall doth burn me.
Women, since you thus inflame me,
Flint and steel I 'll ever name ye.

A SONG.

In her fair cheeks two pits do lie,
To bury those slain by her eye;
So, spight of death, this comforts me,
That fairly buried I shall be:
My grave with rose and lilly spread,
O 't is a life to be so dead.
Come then and kill me with thy eye,
For if thou let me live, I die.

When I behold those lips again
Reviving what those eyes have slain
With kisses sweet, whose balsam pure
Love's wounds, as soon as made, can cure;
Methinks 't is sickness to be sound,
And there 's no health to such a wound.
Come then, &c.

When in her chaste breast I behold,
Those downy mounts of snow ne'er cold,
And those blest hearts her beauty kills,
Reviv'd by climbing those fair hills;
Methinks there 's life in such a death,
And so t' expire inspires new breath.
Come then, &c.

Nymph, since no death is deadly, where
Such choice of antidotes are near,
And your keen eyes but kill in vain
Those that are sound; as soon as slain,
That I no longer dead survive,
Your way 's to bury me alive
In Cupid's cave, where happy I
May dying live, and living die:
Come then and kill me with thy eye,
For if thou let me live, I die.

THE CARVER.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

A carver, having lov'd too long in vain,
Hew'd out the portraiture of Venus' son
In marble rock, upon the which did rain
Small drizzling drops that from a fount did run;
Imagining the drops would either wear
His fury out, or quench his living flame:
But when he saw it bootless did appear,
He swore the water did augment the same.
So I, that seek in verse to carve thee out,
Hoping thy beauty will my flame allay,
Viewing my lines impolish'd all throughout,
Find my will rather than my love obey;
That, with the carver, I my work do blame,
Finding it still th' augmenter of my flame.

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TO THE PAINTER.

ND man, that hop'st to catch that face
ith those false colours, whose short grace
rves but to show the lookers on
e faults of thy presumption;
at the least to let us see,
at is divine, but yet not she:
y you could imitate the rays
those eyes that out-shine the day's;
counterfeit, in red and white,
at most uncounterfeited light
her complexion; yet canst thou,
reat master though thou be) tell how
print a virtue? Then desist;
is fair your artifice hath miss'd:
u should have mark'd how she begins
grow in virtue, not in sins;
stead of that same rosy dye,
u should have drawn out Modesty,
hose beauty sits enthroned there,
d learns to look and blush at her.
can you colour just the same,
hen virtue blushes; or when shame,
hen sickness, and when innocence,
ews pale or white unto the sense?
n such coarse varnish e'er be said
imitate her white and red?
is may do well elsewhere in Spain,
mong those faces dy'd in grain;
you may thrive, and what you do
rove the best picture of the two.
esides (if all I hear be true)
is taken ill by some, that you
ould be so insolently vain,
s to contrive all that rich gain
to one tablet, which alone
lay teach us superstition;
structing our amazed eyes
admire and worship imag'ries,
ch as quickly might out-shine
me new saint, wer 't allow'd a shrine,
nd turn each wand'ring looker-on
to a new Pygmalion.
et your art cannot equalize
his picture in her lover's eyes:
is eyes the pencils are, which limb
er truly, as her's copy him;
is heart the tablet, which alone
for that portrait the tru'st stone;
you would a truer see,
lark it in their posterity,
nd you shall read it truly there,
hen the glad world shall see their heir.

LOVE'S COURTSHIP.

ms, lovely Celia, and be kind;
et my desires freedom find:
Sit thee down,
nd we will make the gods confess,
fortals enjoy some happiness.

Mars would disdain his mistress' charms,
f he beheld thee in my arms,
And descend,
hee his mortal queen to make,
r live as mortal for thy sake.

Venus must lose her title now,
And leave to brag of Cupid's bow;
Silly queen!
She hath but one, but I can spy
Ten thousand Cupids in thy eye.

Nor may the Sun behold our bliss,
For sure thy eyes do dazzle his;
If thou fear
That he 'll betray thee with his light,
Let me eclipse thee from his sight.

And while I shade thee from his eye,
Oh let me hear thee gently cry,
Celia yields.
Maids often lose their maidenhead,
Ere they set foot in nuptial bed.

ON A DAMASK ROSE

STICKING UPON A LADY'S BREAST.

Let pride grow big, my rose, and let the clear
And damask colour of thy leaves appear.
Let scent and looks be sweet, and bless that hand
That did transplant thee to that sacred land.
O happy thou that in that garden rests,
That paradise between that lady's breasts:
There 's an eternal spring; there shalt thou lie,
Betwixt two lilly mounts, and never die:
There shalt thou spring among the fertile vallies,
By buds, like thee, that grow in midst of allies.
There none dare pluck thee, for that place is such,
That but a god divine there 's none dare touch;
If any but approach, straight doth arise
A blushing lightning-flash, and blasts his eyes.
There, 'stead of rain, shall living fountains flow;
For wind, her fragrant breath for ever blow.
Nor now, as erst, one sun shall on thee shine,
But those two glorious suns, her eyes divine.
O then what monarch would not think 't a grace,
To leave his regal throne to have thy place?
Myself, to gain thy blessed seat, do vow
Would be transform'd into a rose as thou.

THE PROTESTATION.

A SONNET.

No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers;
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing;
Nor April violets paint the grove;
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn;
The humble oak no flood shall know
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow;
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave;
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly;

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The Sun refuse to show his light,
And day shall then be turn'd to night,
And in that night no star appear;
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit Earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth;
Nor joy above in Heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in Hell;
Grim death no more shall horrid prove;
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

THE

TOOTH-ACH CURED BY A KISS.

Fate 's now grown merciful to men,
Turning disease to bliss:
For had not kind rheum vex'd me then
I might not Celia kiss.

Physicians, you are now my scorn;
For I have found a way
To cure diseases, when forlorn
By your dull art, which may

Patch up a body for a time,
But can restore to health
No more than chymists can sublime
True gold, the Indies' wealth.

The angel, sure, that us'd to move
The pool [1] men so admir'd,
Hath to her lip, the seat of love,
As to his Heaven, retir'd.

TO THE JEALOUS MISTRESS.

Admit (thou darling of mine eyes)
I have some idol lately fram'd;
That, under such a false disguise,
Our true loves might the less be fam'd;
Canst thou, that know'st my heart, suppose
I 'll fall from thee, and worship those?

Remember (dear) how loath and slow
I was to cast a look or smile,
Or one love-line to mis-bestow,
Till thou hadst chang'd both face and stile;
And art thou grown afraid to see
That mask put on thou mad'st for me?

I dare not call those childish fears,
Coming from love, much less from thee,
But wash away with frequent tears
This counterfeit idolatry;
And henceforth kneel at ne'er a shrine,
To blind the world, but only thine.

[1] The pool of Bethesda near Jerusalem, which was frequented by all kinds of diseased people, waiting for the moving of the waters. "For an angel," says St. John, "went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water: whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in, was made whole of whatsoever disease he had."

THE DART.

Oft when I look, I may descry
A little face peep through that eye?
Sure that 's the boy, which wisely chose
His throne among such beams as those,
Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
May serve for darts to kill withal.

THE MISTAKE.

When on fair Celia I did spy
A wounded heart of stone,
The wound had almost made me cry,
"Sure this heart was my own:"

But when I saw it was enthron'd
In her celestial breast,
O then! I it no longer own'd,
For mine was ne'er so blest.

Yet if in highest Heavens do shine
Each constant martyr's heart;
Then she may well give rest to mine,
That for her sake doth smart:

Where, seated in so high a bliss,
Though wounded, it shall live:
Death enters not in Paradise;
The place free life doth give.

Or, if the place less sacred were,
Did but her saving eye
Bathe my sick heart in one kind tear,
Then should I never die.

Slight balms may heal a slighter sore;
No medicine less divine
Can ever hope for to restore
A wounded heart like mine.

TO MY LORD ADMIRAL [1],

ON HIS LATE SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

With joy like ours, the Thracian youth invade
Orpheus returning from th' Elysian shade,
Embrace the hero, and his stay implore,
Make it their public suit he would no more
Desert them so, and for his spouse's sake,
His vanish'd love, tempt the Lethæan lake:
The ladies too, the brightest of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb,
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Which shall the fair Eurydice succeed;
Euridice, for whom his numerous moan
Makes list'ning trees and savage mountains groan
Through all the air; his sounding strings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late;

[1] The duke of Buckingham, the unhappy favourite of Charles I. by whom he was appointed lord high admiral of England.

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ur pining sickness, and your restless pain,
once the land affecting, and the main.
hen the glad news, that you were admiral,
arce through the nation spread, 't was fear'd by all
at our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in you,
ould be perplexed how to chuse a new:
more than private was the joy and grief,
at at the worst it gave our souls relief,
at in our age such sense of virtue liv'd,
ey joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.
Nature, her fairest light eclipsed, seems
rself to suffer in these sad extremes;
nile not from thine alone thy blood retires,
t from those cheeks which all the world admires.
e stem thus threat'ned, and the sap, in thee
oop all the branches of that noble tree;
eir beauties they, and we our love suspend,
ught can our wishes save thy health intend;
lillies overcharg'd with rain, they bend [tend,
eir beauteous heads, and with high Heaven con-
ld thee within their snowy arms, and cry,
He is too faultless, and too young to die:"
, like immortals, round about thee they
, that they fright approaching Death away.
ho would not languish by so fair a train,
be lamented and restor'd again?
thus with-held, what hasty soul would go,
ough to the blest? O'er young Adonis so
ir Venus mourn'd, and with the precious show'r
her warm tears cherish'd the springing flower.
The next support, fair hope of your great name,
d second pillar of that noble frame,
loss of thee would no advantage have,
t, step by step, pursues thee to thy grave.
And now relentless Fate, about to end
e line, which backward doth so far extend
at antique stock, which still the world supplies
ith bravest spirits, and with brightest eyes,
nd Phœbus interposing, bade me say, [they,
Such storms no more shall shake that house; but
te Neptune and his sea-born niece, shall be
e shining glories of the land and sea,
ith courage guard, and beauty warm our age,
d lovers fill with like poetic rage."

ON MISTRESS N.

TO THE GREEN SICKNESS.

ay, coward blood, and do not yield
thy pale sister beauty's field,
ho, there displaying round her white
signs, hath usurp'd thy right;
ading thy peculiar throne,
e lip, where thou shouldst rule alone;
d on the cheek, where Nature's care
otted each an equal share,
r spreading lily only grows,
hose milky deluge drowns thy rose.
Quit not the field, faint blood, nor rush
the short sally of a blush
on thy sister foe, but strive
keep an endless war alive;
ough peace do petty states maintain,
re war alone makes beauty reign.

UPON A MOLE IN CELIA'S BOSOM.

That lovely spot which thou dost see
In Celia's bosom was a bee,
Who built her amorous spicy nest
I' th' hyblas of her either breast;
But, from close ivory hives she flew
To suck the aromatic dew
Which from the neighbour vale distils,
Which parts those two twin-sister hills;
There feasting on ambrosial meat,
A rowling file of balmy sweet
(As in soft murmurs, before death,
Swan-like she sung) chok'd up her breath.
So she in water did expire,
More precious than the phenix' fire;
Yet still her shadow there remains
Confin'd to those Elysian plains;
With this strict law, that who shall lay
His bold lips on that milky way,
The sweet and smart from thence shall bring
Of the bee's honey and her sting.

AN HYMENEAL SONG

ON THE NUPTIALS OF THE LADY ANNE WENTWORTH[1], AND THE LORD LOVELACE.

Break not the slumbers of the bride,
But let the Sun in triumph ride,
Scattering his beamy light;
When she awakes, he shall resign
His rays, and she alone shall shine
In glory all the night.

For she, till day return, must keep
An amorous vigil, and not steep
Her fair eyes in the dew of sleep.

Yet gently whisper as she lies,
And say her lord waits her uprise,
The priests at th' altar stay;
With flow'ry wreaths the virgin crew
Attend, while some with roses strew,
And myrtles trim the way.

Now to the temple and the priest
See her convey'd, thence to the feast;
Then back to bed, though not to rest.

For now, to crown his faith and truth,
We must admit the noble youth
To revel in love's sphere;
To rule, as chief intelligence,
That orb, and happy time dispense
To wretched lovers here.

For there, exalted far above
All hope, fear, change, or they to move
The wheel that spins the fates of love;

[1] This lady was the daughter of Thomas Wentworth, earl of Strafford, by his second wife, Arabella daughter of lord Clare. Her husband, mentioned here by the name of lord Lovelace, was Edward Watson lord Rockingham, progenitor of the present marquis of Rockingham.

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They know no night, nor glaring noon,
Measure no hours of Sun or Moon,
Nor mark Time's restless glass;
Their kisses measure, as they flow,
Minutes, and there embraces show
The hours as they do pass.

Their motions the year's circle make,
And we from their conjunctions take
Rules to make love an almanack.

A MARRIED WOMAN.

When I shall marry, if I do not find
A wife thus moulded, I 'll create this mind:
Nor from her noble birth, nor ample dower,
Beauty, or wit, shall she derive a power
To prejudice my right; but if she be
A subject born, she shall be so to me,
As to the soul the flesh, as appetite
To reason is; which shall our wills unite
In habits so confirm'd, as no rough sway
Shall once appear, if she but learn t' obey.
For, in habitual virtues, sense is wrought
To that calm temper, as the body's thought
To have nor blood nor gall, if wild and rude
Passions of lust and anger are subdu'd;
When 't is the fair obedience to the soul
Doth in the birth those swelling acts controul.
If I in murder steep my furious rage,
Or with adult'ry my hot lust assuage,
Will it suffice to say, "My sense, the beast,
Provok'd me to 't?" Could I my soul divest,
My plea were good. Lions and bulls commit
Both freely, but man must in judgment sit,
And tame this beast; for Adam was not free,
When in excuse he said, "Eve gave it me:"
Had he not eaten, she perhaps had been
Unpunish'd; his consent made her's a sin.

A DIVINE LOVE.

Why should dull Art, which is wise Nature's ape,
If she produce a shape
So far beyond all patterns that of old
Fell from her mould,
As thine, admir'd Lucinda! not bring forth
An equal wonder to express that worth
In some new way, that hath,
Like her great work, no print of vulgar path?

Is it because the rapes of poetry,
Rifling the spacious sky
Of all his fires, light, beauty, influence,
Did those dispense
On airy creations that surpast
The real works of Nature, she at last,
To prove their raptures vain,
Show'd such a light as poets could not feign?

Or is it 'cause the factious wits did vie
With vain idolatry,
Whose goddess was supreme, and so had hurl'd
Schism through the world,
Whose priest sung sweetest lays, thou didst appear
A glorious mystery, so dark, so clear,
As Nature did intend
All should confess, but none might comprehend?

Perhaps all other beauties share a light
Proportion'd to the sight
Of weak mortality, scatt'ring such loose fires,
As stir desires,
And from the brain distil salt, amorous rheums;
Whilst thy immortal flame such dross consumes
And from the earthy mould
With purging fires severs the purer gold.

If so, then why in fame's immortal scrowl
Do we their names inroll,
Whose easy hearts and wanton eyes did sweat
With sensual heat?
If Petrarch's unarm'd bosom catch a wound
From a light glance, must Laura be renown'd?
Or both a glory gain,
He from ill-govern'd love, she from disdain?

Shall he more fam'd in his great art become
For wilful martyrdom?
Shall he more title gain to chaste and fair,
Through his despair?
Is Troy more noble 'cause to ashes turn'd,
Than virgin cities that yet never burn'd?
Is fire, when it consumes
Temples, more fire, than when it melts perfumes?

'Cause Venus from the ocean took her form.
Must love needs be a storm?
'Cause she her wanton shrines in islands rears,
Through seas of tears,
O'er rocks and gulphs, with our own sighs for gale,
Must we to Cyprus or to Paphos sail?
Can there no way be given,
But a true Hell, that leads to her false Heaven?

LOVE'S FORCE.

In the first ruder age, when Love was wild,
Not yet by laws reclaim'd, not reconcil'd
To order, nor by reason mann'd, but flew,
Full-plum'd by nature, on the instant view,
Upon the wings of appetite, at all
The eye could fair, or sense delightful call,
Election was not yet; but as their cheap
Food from the oak, or the next acorn-heap,
As water from the nearest spring or brook,
So men their undistinguish'd females took
By chance, not choice. But soon the heavenly spark,
That in man's bosom lurk'd, broke through this dark
Confusion; then the noblest breast first felt
Itself for its own proper object melt.

A FANCY.

Mark how this polish'd eastern sheet
Doth with our northern tincture meet;
For though the paper seem to sink,
Yet it receives and bears the ink;

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And on her smooth, soft brow these spots,
Seem rather ornaments than blots,
Like those you ladies use to place
Mysteriously about your face;
Not only to set off and break
Shadows and eye-beams, but to speak
To the skill'd lover, and relate,
Unheard, his sad or happy fate.
Nor do their characters delight,
As careless works of black and white:
But 'cause you underneath may find
A sense that can inform the mind;
Divine or moral rules impart,
Or raptures of poetic art:
So what at first was only fit
To fold up silks, may wrap up wit.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Grieve not, my Celia, but with haste
Obey the fury of thy fate,
'T is some perfection to waste
Discreetly out our wretched state,
To be obedient in this sense
Will prove thy virtue, though offence.

Who knows but Destiny may relent,
For many miracles have been,
Thou proving thus obedient
To all the griefs she plung'd thee in;
And then the certainty she meant
Reverted is by accident.

But yet I must confess 't is much,
When we remember what hath been,
Thus parting never more to touch,
To let eternal absence in;
Though never was our pleasure yet
So pure, but chance distracted it.

What, shall we then submit to Fate,
And die to one another's love?
No, Celia, no, my soul doth hate
Those lovers that inconstant prove.
Fate may be cruel, but if you decline,
The crime is yours, and all the glory mine.

Fate and the planets sometimes bodies part,
But canker'd nature only alters th' heart.

IN PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS.

You, that will a wonder know,
Go with me,
Two Suns in a Heaven of snow
Both burning be,
All they fire, that do but eye them,
But the snow's unmelted by them.

Leaves of crimson tulips met,
Guide the way
Where two pearly rows be set
As white as day.
When they part themselves asunder,
She breathes oracles of wonder.

Hills of milk with azure mix'd
Swell beneath,
Waving sweetly, yet still fix'd,
While she doth breathe.
From those hills descends a valley
Where all fall, that dare to dally.

As fair pillars under stand
Statues two,
Whiter than the silver swan
That swims in Po;
If at any time they move her,
Every stept begets a lover.

All this but the casket is
Which contains
Such a jewel, as the miss
Breeds endless pains;
That 's her mind, and they that know it
May admire, but cannot show it.

TO CELIA,

UPON LOVE'S UBIQUITY.

As one that strives, being sick, and sick to death,
By changing places, to preserve a breath,
A tedious restless breath, removes and tries
A thousand rooms, a thousand policies,
To cozen pain, when he thinks to find ease,
At last he finds all change, but his disease;
So (like a ball with fire and powder fill'd)
I restless am, yet live, each minute kill'd,
And with that moving torture must retain,
With change of all things else, a constant pain.
Say I stay with you, presence is to me
Nought but a light to show my misery,
And parting are as racks, to plague love on,
The further stretch'd, the more affliction.
Go I to Holland, France, or Furthest Inde,
I change but only countries, not my mind.
And though I pass through air and water free,
Despair and hopeless fate still follow me.
Whilst in the bosom of the waves I reel,
My heart I 'll liken to the tottering keel,
The sea to my own troubled fate, the wind
To your disdain, sent from a soul unkind:
But when I lift my sad looks to the skies,
Then shall I think I see my Celia's eyes;
And when a cloud or storm appears between,
I shall remember what her frowns have been.
Thus, whatsoever course my fates allow,
All things but make me mind my business, you.
The good things that I meet, I think streams be
From you the fountain; but when bad I see,
How vile and cursed is that thing, think I,
That to such goodness is so contrary?
My whole life is 'bout you, the center star,
But a perpetual motion circular.
I am the dial's hand, still walking round;
You are the compass; and I never sound
Beyond your circle; neither can I shew
Aught but what first expressed is in you,
That wheresoe'er my tears do cause me move,
My fate still keeps me bounded with your love;
Which ere it die, or be extinct in me,
Time shall stand still, and moist waves flaming be:

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Yet, being gone, think not on me; I am
A thing too wretched for thy thoughts to name;
But when I die, and wish all comforts given,
I'll think on you, and by you think on Heaven.

COELUM BRITANNICUM:

A

MASQUE[1],

AT WHITEHALL, IN THE BANQUETING HOUSE,

ON SHROVE-TUESDAY NIGHT, THE 18TH OF FEBRUARY, 1633.

THE INVENTORS,

THOMAS CAREW, INIGO JONES.

Non habet ingenium; Cæsar sed jussit: habebo.
Cur me posse negem, posse quod ille putat.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE.

THE first thing that presented itself to the sight was a rich ornament that enclosed the scene; in the upper part of which were great branches of foliage growing out of leaves and husks, with a cornice[2] at the top; and in the midst was placed a large compartiment, composed of grotesque work, wherein were harpies with wings and lions' claws, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches. Over all was a broken frontispiece, wrought with scrowls and masque-heads of children, and within this, a table adorn'd with a lesser compartiment, with this inscription, COELUM BRITANNICUM. The two sides of this ornament were thus ordered: first, from the ground arose a square basement, and on the plinth[3] stood a great vase of gold, richly enchased, and beautified with sculptures of great relieve[4], with fruitages hanging from the upper part. At the foot of this sate two youths naked, in their natural colours; each of these with one arm supported the vase, on the cover of which stood two young women in draperies, arm in arm; the one figuring the glory of princes, and the other mansuetude[5]: their other arms bore up an oval, in which, to the king's majesty, was this impress, a lion with an imperial crown on his head; the words, *Animum sub pectore forti:* On the other side was the like composition, but the design of the figures varied; and in the oval on the top, being borne up by nobility and fecundity, was this impress to the queen's majesty, a lilly growing with branches and leaves, and three lesser lilies springing out of the stem; the words, *semper inclyta virtus:* all this ornament was beightened with gold, and for the invention, and various composition, was the newest and most gracious that hath been done in this place.

The curtain was watchet[6] and a pale yellow in panes, which, flying up on the sudden, discovered the scene, representing old arches, old palaces, decayed walls, parts of temples, theatres, basilicas[7] and thermes[8], with confused heaps of broken columns, bases, cornices, and statues, lying as underground, and altogether resembling the ruins of some great city of the ancient Romans, or civilis'd Britons. This strange prospect detained the eyes of the spectators some time, when to a loud music Mercury descends. On the upper part of his chariot stands a cock in action of crowing. His habit was a coat of flame-colour girt to him, and a white mantle trimm'd with gold and silver: upon his head a wreath with small falls of white feathers, a caducens in his hand, and wings at his heels being come to the ground, he dismounts, and pass up to the state.

MERCURY.

FROM the high senate of the gods, to you,
Bright glorious twins of love and majesty,
Before whose throne three warlike nations bend
Their willing knees; on whose imperial brows
The regal circle prints no awful frowns
To fright your subjects, but whose calmer eyes
Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts,
That flow with cheerful, loyal reverence;
Come I, Cyllenius, Jove's ambassador,
Not, as of old, to whisper amorous tales
Of wanton love into the glowing ear
Of some choice beauty in this numerous train:

[1] Masque. This species of composition was long the favourite of the British court, and even disputed the ground with the regular compositions of the dramatic Muse. Unguided by any rules, unrestrained by any laws, it might wander thro' the universe for objects either new or monstrous, and where it found none it might create them. With these powers, it was well calculated to charm the fancy in the absence of taste; but, as taste established her empire in the minds of men, the Masque, with all its unaccountable monsters, retired. ——It had its birth in Italy, about the 16th century, when it was the fashion for every bard to have a world of his own creation. From whence it migrated, with other exotics, cross the Channel, and found a warm reception in the benevolent soil of Britain. The poets of queen Elizabeth's reign, and of the following age, were pleased with the extravagance of the thing; and as they followed Ariosto and his brethren through all the wildness of Fairyland, they followed them also in this, and almost surpassed heir masters.

[2] The uppermost member of the entablature of a column, or that which crowns the order.

[3] The square member which serves as a foundation to the base of a pillar.

[4] That part of a figure which projects much beyond the ground on which it is carved; called by artists alto relievo.

[5] Gentleness.

[6] Pale blue.

[7] Basilicas, in architecture, are public halls with two ranges of pillars, and galleries over them.

[8] Baths.

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ose days are fled; the rebel flame is quench'd
heavenly breasts; the gods have sworn by Styx,
ever to tempt yielding mortality
loose embraces. Your exemplar life
ath not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
f imitation through your virtuous court,
y whose bright blaze your palace is become
he envy'd pattern of this under world;
ut the aspiring flame hath kindled Heaven:
' immortal bosoms burn with emulous fires;
ve rivals your great virtues, royal sir,
nd Juno, madam, your attractive graces;
e his wild lusts, her raging jealousies
e lays aside, and through th' Olympic hall,
yours doth here, the great example spreads.
nd though, of old, when youthful blood conspir'd
ith his new empire, prone to heats of lust,
e acted incests, rapes, adulteries,
n earthly beauties, which his raging queen,
roln with revengeful fury, turn'd to beasts,
nd in despite he transformed to stars,
ll he had fill'd the crowded firmament
ith his loose strumpets, and their spurious race,
here the eternal records of his shame
ine to the world in flaming characters:
hen in the crystal mirror of your reign
e view'd himself, he found his loathsome stains;
nd now, to expiate th' infectious guilt
f those detested luxuries, he'll chase
' infamous lights from their usurped sphere,
nd drown in the Lethæan flood their curs'd
oth names and memories: in those vacant rooms
rst you succeed, and of the wheeling orb,
the most eminent and conspicuous point,
ith dazzling beams and spreading magnitude,
ine the bright pole-star of this hemisphere.
ext, by your side, in a triumphant chair,
nd crown'd with Ariadne's diadem,
ts the fair consort of your heart and throne;
iffus'd about you, with that share of light
s they of virtue have deriv'd from you,
e'll fix this noble train of either sex,
to the British stars this lower globe
hall owe its light, and they alone dispense
o th' world a pure, refined influence.

Enter Momus *attired in a long darkish robe, all wrought over with poniards, serpents, tongues, eyes, and ears; his beard and hair party-coloured, and upon his head a wreath stuck with feathers, and a porcupine in the forepart.*

Mom. By your leave, mortals. Good cousin Mercurius, your pardon, good my lord ambassador: I found the tables of your arms and titles in every inn betwixt this and Olympus, where your present expedition is registered: your nine thousand nine hundred ninty ninth legation. I cannot reach the policy why your master breeds so few statesmen; it suits not with his dignity, that in the whole Empyræum there should not be a god fit to send on these honourable errands but yourself, who are not yet so careful of his honour or your own, as might become your quality, when you are itinerant. The hosts upon the high-way cry out with open mouth upon you, for supporting plafery in your train; which though, as you are the god of petty larceny, you might protect, yet you know it is directly against the new orders, and oppose the reformation in diameter.

Merc. Peace, railer, bridle your licentious tongue,
And let this presence teach you modesty.

Mom. Let it, if it can; in the mean time I will acquaint it with my condition. Know, gay people, that though your poets (who enjoy by patent a particular privilege to draw down any of the deities from Twelfth-night to Shrove-Tuesday, at what time there is annually a most familiar intercourse between the two courts) have as yet never invited me to these solemnities, yet it shall appear by my intrusion this night, that I am a very considerable person upon these occasions, and may most properly assist at such entertainments. My name is Momus ap-Somnus ap-Erabus ap-Chaos ap-Demorgorgon ap-Eternity. My offices and titles are, the supreme theomastix, hypercritic of manners, prothonotary of abuses, arch informer, dilator general, universal calumniator, eternal plaintiff, and perpetual foreman of the grand inquest. My privileges are an ubiquitary, circumambulatory, speculatory, interrogatory, redargutory immunity over all the privy lodgings; behind hangings, doors, curtains; through key-holes, chinks, windows; about all venereal lobbies, sconces, or redoubts, though it be to the surprise of a perdu[9] page or chambermaid; in, and at, all courts of civil and criminal judicature, all councils, consultations, and parliamentary assemblies, where though I am but a wool-sack god, and have no vote in the sanction of new laws, I have yet a prerogative of wresting the old to any whatsoever interpretation, whether it be to the behoof or prejudice of Jupiter, his crown, and dignity; for, or against, the rites of either house of patrician or plebeian gods. My natural qualities are to make Jove frown, Juno pout, Mars chafe, Venus blush, Vulcan glow, Saturn quake, Cynthia pale, Phœbus hide his face, and Mercury here take his heels. My recreations are witty mischiefs, as when Satan gelt his father; the smith caught his wife and her bravo in a net of cobweb iron; and Hebe, through the lubricity of the pavement tumbling over the halfspace, presented the emblem of the forked tree, and discovered to the tann'd Ethiops the snowy cliffs of Calabria, with the grotto of Puteolum. But that you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me, by the familiar illustration of a bird of mine own feather, old Peter Aretine, who reduc'd all the scepters and mitres of that age tributary to his wit, was my parallel, and Frank Rabelais suck'd much of my milk too; but your modern French hospital of oratory is a mere counterfeit, an arrant mountebank; for though, fearing no other fortunes than his sciatica, he discourses of kings and queens with as little reverence as of grooms and chambermaids, yet he wants their fangteeth and scorpion's tail; I mean that fellow, who, to add to his stature, thinks it a greater grace to dance on his tip-toes like a dog in a doublet, than to walk like other men on the soles of his feet.

Merc. No more impert'nent trifler; you disturb
The great affair with your rude scurrilous chat.
What doth the knowledge of your abject state
Concern Jove's solemn message?

Mom. Sir, by our favour, though you have a

[9] Lying in wait to watch any thing.

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more special commission of employment from Jupiter, and a larger entertainment from his exchequer; yet, as a freeborn god, I have the liberty to travel at mine own charges, without your pass or countenance legatine; and that it may appear, a sedulous, acute observer may know as much as a dull, phlegmatic ambassador, and wears a treble key to unlock the mysterious cyphers of your dark secrecies, I will discourse the politic state of Heaven to this trim audience.———

At this the scene changeth, and in the Heaven is discovered a sphere, with stars placed in their several images; borne up by a huge naked figure (only a piece of drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards; as if the great weight lying on his shoulders oppress him; upon his head a crown: by all which he might easily be known to be Atlas.

—You shall understand, that Jupiter, upon the inspection of I know not what virtuous precedents extant (as they say) here in this court, but, as I more probably guess, out of the consideration of the decay of his natural abilities, hath, before a frequent convocation of the superlunary peers, in a solemn oration recanted, disclaimed, and utterly renounced all the lacivious extravagancies and riotous enormities of his forepast licentious life, and taken his oath on Juno's breviary, religiously kissing the two-leav'd book, never to stretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous sheets; and hath with pathetical remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoined, a respective conformity in the several subordinate deities; and because the libertines of antiquity, the ribald poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their triumphs over chastity, to all future imitation, have in their immortal songs celebrated the martyrdom of those strumpets under the persecution of the wives, and devolved to posterity the pedigrees of their whores, bawds, and bastards: it is therefore by the authority aforesaid enacted, that this whole army of constellations be immediately disbanded and cashiered, so to remove all imputation of impiety from the celestial spirits, and all lustful influences upon terrestrial bodies, and consequently that there be an inquisition erected to expunge in the ancient, and suppress in the modern and succeeding poems and pamphlets, all past, present, and future mention of those abjur'd heresies, and to take particular notice of all ensuing incontinencies, and punish them in their high commission court. Am not I in election to be a tall statesman, think you, that can repeat a passage thus punctually?

Merc. I shun in vain the importunity
With which this snarler vexeth all the gods;
Jove cannot 'scape him: well, what else from Heaven?

Mom. Heaven! Heaven is no more the place it was; a cloyster of Carthusians, a monastery of converted gods; Jove is grown old and fearful, apprehends a subversion of his empire, and doubts lest Fate should introduce a legal succession in the legitimate heir, by repossessing the Titanian line; and hence springs all this innovation. We have had new orders read in the presence-chamber, by the vice president of Parnassus, too strict to be observed long. Monopolies are called in, sophistication of wares punished, and rates imposed on commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the nectar-brewers, for the purging of the heavenly beverage of a narcotic weed, which hath rendered the ideas confused in the divine intellects, and reducing it to the composition used in Saturn's reign. Edicts are made for the restoring of decayed housekeeping, prohibiting the repair of families to the metropolis; but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the females put on a more masculine resolution of soliciting businesses in their own persons, and leaving their husbands at home for stallions of hospitality. Bacchus hath commanded all taverns to be shut, and no liquor drawn after ten o'clock at night. Cupid must go no more so scandalously naked, but is enjoined to make him breeches, though of his mother's petticoats. Ganimede is forbidden the bed-chamber, and must only minister in public. The gods must keep no pages, nor grooms of their chamber, under the age of twenty-five, and those provided of a competent stock of beard. Pan may not pipe, nor Proteus juggle, but by especial permission. Vulcan was brought to an oretenus and fined, for driving in a plate of iron into one of the Sun's chariot-wheels, and frost-nailing his horses upon the fifth of November last, for breach of a penal statute, prohibiting work upon holidays, that being the annual celebration of the gygantomachy[10]. In brief, the whole state of the hierarchy suffers a total reformation, especially in the point of reciprocation of conjugal affection. Venus hath confest all her adulteries, and is receiv'd to grace by her husband, who, conscious of the great disparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allows those levities as an equal counterpoise; but it is the prettiest spectacle to see her stroaking with her ivory hand his collied cheeks, and with her snowy fingers combing his sooty beard. Jupiter too begins to learn to lead his own wife; I left him practising in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an universal obedience, where the lawgiver himself in his own person observes his decrees so punctually, who besides to eternize the memory of that great example of matrimonial union which he derives from hence, hath on his bed-chamber door and ceiling, fretted with stars, in capital letters, engraven the inscription of Carlo-Maria. This is as much, I am sure, as either your knowledge or instructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without state, formality, politic inferences, or suspected rhetorical elegancies, already delivered, you may now dexterously proceed to the second part of your charge, which is the raking of your heavenly sparks up in the embers, or reducing the etherial lights to their primitive opacity and gross, dark subsistence: they are all unriveted from the sphere, and hang loose in their sockets, where they but attend the waving of your caduce, and immediately they reinvest their pristine shapes, and appear before you in their own natural deformities.

[10] This alludes to the gunpowder plot; and was intended, with the preceding list of all the supposed regulations in heaven, to compliment Charles I. and his consort on their temperance, their chastity, their justice, &c.

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Merc. Momus, thou shalt prevail; for since thy
rusion hath inverted my resolves, [bold
ust obey necessity, and thus turn
face to breathe the thunderer's just decree
inst this adulterate sphere, which first I purge
loathsome monsters and misshapen forms:
rn from her azure concave, thus I charm
e Lernean Hydra, the rough unlick'd Bear:
e watchful Dragon, the storm-boding Whale,
e Centaur, the horn'd goatfish Capricorn,
e snake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar,
rested of your gorgeous starry robes,
l from the circling orb, and ere you suck
sh venom in, measure this happy Earth:
en to the fens, caves, forests, desarts, seas,
and resume your native qualities.

ey dance in those monstrous shapes, the first antimasque[11] *of natural deformity.*

Mom. Are not these fine companions, trim playlows for the deities? Yet these and their fellows ve made up all our conversation for some thouds of years. Do not you, fair ladies, acknowlge yourselves deeply engaged now to those poets, ur servants, that in the height of commendation ve rais'd your beauties to a parallel with such act proportions, or at least rank'd you in their ruce society? Hath not the consideration of ese inhabitants rather frighted your thoughts terly from the contemplation of the place? But w that these heavenly mansions are to be void, u that shall hereafter be found unlodged will come inexcusable; especially since virtue alone all be sufficient title, fine, and rent: yet if there a lady not competently stock'd that way, she all not on the instant utterly despair, if she carry sufficient pawn of handsomeness; for however e letter of the law runs, Jupiter, notwithstanding s age and present austerity, will never refuse to amp beauty, and make it current, with his own pression: but to such as are destitute of both can afford but small encouragement. Proceed, usin Mercury. What follows?

Merc. Look up, and mark where the bright zodiac
angs like a belt about the breast of Heaven;
n the right shoulder, like a flaming jewel,
is shell with nine rich topazes adorn'd,
ord of this tropic, sits the skalding Crab:
e, when the Sun gallops in full career
is annual race, his ghastly claws uprear'd,
rights at the confines of the torrid zone
he fiery team, and proudly stops their course,
laking a solstice; till the fierce steeds learn
is backward paces, and so retrograde,
ost down hill to th' opposed Capricorn.
hus I depose him from his lofty throne;
rop from the sky into the briny flood;
here teach thy motion to the ebbing sea;
ut let those fires, that beautify'd thy shell,
Take human shapes, and the disorder show
Of thy regressive paces here below.

The second antimasque is danced in retrograde paces, expressing obliquity in motion.

Mom. This crab, I confess, did ill become the Heavens; but there is another that more infests the Earth, and makes such a solstice in the politer arts and sciences, as they have not been observed for many ages to have made any sensible advance. Could you but lead the learned squadrons, with a masculine resolution, past this point of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankind, worthy the power of a god, and to be paid with altars; but that not being the work of this night, you may pursue your purposes. What now succeeds?

Merc. Vice, that, unbodied, in the appetite
Erects his throne, hath yet, in bestial shapes,
Branded by Nature with the character
And distinct stamp of some peculiar ill,
Mounted the sky, and fix'd his trophies there.
As fawning Flattery in the little dog;
I' th' bigger, churlish Murmur; Cowardice
I' th' timorous hare; Ambition in the eagle;
Rapine and Avarice in th' adventrous ship
That sail'd to Colchos for the golden fleece;
Drunken Distemper in the goblet flows;
I' th' dart and scorpion, biting Calumny;
In Hercules and the lion, furious Rage;
Vain Ostentation in Cassiope:
All these I to eternal exile doom,
But to this place their emblem'd vices summon,
Clad in those proper figures by which best
Their incorporeal nature is exprest.

The third antimasque is danced of these several vices, expressing their deviation from virtue.

Mom. From henceforth it shall be no more said in the proverb, when you would express a riotous assembly, that Hell, but Heaven, is broke loose. This was an arrant goal-delivery; all the prisons of your great cities could not have vomited more corrupt matter. But, cousin Cyllenius, in my judgment it is not safe, that these infectious persons should wander here to the hazard of this island: they threatened less danger when they were nail'd to the firmament. I should conceive it a very discreet course, since they are provided of a tall vessel of their own ready rigg'd, to embark them all together in that good ship called the Argo, and send them to the plantation in New-England, which hath purged more virulent humours from the politic body, than guiacum and all the West-Indian drugs have from the natural bodies of this kingdom. Can you devise how to dispose of them better?

Merc. They cannot breathe this pure and temperate air,
Where Virtue lives, but will with hasty flight,
'Mongst fogs and vapors, seek unsound abodes.
Fly after them from your usurped seats,
You foul remainders of that viperous brood:
Let not a star of a luxurious race
With his loose blaze stain the sky's crystal face,

[11] It is a mistake to suppose (as is generally done) that antimasque signifies a kind of half-entertainment, or prelude to the masque itself. The derivation of it is from antick and masque, and it means a dance of such strange and monstrous figures as have no relation to order, uniformity, or even probability.

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All the stars are quenched, and the sphere darkened.

Before the entry of every antimasque, the stars in those figures in the sphere which they were to represent, were extinct; so as by the end of the antimasque in the sphere no more stars were seen.

Mom. Here is a total eclipse of the eighth sphere, which neither Booker, Allestre, nor any of your prognosticators, no, nor their great master Tycho, were aware of; but yet in my opinion there were some innocent and some generous constellations, that might have been reserved for noble uses: as the scales and sword to adorn the statue of Justice, since she resides here on Earth only in picture and effigy. The eagle had been a fit present for the Germans, in regard their bird hath mew'd most of her feathers lately. The dolphin too had been most welcome to the French; and then had you but clapt Perseus on his Pegasus, brandishing his sword, the dragon yawning on his back under the horse's feet, with Python's dart through his throat, there had been a divine St. George for this nation: but since you have improvidently shuffled them all together, it rests only that we provide an immediate succession; and to that purpose I will instantly proclaim a free election.

O-yes! O-yes! O-yes!
By the father of the gods,
and the king of men.

Whereas we having observed a very commendable practice taken into frequent use by the princes of these latter ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprizes, sieges, battles, victories in picture, sculpture, tapestry, embroideries, and other manufactures, wherewith they have embellished their public palaces; and taken into our more distinct and serious consideration, the particular Christmas-hanging of the guard-chamber of this court, wherein the naval victory of 88 [12] is, to the eternal glory of this nation, exactly delineated; and whereas, we likewise, out of a prophetical imitation of this so laudable custom, did for many thousand years before, adorn and beautify the eighth room of our celestial mansion, commonly called the star-chamber, with the military adventures, stratagems, achievements, feats and defeats, performed in our own person, whilst yet our standard was erected, and we a combatant in the amorous warfare; it hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation and long debate, held first in our own inscrutable bosom, and afterwards communicated with our privy-council, seemed meet to our omnipotency, for causes to ourself best known, to furnish and dis-array our fore-said star-chamber of all those ancient constellations which have for so many ages been sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacent places such persons only as shall be qualified with exemplar virtue and eminent desert, there to shine in indelible characters of glory to all posterity; it is therefore our divine will and pleasure, voluntarily, and out of our own free and proper motion, mere grace, and special favour, by these presents to specify and declare to all our loving people, that it shall be lawful for any person whatsoever, that conceiveth him or herself to be really endued with any heroical virtue or transcendent merit, worthy so high a calling and dignity, to bring their several pleas and pretences before our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counseller, Dou Mercury, and good Momus, &c. our peculiar delegates for that affair, upon whôm we have transferr'd an absolute power to conclude, and determine, without appeal or revocation, accordingly as to their wisdoms it shall in such cases appear behoveful and expedient.

Given at our palace in Olympus, the first day of the first month, in the first year of the Reformation.

Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a bunch'd back, and attired in a robe of cloth of gold.

Merc. Who's this appears?

Mom. This is a subterranean fiend, Plutus, in this dialect term'd riches, or the god of gold; a poison hid by providence in the bottom of the sea and navel of the earth from man's discovery, where if the seeds begun to sprout above ground, the increscence was carefully guarded by dragons; yet, at last, by human curiosity brought to light, to their own destruction; this being the true Pandora's box, whence issued all those mischiefs that now ... the universe.

Plut. That I prevent the message of the gods
Thus with my haste, and not attend their summons,
Which ought in justice call me to the place
I now require of right, is not alone
To shew the just precedence that I hold
Before all earthly, next th' immortal powers,
But to exclude the hopes of partial grace
In all pretenders, who, since I descend
To equal trial, must, by my example,
Waving your favour, claim by sole desert.
If Virtue must inherit, she's my slave;
I lead her captive in a golden chain,
About the world: she takes her form and being
From my creation; and those barren seeds
That drop from Heaven, if I not cherish them
With my distilling dews and fotive [12] heat,
They know no vegetation; but, expos'd
To blasting winds of freezing poverty,
Or not shoot forth at all, or, budding, wither.
Should I proclaim the daily sacrifice
Brought to my temples by the toiling rout,
Not of the fat and gore of abject beasts,
But human sweat and blood pour'd on my altars,
I might provoke the envy of the gods.
Turn but your eyes and mark the busy world
Climbing steep mountains for the sparkling stones,
Piercing the center for the shining ore,
And th' ocean's bosom to take pearly sands;
Crossing the torrid and the frozen zones,
'Midst rocks and swallowing gulfs, for gainful trade;
And, through opposing swords, fire, murdering cannon,
Scaling the walled towns for precious spoils.

[12] The defeat of the famous Spanish Armada, which Philip sent against England, and which was completely ruined by queen Elizabeth's fleet, in 1588.

[12] Nourishing.

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'lant in the passage to your heavenly seats
'hese horrid dangers, and then see who dares
ldvance his desperate foot: yet am I sought,
ınd oft in vain, through these and greater hazards.
could discover how your deities
ıre for my sake slighted, despis'd, abus'd;
'our temples, shrines, altars, and images,
Incover'd, rifled, robb'd, and dis-array'd,
ly sacriligious hands: yet is this treasure
'o th' golden mountain, where I sit ador'd,
Vith superstitious solemn rites convey'd,
ınd becomes sacred there; the sordid wretch
lot daring touch the consecrated ore,
ır with prophane hands lessen the bright heap.
lut this might draw your anger down on mortals,
'or rend'ring me the homage due to you:
'et what is said may well express my power,
'oo great for Earth and only fit for Heaven.
low, for your pastime, view the naked root,
Vhich, in the dirty earth and base mould drown'd,
ends forth this precious plant and golden fruit.
'ou lusty swains, that to your grazing flocks
'ipe amorous roundelays; you toiling hinds,
'hat barb the fields, and to your merry teams
Vhistle your passions; and you mining moles,
'hat in the bowels of your mother Earth
Iwell, the eternal burthen of her womb;
'ease from your labours, when Wealth bids you play;
ing, dance, and keep a cheerful holiday.

'hey dance the fourth antimasque, consisting of country-people, music, and measures.

Merc. Plutus, the gods know and confess your
Vhich feeble Virtue seldom can resist, [power,
tronger than towers of brass or chastity:
ove knew you when he courted Danae,
ınd Cupid wears you on that arrow's head,
'hat still prevails. But the gods keep their throne
'o install Virtue, not her enemies: [felt;
'hey dread thy force, which ev'n themselves have
Vitness Mount Ida, where the martial maid[11]
ınd frowning Juno did to mortal eyes,
'aked, for gold, their sacred bodies show;
'herefore for ever be from Heaven banish'd.
ıut since with toil from undiscover'd worlds
'hou art brought hither, where thou first didst breathe
he thirst of empire into regal breasts,
ınd frightedst quiet Peace from her meek throne,
illing the world with tumult, blood, and war;
ollow the camps of the contentious Earth,
ınd be the conqu'ror's slave; but he that can
ır conquer thee, or give thee virtuous stamp,
hall shine in Heaven a pure immortal lamp.

Mom. Nay, stay, and take my benediction along
'ith you. I could, being here a co-judge, like
thers in my place, now that you are condemn'd,
ither rail at you, or break jests upon you. But
rather chuse to lose a word of good counsel, and
ıtreat you be more careful in your choice of com-
ıany; for you are always found either with misers
hat not use you at all, or with fools that know
ıot how to use you well. Be not hereafter so re-
erved and coy to men of worth and parts; so you
shall gain such credit, as at the next sessions you may be heard with better success. But till you are thus reformed, I pronounce this positive sentence, that wheresoever you shall chuse to abide, your society shall add no credit or reputation to the party, nor your discontinuance or total absence be matter of disparagement to any man; and whosoever shall hold a contrary estimation of you, shall be condemned to wear perpetual motley, unless he recant his opinion. Now you may void the court.

Penia enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of a hat upon her head, through which her hair started up like a Fury; her robe was of a dark colour, full of patches; about one of her hands was tied a chain of iron, to which was fastened a weighty stone, which she bore up under her arm.

Merc. What creature's this?

Mom. The antipodes to the other; they move like
Two buckets, or as two nails drive out one another.
If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Pov. I nothing doubt, great and immortal powers!
But that the place your wisdom hath deny'd
My foe, your justice will confer on me;
Since that which renders him incapable
Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend,
E'en in these rags, a larger sovereignty
Than gaudy Wealth in all his pomp can boast;
For mark how few they are that share the world:
The numerous armies, and the swarming ants
That fight and toil for them, are all my subjects;
They take my wages, wear my livery:
Invention too, and Wit, are both my creatures,
And the whole race of Virtue is my off-spring:
As many mischiefs issue from my womb,
And those as mighty as proceed from Gold.
Oft o'er his throne I wave my aweful sceptre,
And in the bowels of his state command,
When, 'midst his heaps of coin and hills of gold,
I pine and starve the avaritious fool.
But I decline those titles, and lay claim
To Heaven, by right of divine Contemplation;
She is my darling; I, in my soft lap,
Free from disturbing cares, bargains, accounts,
Leases, rents, stewards, and the fear of thieves,
That vex the rich, nurse her in calm repose,
And with her all the virtues speculative,
Which, but with me, find no secure retreat.
For entertainment of this hour, I'll call
A race of people to this place, that live
At Nature's charge, and not importune Heaven
To chain the winds up, or keep back the storms,
To stay the thunder, or forbid the hail
To thresh the unreap'd ear; but to all weathers,
The chilling frost and scalding sun, expose
Their equal face. Come forth, my swarthy train,
In this fair circle dance; and as you move,
Mark and foretell happy events of love.

They dance the fifth antimasque of gypsies.

Mom. I cannot but wonder that your perpetual conversation with poets and philosophers hath furnished you with no more logic, or that you should think to impose upon us so gross an inference, as because Plutus and you are contrary, therefore, whatsoever is denied of the one must be true of the

[11] Pallas. This alludes to the contest for beauty between Juno, Pallas, and Venus, which was decided by Paris in favour of the latter.

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other; as if it should follow of necessity, because he is not Jupiter, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better versed in cavils with the gods, than to swallow such a fallacy; for though you two cannot be together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both; and such is Heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive. Therefore let me advise you to marry yourself to Content, and beget sage apophthegms and goodly moral sentences in dispraise of Riches, and contempt of the world.

Merc. Thou dost presume too much, poor needy wretch,
To claim a station in the firmament,
Because thy humble cottage, or thy tub,
Nurses some lazy or pedantic virtue
In the cheap sun-shine, or by shady springs
With roots and pot-herbs, where thy right hand,
Tearing those human passions from the mind
Upon whose stocks fair blooming virtues flourish,
Degradeth nature, and benumbeth sense,
And, Gorgon-like, turns active men to stone.
We not require the dull society
Of your necessitated temperance,
Or that unnatural stupidity
That knows nor joy nor sorrow; nor your forc'd
Falsly exalted passive fortitude
Above the active: this low, abject brood,
That fix their seats in mediocrity,
Become your servile mind; but we advance
Such virtues only as admit excess,
Brave bounteous acts, regal magnificence,
All-seeing prudence, magnanimity
That knows no bound, and that heroic virtue
For which antiquity hath left no name,
But patterns only; such as Hercules,
Achilles, Theseus. Back to thy loath'd cell,
And when thou seest the new enlighten'd sphere,
Study to know but what those worthies were.

TYCHE *enters, her head bald behind, and one great lock before, wings at her shoulders, and in her hand a wheel, her upper parts naked, and the skirt of her garment wrought all over with crowns, sceptres, books, and such other things as express both her greatest and smallest gifts.*

Mom. See where dame Fortune comes; you may know her by her wheel, and that veil over her eyes, with which she hopes, like a seeled[14] pigeon, to mount above the clouds, and perch in the eighth sphere. Listen; she begins.

Fort. I come not here, you gods, to plead the right
By which antiquity assign'd my deity,
Though no peculiar station 'mongst the stars,
Yet general power to rule their influence,
Or boast the title of omnipotent,
Ascrib'd me then, by which I rival'd Jove,
Since you have cancell'd all those old records:
But confident in my good cause and merit,
Claim a succession in the vacant orb;
For since Astræa fled to Heaven, I sit
Her deputy on Earth; I hold her scales,
And weigh men's fates out, who have made me blind
Because themselves want eyes to see my causes;
Call me inconstant, 'cause my works surpass
The shallow fathom of their human reason:
Yet here, like blinded Justice, I dispense
With my impartial hands their constant lots,
And if desertless, impious men engross
My best rewards, the fault is yours, ye gods,
That scant your graces to mortality,
And, niggards of your good, scarce spare the world
One virtuous for a thousand wicked men.
It is no errour to confer a dignity,
But to bestow it on a vicious man;
I gave the dignity, but you made the vice.
Make you men good, and I'll make good men happy:
That Plutus is refus'd, dismays me not;
He is my drudge, and the external pomp
In which he decks the world proceeds from me,
Not him; like harmony, that not resides
In strings or notes, but in the hand and voice.
The revolutions of empires, states,
Scepters, and crowns, are but my game and sport;
Which as they hang on the events of war,
So those depend upon my turning wheel.
You warlike squadrons, who in battles join'd,
Dispute the right of kings, which I decide,
Present the model of that martial frame,
By which, when crowns are stak'd, I rule the game.

They dance the sixth antimasque, being the representation of a battle.

Mom. Madam, I should censure you, *pro falso clamore*, for preferring a scandalous cross-bill of recrimination against the gods, but your blindness shall excuse you. Alas! what would it advantage you, if virtue were as universal as vice is: it would only follow, that as the world now exclaims upon you for exalting the vicious, it would then rail as fast at you for depressing the virtuous; so they would still keep their tune, though you changed their ditty.

Merc. The mists, in which future events are wrapp'd,
That oft succeed beside the purposes
Of him that works, his dull eyes not discerning
The first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape
To his inquiring search; so in the dark
The groping world first found thy deity,
And gave thee rule over contingencies,
Which to the piercing eye of Providence,
Being fix'd and certain, where past, and to come
Are always present, thou dost disappear,
Losest thy being, and art not at all.
Be thou then only a deluding phantom,
At best a blind guide, leading blinder fools;
Who, would they but survey their mutual wants,
And help each other, there were left no room
For thy vain aid. Wisdom, whose strong-built plots
Leave nought to hazard, mocks thy futile power.
Industrious Labour drags thee by the locks,
Bound to his toiling car, and not attending
Till thou dispense, reaches his own reward:
Only the lazy sluggard yawning lies
Before thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,
And licks the easy hand that feeds his sloth;
The shallow, rash, and unadvised man
Makes thee his stale, disburdens all the follies
Of his mis-guided actions on thy shoulders.
Vanish from hence, and seek those ideots out
That thy fantastic godhead hath allow'd,
And rule that giddy superstitious crowd,

[14] Hooded. Term of falconry.

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EDONE. *Pleasure, a young woman with a smiling face, in a light lascivious habit, adorn'd with silver and gold, her temples crowned with a garland of roses, and over that a rainbow circling her head down to her shoulders.*

Merc. What wanton's this?
Mom. This is the sprightly lady, Hedone, a
erry gamester; the people call her Pleasure.
Pleas. The reasons, equal judges, here alledg'd
y the dismiss'd pretenders, all concur
o strengthen my just title to the sphere.
onour, or wealth, or the contempt of both,
ave in themselves no simple real good,
ut as they are the means to purchase pleasure,
he paths that lead to my delicious palace:
hey for my sake, I for mine own am priz'd.
eyond me nothing is. I am the goal,
he journey's end, to which the sweating world,
nd wearied nature tends. For this, the best
nd wisest sect of all philosophers
lade me the seat of supreme happiness:
nd though some more austere, upon my ruins,
id, to the prejudice of nature, raise
ome petty low-built virtues, 't was because
hey wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch.
ad they been princes born, themselves had prov'd
f all mankind the most luxurious:
or those delights, which to their low condition
Vere obvious, they with greedy appetite
uck'd and devour'd: from offices of state,
rom cares of family, children, wife, hopes, fears,
etir'd, the churlish Cynic, in his tub,
njoy'd those pleasures which his tongue defam'd.
'or am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods:
ly necessary offices preserve
ach single man, and propagate the kind.
'hen am I universal as the light,
r common air we breathe; and since I am
he general desire of all mankind,
ivil felicity must reside in me.
ell me what rate my choicest pleasures bear,
Vhen, for the short delight of a poor draught
f cheap cold water, great Lysimachus
ender'd himself slave to the Scythians.
hould I the curious structure of my seats,
he art and beauty of my several objects,
ehearse at large, your bounties would reserve
or every sense a proper constellation;
ut I present the persons to your eyes.
Come forth, my subtle organs of delight,
Vith changing figures please the curious eye,
nd charm the ear with moving harmony.

They dance the seventh antimasque of the five senses

Merc. Bewitching Syren! gilded rottenness!
'hou hast with cunning artifice display'd
h' enamel'd out-side, and the honied verge
f the fair cup where deadly poison lurks.
Vithin, a thousand sorrows dance the round;
nd, like a shell, pain circles thee without.
rief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Vhich, as thy joys 'gin towards their west decline,
oth to a giant's spreading form extend
hy dwarfish stature. Thou thyself art pain,
reedy intense desire; and the keen edge
f thy fierce appetite oft strangles thee,
nd cuts thy slender thread; but still the terrour,
And apprehension of thy hasty end
Mingles with gall thy most refined sweets;
Yet thy Circean charms transform the world.
Captains that have resisted war and death,
Nations that over Fortune have triumph'd,
Are by thy magic made effeminate:
Empires, that knew no limits but the poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away:
Thou wert the author of the first excess
That drew this reformation on the gods. [Heaven
Canst thou then dream, those powers, that from
Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone the cause?
To thy voluptuous den fly, witch, from hence;
There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

Mom. I concur, and am grown so weary of these tedious pleadings, as I 'll pack up too and be gone. Besides, I see a crowd of other suitors pressing hither; I 'll stop 'em, take their petitions, and prefer 'em above; and as I came in bluntly without knocking, and nobody bid me welcome, so I 'll depart as abruptly without taking leave, and bid nobody farewell.

MERC. These, with forc'd reasons, and strain'd arguments,
Urge vain pretences, whilst your actions plead,
And, with a silent importunity,
Awake the drowsy justice of the gods,
To crown your deeds with immortality.
The growing titles of your ancestors,
These nations' glorious acts, join'd to the stock
Of your own royal virtues, and the clear
Reflex they take from th' imitation
Of your fam'd court, make Honour's story full,
And have to that secure, fix'd state advanc'd
Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
Wading through streams of blood, sweats to aspire.
Those ancient worthies of these famous isles,
That long have slept in fresh and lively shapes,
Shall straight appear, where you shall see yourself
Circled with modern heroes, who shall be,
In act, whatever elder times can boast,
Noble, or great; as they in prophecy
Were all but what you are. Then shall you see
The sacred hand of bright Eternity
Mould you to stars, and fix you in the sphere.
To you your royal half, to them she 'll join
Such of this train, as, with industrious steps,
In the fair prints your virtuous feet have made,
Though with unequal paces, follow you.
This is decreed by Jove, which my return
Shall see perform'd; but first behold the rude
And old abiders here, and in them view
The point from which your full perfections grew.
You naked, antient, wild inhabitants,
That breath'd this air, and press'd this flow'ry earth,
Come from those shades where dwells eternal night,
And see what wonders time hath brought to light.

Atlas and the sphere vanished; and a new scene appears of mountains, whose eminent height exceeds the clouds which passed beneath them; the lower parts were wild and woody. Out of this place comes forth a more grave antimasque of Picts the natural inhabitants of this isle, ancient Scotch and Irish; these dance a Pyrrhick, or martial dance.

When this antimasque was past, there began to arise out of the earth the top of a hill, which by little and little grew to be a huge mountain that co-

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vered all the scene. The under part of this was wild and craggy, and above somewhat more pleasant and flourishing. About the middle part of this mountain were seated the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland; all richly attired in regal habits, appropriated to the several nations, with crowns on their heads, and each of them bearing the ancient arms of the kingdoms they there presented. At a distance, above these, sate a young man in a white embroidered robe, upon his fair hair an olive garland, with wings at his shoulders, and holding in his hand a cornucopia filled with corn and fruits, representing the the Genius of these kingdoms.

THE FIRST SONG.

GENIUS.

Raise from these rocky cliffs your heads,
Brave sons, and see where Glory spreads
Her glittering wings; where Majesty,
Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots from her eye
Diffusive joy; where Good and Fair
United sit in Honour's chair.
Call forth your aged priests and crystal streams,
T'owarm their hearts and waves in these bright beams.

KINGDOMS.

1. From your consecrated woods,
Holy Druids. 2. Silver Floods,
From your channels fring'd with flowers,
3. Hither move; forsake your bowers,
1. Strew'd with hallowed oaken leaves,
Deck'd with flags and sedgy sheaves,
And behold a wonder. 3. Say,
What do your duller eyes survey?

CHORUS OF DRUIDS AND RIVERS.

We see at once in dead of night
A sun appear, and yet a bright
Noon-day springing from star-light.

GENIUS.

Look up, and see the darken'd sphere
Depriv'd of light; her eyes shine there.

CHORUS.

These are more sparkling than those were.

KINGDOMS.

1. These shed a nobler influence;
2. These by a pure intelligence
Of more transcendent virtue move;
3. These first feel, then kindle love;
1. 2. From the bosoms they inspire,
These receive a mutual fire;
1. 2. 3. And where their flames impure return,
These can quench as well as burn.

GENIUS.

Here the fair victorious eyes
Make Worth only Beauty's prize;
Here the hand of Virtue ties
'Bout the heart Love's amorous chain,
Captives triumph, vassals reign;
And none live here but the slain.
These are th' Hesperian bow'rs, whose fair trees bear
Rich golden fruit, and yet no dragon near.

GENIUS.

Then, from your impris'ning womb,
Which is the cradle and the tomb
Of British worthies, (fair sons!) send
A troop of heroes, that may lend
Their hands to ease this loaden grove,
And gather the ripe fruits of love.

KINGDOMS.

Open thy stony entrails wide,
And break old Atlas, that the pride
Of three fam'd kingdoms may be spy'd.

CHORUS.

Pace forth, thou mighty British Hercules,
With thy choice band! for only thou and these
May revel here in Love's Hesperides.

At this the under part of the rock opens, and out of a cave are seen to come the masquers richly attired like ancient heroes; the colours yellow, embroidered with silver; their antique helmets curiously wrought, and great plumes on the top; before them a troop of young lords and noblemen's sons, bearing torches of virgin wax: these were apparelled, after the old British fashion, in white coats, embroidered with silver, girt, and full gathered, cut square-collar'd, and round caps on their heads, with a white feathered wreathen about them. First, these dance with their lights in their hands: after which, the masquers descend into the room, and dance their entry.

The dance being past, there appears in the further part of the Heaven, coming down, a pleasant cloud, bright and transparent, which, coming softly downwards before the upper part of the mountain, embraceth the Genius, but so, as through it all his body is seen; and then, rising again with a gentle motion, bears up the Genius of the three kingdoms, and, being past the airy region, pierceth the Heavens, and is no more seen. At that instant the rock with the three kingdoms on it sinks, and is hidden in the earth. This strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration; but especially how so huge a machine, and of that great height, could come from under the stage, which was but six feet high.

THE SECOND SONG.

KINGDOMS.

1. Here are shapes form'd fit for Heaven;
2. Those move gracefully and even.
3. Here the air and paces meet
So just, as if the skilful feet
Had struck the viols. 1. 2. 3. So the ear
Might the tuneful footing hear.

CHORUS.

And had the music silent been,
The eye a moving time had seen.

GENIUS.

These must in th' unpeopled sky
Succeed, and govern Destiny.
Jove is temp'ring purer fire,
And will with brighter flames attire
These glorious lights. I must ascend,
And help the work.

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KINGDOMS.

1. We cannot lend
Heaven so much treasure. 2. Nor that pay,
But rend'ring what it takes away.
Why should they that here can move
So well, be ever fix'd above?

CHORUS.

Or be to one eternal posture ty'd,
That can into such various figures slide?

GENIUS.

Jove shall not, to enrich the sky,
Beggar the Earth; their fame shall fly
From hence alone, and in the sphere
Kindle new stars, whilst they rest here.

KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. How can the shaft stay in the quiver,
Yet hit the mark?

GENIUS.

Did not the river,
Eridanus, the grace acquire
In Heaven and Earth to flow,
Above in streams of golden fire,
In silver waves below?

KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. But shall not we, now thou art gone,
Who wert our nature, wither?
Or break that triple union
Which thy soul held together?

GENIUS.

In Concord's pure, immortal spring
I will my force renew,
And a more active virtue bring
At my return. Adieu!

KINGDOMS. Adieu! CHORUS. Adieu!

The masquers dance their main dance, which done, the scene again is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, clean differing from all the other, the nearest part showing a delicious garden with several walks, and parterres set round with low trees, and on the sides, against these walks, were fountains and grotts, and in the furthest part a palace, from whence went high walks upon arches, and above them open terraces planted with cypress trees; and all this together was composed of such ornaments as might express a princely villa.

From hence the Chorus descending into the room, goes up to the state.

THE THIRD SONG.

BY THE CHORUS, GOING UP TO THE QUEEN.

Whilst thus the darlings of the gods,
From Honour's temple to the shrine
Of Beauty, and these sweet abodes
Of Love, we guide; let thy divine
Aspects, bright deity, with fair
And halcyon beams becalm the air.

We bring prince Arthur, or the brave
St. George himself, great queen, to you;
You 'll soon discern him: and we have
A Guy, a Beavis, or some true
Round-table knight, as ever fought
For lady, to each beauty brought.

Plant in their martial hands, War's seat,
Your peaceful pledges of warm snow,
And, if a speaking touch, repeat
In Love's known language tales of woe;
Say in soft whispers of the palm,
As eyes shoot darts, so lips shed balm.

For though you seem, like captives, led
In triumph by the foe away,
Yet on the conqu'ror's neck you tread,
And the fierce victor proves your prey.
What heart is then secure from you,
That can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue?

[*The song done they retire, and the masquers dance the revels with the ladies, which continued a great part of the night.*

The revels being past, and the king's majesty seated under the state by the queen; for conclusion to this masque there appears coming forth from one of the sides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great cloud, which, arriving at the middle Heaven, stayeth; this was of several colours, and so great, that it covered the whole scene; out of the further part of the Heaven began to break forth two other clouds, differing in colour and shape; and being fully discovered, there appeared sitting in one of them, Religion, Truth, and Wisdom. Religion was apparelled in white, and part of her face was covered with a light-veil; in one hand a book, and in the other a flame of fire. Truth in a watchet robe, a sun upon her forehead, and bearing in her hand a palm. Wisdom in a mantle wrought with eyes and hands, golden rays about her head, and Apollo's cithara in her hand. In the other cloud sat Concord, Government and Reputation. The habit of Concord was carnation, bearing in her hand a little faggot of sticks bound together, and on the top of it a hart, and a garland of corn on her head: Government was figured in a coat of armour bearing a shield, and on it a Medusa's head; upon her head a plumed helm, and in her right hand a lance. Reputation, a young man in a purple robe wrought with gold, and wearing a laurel on his head. These being come down in an equal distance to the middle part of the air, the great cloud began to break open, out of which broke beams of light; in the midst, suspended in the air, sat Eternity on a globe; his garment was long, of a light blue, wrought all over with stars of gold, and bearing in his hand a serpent bent into a circle, with his tail in his mouth. In the firmament about him was a troop of fifteen stars, expressing the stellifying of our British heroes; but one more great and eminent than the rest, which was over his head, figured his majesty; and in the lower part a-far off was seen the prospect of Windsor-Castle, the famous seat of the most honourable order of the garter.

THE FOURTH SONG.

ETERNITY, EUSEBIA, ALETHIA, SOPHIA, HOMONOIA, DICÆARCHE, EUPHEMIA.

ETERNITY.

Be fix'd, you rapid orbs, that bear
The changing seasons of the year
On your swift wings, and see the old
Decrepid spheres grown dark and cold;

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Nor did Jove quench her fires; these bright
Flames have eclipse'd her sullen light:
This royal pair, for whom Fate will
Make motion cease, and time stand still:
Since good is here so perfect, as no worth
Is left for after-ages to bring forth.

EUSEBIA.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeal the gods adore.

ALETHIA.

My truths from human eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.

SOPHIA.

Nor do their actions from the guide
Of my exactest precepts slide.

HOMONOIA.

And as their own pure souls entwin'd,
So are their subjects' hearts combin'd.

DICHARCHE.

So just, so gentle is their sway,
As it seems empire to obey.

EUPHEMIA.

And their fair fame, like incense hurl'd
On altars, hath perfum'd the world.

SOP. Wisdom, AL. Truth, EUS. Pure adoration,
HOM. Concord, DIC. Rule, EUP. Clear reputation,

CHORUS.

Crown this king, this queen, this nation.

CHORUS.

Wisdom, truth, &c.

ETERNITY.

Brave spirits, whose advent'rous feet
Have to the mountain's top aspir'd,
Where fair Desert and Honour meet:
Here, from the toiling press retir'd,
Secure from all disturbing evil,
For ever in my temple revel.

With wreaths of stars circled about,
Gild all the spacious firmament,
And smiling on the panting rout
That labour in the steep ascent,
With your resistless influence guide
Of human change th' uncertain tide,

EUS. AL. SOP.

But oh, you royal turtles, shed,
Where you from earth remove,
On the ripe fruits of your chaste bed,
Those sacred seeds of love.

CHORUS.

Which no power can but yours dispense,
Since you the pattern bear from hence.

HOM. DIC. EUP.

Then from your fruitful race shall flow
Endless succession.
Scepters shall bud, and laurels blow
'Bout their immortal throne.

CHORUS.

Propitious stars shall crown each birth,
Whilst you rule them, and they the earth.

The song ended, the two clouds with the persons sitting on them ascend: the great cloud closeth again, and so passeth away overthwart the scene; leaving behind it nothing but a serene sky. After which the masquers dance their last dance, and the curtain was let fall.

THE NAMES OF THE MASQUERS.

THE KING'S MAJESTY.

Duke of Lenox,	Lord Fielding.
Earl of Devonshire,	Lord Digby.
Earl of Holland,	Lord Dungarvin.
Earl of Newport,	Lord Dunluce.
Earl of Elgin,	Lord Wharton.
Viscount Grandison,	Lord Paget.
Lord Rich,	Lord Saltine.

THE NAMES OF THE YOUNG LORDS AND NOBLEMEN'S SONS.

Lord Walden,	Mr. Thomas Howard.
Lord Cranborn,	Mr. Thomas Egerton.
Lord Brackley,	Mr. Charles Cavendish.
Lord Shadnos,	Mr. Robert Howard.
Mr. Wil. Herbert,	Mr. Henry Spencer.

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THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

of Hawthornden.

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THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM DRUMMOND,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS elegant and ingenious poet, a descendant of the ancient family of the Drummonds of Carnock, and the son of sir John Drummond of Hawthornden, was born, probably at Hawthornden, his father's seat in Scotland, on the thirteenth of December, 1585. He received his school education at Edinburgh, and afterwards studied at the university of that city, where he took the degree of master of arts. At the age of twenty-one he went to France, in compliance with his father's views, and attended lectures on the civil law, a subject on which he left sufficient documents to prove that his judgment and proficency were uncommon. The president Lockhart, to whom these manuscripts were communicated, declared, that if Mr. Drummond had followed the practice of the law, "he might have made the best figure of any lawyer in his time."

After a residence abroad of nearly four years, he returned to Scotland in 1610, in which year his father died. Instead, however, of prosecuting the study of the law as was expected, he thought himself sufficiently rich in the possession of his paternal estate, and devoted his time to the perusal of the ancient classics, and the cultivation of his poetical genius. Whether he had composed or communicated any pieces to his friends before this period, is uncertain. It was after a recovery from a dangerous illness that he wrote a prose rhapsody, entitled Cypress Grove, and about the same time his Flowers of Zion, or Spiritual Poems, which with the Cypress Grove were printed at Edinburgh in 1623, 4to. A part of his Sonnets, it is said, were published as early as 1616.

During his residence at Hawthornden, he courted a young lady of the name of Cunningham, with whom he was about to have been united when she was snatched from him by a violent fever. To dissipate his grief, which every object and every thought in this retirement contributed to revive, he travelled on the continent for about eight years, visiting Germany, France and Italy, which at that time comprised all that was interesting in polished society and study to a man of curiosity and taste. During this time he invigorated his memory and imagination, by studying the various models of original poetry, and collected a valuable set of Greek and Latin authors, with some of which he enriched the college library of Edinburgh, and others were reposited at Hawthornden. The books and manuscripts which he gave to Edinburgh were arranged in a catalogue printed in 1627.

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and introduced by a Latin preface from his pen, on the advantage and honour of libraries, which at that time were considered rather as accidental collections than necessary institutions.

On his return to Scotland he found the nation distracted by political and religious disputes which combined with the same causes in England to bring on a civil war. But why these should oblige him, immediately on his return, to quit his paternal seat, we know not. The author of his life, prefixed to the folio edition of his works in 1711, merely informs us, that having found his native country in a state of anarchy and confusion, he retired to the seat of his brother-in-law, sir John Scot of Scotstarvet, a man of letters, and probably of congenial sentiments on public affairs. During his stay with this gentleman he wrote his History of the Five James's, Kings of Scotland, a work so inconsistent with liberal notions of civil policy as to have added very little to his reputation, although when first published, a few years after his death, and when political opinions ran in extremes, it was probably not without its admirers.

It is uncertain at what time he was enabled to enjoy his retirement at Hawthornden, but it appears that he was there in his forty-fifth year when he married Elizabeth Logan, (grand-daughter of sir Robert Logan, of the house of Restelrig,) in whom he fancied a resemblance to his first mistress. About two years before this event, he repaired his house, and placed the following inscription on it, *Divino munere Gulielmus Drummondus ab Hawthornden, Ioannis Equiti aurati filius, ut honesto otio quiesceret, sibi et successoribus instauravit.* 1638.

During the civil war his attachment to the king and church induced him to write many pieces in support of the establishment, which involved him with the revolutionary party, who not only called him to a severe account, but compelled him to furnish his quota of men and arms to fight against the cause which he espoused. It is said that "his estate lying in three different counties, he had not occasion to send one whole man, but halves and quarters and such-like fractions; upon which he wrote *extempore* the following verses to his majesty;

Of all these forces raised against the king,
'T is my strange hap not one whole man to bring,
From divers parishes, yet divers men,
But all in halfs and quarters; great king, then,
In halfs and quarters if they come 'gainst thee,
In halfs and quarters send them back to me,

Or,

In legs and arms, send thou them back to me.

His grief for the murder of his royal master is said to have been so great as to shorten his days. He died on the 4th of December 1649, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and was interred in his own aisle, in the church of Lesswade, near to his house of Hawthornden. He left two sons and a daughter, William who was knighted in Charles IId's reign; Robert; and Elizabeth, who was married to Dr. Henderson, a physician of Edinburgh.

His character has descended to us without blemish. Unambitious of riches or honours, he appears to have projected the life of a retired scholar, from which he was diverted only by the commotions that robbed his country of its tranquillity. He was highly accomplished in ancient and modern languages, and in the amusements which became a man of his rank. Among his intimate friends, and learned contemporaries, he seems to have

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been mostly connected with the earl of Stirling, and the celebrated English poets, Drayton and Ben Jonson. The latter, as already noticed in his life, paid him a visit at Hawthornden, and communicated to him without reserve, many particulars of his life and opinions, which Drummond committed to writing, with a sketch of Jonson's character and habits which has not been thought very liberal. This charge of illiberality, however, is considerably lessened when we reflect that Drummond appears to have had no intention of publishing what he had collected from Jonson, and that the manuscript did not appear until many years after he was beyond all censure or praise.

An edition of Drummond's poems was printed at London, 1656 octavo, with a preface by Phillips, which is here retained. The Edinburgh edition in folio, 1711, includes the whole of his works both in verse and prose, his poetical papers, familiar letters and the History of the Jameses; with an account of his life which, however unsatisfactory, is all that can now be relied on[1]. A recent edition of his poems was printed at London in 1791, but somewhat differently arranged from that of 1656. A more correct arrangement is still wanting, if his numerous admirers shall succeed in procuring that attention of which he has been hitherto deprived.

As a poet he ranks among the first reformers of versification, and in elegance, harmony, and delicacy of feeling is so superior to his contemporaries that the neglect with which he has been treated would appear unaccountable, if we did not consider that it is but of late the public attention has been drawn to the more ancient English poets. Mr. Headly, however, Mr. Neve the ingenious author of Cursory Remarks on some of the ancient English poets, Dr. Warton, Mr. Pinkerton, Mr. Park and other critics of unquestionable taste have lately expatiated on his merit with so much zeal and ability, that he is no longer in danger of being overlooked, unless by those superficial readers who are content with what is new and fashionable, and profess to be amateurs of an art of which they know neither the history nor the principles.

"He inherited," says his last encomiast, "a native poetic genius, but vitiated by the false taste which prevailed in his age,—a fondness for the conceits of the Italian poets, Petrarch and Marino, and their imitators among the French, Ronsard, Bellai, and Du Bartas. Yet many of his sonnets contain simple and natural thoughts clothed in great beauty of expression. His poem entitled Forth Feasting, which attracted the envy as well as the praise of Ben Jonson, is superior, in harmony of numbers, to any of the compositions of the contemporary poets of England; and is, in its subject, one of the most elegant panegyrics that ever were addressed by a poet to a prince. In prose writing, the merits of Drummond are as unequal as they are in poetry. When an imitator, he is harsh, turgid, affected and unnatural; as in his History of the Five Jameses, which, though judicious in the arrangment of the matter, and abounding in excellent political and moral sentiments, is barbarous and uncouth in its style, from an affectation of imitating partly the manner of Livy, and partly that of Tacitus. Thus, there is a perpetual departure from ordinary construction, and frequently a violation of the English idiom. In others of his prose compositions, where he followed his own taste, as in the Irene and Cypress-Grove, and particularly in the former, there is a remarkable purity and ease of expression, and often a very high tone of eloquence. The Irene, written in 1638, is a persuasive to civil union, and the accommodation of those fatal differences between the king

[1] Mr. G. Chalmers is of opinion that the learned Ruddiman assisted in preparing this edition. Chalmers's Life of Ruddiman, p. 53. C.

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and the people, then verging to a crisis: it is a model of a popular address; and allowing for its pushing too far the doctrine of passive obedience, bears equal evidence of the political sagacity, copious historical information, and great moral worth and benevolence of its author." As the neglect of one age is sometimes repaid by the extravagant commendations of another, perhaps this temperate, judicious and elegant character of Drummond copied from Lord Woodhouselee's Life of Kaimes, will be found more consistent with the spirit of true criticism than some of those empassioned sketches in which judgment has less share.

There is one poem, now added to his other works, of a very different kind. It is entitled Polemo-Middinia, or the Battle of the Dunghill, a rare example of burlesque, and the first macaronic poem by a native of Great Britain. A copy of it was published by bishop Gibson, when a young man, at Oxford in 1691, 4to. with Latin notes[2]; but the text, probably from Mr. Gibson's being unacquainted with the Scotch language, is less correct than that of any copy that has fallen in the way of the present editor, who has therefore preferred the elegant edition printed by Messrs. Foulis of Glasgow in 1768. The humour of this piece is so remote from the characteristics of his polished mind and serious muse, that it may be regarded as a very singular curiosity. It appears to me to be the fragment of a larger poem which the author wrote for the amusement of his friends, but was not anxious to preserve. Mr. Gilchrist conjectures that it was written when Drummond was on a visit to his brother-in-law at Scotstarvet, and that it alludes to some rustic dispute well known at the time.

[2] See a curious paper on this edition, by Mr. Gilchrist, in the Censura Literaria, vol. iii. p. 359. C

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PHILLIPS'S PREFACE

TO THE

EDITION OF 1656.

TO THE READER.

INGENIOUS READER,

) say that these poems are the effects of a genius, the most polite and verdant that ever the Scottish tion produced, although it be a commendation not to be rejected, (for it is well known, that that ntry hath afforded many rare and admirable wits) yet it is not the highest that may be given him; should I affirm that neither Tasso, nor Guarini, nor any of the most neat and refined spirits of Italy, r even the choicest of our English poets, can challenge to themselves any advantages above him, it ld not be judged any attribute superiour to what he deserves; nor shall I thinke it any arrogance maintain, that among all the severall fancies, that in these times have exercised the most nice and ious judgements, there hath not come forth any thing that deserves to be welcomed into the world h greater estimation and applause: and though he hath not had the fortune to be so generally ed abroad, as many others, perhaps, of lesse esteeme, yet this is a consideration that cannot at all inish, but rather advance his credit; for by breaking forth of obscurity he will attract the higher niration, and, like the Sun emerging from a cloud, appeare at length with so much the more forcible es. Had there been nothing extant of him but his History of Scotland, consider but the language, v florid and ornate it is; consider the order, and the prudent conduct of his story, and you will ke him in the number of the best writers, and compare him even with Thuanus himselfe. Neither e lesse happy in his verse than prose: for here are all those graces met together that conduce any ig toward the making up of a compleat and perfect poet, a decent and becomming majesty, a brave admirable height, and a wit so flowing, that Jove himselfe never dranke nectar that sparkled h a more spritly lustre. Should I dwell any longer (ingenuous reader) upon the commendation of incomparable author, I should injure thee, by forestalling the freedome of thy owne judgement, him, by attempting a vain designe, since there is nothing can so well set him forth as his own ks; besides the losse of time, which is but trifled away so long as thou art detained from perusing poems themselves.

E. PHILLIPS.

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POEMS

OF

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

THE FIRST PART.

SONNETS.

I. SONNET.

IN my first prime, when childish humours fed
My wanton wit, ere I did know the bliss
Lies in a loving eye, or amorous kiss,
Or with what sighs a lover warms his bed;
By the sweet Thespian sisters' errour led,
I had more mind to read, than lov'd to write,
And so to praise a perfect red and white;
But (God wot) knew not what was in my head.
Love smil'd to see me take so great delight,
To turn those antiques of the age of gold,
And that I might more mysteries behold,
He set so fair a volume to my sight,
That I Ephemerides laid aside,
Glad on this blushing book my death to read.

II. SONNET.

I KNOW that all beneath the Moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In time's great periods shall return to nought;
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite, which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few, or none are sought;
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty's like the purple flow'r,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords;
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under reason's power:
Know what I list, this all cannot me move,
But that, alas, I both must write and love.

III. SONNET.

YE who so curiously do paint your thoughts,
Enlight'ning ev'ry line in such a guise,
That they seem rather to have fall'n from skies,
Than of a human hand by mortal draughts:
In one part Sorrow so tormented lies,
As if his life at every sigh would part;
Love here blindfolded stands with bow and dart,
There Hope looks pale, Despair with flaming eyes:
Of my rude pencil look not for such art,
My wit I find too little to devise
So high conceptions to express my smart;
And some say love is feign'd that's too too wise.
These troubled words and lines confus'd you find
Are like unto their model, my sick mind.

IV. SONNET.

AH me, and I am now the man whose Muse
In happier times was wont to laugh at Love,
And those who suffer'd that blind boy's abuse,
The noble gifts were given them from above.
What metamarphose strange is this I prove?
Myself now scarce I find myself to be,
And think no fable Circe's tyranny,
And all the tales are told of changed Jove:
Virtue hath taught with her philosophy
My mind unto a better course to move:
Reason may chide her full, and oft reprove
Affection's power; but what is that to me,
Who ever think, and never think on aught
But that bright cherubin which thralls my thought?

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V. SONNET.

How that vast Heaven entitled First is roll'd,
If any glancing towers beyond it be,
And people living in eternity,
Or essence pure that doth this all uphold:
What motion have those fixed sparks of gold,
The wand'ring carbuncles which shine from high,
By sprites, or bodies cross-ways in the sky,
If they be turn'd, and mortal things behold:
How Sun posts heaven about, how night's pale queen
With borrow'd beams looks on this hanging round;
What cause fair Iris hath, and monsters seen
In air's large fields of light and seas profound,
Did hold my wand'ring thoughts; when thy sweet
Bade me leave all, and only think on thee. [eye.

VI. SONNET.

Fair is my yoke, though grievous be my pains,
Sweet are my wounds, although they deeply smart,
My bit is gold, though shorten'd be the reins,
My bondage brave, though I may not depart;
Although I burn, the fire which doth impart
Those flames, so sweet reviving force contains,
That, like Arabia's bird, my wasted heart,
Made quick by death, more lively still remains.
I joy, though oft my waking eyes spend tears,
I never want delight, even when I groan,
Best 'companied when most I am alone,
A Heaven of hopes I have midst Hells of fears:
Thus every way contentment strange I find
But most in her rare beauty, my rare mind.

VII. SONNET.

Vaunt not, fair Heavens, of your two glorious lights,
Which though most bright, yet see not when they
And shining, cannot show their beams divine [shine,
Both in one place, but part by days and nights,
Earth, vaunt not of those treasures ye enshrine,
Held only dear, because hid from our sights,
Your pure and burnish'd gold, your diamonds fine,
Snow-passing ivory that the eye delights.
Nor seas, of those dear wares are in you found
Vaunt not, rich pearl, red coral, which do stir
A fond desire in fools to plunge your ground;
These all more fair are to be had in her:
Pearl, ivory, coral, diamond, suns, gold,
Teeth, neck, lips, heart, eyes, hair are to behold.

VIII. SONNET.

When Nature now had wonderfully wrought
All Auristella's parts, except her eyes,
To make those twins two lamps in beauty's skies,
She counsel of her starry senate sought.
Mars and Apollo first did her advise,
To wrap in colour black those comets bright,
That Love him so might soberly disguise,
And unperceived wound at every sight.
Chaste Phœbe spake for purest azure dyes;
But Jove and Venus green about the light,
To frame thought best, as bringing most delight,
That to pin'd hearts hope might for aye arise:
Nature, all said, a paradise of green [seen.
There plac'd to make all love which have them

IX. SONNET.

Now while the Night her sable veil hath spread,
And silently her resty coach doth roll,
Rousing with her from Thetis' azure bed,
Those starry nymphs which dance about the pole;
While Cynthia, in purest cypress clad,
The Latmian shepherd in a trance descries,
And looking pale from height of all the skies,
She dyes her beauties in a blushing red;
While sleep, in triumph, closed hath all eyes,
And birds and beasts a silence sweet do keep,
And Porteus' monstrous people in the deep,
The winds and waves, hush'd up, to rest entice;
I wake, I turn, I weep oppress'd with pain,
Perplex'd in the meanders of my brain.

X. SONNET.

Sleep, silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd;
Lo, by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumb'ring, with forgetfulness possess'd,
And yet o're me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light, which thou art wont to show,
With feigned solace ease a true felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the image of my death.

XI. SONNET.

Fair Moon, who with thy cold and silver shine
Mak'st sweet the horror of the dreadful night,
Delighting the weak eye with smiles divine,
Which Phœbus dazzles with his too much light;
Bright queen of the First Heaven, if in thy shrine
By turning oft, and Heaven's eternal might,
Thou hadst not yet that once sweet fire of thine,
Endemion, forgot, and lovers' plight:
If cause like thine may pity breed in thee,
And pity somewhat else to it obtain,
Since thou hast power of dreams as well as he
That holds the golden rod and moral chain;
Now while she sleeps, in doleful guise her show
These tears, and the black map of all my woe.

XII. SONNET.

Lamp of Heaven's crystal hall that brings the hours,
Eye-dazzler, who makes the ugly night
At thy approach fly to her slumb'ry bowers,
And fills the world with wonder and delight;
Life of all lives, death-giver by thy flight
To the south pole from these six signs of ours,
Goldsmith of all the stars, with silver bright
Who Moon enamels, Apelles of the flowers:
Ah from those wat'ry plains thy golden head
Raise up, and bring the so long ling'ring morn;
A grave, nay Hell, I find become this bed,
This bed so grievously where I am torn:
But wo is me though thou now brought the day,
Day shall but serve more sorrows to display.

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XV. SONNET.

'HAT learned Grecian who did so excel
n knowledge passing sense, that he is nam'd
f all the after world divine, doth tell
hat all the time when first our souls are fram'd,
re in these mansions blind they come to dwell,
hey live bright rays of that eternal light,
nd others see, know, love, in Heaven's great height,
ot toil'd with aught 'gainst reason to rebel.
: is most true, for straight at the first sight
ly mind me told that in some other place
: elsewhere saw th' idea of that face,
nd lov'd a love of heavenly pure delight.
Vhat wonder now I feel so fair a flame,
ince I her lov'd ere on this Earth she came?

XVI. SONNET.

ior Arne, nor Mincius, nor stately Tiber,
ebethus, nor the flood into whose streams
le fell who burnt the world with borrow'd beams,
old-rolling Tagus, Munda, famous Iber, [Seine,
orgue, Rhone, Loire, Garron, nor proud-banked
eneus, Phasis, Xanthus, humble Ladon,
or she whose nymphs excel her loved Adon,
air Tamesis, nor Ister large, nor Rhine,
uphrates, Tigris, Indus, Hermus, Ganges,
early Hydaspes, serpent-like Meander,
he flood which robbed Hero of Leander,
ile that so far his hidden head doth range,
lave ever had so rare a cause of praise,
s Ora where this northern phenix stays.

XVII. SONNET.

o bear my plaints, fair river crystalline,
hou in a silent slumber seem'st to stay;
elicious flowers, lily and columbine,
e bow your heads when I my woes display;
orests, in you the myrtle, palm and bay,
lave had compassion, list'ning to my groans;
he winds with sighs have solemniz'd my moans
Mong leaves, which whisper'd what they could not say;
he caves, the rocks, the hills, the sylvans' thrones,
As if even pity did in them appear)
lave at my sorrow rent their ruthless stones:
ach thing I find hath sense except my dear,
Vho doth not think I love, or will not know
ly grief, perchance delighting in my woe.

XVIII. SONNET.

WEET brook, in whose clear crystal I my eyes
lave oft seen great in labour of their tears;
amell'd bank, whose shining gravel bears
hese sad charactures of my miseries; [spheres,
ligh woods, whose mountain-tops menace the
Vild citizens, Amphions of the trees,
ou gloomy groves at hottest noons which freeze,
lysian shades which Phœbus never clears;
ast solitary mountains, pleasant plains,
mbroider'd meads that ocean-ways you reach;
ills, dales, springs, all whom my sad cry constrains
o take part of my plaints, and learn woe's speech,
Vill that remorseless fair e'er pity show?
f grace now answer, if ye aught know: No.

XIX. SONNET.

WITH flaming horns the Bull now brings the year,
Melt do the mountains, rolling floods of snow,
The silver rivers in smooth channels flow,
The late bare woods green anadems do wear;
The nightingale, forgetting winter's woe,
Calls up the lazy morn her notes to hear;
Spread are those flow'rs which names of princes bear,
Some red, some azure, white, and golden grow.
Here lows a heifer, there bewailing strays
A harmless lamb, not far a stag rebounds;
The shepherds sing to grazing flocks sweet lays,
And all about the echoing air resounds.
Hills, dales, woods, floods, ev'ry thing doth change,
But she in rigour, I in love am strange.

XX. SONNET.

THAT I so slenderly set forth my mind,
Writing I know not what in ragged rhymes,
O'ercharg'd with brass in these so golden times,
When others tow'r so high, I'm left behind:
I crave not Phœbus leave his sacred cell,
To bind my brows with fresh Aonian bays;
But leav't to those, who, tuning sweetest lays,
By Tempe sit, or Aganippe's well;
Nor yet to Venus' tree do I aspire,
Since she for whom I might affect that praise,
My best attempts with cruel words gainsays,
And I seek not that others me admire.
Of weeping myrrh the crown is which I crave,
With a sad cypress to adorn my grave.

XXI. MADRIGAL.

WHEN as she smiles I find
More light before mine eyes,
Than when the Sun from Inde
Brings to our world a flow'ry paradise:
But when she gently weeps,
And pours forth pearly showers,
On cheeks fair blushing flowers,
A sweet melancholy my senses keeps;
Both feed so my disease,
So much both do me please,
That oft I doubt, which more my heart doth burn,
Love to behold her smile, or pity mourn.

XXII. SONNET.

MY tears may well Numidian lions tame,
And pity breed into the hardest heart
That ever Pyrrha did to maid impart,
When she them first of blushing rocks did frame.
Ah, eyes, which only serve to 'wail my smart,
How long will you my inward woes proclaim?
May 't not suffice you bear a weeping part
All night, at day but you must do the same?
Cease, idle sighs, to spend your storms in vain,
And these sweet silent thickets to molest,
Contain you in the prison of my breast,
You do not ease but aggravate my pain;
Or if burst forth you must, that tempest move
In sight of her whom I so dearly love.

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XXIII. SONNET.

You restless seas, appease your roaring waves,
And you, who raise huge mountains in that plain,
Air's trumpeters, your hideous sounds contain,
And listen to the plaints my grief doth cause.
Eternal lights! though adamantine laws
Of destinies to move still you ordain,
Turn hither all your eyes, your axles pause,
And wonder at the torments I sustain,
Sad Earth, if thou, made dull by my disgrace,
Be not as senseless, ask those powers above
Why they so crost a wretch brought on thy face,
Fram'd for mishap, the anchorite of love;
And bid them (that no more Ætnas may burn)
To Erimanth' or Rhodope me turn.

XXIV. SONNET.

If crost with all mishaps be my poor life,
If one short day I never spent in mirth,
If my sp'rit with itself holds lasting strife,
If sorrows death is but new sorrows birth;
If this vain world be but a mournful stage,
Where slave-born man plays to the laughing stars,
If youth be toss'd with love, with weakness age,
If knowledge serves to hold our thoughts in wars,
If time can close the hundred mouths of Fame,
And make what's long since past, like that's to be,
If virtue only be an idle name,
If being born I was but born to die;
Why seek I to prolong these loathsome days?
The fairest rose in shortest time decays.

XXV. SONNET.

All other beauties howsoe'er they shine
In hairs more bright than is the golden ore,
Or cheeks more fair than fairest eglantine,
Or hands like hers that comes the Sun before:
Match'd with that heavenly hue, and shape divine,
With those dear stars which my weak thoughts adore,
Look but as shadows, or if they be more,
It is in this, that they are like to thine.
Who sees those eyes, their force that doth not prove;
Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,
And finds not Venus' son entrench'd therein,
Or hath not sense, or knows not what is love.
To see thee had Narcissus had the grace,
He would have died with wond'ring on thy face.

XXVI. SEXTAIN.

The Heaven doth not contain so many stars,
Nor levell'd lie so many leaves in woods,
When Autumn and cold Boreas sound their wars;
So many waves have not the ocean floods,
As my torn mind hath torments all the night,
And heart spends sighs, when Phœbus brings the light.

Why was I made a partner of the light,
Who, crost in birth, by bad aspect of stars,
Have never since had happy day or night?
Why was not I a liver in the woods,
Or citizen of Thetis' crystal floods,
But fram'd a man for love and fortune's wars?
I look each day when death should end the wars,
Uncivil wars 'twixt sense and reason's light;
My pains I count to mountains, meads and floods,
And of my sorrow partners make the stars;
All desolate I haunt the fearful woods,
When I should give myself to rest at night.

With watchful eyes I ne'er behold the night,
Mother of peace, (but ah to me of wars)
And Cynthia queen-like shining through the woods,
But straight those lamps come in my thought whose light
My judgment dazzled, passing brightest stars,
And then my eyes in-isle themselves with floods.

Turn to the springs again first shall the floods,
Clear shall the Sun the sad and gloomy night,
To dance about the pole cease shall the stars,
The elements renew their ancient wars
Shall first, and be depriv'd of place and light,
Ere I find rest in city, fields, or woods.

End these my days, ye inmates of the woods,
Take this my life, ye deep and raging floods;
Sun, never rise to clear me with thy light,
Horrour and darkness, keep a lasting night,
Consume me, care, with thy intestine wars,
And stay your influence o'er me, ye bright stars.

In vain the stars, th' inhabitants o' th' woods,
Care, horrour, wars I call, and raging floods,
For all have sworn to night shall dim my sight.

XXVII. SONNET.

O sacred blush empurpling cheeks, pure skies
With crimson wings which spread thee like the morn;
O bashful look, sent from those shining eyes,
Which though slid down on Earth doth Heaven adorn;
O tongue, in which most luscious nectar lies,
That can at once both bless and make forlorn;
Dear coral lip, which beauty beautifies,
That trembling stood before her words were born;
And you her words; words? no, but golden chains,
Which did inslave my ears, ensnare my soul,
Wise image of her mind, mind that contains
A power all power of senses to controul:
So sweetly you from love dissuade do me,
That I love more, if more my love can be.

XXVIII. SONNET.

Sound hoarse, sad lute, true witness of my woe,
And strive no more to ease self-chosen pain
With soul-enchanting sounds, your accents strain
Unto those tears incessantly which flow.
Sad treble, weep, and you, dull basses, show
Your master's sorrow in a doleful strain;
Let never joyful hand upon you go,
Nor concert keep but when you do complain.
Fly Phœbus' rays, abhor the irksome light;
Woods' solitary shades for thee are best,
Or the black horrours of the blackest night,
When all the world save thou and I do rest:
Then sound, sad lute, and bear a mourning part,
Thou Hell canst move, though not a woman's heart.

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XXIX. SONNET.

vain I haunt the cold and silver springs,
) quench the fever burning in my veins,
vain (love's pilgrim) mountains, dales and plains
ver-run, vain help long absence brings.
vain, my friends, your counsel me constrains
fly, and place my thoughts on other things;
, like the bird that fir'd hath her wings,
e more I move the greater are my pains.
sire, (alas) desire a Zeuxis new,
om th' orient borrowing gold, from western skies
avenly cinnabar sets before my eyes
every place, her hair, sweet look and hue:
at fly, run, rest I, all doth prove but vain,
y life lies in those eyes which have me slain.

XXX. SONNET.

DE soft, fair Forth, and make a crystal plain,
t your white locks, and on your foamy face
t not a wrinkle be, when you embrace
e boat that Earth's perfections doth contain.
inds wonder, and through wond'ring hold your
if that ye your hearts cannot restrain [pace;
m sending sighs, feeling a lover's case,
h, and in her fair hair yourselves enchain.
take these sighs which absence makes arise
m my oppressed breast, and fill the sails,
some sweet breath new brought from paradise:
e floods do smile, love o'er the winds prevails,
d yet huge waves arise; the cause is this,
e ocean strives with Forth the boat to kiss.

XXXI. SONNET.

JST not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold
th gentle tides that on your temples flow,
r temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd;
ist not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
en first I did their azure rays behold,
voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
n of the Thracian harper have been told:
k to this dying lily, fading rose,
k hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
de all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
l think how little is 'twixt life's extremes;
cruel tyrant that did kill those flow'rs
ll once, ah me! not spare that spring of yours.

XXXII. SONNET.

nind's pure glass when I myself behold,
l lively see how my best days are spent,
at clouds of care above my head are roll'd,
at coming ill, which I cannot prevent;
course begun I wearied do repent,
l would embrace what reason oft hath told,
scarce thus think I, when love hath controll'd
the best reasons reason could invent.
ugh sure I know my labour's end is grief,
more I strive that I the more shall pine,
t only death shall be my last relief:
when I think upon that face divine,
one with arrow shot, in laughter's place,
gre my heart, I joy in my disgrace.

XXXIII. SONNET.

DEAR chorister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long long sing!) for what thou thus complains,
Since winter's gone, and Sun in dappled sky
Enamour'd smiles on woods and flow'ry plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sigh'd forth, "I love, I love."

XXXIV. SONNET.

O CRUEL beauty, sweetness inhumane,
That night and day contends with my desire,
And seeks my hope to kill, not quench my fire,
By death, not balm, to ease my pleasant pain!
Though ye my thoughts tread down which would
And bound my bliss, do not, alas! disdain [aspire,
That I your matchless worth and grace admire,
And for their cause these torments sharp sustain.
Let great Empedocles vaunt of his death
Found in the midst of those Sicilian flames,
And Phaeton that Heaven him reft of breath,
And Dædal's son who nam'd the Samian streams:
Their haps I not envy; my praise shall be,
That the most fair that lives mov'd me to die.

XXXV. SONNET.

THE Hyperborean hills, Ceraunus' snow,
Or Arimaspus (cruel) first thee bred;
The Caspian tigers with their milk thee fed,
And Fauns did human blood on thee bestow.
Fierce Orithyas' lover in thy bed
Thee lull'd asleep, where he enrag'd doth blow;
Thou didst not drink the floods which here do flow,
But tears, or those by icy Tanais' head.
Sith thou disdains my love, neglects my grief,
Laughs at my groans, and still affects my death:
Of thee nor Heaven I'le seek no more relief,
Nor longer entertain this loathsome breath;
But yield unto my stars, that thou may'st prove
What loss thou hast in losing such a love.

XXXVI. SONG.

PHŒBUS, arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red:
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tython's bed,
That she thy career may with roses spread,
The nightingales thy coming each where sing,
Make an eternal spring.
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead.
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

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This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wished day,
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
And fates my hopes betray)
Which (purely white) deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My love, to hear, and recompense my love.
Fair king, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams,
Did once thy heart surprise:
Nay, suns which shine as clear
As thou when two thou didst to Rome appear.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise.
If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay,
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play,
Hissing sometimes those purple ports of death.
The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.
The fields with flow'rs are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue:
Here is the pleasant place,
And nothing wanting is, save she, alas!

XXXVII. SONNET.

Who hath not seen into her saffron bed
The morning's goddess mildly her repose,
Or her of whose pure blood first sprang the rose
Lull'd in a slumber by a myrtle shade?
Who hath not seen that sleeping white and red
Makes Phœbe look so pale, which she did close
In that Ionian hill to ease her woes,
Which only lives by her dear kisses fed?
Come but and see my lady sweetly sleep,
The sighing rubies of those heavenly lips,
The Cupids which breasts golden apples keep,
Those eyes which shine in midst of their eclipse:
And he them all shall see, perhaps and prove
She waking but persuades, now forceth love.

XXXVIII. SONNET.

See Cytherea's birds, that milk-white pair
On yonder leafy myrtle-tree which groan,
And waken with their kisses in the air
Th' enamour'd zephyrs murmuring one by one;
If thou but sense hadst like Pygmalion's stone,
Or hadst not seen Medusa's snaky hair, [fair,
Love's lessons thou might'st learn; and learn, sweet
To summer's heat ere that thy spring be grown.
And if those kissing lovers seem but cold,
Look how that elm this ivy doth embrace,
And binds and clasps with many a wanton fold,
And, courting sleep, o'ershadows all the place;
Nay, seems to say, dear tree, we shall not part,
In sign whereof, lo, in each leaf a heart!

XXXIX. SONNET.

The Sun is fair when he with crimson crown,
And flaming rubies, leaves his eastern bed;
Fair is Thaumantias in her crystal gown,
When clouds engemm'd show azure, green, and red.
To western worlds when wearied day goes down,
And from Heaven's windows each star shows her head,
Earth's silent daughter, Night, is fair though brown;
Fair is the Moon, though in Love's livery clad.
The spring is fair when it doth paint April,
Fair are the meads, the woods, the floods are fair;
Fair looketh Ceres with her yellow hair,
And apple's-queen when rose-cheek'd she doth smile.
That Heaven, and earth, and seas are fair, is true,
Yet true, that all not please so much as you.

XL. MADRIGAL.

Like the Idalian queen
Her hair about her eyne,
And neck, on breasts ripe apples to be seen,
At first glance of the morn
In Cyprus' gardens gathering those fair flowers
Which of her blood were born,
I saw, but fainting saw my paramours.
The Graces naked danc'd about the place,
The winds and trees amaz'd
With silence on her gaz'd,
The flowers did smile like those upon her face;
And as their aspin stalks those singers bind,
That she might read my case,
I wish'd to be a hyacinth in her hand.

XLI. SONNET.

Then is she gone? O fool and coward I!
O good occasion lost, ne'er to be found!
What fatal chains have my dull senses bound,
When best they might, that did not fortune try?
Here is the fainting grass where she did lie,
With roses here she stellified the ground;
She fix'd her eyes on this yet smiling pond,
Nor time, nor place seem'd aught for to deny.
Too long, too long, Respect, I do embrace
Your counsel full of threats and sharp disdain.
Disdain in her sweet heart can have no place,
And though come there, must straight retire again:
Henceforth, Respect, farewel! I 've heard it told,
Who lives in love can never be too bold.

XLII. SONNET.

What cruel star into this world me brought?
What gloomy day did dawn to give me light?
What unkind hand to nurse me (orphan) sought,
And would not leave me in eternal night?
What thing so dear as I hath essence bought?
The elements dry, humid, heavy, light,
The smallest living things which Nature wrought
Be freed of woe if they have small delight.
Ah only I abandon'd to despair,
Nail'd to my torments in pale Horrour's shade,
Like wand'ring clouds see all my comforts fled,
And ill on ill with hours my life impair:
The Heavens and Fortune, which were wont to turn,
Stay in one mansion fix'd to cause me mourn.

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XLIII. SONNET.

Dear eye, which deign'st on this sad monument,
The sable scroll of my mishaps to view,
Though it with mourning Muses' tears be spent,
And darkly drawn, which is not feign'd, but true;
If thou not dazzled with a heavenly hue,
And comely feature, didst not yet lament,
But happy lives unto thyself content,
O let not Love thee to his laws subdue;
Look on the woeful shipwreck of my youth,
And let my ruins thee for beacon serve,
To shun this rock Caphareian of untruth,
And serve no God which doth his churchmen starve:
His kingdom's but of plaints, his guerdon tears;
What he gives more is jealousies and fears.

XLIV. MADRIGAL.

To the delightful green
Of you, fair radiant eine,
Let each black yield beneath the starry arch,
Eyes, burnish'd Heavens of love,
Unople lamps of Jove, [parch,
Have all those hearts which with your flames you
Two burning suns you prove;
All other eyes, compar'd with you, dear lights,
Are Hells, or if not Hells, yet dumpish nights.
The Heavens (if we their glass
The sea believe) are green, not perfect blue;
They all make fair whatever fair yet was,
And they are fair because they look like you.

XLV. SONNET.

Nymphs, sister nymphs which haunt this crystal brook,
And happy in these floating bowers abide,
Where trembling roofs of trees from Sun you hide,
Which make Idæan woods in every crook;
Whether ye garlands for your locks provide,
Or pearly letters seek in sandy book,
Or count your loves when Thetis was a bride,
Lift up your golden heads and on me look.
Lead in mine eyes my agonizing cares,
And what ye read, recount to her again:
Fair nymphs, say all these streams are but my tears;
And, if she ask you how they sweet remain,
Tell, that the bitt'rest tears which eyes can pour,
When shed for her, can be no longer sour.

XLVI. SONNET.

Ye whose fair flowers no autumn makes decay,
Whose hue cœlestial, earthly hues doth stain,
Into a pleasant odoriferous plain
Did walk alone to brave the pride of May.
And whilst through flow'ry lists she made her way,
That proudly smil'd her sight to entertain,
Lo, unawares where Love did hid remain
She spied, and sought to make of him her prey:
For which of golden locks a fairest hair
To bind the boy she took, but lie, afraid,
At her approach sprang swiftly in the air,
And, mounting far from reach, look'd back and said,
"Why shouldst thou (sweet) me seek in chains to bind
With in thy eyes I daily am confin'd?"

XLVII. MADRIGAL.

Sweet rose, whence is this hue
Which doth all hues excel?
Whence this most fragrant smell?
And whence this form and gracing grace in you?
In fair Paestana's fields perhaps you grew,
Or Hybla's hills you bred,
Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
Or Tmolus, or where boar young Adon slew;
Or hath the queen of love you dyed of new
In that dear blood, which makes you look so red?
No, none of those, but cause more high you bliss'd,
My lady's breast you bore, her lips you kiss'd.

XLVIII. MADRIGAL.

On this cold world of ours,
Flow'r of the seasons, season of the flow'rs,
Sun of the Sun, sweet Spring,
Such hot and burning days why dost thou bring?
Is it because those high eternal pow'rs
Flash down that fire, this world environing?
Or that now Phœbus keeps his sister's sphere?
Or doth some Phaeton
Inflame the sea and air?
Or, rather, is 't not usher of the year,
Or that last day among the flow'rs alone
Unmask'd thou saw'st my fair?
And whilst thou on her gaz'd she did thee burn,
And to thy brother Summer doth thee turn.

XLIX. SONNET.

Dear wood, and you sweet solitary place,
Where I estranged from the vulgar live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace:
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my pace,
Now from your silent horrours would me drive,
When Sun advancing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?
What sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be from bondage free,
Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,
Sweet flow'ry place, I first did learn of thee.
Ah! if I were mine own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stateliest courts.

L. SONNET.

Ah! who can see those fruits of Paradise,
Cœlestial cherries which so sweetly swell,
That sweetness' self confin'd there seems to dwell,
And all those sweetest parts about despise?
Ah! who can see, and feel no flame surprise
His harden'd heart? For me, alas, too well
I know their force, and how they do excel:
Now through desire I burn, and now I freeze;
I die (dear life) unless to me be given
As many kisses as the spring hath flow'rs,
Or there be silver drops in Iris' show'rs,
Or stars there be in all-embracing Heaven;
And if displeas'd ye of the match complain,
Ye shall have leave to take them back again.

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LI. SONNET.

Is 't not enough (ah me!) me thus to see
Like some Heaven-banish'd ghost still wailing go,
A shadow which your rays do only show;
To vex me more, unless ye bid me die,
What could ye worse allot unto your foe?
But die will I, so ye will not deny
That grace to me which mortal foes ev'n try,
To choose what sort of death shall end my woe.
Once did I find, that whiles you did me kiss,
Ye gave my panting soul so sweet a touch,
That half I swoon'd in midst of all my bliss;
I do but crave my death's wound may be such:
For though by grief I die not and annoy,
Is 't not enough to die through too much joy?

LII. MADRIGAL.

Unhappy light,
Do not approach to bring the woeful day,
When I must bid for aye
Farewel to her, and live in endless plight.
Fair Moon with gentle beams,
The sight who never mars, [stars,
Clear long-heaven's sable vault, and you, bright
Your golden locks long view in earth's pure streams;
Let Phœbus never rise
To dim your watchful eyes.
Prolong, alas, prolong my short delight;
And if ye can, make an eternal night.

LIII. SONNET.

With grief in heart, and tears in swelling eyes,
When I to her had given a sad farewel,
Close sealed with a kiss, and dew which fell
On my else moisten'd face from beauty's skies;
So strange amazement did my mind surprise,
That at each pace I fainting turn'd again,
Like one whom a torpedo stupefies,
Not feeling honour's bit, nor reason's rein:
But when fierce stars to part me did constrain,
With back-cast looks, I both envy'd and bless'd
The happy walls and place did her contain,
Until my eyes that flying object miss'd:
So wailing parted Ganymede the fair,
When eagle's talons bore him through the air.

LIV. SEXTAIN.

Sith gone is my delight and only pleasure,
The last of all my hopes, the cheerful Sun
That clear'd my life's dark sphere, Nature's sweet treasure,
More dear to me than all beneath the Moon;
What resteth now, but that upon this mountain
I weep, till Heaven transform me to a fountain?

Fresh, fair, delicious, crystal, pearly fountain,
On whose smooth face to look she oft took pleasure,
Tell me (so may thy streams long cheer this mountain,
So serpent ne'er thee stain, nor scorch thee Sun,
So may with wat'ry beams thee kiss the Moon!)
Dost thou not mourn to want so fair a treasure.
While she here gaz'd on thee, rich Tagus' treasure
Thou neededst not envy, nor yet the fountain,
In which that hunter saw the naked Moon;
Absence hath robb'd thee of thy wealth and pleasure,
And I remain, like marigold, of Sun
Depriv'd, that dies by shadow of some mountain.

Nymphs of the forests, nymphs who on this mountain
Are wont to dance, showing your beauty's treasure
To goat-feet sylvans, and the wond'ring Sun,
When as you gather flow'rs about this fountain,
Bid her farewel who placed here her pleasure,
And sing her praises to the stars and Moon.

Among the lesser lights as is the Moon, [tain;
Blushing through muffling clouds on Latmos' moun-
Or when she views her silver locks for pleasure
In Thetis' streams, proud of so gay a treasure:
Such was my fair, when she sate by this fountain
With other nymphs, to shun the amorous Sun.

As is our Earth in absence of the Sun,
Or when of Sun deprived is the Moon;
As is without a verdant shade a fountain,
Or, wanting grass, a mead, a vale, a mountain;
Such is my state, bereft of my dear treasure,
To know whose only worth, was all my pleasure.

Ne'er think of pleasure, heart; eyes, shun the Sun;
Tears be your treasure, which the wand'ring Moon
Shall see you shed by mountain, vale and fountain.

LV. SONNET.

Window, some time which served for a sphere
To that dear planet of my heart, whose light
Made often blush the glorious queen of night,
While she in thee more beauteous did appear;
What mourning weeds, alas, dost thou now wear?
How loathsome to my eyes is thy sad sight!
How poorly look'st thou, with what heavy cheer,
Since sets that Sun which made thee shine so bright?
Unhappy now thee close; for, as of late
To wond'ring eyes thou wert a paradise,
Bereft of her who made thee fortunate,
A gulf thou art, whence clouds of sighs arise:
But unto none so noisome as to me,
Who hourly sees my murder'd joys in thee.

LVI. SONNET.

How many times night's silent queen her face
Hath hid, how oft with stars in silver mask,
In Heaven's great hall, she hath begun her task,
And cheer'd the waking eye in lower place;
How oft the Sun hath made, by Heaven's swift race,
The happy lover to forsake the breast
Of his dear lady, wishing in the west
His golden coach to run had larger space,
I ever count and tell, since I, alas!
Did bid farewel to my heart's dearest guest;
The miles I number, and in mind I chase
The floods and mountains hold me from my rest.
But wo is me, long count and count may I,
Ere I see her whose absence makes me die.

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LVII. SONNET.

)y death some tell, some of the cruel pain
Vhich that bad craftsman in his work did try,
Vhen (a new monster) flames once did constrain
. human corpse to yield a bellowing cry.
ome tell of those in burning beds who lie,
ecause they durst in the Phlegrean plain
he mighty ruler of the skies defy,
nd siege those crystal tow'rs which all contain.
nother counts of Phlegethon's hot floods,
he souls which drink Ixion's endless smart,
nd his who feeds a vulture with his heart.
ne tells of spectres in enchanted woods:
f all those pains th' extremest who would prove,
et him be absent and but burn in love.

LVIII. SONNET.

Iair, precious hair, which Midas' hand did strain,
'art of the wreath of gold that crowns those brows
Vhich winter's whitest white in whiteness stain,
nd lily by Eridan's bank that grows:
Iair, (fatal present!) which first caus'd my woes,
Vhen loose ye hang like Danae's golden rain,
weet nets which sweetly do all hearts enchain,
trings, deadly strings, with which Love bends his bows:
low are ye hither come? Tell me, O hair!
ear armelet, for what thus were ye given?
know, a badge of bondage I you wear,
et, hair, for you O that I were a Heaven!
ike Berenice's locks, that ye might shine
But brighter far) about this arm of mine.

LIX. SONNET.

RE these the flow'ry banks? Is this the mead
Vhere she was wont to pass the pleasant hours?
Vas 't here her eyes exhal'd mine eyes' salt show'rs,
nd on her lap did lay my wearied head?
s this the goodly elm did us o'erspread,
Vhose tender rind, cut forth in curious flow'rs
y that white hand, contains those flames of ours?
s this the murmuring spring us musick made?
eflourish'd mead, where is your heavenly hue?
nd bank, that Arras did you late adorn?
low look'st thou, elm, all wither'd and forlorn!
nly, sweet spring, nought alter'd seems in you.
ut while here chang'd each other thing appears,
o salt your streams take of mine eyes these tears.

LX. SONNET.

LEXIS, here she stay'd, among these pines,
weet hermitress, she did all alone repair;
Iere did she spread the treasure of her hair,
lore rich than that brought from the Colchian mines:
Iere sate she by these musked eglantines;
he happy flow'rs seem yet the print to bear;
Ier voice did sweeten here thy sugar'd lines,
o which winds, trees, beasts, birds, did lend an ear.
She here me first perceiv'd, and here a morn
Of bright carnations did o'erspread her face;
Here did she sigh, here first my hopes were born,
Here first I got a pledge of promis'd grace:
But ah! what serves 't t' have been made happy so,
Sith passed pleasures double but new woe?

LXI. SONNET.

Place me where angry Titan burns the Moor,
And thirsty Africk fiery monsters brings,
Or where the new-born phenix spreads her wings,
And troops of wond'ring birds her flight adore:
Place me by Gange or Inde's enamell'd shore,
Where smiling Heavens on Earth cause double springs;
Place me where Neptune's choir of syrens sings,
Or where made hoarse through cold he leaves to roar:
Place me where Fortune doth her darlings crown,
A wonder or a spark in Envy's eye;
Or you, outrageous Fates, upon me frown,
Till Pity wailing see disaster'd me;
Affection's print my mind so deep doth prove,
I may forget myself—but not my love.

LXII. MADRIGAL.

The ivory, coral, gold,
Of breast, of lip, of hair,
So lively Sleep doth show to inward sight,
That 'wake I think I hold
No shadow, but my fair:
Myself so to deceive
With long-shut eyes I shun the irksome light.
Such pleasure here I have
Delighting in false gleams,
If Death Sleep's brother be,
And souls bereft of sense have so sweet dreams,
How could I wish thus still to dream and die!

LXIII. SONNET.

Fame, who with golden wings abroad doth range
Where Phœbus leaves the night or brings the day;
Fame, in one place who restless dost not stay
Till thou hast flow'd from Atlas unto Gange:
Fame, enemy to Time, that still doth change,
And in his changing course would make decay
What here below he findeth in his way,
Even making Virtue to herself look strange:
Daughter of Heaven! now all thy trumpets sound,
Raise up thy head unto the highest sky,
With wonder blaze the gifts in her are found;
And when she from this mortal globe shall fly,
In thy wide mouth keep long, keep long her name;
So thou by her, she by thee live shall, Fame.

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THE SECOND PART.

I. SONNET.

Of mortal glory O soon darken'd ray!
O winged joys of man, more swift than wind!
O fond desires, which in our fancies stray!
O trait'rous hopes, which do our judgments blind!
Lo, in a flash that light is gone away,
Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind,
And with that Sun, from whence it came, combin'd,
Now makes more radiant Heaven's eternal day.
Let Beauty now bedew her cheeks with tears,
Let widow'd Music only roar and groan,
Poor Virtue, get thee wings and mount the spheres,
For dwelling place on Earth for thee is none:
Death hath thy temple ras'd, Love's empire foil'd,
The world of honour, worth, and sweetness spoil'd.

II. SONNET.

Those eyes, those sparkling sapphires of delight,
Which thousand thousand hearts did set on fire,
Of which that eye of Heaven which brings the light
Oft jealous, staid amaz'd them to admire:
That living snow, those crimson roses bright,
Those pearls, those rubies which inflam'd desire,
Those locks of gold, that purple fair of Tyre,
Are wrapt (ah me!) up in eternal night.
What hast thou more to vaunt of, wretched world,
Sith she who caused all thy bliss is gone?
Thy ever-burning lamps, rounds ever whorl'd,
Cannot unto thee model such a one:
Or if they would such beauty bring on Earth,
They should be forc'd again to give her birth.

III. SONNET.

O fate, conjur'd to pour your worst on me!
O rigorous rigour which doth all confound!
With cruel hands ye have cut down the tree,
And fruit with leaves have scatter'd on the ground.
A little space of earth my love doth bound;
That beauty, which did raise it to the sky,
Turn'd in disdained dust, now low doth lie,
Deaf to my plaints, and senseless of my wound.
Ah! did I live for this? ah! did I love?
And was 't for this (fierce powers) she did excel,
That ere she well the sweets of life did prove,
She should (too fear a guest) with darkness dwell?
Weak influence of Heaven! what fair is wrought,
Falls in the prime, and passeth like a thought.

IV. SONNET.

O woful life! life? no, but living death,
Frail boat of crystal in a rocky sea,
A gem expos'd to fortune's stormy breath,
Which kept with pain, with terrour doth decay:
The false delights, true woes thou dost bequeath
My all-appalled mind so do affray,
That I those envy which are laid in earth,
And pity those who run thy dreadful way.
When did mine eyes behold one cheerful morn?
When had my tossed soul one night of rest?
When did not angry stars my designs scorn?
O! now I find what is for mortals best:
Even, since our voyage shameful is, and short,
Soon to strike sail, and perish in the port.

V. SONNET.

Dissolve, my eyes, your globes in briny streams,
And with a cloud of sorrow dim your sight,
The Sun's bright sun is set, of late whose beams
Gave lustre to your day, day to your night.
My voice, now cleave the earth with anathems,
Roar forth a challenge in the world's despite,
Till that disguised grief is her delight,
That life a slumber is of fearful dreams;
And, woful mind, abhor to think of joy;
My senses all, from comforts all you hide,
Accept no object but of black annoy,
Tears, plaints, sighs, mourning weeds, graves gaping wide:
I have nought left to wish; my hopes are dead,
And all with her beneath a marble laid.

VI. SONNET.

Sweet soul, which in the April of thy years,
For to enrich the Heaven mad'st poor this round,
And now, with flaming rays of glory crown'd,
Most blest abides above the sphere of spheres;
If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee bound
From looking to this globe that all up-bears,
If ruth and pity there-above be found,
O deign to lend a look unto these tears:
Do not disdain (dear ghost) this sacrifice;
And though I raise not pillars to thy praise,
My off'rings take, let this for me suffice,
My heart a living pyramid I 'll raise:
And whilst kings' tombs with laurels flourish green,
Thine shall with myrtles and these flow'rs be seen.

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VII. SONNET.

'EET Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
y head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
e zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
e clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
eet Spring, thou com'st—but, ah! my pleasant hours,
d happy days, with thee come not again;
e sad memorials only of my pain
with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
ou art the same which still thou wert before
licious, lusty, amiable, fair;
t she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
gone; nor gold, nor gems can her restore.
glected virtue, seasons go and come,
hen thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

VIII. SONNET.

'HAT doth it serve to see the Sun's bright face,
d skies enamell'd with the Indian gold?
r the Moon in a fierce chariot roll'd,
d all the glory of that starry place?
'hat doth it serve Earth's beauty to behold,
he mountain's pride, the meadow's flow'ry grace,
he stately comeliness of forests old,
he sport of floods which would themselves embrace?
'hat doth it serve to hear the sylvans' songs,
he cheerful thrush, the nightingale's sad strains,
'hich in dark shades seems to deplore my wrongs?
or what doth serve all that this world contains,
nce she, for whom those once to me were dear,
an have no part of them now with me here?

IX. MADRIGAL.

IS life, which seems so fair,
like a bubble blown up in the air,
y sporting children's breath,
'ho chase it every where,
nd strive who can most motion it bequeath.
nd though it sometimes seem of its own might
ike to an eye of gold to be fix'd there,
nd firm to hover in that empty height,
hat only is because it is so light.
ut in that pomp it doth not long appear;
or when 't is most admired, in a thought,
ecause it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

X. SONNET.

Iy lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
'ith thy green mother in some shady grove,
'hen immelodious winds but made thee move,
nd birds their ramage did on thee bestow.
nce that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
'hich wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
reft from Earth to tune those spheres above,
'hat art thou but a harbinger of woe?
hy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
ut orphans' wailings to the fainting ear,
ach stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear,
or which be silent as in woods before:
r if that any hand to touch thee deign,
ike widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

XI. SONNET.

AH! handkerchief, sad present of my dear,
Gift miserable, which doth now remain
The only guerdon of my helpless pain;
When I thee got thou showd'st my state too clear.
I never since have ceased to complain;
I since the badge of grief did ever wear;
Joy in my face durst never since appear;
Care was the food which did me entertain.
But since that thou art mine, O do not grieve,
That I this tribute pay thee for mine eine,
And that I (this short time I am to live)
Launder thy silken figures in this brine;
No, I must yet ev'n beg of thee the grace,
That in my grave thou deign to shroud my face.

XII. MADRIGAL.

TREES, happier far than I,
Which have the grace to heave your heads so high,
And overlook those plains;
Grow till your branches kiss that lofty sky
Which her sweet self contains.
There make her know my endless love, and pains,
And how these tears which from mine eyes do fall,
Help'd you to rise so tall:
Tell her, as once I for her sake lov'd breath,
So for her sake I now court ling'ring death.

XIII. SONG.

SAD Damon being come
To that for-ever lamentable tomb,
Which those eternal powers that all control,
Unto his living soul
A melancholy prison hath prescrib'd;
Of colour, heat, and motion depriv'd,
In arms weak, fainting, cold,
A marble, he the marble did infold:
And having warm it made with many a show'r
Which dimmed eyes did pour, [staid,
When grief had given him leave, and sighs them
Thus, with a sad alas, at last he said:

"Who would have thought to me
The place were thou didst lie could grievous be?
And that (dear body) long thee having sought,
(O me!) who would have thought
Thee once to find it should my soul confound,
And give my heart than death a deeper wound?
Thou didst disdain my tears,
But grieve not that this ruthful stone them bears;
Mine eyes for nothing serve, but thee to weep,
And let that course them keep;
Although thou never wouldst them comfort show,
Do not repine, they have part of thy woe.

"Ah wretch! too late I find
How virtue's glorious titles prove but wind;
For if that virtue could release from death,
Thou yet enjoy'd hadst breath:
For if she ere appear'd to mortal eine,
It was in thy fair shape that she was seen.
But O! if I was made
For thee, with thee why too am I not dead?

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Why do outrageous Fates, which dimm'd thy sight,
Let me see hateful light?
They without me made death thee surprise,
Tyrants (no doubt) that they might kill me twice.

"O grief! and could one day
Have force such excellence to take away?
Could a swift-flying moment, ah! deface
Those matchless gifts, that grace,
Which art and nature had in thee combin'd
To make thy body paragon thy mind?
Hath all pass'd like a cloud,
And doth eternal silence now them shroud?
Is that, so much admir'd, now nought but dust,
Of which a stone hath trust?
O change! O cruel change! thou to our sight
Show'st the Fates' rigour equal to their might!

"When thou from Earth didst pass,
Sweet nymph, perfection's mirror broken was,
And this of late so glorious world of ours,
Like the meadows without flowers,
Or ring of a rich gem which blind appear'd,
Or starless night, or Cynthia nothing clear'd.
Love when he saw thee die
Entomb'd him in the lid of either eye,
And left his torch within thy sacred urn,
There for a lamp to burn:
Worth, honour, pleasure, with thy life expir'd,
Death, since grown sweet, begins to be desir'd.

"Whilst thou to us wert given,
The Earth her Venus had as well as Heaven:
Nay, and her suns, which burnt as many hearts,
As he the eastern parts;
Bright suns, which, forc'd to leave these hemispheres,
Benighted set into a sea of tears.
Ah! Death, who shall thee flee,
Since the most mighty are o'rethrown by thee?
Thou spar'st the crow, the nightingale dost kill,
And triumph'st at thy will:
But give thou cannot such another blow,
Because Earth cannot such another show.

"O bitter sweets of love!
How better is 't at all you not to prove,
Than when we do your pleasures most possess
To find them thus made less!
O! that the cause which doth consume our joy
Would the remembrance of it too destroy!
What doth this life bestow,
But flow'rs on thorns which grow?
Which though they sometimes blandish soft delight,
Yet afterwards us smite;
And if the rising Sun them fair doth see,
That planet setting doth behold them die.

"This world is made a Hell,
Depriv'd of all that in it did excel.
O Pan! O Pan! winter is fall'n in May,
Turn'd is to night our day.
Forsake thy pipe, a sceptre take to thee,
Thy locks disgarland, thou black Jove shalt be.
The flocks do leave the meads,
And, loathing three-leav'd grass, hold up their heads;
The streams not glide now with a gentle roar,
Nor birds sing as before;
Hills stand with clouds like mourners veil'd in black,
And owls upon our roofs foretel our wreck.

"That Zephyr every year
So soon was heard to sigh in forests here,
It was for her, that, wrapt in gowns of green,
Meads were so early seen:
That in the saddest months oft sang the mearls,
It was for her: for her trees dropt forth pearls.
That proud and stately courts
Did envy these our shades and calm resorts,
It was for her: and she is gone, O woe!
Woods cut again do grow,
Bud doth the rose, and daisy, winter done,
But we once dead do no more see the Sun.

"Whose name shall now make ring
The echoes? of whom shall the nymphets sing?
Whose heavenly voice, whose soul-invading strains,
Shall fill with joy the plains?
What hair, what eyes, can make the morn in east
Weep that a fairer riseth in the west?
Fair Sun, post still away,
No musick here is left thy course to stay.
Sweet Hybla swarms, with wormwood fill your bow'rs,
Gone is the flower of flow'rs:
Blush no more rose, nor lily pale remain,
Dead is that beauty which yours late did stain.

"Ah me! to wail my plight
Why have not I as many eyes as night;
Or as that shepherd which Jove's love did keep,
That I still, still may weep?
But though I had, my tears unto my cross
Were not yet equal, nor grief to my loss.
Yet of you briny show'rs
Which I here pour, may spring as many flow'rs,
As come of those which fell from Helen's eyes;
And when ye do arise,
May every leaf in sable letters bear
The doleful cause for which ye spring up here."

XIV. MADRIGAL.

The beauty and the life
Of life's and beauty's fairest paragon,
O tears! O grief! hung at a feeble thread,
To which pale Atropos had set her knife.
The soul with many a groan
Had left each outward part,
And now did take his last leave of the heart;
Nought else did want save death for to be dead:
When the sad company about her bed
Seeing death invade her lips, her cheeks, her eyes,
Cried "Ah! and can death enter paradise?"

XV. SONNET.

O! it is not to me, bright lamp of day,
That in the east thou show'st thy golden face;
O! it is not to me thou leav'st that sea,
And in those azure lists begin'st thy race.
Thou shin'st not to the dead in any place;
And I dead from this world am past away,
Or if I seem (a shadow) yet to stay,
It is a while but to bewail my case.
My mirth is lost, my comforts are dismay'd,
And unto sad mishaps their place do yield;
My knowledge represents a bloody field,
Where I my hopes and helps see prostrate laid.
So plaintful is life's course which I have run,
That I do wish it never had begun.

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XVI. MADRIGAL.

)EAR Night, the ease of care,
Introubled seat of peace,
'ime's eldest child, which oft the blind do see,
)n this our hemisphere
What makes thee now so sadly dark to be?
'om'st thou in funeral pomp her grave to grace?
'r do those stars which should thy horrour clear,
a Jove's high hall advise,
n what part of the skies,
Vith them, or Cynthia she shall appear?
'r, ah, alas! because those matchless eyes,
Vhich shone so fair, below thou dost not find,
triv'st thou to make all others' eyes look blind?

XVII. SONNET.

INCE it hath pleas'd that first and supreme Fair
'o take that beauty to himself again,
Vhich in this world of sense not to remain,
Iut to amaze was sent, and home repair;
'he love which to that beauty I did bear,
Iade pure of mortal spots which did it stain,
Ind endless, which even death cannot impair,
place on him who will it not disdain.
Io shining eyes, no locks of curling gold,
Io blushing roses on a virgin face,
Io outward show, no, nor no inward grace,
Shall power have my thoughts henceforth to hold:
Love here on Earth huge storms of care doth toss,
Iut plac'd above exempted is from loss.

XVIII. SONG.

r autumn was, and on our hemisphere
'air Ericine began bright to appear,
Iight westward did her gemmy world decline,
Ind hide her lights, that greater light might shine:
'he crested bird had given alarum twice
'o lazy mortals to unlock their eyes,
'he owl had left to 'plain, and from each thorn
'he wing'd musicians did salute the morn,
Vho (while she dress'd her locks in Ganges' streams)
Iet open wide the crystal port of dreams:
Vhen I, whose eyes no drowsy night could close,
n sleep's soft arms did quietly repose,
Ind, for that Heavens to die did me deny,
Death's image kissed, and as dead did lie.
lay as dead, but scarce charm'd were my cares,
Ind slaked scarce my sighs, scarce dried my tears,
Ileep scarce the ugly figures of the day
Iad with his sable pencil put away,
Ind left me in a still and calmy mood,
Vhen by my bed methought a virgin stood,
A virgin in the blooming of her prime,
f such rare beauty measur'd be by time.
Ier head a garland wore of opals bright,
Iboot her flow'd a gown like purest light;
'ure amber locks gave umbrage to her face,
Vhere modesty high majesty did grace;
Ier eyes such beams sent forth, that but with pain
Iy weaker sight their sparklings could sustain.
Io feigned deity which haunts the woods
s like to her, nor syren of the floods:
Such is the golden planet of the year,
Vhen blushing in the east he doth appear.
Her grace did beauty, voice yet grace did pass,
Which thus through pearls and rubies broken was.
"How long wilt thou," said she, "estrang'd from joy,
Paint shadows to thyself of false annoy;
How long thy mind with horrid shapes affright,
And in imaginary evils delight;
Esteem that loss which (well when view'd) is gain,
Or if a loss, yet not a loss to plain?
O leave thy plaintful soul more to molest,
And think that woe when shortest then is best.
If she for whom thou thus dost deaf the sky
Be dead, what then? was she not born to die?
Was she not mortal born? If thou dost grieve
That times should be in which she should not live,
Ere e'er she was weep that day's wheel was roll'd,
Weep that she liv'd not in the age of gold.
For that she was not then thou may'st deplore,
As well as that she now can be no more.
If only she had died, thou sure hadst cause
To blame the Fates, and their too iron laws.
But look how many millions her advance,
What numbers with her enter in this dance, stay,
With those which are to come: shall Heavens them
And th' universe dissolve thee to obey?
As birth, death, which so much thee doth appal,
A piece is of the life of this great all.
Strong cities die, die do high palmy reigns,
And fondling thou thus to be us'd complains!
"If she be dead, then she of loathsome days
Hath pass'd the line whose length but loss bewrays,
Then she hath left this filthy stage of care,
Where pleasure seldom, woe doth still repair.
For all the pleasures which it doth contain
Not countervail the smallest minute's pain.
And tell me, thou who dost so much admire
This little vapour, this poor spark of fire,
Which life is call'd, what doth it thee bequeath
But some few years which birth draws out to death?
Which if thou parallel with lustres run,
Or those whose courses are but now begun,
In days' great numbers they shall less appear,
Than with the sea when matched is a tear.
But why should'st thou here longer wish to be?
One year doth serve all Nature's pomp to see.
Nay, even one day, and night: this Moon, that Sun,
Those lesser fires about this round which run,
Be but the same which under Saturn's reign
Did the serpenting seasons interchain.
How oft doth life grow less by living long?
And what excelleth but what dieth young?
For age, which all abhor, yet would embrace,
Doth make the mind as wrinkled as the face.
Then leave laments, and think thou didst not live
Laws to that first eternal Cause to give;
But to obey those laws which he hath given,
And bow unto the just decrees of Heaven,
Which cannot err, whatever foggy mists
Do blind men in these subluuary lists.
But what if she for whom thou spread'st those groans,
And wastes thy life's dear torch in ruthful moans,
She for whose sake thou hat'st the joyful light,
Courts solitary shades and irksome night, space
Doth live? Ah! (if thou canst) through tears, a
Lift thy dimm'd lights, and look upon this face;
Look if those eyes which, fool! thou didst adore,
Shine not more bright than they were wont before.
Look if those roses death could aught impair,
Those roses which thou once saidst were so fair;
And if these locks have lost aught of that gold,
Which once they had when thou them didst behold.

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I live, and happy live, but thou art dead,
And still shalt be till thou be like me made.
Alas! while we are wrapt in gowns of earth,
And, blind, here suck the air of woe beneath;
Each thing in sense's balances we weigh,
And but with toil and pain the truth descry.
" Above this vast and admirable frame,
This temple visible, which world we name,
Within whose walls so many lamps do burn,
So many arches with cross motions turn,
Where th' elemental brothers nurse their strife,
And by intestine wars maintain their life;
There is a world, a world of perfect bliss,
Pure, immaterial, as brighter far from this,
As that high circle which the rest enspheres
Is from this dull, ignoble vale of tears:
A world where all is found, that here is found,
But further discrepant than Heaven and ground:
It hath an earth, as hath this world of yours,
With creatures peopled, and adorn'd with flow'rs
It hath a sea, like sapphire girdle cast,
Which decks of the harmonious shores the waste;
It hath pure fire, it hath delicious air,
Moon, Sun, and stars, Heavens wonderfully fair:
Flow'rs never there do fade, trees grow not old,
No creature dieth there through heat or cold;
Sea there not tossed is, nor air made black,
Fire doth not greedy feed on others' wrack:
There Heavens be not constrain'd about to range,
For this world hath no need of any change:
Minutes mount not to hours, nor hours to days,
Days make no months, but ever-blooming Mays.
" Here I remain, and hitherward do tend
All who their span of days in virtue spend:
Whatever pleasant this low place contains,
Is but a glance of what above remains.
Those who (perchance) think there can nothing be
Beyond this wide expansion which they see,
And that nought else mounts stars' circumference,
For that nought else is subject to their sense,
Feel such a case, as one whom some abisme
In the deep ocean kept had all his time:
Who, born and nourish'd there, cannot believe
That elsewhere aught without those waves can live:
Cannot believe that there be temples, tow'rs,
Which go beyond his caves and dampish bow'rs:
Or there be other people, manners, laws,
Than what he finds within the churlish waves:
That sweeter flow'rs do spring than grow on rocks,
Or beasts there are excel the scaly flocks:
That other elements are to be found,
Than is the water and this ball of ground.
But think that man from this abisme being brought,
Did see what curious Nature here hath wrought,
Did view the meads, the tall and shady woods,
And mark'd the hills, and the clear rolling floods;
And all the beasts which Nature forth doth bring,
The feather'd troops that fly and sweetly sing:
Observ'd the palaces, and cities fair,
Men's fashion of life, the fire, the air,
The brightness of the Sun that dims his sight,
The Moon, and splendours of the painted night:
What sudden rapture would his mind surprise!
How would he his late-dear resort despise!
How would he muse how foolish he had been,
To think all nothing but what there was seen!
Why do we get this high and vast desire,
Unto immortal things still to aspire?
Why doth our mind extend it beyond time,
And to that highest happiness even climb?
For we are more than what to sense we seem,
And more than dust us worldlings do esteem;
We be not made for Earth though here we come,
More than the embryo for the mother's womb:
It weeps to be made free, and we complain
To leave this loathsome gaol of care and pain.
" But thou, who vulgar footsteps dost not trace,
Learn to rouse up thy mind to view this place,
And what earth-creeping mortals most affect,
If not at all to scorn, yet to neglect:
Seek not vain shadows, which when once obtain'd
Are better lost than with such travel gain'd.
Think that on Earth what worldlings greatness call,
Is but a glorious title to live thrall:
That sceptres, diadems, and chairs of state,
Not in themselves, but to small minds are great:
That those who loftiest mount do hardest light,
And deepest falls be from the highest height:
That fame an echo is, and all renown
Like to a blasted rose, ere night falls down:
And though it something were, think how this round
Is but a little point which doth it bound.
O leave that love which reacheth but to dust,
And in that love eternal only trust,
And beauty, which when once it is possest
Can only fill the soul, and make it blest.
Pale envy, jealous emulations, fears,
Sighs, plaints, remorse, here have no place, nor tears:
False joys, vain hopes, here be not, hate nor wrath,
What ends all love here most augments it, death.
If such force had the dim glance of an eye,
Which but some few days afterwards did die,
That it could make thee leave all other things,
And like a taper-fly there burn thy wings;
And if a voice, of late which could but wail,
Such power had, as through ears thy soul to steal;
If once thou on that poorly fair couldst gaze,
What flames of love would this within thee raise?
In what a musing maze would it thee bring,
To hear but once that choir celestial sing?
The fairest shapes on which thy love did seize,
Which erst did breed delight, then would displease;
But discords hoarse were Earth's enticing sounds,
All music but a noise, which sense confounds.
This great and burning glass which clears all eyes,
And musters with such glory in the skies;
That silver star, which with her purer light
Makes day oft envy the eye-pleasing night;
Those golden letters which so brightly shine
In Heaven's great volume gorgeously divine;
All wonders in the sea, the earth, the air,
Be but dark pictures of that sov'reign fair,
And tongues, which still thus cry into your ear
(Could ye amidst world's cataracts them hear:)
' From fading things, fond men, lift your desire,
And in our beauty, his us made admire:
If we seem fair, O think how fair is he,
Of whose great fairness, shadows, steps we be.
No shadow can compare unto the face,
No step with that dear foot which did it trace;
Your souls immortal are, then place them hence,
And do not drown them in the mist of sense:
Do not, O do not by false pleasure's might
Deprive them of that true and sole delight.
That happiness ye seek is not below,
Earth's sweetest joy is but disguised woe.'"
Here did she pause, and with a mild aspect
Did towards me those lamping twins direct.
The wonted rays I knew, and thrice essay'd
To answer make, thrice fault'ring tongue it stay'd.

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And while upon that face I fed my sight,
Methought she vanish'd up to Titan's light;
Who gilding with his rays each hill and plain,
Seem'd to have brought the golden world again.

URANIA.

I.

Triumphing chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
Sky-threat'ning arches, the rewards of worth,
Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,
Which men divine unto the world set forth:
States which ambitious minds, in blood, do raise,
From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange,
Gigantic frames held wonders rarely strange,
Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days.
Nothing is constant but in constant change,
What 's done still is undone, and when undone
Into some other fashion doth it range;
Thus goes the floating world beneath the Moon:
Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

II.

Too long I followed have my fond desire,
And too long panted on the ocean streams,
Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,
Pursu'd those joys which to my soul are blames.
Ah when I had what most I did admire,
And seen of life's delights the last extremes,
I found all but a rose hedg'd with a brier,
A nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams.
Henceforth on thee, my only good, I 'll think,
For only thou canst grant what I do crave:
Thy nail my pen shall be; thy blood mine ink;
Thy winding-sheet my paper; study, grave:
And till my soul forth of this body flee,
No hope I 'll have, but only only thee.

III.

To spread the azure canopy of Heaven,
And spangle it all with sparks of burning gold.
To place this ponderous globe of Earth so even,
That it should all, and nought should it uphold;
With motions strange, t' indue the planets seven,
And Jove to make so mild, and Mars so bold;
To temper what is moist, dry, hot, and cold,
Of all their jars that sweet accords are given;—
Lord, to thy wisdom's nought, nought to thy might:
But that thou should'st, thy glory laid aside,
Come basely in mortality to bide,
And die for those deserv'd an endless night:
A wonder is so far above our wit,
That angels stand amaz'd to think on it.

IV.

What hapless hap had I for to be born
In these unhappy times, and dying days
Of this now doting world, when good decays,
Love's quite extinct, and virtue's held a scorn!
When such are only priz'd by wretched ways
Who with a golden fleece them can adorn!
When avarice and lust are counted praise,
And bravest minds live, orphan-like, forlorn!
Why was not I born in that golden age,
When gold yet was not known? and those black arts
By which base worldlings vilely play their parts,
With horrid acts staining Earth's stately stage?
To have been then, O Heaven! 't had been my bliss,
But bless me now, and take me soon from this.

ON THE

PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF PERTH.

SONNET.

The goddess that in Amathus doth reign,
With silver trammels, and sapphire-colour'd eyes,
When naked from her mother's crystal plain,
She first appear'd unto the wond'ring skies:
Or when the golden apple to obtain,
Her blushing snow amazed Ida's trees,
Did never look in half so fair a guise,
As she here drawn all other ages stain.
O God what beauties to inflame the soul,
And hold the hardest hearts in chains of gold!
Fair locks, sweet face, Love's stately capitol,
Pure neck which doth that heavenly frame uphold,
If Virtue would to mortal eyes appear,
To ravish sense she would your beauty wear.

SONNET.

If Heaven, the stars, and Nature did her grace
With all perfections found the Moon above,
And what excelleth in this lower place,
Found place in her to breed a world of love:
If angels' gleams shine on her fairest face, [prove,
Which makes Heaven's joy, on Earth, the gazer
And her bright eyes (the orbs which beauty move)
As Phœbus dazzle in his glorious race.
What pencil paint, what colour to the sight
So sweet a shape can show? the blushing morn,
The red must lend, the milky way the white,
And night the stars which her rich crown adorn;
To draw her right then, and make all agree,
The Heaven the table, Zeuxis Jove must be.

ON THAT SAME DRAWN WITH A PENCIL.

SONNET.

When with brave art the curious painter drew
This heavenly shape, the hand why made he bear
With golden veins that flow'r of purple hue,
Which follows on the planet of the year?
Was it to show how in our hemisphere,
Like him she shines, nay that effects more true
Of power, and wonder do in her appear,
While he but flow'rs, and she doth minds subdue.
Or would he else to virtue's glorious light
Her constant course make known, or is 't that he
Doth parallel her bliss with Clitia's plight:
Right so, and thus, he reading in her eye
Some lover's end, to grace what he did grave,
For Cypress tree, this mourning flow'r her gave.

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MADRIGAL.

My thoughts hold mortal strife,
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries,
Peace to my soul to bring,
Oft call that prince which here doth monarchize:
But he grim grinning king,
Who caitiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprise,
Late having deckt with beauty's rose his tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

AN ELEGY

UPON THE VICTORIOUS KING OF SWEDEN, GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Like a cold fatal sweat which ushers death,
My thoughts hang on me; and by labouring breath,
Stopt up with sighs, my fancy big with woes
Feels two twin mountains struggle in her throws,
Of boundless sorrow th' one, th' other of sin;
For less let no man call it, to begin
Where honour ends in great Gustavus' flame,
That still burnt out and wasted to a name,
Does barely live with us; and when the stuff
Which fed it fails, the taper turns to snuff:
With this poor snuff, this airy shadow, we
Of fame and honour must contented be,
Since from the vain grasp of our wishes fled
Their glorious substances, now he is dead.
Speak it again, and louder, louder yet,
Else whilst we hear the sound, we shall forget
What it delivers; let hoarse Rumour cry
Till she so many echoes multiply,
That may like numerous witnesses confute
Our unbelieving souls, that would dispute
And doubt this truth for ever, this one way
Is left our incredulity to sway,
T' awaken our deaf sense, and make our ears
As open and dilated as our tears;
That we may feel the blow, and feeling grieve
At what we would not fain, but must believe,
And in that horrid faith behold the world
From her proud height of expectation hurl'd;
Stooping with him, as if she strove to have
No lower centre now, than Sweden's grave.
O! could not all the purchas'd victories
Like to thy fame thy flesh immortalize?
Were not thy virtue nor thy valour charms
To guard thy body from those outward harms
Which could not reach thy soul? Could not thy spirit
Lend something which thy frailty could inherit,
From thy diviner part, that death nor heat,
Nor envy's bullets e'er could penetrate?
Could not thy early trophies in stern fight
Turn from the Pole, the Dane, the Muscovite?
Which were thy triumphs, seeds as pledges sown,
That when thy honour's harvest was ripe grown,
With full plum'd wing thou faulcon-like could fly,
And cuff the eagle in the German sky,
Forcing his iron beak, and feathers feel
They were not proof 'gainst thy victorious steel.
Could not all these protect thee, or prevail
To fright that coward Death, who oft grew pale
To look thee and thy battles in the face?
Alas! they could not; Destiny gives place
To none: nor is it seen that princes' lives
Can saved be by their prerogatives:
No more was thine; who, clos'd in thy cold lead,
Dost from thyself a mournful lecture read
Of man's short-dated glory. Learn, you kings,
You are, like him, but penetrable things;
Though you from demi-gods derive your birth,
You are at best but honourable earth:
And bowe'er sifted from that coarser bran
Which doth compound, and knead the common man,
Nothing immortal, or from earth refin'd
About you, but your office and your mind.
Hear then, break your false glasses, which present
You greater than your Maker ever meant.
Make truth your mirror now, since you find all
That flatter you, confuted by his fall.
Yet since it was decreed thy life's bright sun
Must be eclips'd ere thy full course was run,
Be proud thou didst in thy black obsequies
With greater glory set than others rise:
For in thy death, as life, thou holdest one
Most just and regular proportion.
Look how the circles drawn by compass meet
Indivisibly, joined head to feet;
And by continued points which them unite
Grow at once circular, and infinite:
So did thy fate and honour both contend
To match thy brave beginning with thine end.
Therefore thou hadst, instead of passing-bells,
The drums and cannons' thunder for thy knells;
And in the field thou didst triumphing die,
Closing thy eyelids with a victory;
That so by thousands that there lost their breath,
King-like thou might'st be waited on in death.
Liv'd Plutarch now, and would of Cæsar tell,
He could make none but thee his parallel,
Whose tide of glory, swelling to the brim,
Needs borrow no addition from him:
When did great Julius in any clime
Achieve so much, and in so short a time?
Or if he did, yet shalt thou in that land
Single for him, and unexampled stand.
When o'er the Germans first his eagle tow'r'd,
What saw the legions which on them he pour'd,
But massy bodies made their swords to try,
Subjects, not for his fight, but slavery?
In that so vast expanded piece of ground
(Now Sweden's theatre and scorn) he found
Nothing worth Cæsar's valour, or his fear,
No conqu'ring army, nor a Tilly there,
Whose strength, nor wiles, nor practice in the war
Might the fierce torrent of his triumphs bar;
But that thy winged sword twice made him yield,
Both from his trenches beat, and from the field.
Besides, the Roman thought he had done much,
Did he the banks of Rhenus only touch:
But though his march was bounded by the Rhine,
Not Oder nor the Danube thee confine.
And but thy frailty did thy fame prevent,
Thou hadst thy conquest stretch'd to such extent
Thou might'st Vienna reach, and after Spain;
From Mulda to the Baltic ocean.
But Death hath spann'd thee, nor must we divine
What here thou hadst to finish thy design;
Or who shall thee succeed as champion
For liberty, and for religion.
Thy task is done: as in a watch the spring,
Wound to the height, relaxes with the string;
So thy steel nerves of conquest, from their steep
Ascent declin'd, lie slackt in thy last sleep.

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test then, triumphant soul, for ever rest,
nd, like the phenix in her spicy nest.
mbalm'd with thine own merit, upward fly,
orne in a cloud of perfume to the sky;
Whilst, as in deathless urns, each noble mind
reasures thine ashes which are left behind.
nd if perhaps no Cassiopeian spark
Which in the north did thy first rising mark)
hine o'er thy hearse, the breath of our just praise
hall to the firmament thy virtues raise;
here fix and kindle them into a star,
Whose influence may crown thy glorious war.

TEARS

ON

THE DEATH OF MŒLIADES[1].

) HEAVENS! then is it true that thou art gone,
nd left this woful isle her loss to moan;
Mœliades, bright day-star of the west,
. comet blazing terrour to the east;
nd neither that thy spirit so heavenly wise,
for body (though of earth) more pure than skies,
for royal stem, nor thy sweet tender age,
f cruel destinies could quench the rage?
) fading hopes! O short-while lasting joy
f earth-born man, that one hour can destroy!
hen even of Virtue's spoils Death trophies rears,
s if he gloried most in many tears.
orc'd by hard fates, do Heavens neglect our cries?
re stars set only to act tragedies?
hen let them do their worst, since thou art gone,
aise whom thou list to thrones, enthron'd dethrone;
tain princely bow'rs with blood, and even to Gange,
 cypress sad, glad Hymen's torches change.
h! thou hast left to live; and in the time
When scarce thou blossom'dst in thy pleasant prime:
o falls by northern blast a virgin rose,
t half that doth her bashful bosom close;
o a sweet flower languishing decays,
hat late did blush when kiss'd by Phœbus' rays;
o Phœbus mounting the meridian's height,
hok'd by pale Phœbe, faints unto our sight;
stonish'd Nature sullen stands to see
he life of all this all so chang'd to be;
 gloomy gowns the stars this loss deplore,
he sea with murmuring mountains beats the shore,
lack darkness reels o'er all, in thousand show'rs
he weeping air on earth her sorrow pours,
hat, in a palsy, quakes to see so soon
ler lover set, and night burst forth ere noon.
If Heaven, alas! ordain'd thee young to die,
Why was 't not where thou might'st thy valour try;
nd to the wond'ring world at least set forth
ome little spark of thy expected worth?

[1] The name which in these verses is given unto rince Henry, is that which he himself, in the hallenges of his martial sports and masquerades, as wont to use; Mœliades, prince of the isles, hich in anagram maketh a word most worthy of ich a knight as he was, a knight (if time had suf-ered his actions to answer the world's expectation,) nly worthy of such a world, *Miles à Deo.*

Mœliades, O that by Ister's streams,
'Mong sounding trumpets, fiery twinkling gleams
Of warm vermilion swords, and cannons' roar,
Balls thick as rain pour'd on the Caspian shore,
'Mongst broken spears, 'mongst ringing helms and shields,
Huge heaps of slaughter'd bodies 'long the fields,
In Turkish blood made red like Mars's star,
Thou endedst had thy life, and christian war;
Or as brave Bourbon, thou hadst made old Rome,
Queen of the world, thy triumph, and thy tomb!
So Heaven's fair face, to th' unborn world, which
A book had been of thy illustrious deeds: [reads,
So to their nephews, aged sires had told
The high exploits perform'd by thee of old;
Towns ras'd, and rais'd, victorious, vanquish'd bands,
Fierce tyrants flying, foil'd, kill'd by thy hands:
And in rich arras virgins fair had wrought
The bays and trophies to thy country brought:
While some new Homer, imping wings to fame,
Deaf Nilus' dwellers had made hear thy name.
That thou didst not attain these honour's spheres,
Through want of worth it was not, but of years.
A youth more brave, pale Troy with trembling walls
Did never see, nor she whose name appals
Both Titan's golden bow'rs, in bloody fights,
Must'ring on Mars his field, such Mars-like knights.
The Heavens had brought thee to the highest height
Of wit and courage, showing all their might
When they thee fram'd. Ah me! that what is brave
On Earth, they as their own so soon should crave!
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore. [pass
When Forth, thy nurse, Forth where thou first didst
Thy tender days, (who smil'd oft on her glass,
To see thee gaze) meand'ring with her streams,
Heard thou 'hadst left this round, from Phœbus' beams
She sought to fly, but forced to return
By neighbouring brooks, she set herself to mourn:
And as she rush'd her Cyclades among, [wrong.
She seem'd to plain that Heaven had done her
With a hoarse plaint, Clyde down her steepy rocks,
And Tweed through her green mountains clad with flocks,
Did wound the ocean murmuring thy death;
The ocean it roar'd about the earth,
And to the Mauritanian Atlas told, [roll'd
Who shrunk through grief, and down his white hairs
Huge streams of tears, which changed were to floods,
Wherewith he drown'd the neighbour plains and woods.
The lesser brooks, as they did bubbling go,
Did keep a consort to the public woe.
The shepherds left their flocks with downcast eyes,
'Sdaining to look up to the angry skies:
Some brake their pipes, and some in sweet-sad lays
Made senseless things amazed at thy praise.
His reed Alexis hung upon a tree,
And with his tears made Doven great to be.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.
Chaste maids, which haunt fair Aganippe's well,
And you, in Tempe's sacred shade who dwell,
Let fall your harps, cease tunes of joy to sing,
Dishevelled make all Parnassus ring
With anthems sad; thy music Phœbus turn
To doleful plaints, whilst joy itself doth mourn.
Dead is thy darling who adorn'd thy bays,
Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweet lays,
And to a trumpet raise thy amorous style,
That floating Delos envy might this isle.

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You, Acidalian archers, break your bows,
Your torches quench, with tears blot beauty's snows,
And bid your weeping mother yet again
A second Adon's death, nay Mars his plain.
His eyes once were your darts; nay, even his name,
Wherever heard, did every heart inflame.
Tagus did court his love with golden streams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims,
But ah! (poor lovers) death did them betray,
And, not suspected, made their hopes his prey!
Tagus bewails his loss in golden streams,
Rhine with his towns, fair Seine with all she claims.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore. [brings
Eye-pleasing meads, whose painted plain forth
White, golden, azure flow'rs, which once were kings,
To mourning black their shining colours dye,
Bow down their heads, while sighing zephyrs fly.
Queen of the fields, whose blush makes blush the morn,
Sweet rose, a prince's death in purple mourn;
O hyacinths, for aye your AI keep still,
Nay, with more marks of woe your leaves now fill:
And you, O flow'r, of Helen's tears that 's born,
Into these liquid pearls again you turn:
Your green locks, forests, cut; to weeping myrrhs,
To deadly cypress, and ink-dropping firs,
Your palms and myrtles change; from shadows dark,
Wing'd syrens, wail, and you, sad echoes, mark
The lamentable accents of their moan,
And plain that brave Mœliades is gone.
Stay, sky, thy turning course, and now become
A stately arch, unto the earth his tomb:
And over it still wat'ry Iris keep,
And sad Electra's sisters, who still weep:
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.
Dear ghost, forgive these our untimely tears,
By which our loving mind, though weak, appears:
Our loss, not thine (when we complain) we weep,
For thee the glistering walls of Heaven do keep,
Beyond the planet's wheels, 'bove highest source
Of spheres, that turns the lower in his course:
Where Sun doth never set, nor ugly Night
Ever appears in mourning garments dight:
Where Boreas' stormy trumpet doth not sound,
Nor clouds in lightnings bursting, minds astound.
From cares, cold climates far, and hot desire,
Where Time's exil'd, and ages ne'er expire;
'Mong purest spirits environed with beams,
Thou think'st all things below t' have been but dreams;
And joy'st to look down to the azur'd bars
Of Heaven, powder'd with troops of streaming stars;
And in their turning temples to behold,
In silver robe the Moon, the Sun in gold;
Like young eye-speaking lovers in a dance,
With majesty by turns retire, advance:
Thou wonder'st Earth to see hang like a ball,
Clos'd in the mighty cloister of this all;
And that poor men should prove so madly fond,
To toss themselves for a small spot of ground:
Nay, that they ev'n dare brave the powers above,
From this base stage of change that cannot move.
All worldly pomp and pride thou seest arise
Like smoke, that 's scatter'd in the empty skies.
Other high hills and forests, other tow'rs,
Amaz'd thou find'st excelling our poor bow'rs;
Courts void of flattery, of malice minds,
Pleasure which lasts, not such as reason blinds.
Thou sweeter songs dost hear, and carollings,
Whilst Heavens do dance, and choirs of angels sings,
Than muddy minds could feign; even our annoy
(If it approach that place) is chang'd to joy.
Rest, blessed soul, rest satiate with the sight
Of him whose beams (though dazzling) do delight;
Life of all lives, cause of each other cause;
The sphere and centre where the mind doth pause;
Narcissus of himself, himself the well,
Lover, and beauty that doth all excel,
Rest, happy soul, and wonder in that glass,
Where seen is all that shall be, is, or was,
While shall be, is, or was, do pass away,
And nothing be, but an eternal day.
For ever rest; thy praise fame will enrol
In golden annals, while about the pole
The slow Boötes turns, or Sun doth rise
With scarlet scarf to cheer the mourning skies.
The virgins on thy tomb will garlands bear
Of flow'rs, and with each flow'r let fall a tear.
Mœliades sweet courtly nymphs deplore,
From Thule to Hydaspes' pearly shore.

OF jet,
Or porhyry,
Or that white stone
Paros affords alone,
Or these, in azure dye,
Which seem to scorn the sky;
Here Memphis' wonders do not set,
Nor Artemisia's huge frame,
That keeps so long her lover's name,
Make no great marble Atlas stoop with gold,
To please the vulgar eye shall it behold.
The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their tears
A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appears.

EPITAPH.

Stay, passenger, see where enclosed lies
The paragon of princes, fairest frame,
Time, nature, place, could show to mortal eyes,
In worth, wit, virtue, miracle of fame:
At least that part the earth of him could claim
This marble holds (hard like the destinies:)
For as to his brave spirit, and glorious name,
The one the world, the other fills the skies.
Th' immortal amaranthus, princely rose,
Sad violet, and that sweet flow'r that bears
In sanguine spots the tenour of our woes,
Spread on this stone, and wash it with your tears;
Then go and tell from Gades unto Inde,
You saw where Earth's perfections were confin'd.

ANOTHER.

A passing glance, a lightning long the skies,
Which, ushering thunder, dies straight to our sight;
A spark that doth from jarring mixtures rise,
Thus drown'd is in th' huge depths of day and night:
Is this small trifle, life, held in such price
Of blinded wights, who ne'er judge aught aright?
Of Parthian shaft so swift is not the flight,
As life, that wastes itself, and living dies.

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Ah! what is human greatness, valour, wit?
What fading beauty, riches, honour, praise?
To what doth serve in golden thrones to sit,
Thrall Earth's vast round, triumphal arches raise?
That all 's a dream, learn in this prince's fall,
In whom, save death, nought mortal was at all.

A TRANSLATION

OF

SIR JOHN SCOT'S VERSES,

BEGINNING, QUOD VITÆ SECTABOR ITER?

What course of life should wretched mortals take?
In books hard questions large contention make.
Care dwells in houses, labour in the field;
Tumultuous seas affrighting dangers yield.
In foreign lands thou never canst be blest:
If rich, thou art in fear; if poor, distress'd.
In wedlock frequent discontentments swell;
Unmarried persons as in deserts dwell.
How many troubles are with children born!
Yet he that wants them counts himself forlorn.
Young men are wanton, and of wisdom void;
Grey hairs are cold, unfit to be employ'd.
Who would not one of these two offers try,
Not to be born; or, being born, to die?

MADRIGALS AND EPIGRAMS.

THE STATUE OF MEDUSA.

Of that Medusa strange,
Who those that did her see in rocks did change,
No image carv'd is this:
Medusa's self it is:
For while at heat of day
To quench her thirst she by this spring did stay,
Her hideous head beholding in this glass,
Her senses fail'd, and thus transform'd she was.

THE PORTRAIT OF MARS AND VENUS.

Fair Paphos' wanton queen
(Not drawn in white and red)
Is truly here, as when in Vulcan's bed
She was of all Heaven's laughing senate seen.
Gaze on her hair, and eine,
Her brows, the bows of Love,
Her back with lilies spread:
Ye also might perceive her turn and move,
But that she neither so will do, nor dare,
For fear to wake the angry god of war.

NARCISSUS.

Floods cannot quench my flames, ah! in this well
I burn, not drown, for what I cannot tell.

DAMETA'S DREAM.

Dameta dream'd he saw his wife at sport,
And found that sight was through the horny port.

CHERRIES.

My wanton, weep no more
The losing of your cherries;
Those, and far sweeter berries,
Your sister, in good store,
Hath in her lips and face;
Be glad, kiss her with me, and hold your peace.

ICARUS.

While with audacious wings,
I cleav'd those airy ways,
And fill'd (a monster new) with dread and fears,
The feather'd people and their eagle kings:
Dazzled with Phœbus' rays,
And charmed with the music of the spheres,
When quills could move no more, and force did fail,
Though down I fell from Heaven's high azure bounds;
Yet doth renown my losses countervail,
For still the shore my brave attempt resounds.
A sea, an element doth bear my name;
What mortal's tomb's so great in place or fame?

ON HIS LADY BEHOLDING HERSELF IN A MARBLE.

World, wonder not, that I
Keep in my breast engraven
That angel's face hath me of rest bereaven.
See, dead and senseless things cannot deny
To lodge so dear a guest:
Ev'n this hard marble stone
Receives the same, and loves, but cannot groan.

TO SLEEP.

How comes it, Sleep, that thou
Even kisses me affords
Of her, dear her, so far who 's absent now?
How did I hear those words,
Which rocks might move, and move the pines to bow?
Ah me! before half day
Why didst thou steal away?
Return, I thine for ever will remain,
If thou wilt bring with thee that guest again.

A PLEASANT DECEIT.

Over a crystal source
Iolas laid his face,
Of purling streams to see the restless course.
But scarce he had o'ershadowed the place,
When in the water he a child espies,
So like himself in stature, face and eyes,
That glad he rose, and cried,
"Dear mates approach, see whom I have descried,
The boy of whom strange stories shepherds tell,
Oft called Hylas, dwelleth in this well."

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THE CANNON.

When first the cannon from her gaping throat
Against the Heaven her roaring sulphur shot,
Jove waken'd with the noise, did ask with wonder,
What mortal wight had stol'n from him his thunder:
His crystal tow'rs be fear'd, but fire and air
So high did stay the ball from mounting there.

THAIS' MATAMORPHOSIS.

Into Briareus huge
Thais wish'd she might change
Her man, and pray'd him not there at to grudge,
Nor fondly think it strange;
"For if," said she, "I might the parts dispose,
I wish you not a hundred arms nor hands,
But hundred things like those
With which Priapus in our garden stands."

THE QUALITY OF A KISS.

The kiss with so much strife
Which I late got, sweet heart,
Was it a sign of death, or was it life?
Of life it could not be,
For I by it did sigh my soul in thee:
Nor was it death, death doth no joy impart.
Thou silent stand'st, ah! what didst thou bequeath,
A dying life to me, or living death?

HIS LADY'S DOG.

When her dear bosom clips
That little cur which fawns to touch her lips,
Or when it is his hap
To lie lapp'd in her lap,
O it grows noon with me;
With hotter-pointed beams
I burn, than those are which the Sun forth streams,
When piercing lightning his rays call'd may be;
And as I muse how I to those extremes
Am brought, I find no cause, except that she,
In love's bright zodiack having trac'd each room,
To the hot dog-star now at last is come.

AN ALMANACK.

This strange eclipse one says
Strange wonders doth foretel;
But you whose wives excel,
And love to count their praise,
Shut all your gates, your hedges plant with thorns,
The Sun did threat the world this time with horns.

THE SILK-WORM OF LOVE.

A dædale of my death
Now I resemble that sly worm on earth,
Which prone to its own harm doth take no rest:
For day and night opprest,
I feed on fading leaves
Of hope, which me deceives,
And thousand webs do warp within my breast:
And thus in end unto myself I weave
A fast-shut prison, or a closer grave.

DEEP IMPRESSION OF LOVE TO HIS MISTRESS.

Whom a mad dog doth bite,
He doth in water still
That mad dog's image see:
Love, mad, perhaps, when he my heart did smite,
More to dissemble his ill,
Transform'd himself to thee:
For thou art present ever since to me.
No spring there is, no flood, nor other place
Where I, alas! not see thy heavenly face.

A CHAIN OF GOLD.

Are not those locks of gold
Sufficient chains the wildest hearts to hold?
Is not that ivory hand
A diamantine band,
Most sure to keep the most untamed mind,
But ye must others find?
O yes! why is that golden one then worn?
Thus free in chains, perhaps, Love's chains to scorn.

ON THE DEATH OF A LINNET.

If cruel death had ears,
Or could be pleas'd by songs,
This wing'd musician had liv'd many years,
And Nisa mine had never wept these wrongs:
For when it first took breath,
The Heavens their notes did unto it bequeath:
And if that Samian's sentences be true,
Amphion in this body lived anew.
But Death, who nothing spares, and nothing hears,
As he doth kings, kill'd it, O grief! O tears!

LILLA'S PRAYER.

"Love, if thou wilt once more
That I to thee return,
Sweet god! make me not burn
For quivering age, that doth spent days deplore.
Nor do thou wound my heart
For some inconstant boy,
Who joys to love, yet makes of love a toy.
But, ah! if I must prove thy golden dart,
Of grace, O let me find
A sweet young lover with an aged mind."
Thus Lilla pray'd, and Idas did reply,
(Who heard) "Dear, have thy wish, for such am I."

ARMELIN'S EPITAPH.

Near to this eglantine
Enclosed lies the milk-white Armeline;
Once Cloris' only joy,
Now only her annoy;
Who envied was of the most happy swains
That keep their flocks in mountains, dales, or plains:
For oft she bore the wanton in her arm,
And oft her bed and bosom did he warm;
Now when unkinder fates did him destroy,
Blest dog, he had the grace,
That Cloris for him wet with tears her face.

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EPITAPH.

The bawd of justice, he who laws controll'd,
And made them fawn and frown as he got gold,
That Proteus of our state, whose heart and mouth
Were farther distant than is north from south,
That cormorant who made himself so gross
On people's ruin, and the prince's loss,
Is gone to Hell; and though he here did evil,
He there perchance my prove an honest devil.

A TRANSLATION.

Fierce robbers were of old
Exil'd the champaign ground,
From hamlets chas'd, in cities kill'd, or bound,
And only woods, caves, mountains, did them hold:
But now, when all is sold,
Woods, mountains, caves, to good men be refuge,
And do the guiltless lodge,
And clad in purple gowns
The greatest thieves command within the towns.

EPITAPH.

Then Death thee hath beguil'd,
Alecto's first born child;
Then thou who thrall'd all laws,
Now against worms cannot maintain thy cause:
Yet worms (more just than thou) now do no wrong,
Since all do wonder they thee spar'd so long;
For though from life thou didst but lately pass,
Twelve springs are gone since thou corrupted was.
Come, citizens, erect to Death an altar,
Who keeps you from axe, fuel, timber, halter.

A JEST.

In a most holy church, a holy man,
Unto a holy saint with visage wan,
And eyes like fountains, mumbled forth a prayer,
And with strange words and sighs made black the air.
And having long so stay'd, and long long pray'd,
A thousand crosses on himself he laid;
And with some sacred beads hung on his arm,
His eyes, his mouth, his temples, breast did charm.
Thus not content (strange worship hath no end)
To kiss the earth at last he did pretend,
And bowing down besought with humble grace,
An aged woman near to give some place:
She turn'd, and turning up her hole beneath,
Said, "Sir, kiss here, for it is all but earth."

PROTEUS OF MARBLE.

This is no work of stone, [none,
Though it seems breathless, cold, and sense hath
But that false god which keeps
The monstrous people of the raging deeps:
Now that he doth not change his shape this while,
It is thus constant more you to beguile.

PAMPHILUS.

Some ladies wed, some love, and some adore them,
I like their wanton sport, then care not for them.

APELLES ENAMOURED OF CAMPASPE, ALEXANDER'S MISTRESS.

Poor painter while I sought
To counterfeit by art
The fairest frame which Nature ever wrought,
And having limn'd each part,
Except her matchless eyes:
Scarce on those suns I gaz'd,
As lightning falls from skies,
When straight my hand grew weak, my mind amaz'd,
And ere that pencil half them had express'd,
Love had them drawn, no, grav'd them in my breast.

CAMPASPE.

Oh stars shall I exclaim,
Which thus my fortune change,
Or shall I else revenge
Upon myself this shame,
Inconstant monarch, or shall I thee blame
Who lets Apelles prove
The sweet delights of Alexander's love?
No, stars, myself, and thee, I all forgive,
And joy that thus I live;
Of thee, blind king, my beauty was despis'd,
Thou didst not know it, now being known 'tis priz'd.

CORNUCOPIA.

If for one only horn,
Which Nature to him gave,
So famous is the noble unicorn;
What praise should that man have,
Whose head a lady brave
Doth with a goodly pair at once adorn?

LOVE SUFFERS NO PARASOL.

Those eyes, dear eyes, be spheres
Where two bright suns are roll'd,
That fair hand to behold,
Of whitest snow appears:
Then while ye coyly stand
To hide me from those eyes,
Sweet, I would you advise
To choose some other fan than that white hand;
For if ye do, for truth most true this know,
Those suns ere long must needs consume warm snow.

UNPLEASANT MUSICK.

In fields Ribaldo stray'd,
May's tapestry to see,
And hearing on a tree
A cuckow sing, sigh'd to himself, and said,
"Lo! how, alas! even birds sit mocking me!"

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SLEEPING BEAUTY.

O SIGHT, too dearly bought!
She sleeps, and though those eyes,
Which lighten Cupid's skies,
Be clos'd, yet such a grace
Environeth that place,
That I, through wonder, to grow faint am brought:
Suns, if eclips'd you have such power divine,
What power have I t' endure you when you shine?

ALCON'S KISS.

WHAT others at their ear,
Two pearls, Camilla at her nose did wear,
Which Alcon, who nought saw,
(For Love is blind) robb'd with a pretty kiss;
But having known his miss,
And felt what ore he from that mine did draw,
When she to come again did him desire,
He fled, and said, foul water quenched fire.

THE STATUE OF VENUS SLEEPING.

PASSENGER, vex not thy mind,
To make me mine eyes unfold;
For if thou shouldst them behold,
Thine, perhaps, they will make blind.

LAURA TO PETRARCH.

I RATHER love a youth and childish rhyme, [time.
Than thee, whose verse and head are wise through

THE ROSE.

FLOW'R, which of Adon's blood
Sprang, when of that clear flood,
Which Venus wept, another white was born,
The sweet Cynarean youth thou lively shows;
But this sharp-pointed thorn,
So proud about thy crimson fold that grows,
What doth it represent? [rent.
Boar's teeth, perhaps, his milk-white flank which
O show, in one of unesteemed worth,
That both the kill'd and killer setteth forth!

A LOVER'S PRAYER.

NEAR to a crystal spring,
With thirst and heat opprest,
Narcissa fair doth rest, [bring,
Trees, pleasant trees, which those green plains forth
Now interlace your trembling tops above,
And make a canopy unto my love;
So in Heaven's highest house, when Sun appears,
Aurora may you cherish with her tears.

IOLAS' EPITAPH.

HERE dear Iolas lies,
Who whilst he liv'd in beauty did surpass
That boy, whose heavenly eyes
Brought Cypris from above,
Or him to death who look'd in wat'ry glass,
Even judge the god of love.
And if the nymph, once held of him so dear,
Dorine the fair, would here but shed one tear,
Thou should'st in nature's scorn,
A purple flow'r see of this marble born.

THE TROJAN HORSE.

A HORSE I am, who bit,
Rein, rod, spur, do not fear;
When I my riders bear,
Within my womb, not on my back they sit.
No streams I drink, nor care for grass or corn;
Art me a monster wrought,
All Nature's works to scorn;
A mother I was without mother born,
In end all arm'd my father I forth brought:
What thousand ships and champions of renown
Could not do free, captiv'd I raz'd Troy's town.

FOR DORUS.

WHY, Nais, stand ye nice,
Like to a well-wrought stone,
When Dorus would you kiss?
Deny him not that bliss,
He's but a child (old men be children twice)
And even a toothless one:
And when his lips yours touch in that delight,
Ye need not fear he will those cherries bite.

LOVE VAGABONDING.

Sweet nymphs, if as ye stray
Ye find the froth-born goddess of the sea,
All blubber'd, pale, undone,
Who seeks her giddy son,
That little god of love,
Whose golden shafts your chastest bosoms prove;
Who leaving all the Heavens hath run away:
If aught to him that finds him she'll impart,
Tell her he nightly lodgeth in my heart.

TO A RIVER.

SITH she will not that I
Show to the world my joy,
Thou, who oft mine annoy
Hast heard, dear flood, tell Thetis, if thou can,
That not a happier man
Doth breath beneath the sky.
More sweet, more white, more fair,
Lips, hands, and amber hair,
Tell, none did ever touch;
A smaller, daintier waist
Tell, never was embrac'd;
But peace, since she forbids thee tell too much.

LIDA.

SUCH Lida, is, that who her sees,
Through envy, or through love, straight dies.

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PHRÆNE.

Aonian sisters, help my Phræne's praise to tell,
Phræne, heart of my heart, with whom the graces dwell;
For I surcharged am so sore that I not know
What first to praise of her, her breast, or neck of snow,
Her cheeks with roses spread, or her two sun-like eyes,
Her teeth of brightest pearl, her lips where sweetness lies:
But those so praise themselves, being to all eyes set forth,
That, Muses, ye need not to say aught of their worth;
Then her white swelling paps essay for to make known,
But her white swelling paps through smallest veil are shown;
Yet she hath something else, more worthy than the rest,
Not seen; go sing of that which lies beneath her breast,
And mounts like fair Parnasse, where Pegase well doth run——
Here Phræne stay'd my Muse ere she had well begun.

KISSES DESIRED.

Though I with strange desire
To kiss those rosy lips am set on fire,
Yet will I cease to crave
Sweet kisses in such store,
As he who long before
In thousands them from Lesbia did receive:
Sweetheart, but once me kiss,
And I by that sweet bliss
Even swear to cease you to importune more;
Poor one no number is;
Another word of me ye shall not hear
After one kiss, but still one kiss, my dear.

DESIRED DEATH.

Dear life, while I do touch
These coral ports of bliss,
Which still themselves do kiss,
And sweetly me invite to do as much,
All panting in my lips,
My heart my life doth leave,
No sense my senses have,
And inward powers do find a strange eclipse:
This death so heavenly well
Doth so me please, that I
Would never longer seek in sense to dwell,
If that even thus I only could but die.

PHŒBE.

If for to be alone, and all the night to wander,
Maids can prove chaste, then chaste is Phœbe without slander.

ANSWER.

Fool, still to be alone, all night in Heaven to wander,
Would make the wanton chaste, then she's chaste without slander.

THE CRUELTY OF RORA.

Whilst sighing forth his wrongs,
In sweet though doleful songs,
Alexis sought to charm his Rora's ears,
The hills were heard to moan,
To sigh each spring appear'd,
Trees, hardest trees, through rhind distill'd their tears,
And soft grew every stone:
But tears, nor sighs, nor songs could Rora move,
For she rejoiced at his plaint and love.

A KISS.

Hark, happy lovers, hark,
This first and last of joys,
This sweet'ner of annoys,
This nectar of the gods,
You call a kiss, is with itself at odds;
And half so sweet is not
In equal measure got,
At light of Sun, as it is in the dark:
Hark, happy lovers, hark.

KALA'S COMPLAINT.

Kala, old Mopsus' wife,
Kala with fairest face,
For whom the neighbour swains oft were at strife,
As she to milk her snowy flock did tend,
Sigh'd with a heavy grace,
And said, "What wretch like me doth lead her life?
I see not how my task shall have an end:
All day I draw these streaming dugs in fold,
All night my empty husband's soft and cold."

PHILLIS.

In petticoat of green,
Her hair about her eine,
Phillis, beneath an oak,
Sat milking her fair flock:
'Mongst that sweet-strained moisture (rare delight)
Her hand seem'd milk, in milk it was so white.

A WISH.

To forge to mighty Jove
The thunderbolts above,
Nor on this round below
Rich Midas' skill to know,
And make all gold I touch,
Do I desire; it is for me too much:
Of all the arts practis'd beneath the sky,
I would but Phillis' lapidary be.

NISA.

Nisa, Palemon's wife, him weeping told
He kept not grammer rules, now being old;
For why, quoth she, position false make ye,
Putting a short thing where a long should be.

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A LOVER'S HEAVEN.

Those stars, nay suns, which turn
So stately in their spheres,
And dazzling do not burn,
The beauty of the morn
Which on these cheeks appears,
The harmony which to that voice is given,
Makes me think you are Heaven.
If Heaven you be, O! that by powerful charms
I Atlas were, infolded in your arms!

EPITAPH.

This dear, though not respected earth doth hold
One, for his worth, whose tomb should be of gold.

BEAUTY'S IDEA.

Who would perfection's fair idea see,
On pretty Cloris let him look with me;
White is her hair, her teeth white, white her skin,
Black be her eyes, her eye-brows Cupid's inn:
Her locks, her body, hands do long appear,
But teeth short, short her womb, and either ear,
The space 'twixt shoulders; eyes are wide, brow wide,
Strait waist, the mouth strait, and her virgin pride.
Thick are her lips, thighs, with banks swelling there,
Her nose is small, small fingers, and her hair,
Her sugar'd mouth, her cheeks, her nails be red,
Little her foot, breast little, and her head.
Such Venus was, such was that flame of Troy,
Such Cloris is, mine hope and only joy.

LALUS' DEATH.

Amidst the waves profound,
Far, far from all relief,
The honest fisher Lalus, ah! is drown'd,
Shut in this little skiff;
The boards of which did serve him for a bier,
So that when he to the black world came near,
Of him no silver greedy Charon got;
For he in his own boat
Did pass that flood, by which the gods do swear.

FLOWERS OF SION:

OR,

SPIRITUAL POEMS.

Triumphant arches, statues crown'd with bays,
Proud obelisks, tombs of the vastest frame,
Brazen Colosses, Atlases of fame,
And temples builded to vain deities' praise;
States which unsatiate minds in blood do raise,
From southern pole unto the arctic team,
And even what we write to keep our name,
Like spiders' cauls, are made the sport of days;
All only constant is in constant change;
What done is, is undone, and when undone,
Into some other figure doth it range;
Thus rolls the restless world beneath the Moon:
Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
Aspire, and steps, not reach'd by nature, trace.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April show'rs,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combin'd,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
A honour that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous name:
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errours know.

Life a right shadow is;
For if it long appear,
Then is it spent, and death's long night draws near;
Shadows are moving, light,
And is there ought so moving as is this?
When it is most in sight,
It steals away, and none knows how or where,
So near our cradles to our coffins are.

Look as the flow'r, which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Just so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And, blasted, scarce now shows what it hath been.
Therefore, as doth the pilgrim, whom the night
Hastes darkly to imprison on his way,
Think on thy home, my soul, and think aright
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day:
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

The weary mariner so far not flies
An howling tempest, harbour to attain;
Nor shepherd hastes, when frays of wolves arise,
So fast to fold, to save his bleating train,
As I (wing'd with contempt and just disdain)
Now fly the world, and what it most doth prize,
And sanctuary seek, free to remain
From wounds of abject times, and envy's eyes:
To me this world did once seem sweet and fair,
While sense's light mind's perspective kept blind;
Now like imagin'd landscape in the air,
And weeping rainbows, her best joys I find:
Or if aught here is had that praise should have,
It is an obscure life and silent grave.

Of this fair volume which we world do name,
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare,

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Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending every where,
His justice, which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same:
But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleas'd with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

The grief was common, common were the cries,
Tears, sobs, and groans of that afflicted train,
Which of God's chosen did the sum contain,
And Earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were skies;
All good had left the world, each vice did reign
In the most monstrous sorts Hell could devise,
And all degrees and each estate did stain,
Nor further had to go whom to surprise;
The world beneath, the prince of darkness lay,
And in each temple had himself install'd,
Was sacrific'd unto, by prayers call'd,
Responses gave, which, fools, they did obey;
When, pitying man, God of a virgin's womb
Was born, and those false deities struck dumb.

"Run shepherds, run, where Bethlem blest appears;
We bring the best of news, be not dismay'd,
A Saviour there is born, more old than years,
Amidst the rolling Heaven this Earth who stay'd;
In a poor cottage inn'd, a virgin maid,
A weakling did him bear who all upbears;
There he in clothes is wrapp'd, in manger laid,
To whom too narrow swadlings are our spheres.
Run, shepherds, run, and solemnize his birth;
This is that night, no day, grown great with bliss,
In which the power of Satan broken is;
In Heaven be glory; peace unto the Earth:"
Thus singing through the air the angels swam,
And all the stars re-echoed the same.

"O than the fairest day, thrice fairer night,
Night to best days, in which a sun doth rise,
Of which the golden eye which clears the skies
Is but a sparkling ray, a shadow light;
And blessed ye, in silly pastors' sight,
Mild creatures, in whose warm crib now lies
That heaven-sent youngling, holy-maid-born wight,
'Midst, end, beginning of our prophecies:
Blest cottage, that hath flow'rs in winter spread;
Though wither'd, blessed grass, that hath the grace
To deck and be a carpet to that place."
Thus singing to the sounds of oaten reed,
Before the babe the shepherds bow'd their knees,
And springs ran nectar, honey dropp'd from trees.

"The last and greatest herald of Heaven's king,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than man, and mild.
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd;
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from Earth exil'd.
There burst he forth. All ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errours turn."
Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, "Repent, repent."

"These eyes, dear Lord, once tapers of desire,
Frail scouts betraying what they had to keep,
Which their own heart, then others set on fire,
Their trait'rous black before thee here out-weep;
These locks of blushing deeds, the gilt attire,
Waves curling, wreckful shelves to shadow deep,
Rings, wedding souls to sin's lethargic sleep,
To touch thy sacred feet do now aspire.
In seas of care behold a sinking bark,
By winds of sharp remorse unto thee driven:
O let me not be ruin's aim'd-at mark;
My faults confess'd, Lord, say they are forgiven."
Thus sigh'd to Jesus the Bethanian fair,
His tear-wet feet still drying with her hair.

"I changed countries new delights to find,
But, ah! for pleasure I did find new pain;
Enchanting pleasure so did reason blind,
That father's love and words I scorn'd as vain.
For tables rich, for bed, for following train
Of careful servants to observe my mind;
These herds I keep my fellows are assign'd,
My bed's a rock, and herbs my life sustain.
Now while I famine feel, fear worser harms,
Father and Lord, I turn, thy love, yet great,
My faults will pardon, pity mine estate."
This, where an aged oak had spread its arms,
Thought the lost child, while as the herds he led,
And pin'd with hunger, on wild acorns fed.

If that the world doth in amaze remain,
To hear in what a sad, deploring mood,
The pelican pours from her breast her blood,
To bring to life her younglings back again;
How should we wonder at that sovereign good,
Who from that serpent's sting that had us slain,
To save our lives, shed his life's purple flood,
And turn'd to endless joy our endless pain!
Ungrateful soul, that charm'd with false delight,
Hast long, long wander'd in sin's flow'ry path,
And didst not think at all, or thought'st not right
On this thy pelican's great love and death. [see
Here pause, and let (though Earth it scorn) Heaven
Thee pour forth tears to him pour'd blood for thee.

If in the east when you do there behold
Forth from his crystal bed the Sun to rise,
With rosy robes and crown of flaming gold;
If gazing on that empress of the skies
That takes so many forms, and those fair brands
Which blaze in Heaven's high vault, night's watchful eyes;
If seeing how the sea's tumultuous bands
Of bellowing billows have their course confin'd;
How unsustain'd the Earth still stedfast stands;
Poor mortal wights, you e'er found in your mind

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A thought, that some great king did sit above,
Who had such laws and rites to them assign'd;
A king who fix'd the poles, made spheres to move,
All wisdom, pureness, excellency, might,
All goodness, greatness, justice, beauty, love;—
With fear and wonder hither turn your sight,
See, see, alas! him now, not in that state
Thought could forecast him into reason's light.
Now eyes with tears, now hearts with grief make great,
Bemoan this cruel death and ruthful case,
If ever plaints just woe could aggravate:
From sin and Hell to save us human race,
See this great king nail'd to an abject tree,
An object of reproach and sad disgrace.
O unheard pity! love in strange degree!
He his own life doth give, his blood doth shed,
For wormlings base such worthiness to see.
Poor wights! behold his visage pale as lead,
His head bow'd to his breast, locks sadly rent,
Like a cropp'd rose, that languishing doth fade.
Weak nature, weep! astonish'd world, lament!
Lament, you winds! you Heaven, that all contains!
And thou, my soul, let nought thy griefs relent!
Those hands, those sacred hands, which hold the reins
Of this great all, and kept from mutual wars
The elements, bare rent for thee their veins:
Those feet, which once must tread on golden stars,
For thee with nails would be pierc'd through and torn;
For thee Heaven's king from Heaven himself debars:
This great heart-quaking dolour wail and mourn,
Ye that long since him saw by might of faith,
Ye now that are, and ye yet to be born.
Not to behold his great Creator's death,
The Sun from sinful eyes hath veil'd his light,
And faintly journies up Heaven's sapphire path;
And cutting from her prows her tresses bright
The Moon doth keep her Lord's sad obsequies,
Impearling with her tears her robe of night;
All staggering and lazy lour the skies;
The earth and elemental stages quake;
The long-since dead from bursted graves arise.
And can things, wanting sense, yet sorrow take,
And bear a part with him who all them wrought,
And man (though born with cries) shall pity lack?
Think what had been your state, had he not brought
To these sharp pangs himself, and priz'd so high
Your souls, that with his life them life he bought!
What woes do you attend, if still ye lie
Plung'd in your wonted ordures! Wretched brood!
Shall for your sake again God ever die?
O leave deluding shows, embrace true good,
He on you calls, forego sin's shameful trade;
With prayers now seek Heaven, and not with blood.
Let not the lambs more from their dams be had,
Nor altars blush for sin; live every thing;
That long time long'd-for sacrifice is made.
All that is from you crav'd by this great king
Is to believe: a pure heart incense is.
What gift, alas! can we him meaner bring?
Haste, sin-sick souls! this season do not miss,
Now while remorseless time doth grant you space,
And God invites you to your only bliss:
He who you calls will not deny you grace,
But low-deep bury faults, so ye repent;
His arms, lo! stretched are, you to embrace.
When days are done, and life's small spark is spent,
So you accept what freely here is given,
Like brood of angels deathless, all-content,
Ye shall for ever live with him in Heaven.

Come forth, come forth, ye blest triumphing bands,
Fair citizens of that immortal town;
Come see that king which all this all commands,
Now, overcharg'd with love, die for his own:
Look on those nails, which pierce his feet and hands;
What a sharp diadem his brows doth crown!
Behold his pallid face, his heavy frown,
And what a throng of thieves him mocking stands!
Come forth, ye empyrean troops, come forth,
Preserve this sacred blood that Earth adorns,
Gather those liquid roses off his thorns;
O! to be lost they be of too much worth:
For streams, juice, balm, they are, which quench, kills, charms,
Of God, Death, Hell, the wrath, the life, the harms.

Soul, whom Hell did once inthral,
He, he for thine offence
Did suffer death, who could not die at all.
O sovereign excellence!
O life of all that lives!
Eternal bounty which each good thing gives!
How could Death mount so high?
No wit this point can reach,
Faith only doth us teach,
He died for us at all who could not die.

Life, to give life, deprived is of life,
And Death display'd hath ensign against Death;
So violent the rigour was of Death,
That nought could daunt it but the Life of Life:
No power had power to thrall life's pow'rs to death,
But willingly life down hath laid his life.
Love gave the wound which wrought this work of death;
His bow and shafts were of the tree of life.
Now quakes the author of eternal death,
To find that they whom late he reft of life,
Shall fill his room above the lists of death;
Now all rejoice in death who hope for life.
Dead Jesus lives, who Death hath kill'd by Death;
No tomb his tomb is, but new source of life.

Rise from those fragrant climes, thee now embrace;
Unto this world of ours, O haste thy race,
Fair Sun, and though contrary ways all year
Thou hold thy course, now with the highest share,
Join thy blue wheels to hasten time that low'rs,
And lazy minutes turn to perfect hours;
The night and death too long a league have made,
To stow the world in horrour's ugly shade.
Shake from thy locks a day with saffron rays
So fair, that it outshine all other days;
And yet do not presume, great eye of light,
To be that which this day must make so bright.
See an eternal Sun hastes to arise;
Not from the eastern blushing seas or skies,
Or any stranger worlds Heaven's concaves have,
But from the darkness of an hollow grave.

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And this is that all-powerful Sun above [move.
That crown'd thy brows with rays, first made thee
Light's trumpeters, ye need not from your bow'rs
Proclaim this day; this the angelic pow'rs
Have done for you: but now an opal hue
Bepaints Heaven's crystal to the longing view:
Earth's late-hid colours shine, light doth adorn
The world, and, weeping joy, forth comes the morn;
And with her, as from a lethargic trance
The breath return'd, that bodies doth advance,
Which two sad nights in rock lay coffin'd dead,
And with an iron guard environed:
Life out of death, light out of darkness springs,
From a base jail forth comes the King of kings;
What late was mortal, thrall'd to every woe
That lackeys life, or upon sense doth grow,
Immortal is, of an eternal stamp,
Far brighter beaming than the morning lamp.
So from a black eclipse out-peers the Sun:
Such (when her course of days have on her run,
In a far forest in the pearly east,
And she herself hath burnt, and spicy nest,)
The lovely bird with youthful pens and comb,
Doth soar from out her cradle and her tomb:
So a small seed that in the earth lies hid,
And dies, reviving bursts her cloddy side,
Adorn'd with yellow locks anew is born,
And doth become a mother great with corn;
Of grains brings hundreds with it, which when old
Enrich the furrows, which do float with gold.
Hail, holy victor! greatest victor, hail!
That Hell doth ransack, against Death prevail.
O! how thou long'd for com'st! With joyful cries,
The all-triumphing palatines of skies
Salute thy rising; Earth would joys no more
Bear, if thou rising didst them not restore.
A silly tomb should not his flesh enclose,
Who did Heaven's trembling terrasses dispose;
No monument should such a jewel hold,
No rock, though ruby, diamond, and gold.
Thou didst lament and pity human race,
Bestowing on us of thy free-given grace
More than we forfeited and losed first,
In Eden rebels when we were accurst.
Then Earth our portion was, Earth's joys but given,
Earth, and Earth's bliss, thou hast exchang'd with Heaven.
O! what a height of good upon us streams
From the great splendour of thy bounty's beams!
When we deserv'd shame, horrour, flames of wrath,
Thou bled'st our wounds, and suffer didst our death:
But Father's justice pleas'd, Hell, Death, o'ercome,
In triumph now thou riseth from thy tomb,
With glories, which past sorrows countervail;
Hail, holy victor! greatest victor, hail!
Hence, humble sense, and hence ye guides of sense!
We now reach Heaven; your weak intelligence
And searching pow'rs were in a flash made dim,
To learn from all eternity, that him
The Father bred, then that he here did come
(His bearer's parent) in a virgin's womb: [thorn,
But then when sold, betray'd, crown'd, scourg'd with
Nail'd to a tree, all breathless, bloodless, torn,
Entomb'd, him risen from a grave to find,
Confounds your cunning, turns, like moles, you blind.
Death, thou that heretofore still barren wast,
Nay, didst each other birth eat up and waste,
Imperious, hateful, pitiless, unjust,
Unpartial equaller of all with dust,
Stern executioner of heavenly doom,
Made fruitful, now life's mother art become;
A sweet relief of cares the soul molest;
An harbinger to glory, peace and rest:
Put off thy mourning weeds, yield all thy gall
To daily sinning life, proud of thy fall;
Assemble all thy captives, haste to rise,
And every corse, in earthquakes where it lies,
Sound from each flowry grave and rocky jail:
Hail, holy victor! greatest victor, hail!
The world, that wanning late and faint did lie,
Applauding to our joys, thy victory,
To a young prime essays to turn again,
And as ere soil'd with sin yet to remain;
Her chilling agues she begins to miss;
All bliss returning with the Lord of bliss.
With greater light, Heaven's temples opened shine;
Morns smiling rise, evens blushing do decline,
Clouds dappled glister, boist'rous winds are calm,
Soft zephyrs do the fields with sighs embalm,
In silent calms the sea hath hush'd his roars,
And with enamour'd curls doth kiss the shores;
All-bearing Earth, like a new-married queen,
Her beauties heightens, in a gown of green
Perfumes the air, her meads are wrought with flow'rs,
In colours various, figures, smelling, pow'rs;
Trees wanton in the groves with leavy locks,
Here hills enamell'd stand, the vales, the rocks,
Ring peals of joy, here floods and prattling brooks,
(Stars' liquid mirrors) with serpenting crooks,
And whispering murmurs, sound unto the main,
The golden age returned is again.
The honey people leave their golden bow'rs,
And innocently prey on budding flow'rs;
In gloomy shades, perch'd on the tender sprays,
The painted singers fill the air with lays:
Seas, floods, earth, air, all diversely do sound,
Yet all their diverse notes hath but one ground,
Re-echo'd here down from Heaven's azure vail;
Hail, holy victor! greatest victor, hail!
O day, on which Death's adamantine chain
The Lord did break, did ransack Satan's reign,
And in triumphing pomp his trophies rear'd,
Be thou blest ever, henceforth still endear'd
With name of his own day, the law to grace,
Types to their substance yield, to thee give place
The old new-moons, with all festival days;
And, what above the rest deserveth praise,
The reverend sabbath: what could else they be
Than golden heralds, telling what by thee
We should enjoy? Shades past, now shine thou clear,
And henceforth be thou empress of the year,
This glory of thy sister's sex to win,
From work on thee, as other days from sin,
That mankind shall forbear, in every place
The prince of planets warmeth in his race,
And far beyond his paths in frozen climes:
And may thou be so blest to out-date times,
That when Heaven's choir shall blaze in accents loud
The many mercies of their sovereign good,
How he on thee did Sin, Death, Hell destroy,
It may be still the burthen of their joy.

Beneath a sable veil, and shadows deep,
Of inaccessible and dimming light,
In silence ebon clouds more black than night,
The world's great Mind his secrets hid doth keep:

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Through those thick mists when any mortal wight
Aspires, with halting pace, and eyes that weep
To pry, and in his mysteries to creep,
With thunders he and lightnings blasts their sight.
O Sun invisible, that dost abide
Within thy bright abysmes, most fair, most dark,
Where with thy proper rays thou dost thee hide,
O ever-shining, never full-seen mark,
To guide me in life's night, thy light me show;
The more I search of thee the less I know.

If with such passing beauty, choice delights,
The Architect of this great round did frame
This palace visible, short lists of fame,
And silly mansion but of dying wights;
How many wonders, what amazing lights
Must that triumphing seat of glory claim,
That doth transcend all this all's vasty heights,
Of whose bright Sun, ours here is but a beam!
O blest abode! O happy dwelling-place!
Where visibly th' Invisible doth reign;
Blest people, which do see true Beauty's face,
With whose far shadows scarce he Earth doth deign:
All joy is but annoy, all concord strife,
Match'd with your endless bliss and happy life.

Love which is here a care,
That wit and will doth mar,
Uncertain truce, and a most certain war;
A shrill tempestuous wind,
Which doth disturb the mind,
And like wild waves all our designs commove;
Among those powers above,
Which see their maker's face,
It a contentment is, a quiet peace,
A pleasure void of grief, a constant rest,
Eternal joy, which nothing can molest.

That space, where curled waves do now divide
From the great continent our happy isle,
Was sometime land; and now where ships do glide,
Once with laborious art the plough did toil:
Once those fair bounds stretch'd out so far and wide,
Where towns, no shires enwall'd, endear each mile,
Were all ignoble sea and marish vile,
Where Proteus' flocks danc'd measures to the tide:
So age transforming all, still forward runs;
No wonder though the Earth doth change her face,
New manners, pleasures new, turn with new suns,
Locks now like gold grow to an hoary grace;
Nay, mind's rare shape doth change, that lies despis'd
Which was so dear of late, and highly priz'd.

This world a hunting is,
The prey, poor man; the Nimrod fierce, is Death;
His speedy greyhounds are,
Lust, Sickness, Envy, Care;
Strife that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills which haunt us while we breathe.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chace,
Old age with stealing pace
Casts on his nets, and there we panting die.

Why, wordlings, do ye trust frail honour's dreams,
And lean to gilded glories which decay?
Why do ye toil to registrate your names
On icy pillars, which soon melt away?
True honour is not here, that place it claims
Where black-brow'd night doth not exile the day,
Nor no far-shining lamp dives in the sea,
But an eternal Sun spreads lasting beams;
There it attendeth you, where spotless bands
Of sp'rits stand gazing on their sovereign bliss,
Where years not hold it in their cank'ring hands,
But who once noble, ever noble is.
Look home, lest he your weaken'd wit make thrall,
Who Eden's foolish gard'ner erst made fall.

As are those apples, pleasant to the eye,
But full of smoke within, which use to grow
Near that strange lake where God pour'd from the sky
Huge show'rs of flames, worse flames to overthrow:
Such are their works that with a glaring show
Of humble holiness in virtue's dye
Would colour mischief, while within they glow
With coals of sin, though none the smoke descry.
Bad is that angel that erst fell from Heaven;
But not so bad as he, nor in worse case,
Who hides a trait'rous mind with smiling face,
And with a dove's white feathers clothes a raven.
Each sin some colour hath it to adorn,
Hypocrisy Almighty God doth scorn.

New doth the Sun appear,
The mountains' snows decay,
Crown'd with frail flow'rs forth comes the infant year;
My soul, time posts away,
And thou, yet in that frost
Which flow'r and fruit hath lost,
As if all here immortal were, dost stay:
For shame! thy powers awake,
Look to that Heaven which never night makes black,
And there at that immortal Sun's bright rays,
Deck thee with flow'rs, which fear not rage of days.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O! how more sweet is zephyrs' wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horrours, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

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WEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours
'f winters past, or coming, void of care,
Vell pleased with delights which present are,
air seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:
'o rocks, to springs, to rills, from leavy bow'rs
hou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
nd what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
Vhat soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
uite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
nd lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
weet, artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
'o airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

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s when it happeneth that some lovely town
'nto a barbarous besieger falls,
Vho both by sword and flame himself instals,
nd shameless it in tears and blood doth drown;
ler beauty spoil'd, her citizens made thralls,
lis spite yet cannot so her all throw down,
ut that some statue, pillar of renown,
'et lurks unmaim'd within her weeping walls:
o after all the spoil, disgrace and wreck, [bin'd,
'hat time, the world, and death, could bring com-
midst that mass of ruins they did make,
afe and all scarless yet remains my mind:
rom this so high transcendent rapture springs,
hat I, all else defac'd, not envy kings.

AT us each day inure ourselves to die,
f this, and not our fears, be truly death,
bove the circles both of hope and faith
Vith fair immortal pinions to fly;
f this be death, our best part to untie
By ruining the jail) from lust and wrath,
nd every drowsy languor here beneath,
'o be made deniz'd citizen of sky;
'o have more knowledge than all books contain,
ll pleasures even surmounting wishing pow'r,
he fellowship of God's immortal train,
nd these that time nor force shall e'er devour:
f this be death, what joy, what golden care
'f life, can with death's ugliness compare?

AMIDST the azure clear
Of Jordan's sacred streams,
ordan, of Lebanon the offspring dear,
When zephyrs flow'rs unclose,
And Sun shines with new beams,
Vith grave and stately grace a nymph arose.

Upon her head she wear
Of amaranths a crown;
ler left hand palms, her right a torch did bear;
Unveil'd skin's whiteness lay,
Gold hairs in curls hung down,
yes sparkled joy, more bright than star of day.

The flood a throne her rear'd
Of waves, most like that Heaven
Vhere beaming stars in glory turn enspher'd:
The air stood calm and clear,
No sigh by winds was given,
irds left to sing, herds feed, her voice to hear.

"World-wand'ring sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within these varying lists of days and nights,
Whose life, ere known amiss,
In glitt'ring griefs is spent,
Come learn," said she, "what is your choicest bliss:

"From toil and pressing cares
How ye may respite find,
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares;
A port to harbour sure,
In spite of waves and wind,
Which shall when time's swift glass is run, endure.

"Not happy is that life
Which you as happy hold,
No, but a sea of fears, a field of strife,
Charg'd on a throne to sit
With diadems of gold,
Preserv'd by force, and still observ'd by wit.

"Huge treasures to enjoy,
Of all her gems spoil Inde,
All Seres' silk in garments to employ,
Deliciously to feed,
The phœnix' plumes to find
To rest upon, or deck your purple bed.

"Frail beauty to abuse,
And, wanton Sybarites,
On past or present touch of sense to muse;
Never to hear of noise
But what the ear delights,
Sweet music's charms, or charming flatterer's voice.

"Nor can it bliss you bring,
Hid nature's depths to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each form doth spring.
Nor that your fame should range,
And after-worlds it blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gange.

"All these have not the pow'r
To free the mind from fears,
Nor hideous horrour can allay one hour,
When Death in stealth doth glance,
In sickness lurks or years,
And wakes the soul from out her mortal trance.

"No, but blest life is this,
With chaste and pure desire
To turn unto the load-star of all bliss,
On God the mind to rest,
Burnt up with sacred fire,
Possessing him to be by him possest:

"When to the balmy east
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly west,
And ravisheth the day,
With spotless hand and heart,
Him cheerfully to praise, and to him pray:

"To heed each action so
As ever in his sight,
More fearing doing ill than passive woe;
Not to seem other thing
Than what ye are aright;
Never to do what may repentance bring:

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"Not to be blown with pride,
Nor mov'd at glory's breath,
Which shadow-like on wings of time doth glide;
So malice to disarm,
And conquer hasty wrath,
As to do good to those that work your harm:

"To hatch no base desires,
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleas'd with that which virtue fair acquires;
To have the wit and will
Consorting in one strain,
Than what is good to have no higher skill:

"Never on neighbour's goods,
With cockatrice's eye
To look, nor make another's heaven your hell;
Nor to be beauty's thrall;
All fruitless love to fly,
Yet loving still a love transcendent all;

"A love, which, while it burns
The soul with fairest beams,
To that Increated Sun the soul it turns,
And makes such beauty prove,
That, if sense saw her gleams,
All lookers-on would pine and die for love.

"Who such a life doth live
You happy even may call,
Ere ruthless Death a wished end him give;
And after then when given,
More happy by his fall,
For humanes, Earth, enjoying angels, Heaven.

"Swift is your mortal race,
And glassy is the field;
Vast are desires not limited by grace:
Life a weak taper is;
Then while it light doth yield,
Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting bliss."

This when the nymph had said,
She div'd within the flood,
Whose face with smiling curls long after staid;
Then sighs did zephyrs press,
Birds sang from every wood,
And echoes rang, "This was true happiness."

AN

HYMN ON THE FAIREST FAIR.

I FEEL my bosom glow with wontless fires,
Rais'd from the vulgar press my mind aspires,
Wing'd with high thoughts, unto his praise to climb,
From deep eternity, who call'd forth time;
That essence which, not mov'd, makes each thing
Uncreate beauty, all-creating love: [move,
But by so great an object, radiant light,
My heart spall'd, enfeebled rests my sight,
Thick clouds benight my labouring engine,
And at my high attempts my wits repine.
If thou in me this sacred heat hast wrought,
My knowledge sharpen, sarcels lend my thought:
Grant me, Time's Father, world-containing King,
A pow'r of thee in pow'rful lays to sing;
That as thy beauty in Earth lives, Heaven shines,
It dawning may or shadow in my lines.

As far beyond the starry walls of Heaven,
As is the loftiest of the planets seven,
Sequester'd from this Earth in purest light,
Out-shining ours, as ours doth sable night,
Thou all-sufficient, omnipotent,
Thou ever glorious, most excellent,
God various in names, in essence one,
High art installed on a golden throne,
Out-stretching Heaven's wide bespangled vault,
Transcending all the circles of our thought;
With diamantine sceptre in thy hand, [mand,
There thou giv'st laws, and dost this world com-
This world of concords rais'd unlikely sweet,
Which like a ball lies prostrate at thy feet.
If so we may well say, (and what we say
Here wrapp'd in flesh, led by dim reason's ray,
To show, by earthly beauties which we see,
That spiritual excellence that shines in thee,
Good Lord forgive) not far from thy right side,
With curled locks Youth ever doth abide;
Rose-cheeked Youth, who garlanded with flow'rs,
Still blooming, ceaselessly unto thee pours
Immortal nectar in a cup of gold,
That by no darts of ages thou grow old;
And as ends and beginnings thee not claim,
Successionless that thou be still the same.
Near to thy other side resistless Might,
From head to foot in burnish'd armour dight,
That rings about him, with a waving brand,
And watchful eye, great centinel doth stand;
That neither time nor force in aught impair
Thy workmanship, nor harm thine empire fair;
Soon to give death to all again that would
Stern Discord raise, which thou destroy'd of old;
Discord, that foe to order, nurse of war,
By which the noblest things demolish'd are:
But, caitiff! she no treason doth devise,
When Might to nought doth bring her enterprise:
Thy all-upholding Might her malice reins.
And her to Hell throws, bound in iron chains.
With locks in waves of gold, that ebb and flow
On ivory neck, in robes more white than snow,
Truth stedfastly before thee holds a glass,
Indent with gems, where shineth all that was,
That is, or shall be, here ere aught was wrought.
Thou knew all that thy pow'r with time forth brought.
And more, things numberless which thou couldst
That actually shall never being take; [make,
Here thou behold'st thyself, and, strange! dost prove
At once the beauty, lover, and the love.
With faces two, like sisters, sweetly fair,
Whose blossoms no rough autumn can impair,
Stands Providence, and doth her looks disperse
Through every corner of this universe;
Thy Providence, at once which general things
And singular doth rule, as empires kings;
Without whose care this world lost would remain,
As ship without a master in the main,
As chariot alone, as bodies prove
Depriv'd of souls, whereby they be, live, move.
But who are they which shine thy throne so near,
With sacred countenance and look severe?
This in one hand a pond'rous sword doth hold,
Her left stays charg'd with balances of gold;
That, with brows girt with bays, sweet-smiling face,
Doth bear a brandon with a babish grace:
Two milk-white wings him easily do move;
O! she thy Justice is, and this thy Love!
By this thou brought'st this engine great to light;
By that it fram'd in number, measure, weight,

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That destine doth reward to ill and good:
But sway of Justice is by Love withstood,
Which did it not relent, and mildly stay,
This world ere now had found its funeral day.
What bands, encluster'd, near to these abide,
Which into vast infinity them hide!
Infinity that neither doth admit
Place, time, nor number to encroach on it.
Here Bounty sparkleth, here doth Beauty shine,
Simplicity, more white than gelsomine,
Mercy with open wings, aye-varied Bliss,
Glory, and Joy, that Bliss's darling is.
Ineffable, all-pow'rful God, all free,
Thou only liv'st, and each thing lives by thee;
No joy, no, nor perfection to thee came
By the contriving of this world's great frame:
Ere Sun, Moon, stars began their restless race,
Ere painted was with light Heaven's pure face,
Ere air had clouds, ere clouds wept down their show'rs,
Ere sea embraced earth, ere earth bare flow'rs,
Thou happy liv'dst; world nought to thee supply'd,
All in thyself thyself thou satisfy'd:
Of good no slender shadow doth appear,
No age-worn track, which shin'd in thee not clear,
Perfection's sum, prime cause of every cause,
Midst, end, beginning where all good doth pause:
Hence of thy substance, differing in nought,
Thou in eternity thy son forth brought;
The only birth of thy unchanging mind,
Thine image, pattern-like that ever shin'd;
Light out of light, begotten not by will,
But nature, all and that same essence still
Which thou thyself, for thou dost nought possess
Which he hath not, in aught nor is he less
Than thee his great begetter; of this light,
Eternal, double-kindled was thy spright
Eternally, who is with thee the same,
All-holy gift, ambassador, knot, flame:
Most sacred Triad, O most holy One!
Unprocreate Father, ever procreate Son, [be,
Ghost breath'd from both, you were, are still, shall
(Most blessed) Three in One, and One in Three,
Incomprehensible by reachless height,
And unperceived by excessive light.
So in our souls three and yet one are still,
The understanding, memory, and will;
So (though unlike) the planet of the days,
So soon as he was made, begat his rays,
Which are his offspring, and from both was hurl'd
The rosy light which consolates the world,
And none forewent another: so the spring,
The well-head, and the stream which they forth bring,
Are but one self-same essence, nor in aught
Do differ, save in order; and our thought
No chime of time discerns in them to fall,
But three distinctly 'bide one essence all.
But these express not thee. Who can declare
Thy being? Men and angels dazzled are.
Who would this Eden force with wit or sense,
A cherubin shall find to bar him thence.
Great Architect, Lord of this universe,
That light is blinded would thy greatness pierce.
Ah! as a pilgrim who the Alps doth pass,
Or, Atlas' temples crown'd with winter glass,
The airy Caucasus, the Apennine,
Pyrenees' clifts where Sun doth never shine,
When he some craggy hills hath overwent,
Begins to think on rest, his journey spent,
Till mounting some tall mountain, he do find
More heights before him than he left behind:
With halting pace so while I would me raise
To the unbounded limits of thy praise,
Some part of way I thought to have o'er-run,
But now I see how scarce I have begun;
With wonders new my spirits range possest,
And wandering wayless in a maze them rest.
In these vast fields of light, ethereal plains,
Thou art attended by immortal trains
Of intellectual pow'rs, which thou brought'st forth
To praise thy goodness, and admire thy worth,
In numbers passing other creatures far,
Since most in number noblest creatures are,
Which do in knowledge us not less outrun
Than Moon in light doth stars, or Moon the Sun;
Unlike, in orders rang'd and many a band,
(If beauty in disparity doth stand)
Archangels, angels, cherubs, seraphines,
And what with name of thrones amongst them shines,
Large-ruling princes, dominations, pow'rs,
All-acting virtues of those flaming tow'rs:
These freed of umbrage, these of labour free,
Rest ravished with still beholding thee;
Inflam'd with beams which sparkle from thy face,
They can no more desire, far less embrace.
Low under them, with slow and staggering pace
Thy hand-maid Nature thy great steps doth trace,
The source of second causes' golden chain,
That links this frame as thou it doth ordain.
Nature gaz'd on with such a curious eye,
That earthlings oft her deem'd a deity.
By Nature led, those bodies fair and great,
Which faint not in their course, nor change their
Unintermix'd, which no disorder prove, [state,
Though aye and contrary they always move,
The organs of thy providence divine,
Books ever open, signs that clearly shine;
Time's purpled maskers then do them advance,
As by sweet music in a measur'd dance;
Stars, host of Heaven, ye firmaments, bright flow'rs,
Clear lamps which overhang this stage of ours,
Ye turn not there to deck the weeds of night,
Nor, pageant like, to please the vulgar sight:
Great causes, sure ye must bring great effects;
But who can descant right your grave aspects?
He only who you made decypher can
Your notes; Heaven's eyes, ye blind the eyes of man.
Amidst these sapphire far-extending heights,
The never-twinkling, ever wand'ring lights
Their fixed motions keep; one dry and cold,
Deep-leaden colour'd, slowly there is roll'd,
With rule and line for Time's steps meeting even,
In twice three lustres he but turns his heaven.
With temperate qualities and countenance fair,
Still mildly smiling, sweetly debonnaire,
Another cheers the world, and way doth make
In twice six autumns through the zodiac.
But hot and dry with flaming locks and brows
Enrag'd, this in his red pavilion glows:
Together running with like speed, if space,
Two equally in hands achieve their race;
With blushing face this oft doth bring the day,
And ushers oft to stately stars the way;
That various in virtue, changing, light,
With his small flame impearls the vail of night.
Prince of this court, the Sun in triumph rides,
With the year snake-like in herself that glides,
Time's dispensator, fair life-giving source,
Through sky's twelve posts as he doth run his course;

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Heart of this all, of what is known to sense,
The likest to his Maker's excellence;
In whose diurnal motion doth appear
A shadow, no true portrait of the year.
The Moon moves lowest, silver sun of night,
Dispersing through the world her borrow'd light;
Who in three forms her head abroad doth range,
And only constant is in constant change.
Sad queen of silence, I ne'er see thy face
To wax, or wane, or shine with a full grace,
But straight, amaz'd, on man I think, each day
His state who changeth, or if he find stay,
It is in doleful anguish, cares, and pains,
And of his labours death is all the gains.
Immortal Monarch, can so fond a thought
Lodge in my breast, as to trust thou first brought
Here in Earth's shady cloister, wretched man,
To suck the air of woe, to spend life's span
Midst sighs and plaints, a stranger unto mirth,
To give himself his death rebuking birth?
By sense and wit of creatures made king,
By sense and wit to live their underling?
And what is worst, have eaglets eyes to see
His own disgrace, and know an high degree
Of bliss, the place, if he might thereto climb,
And not live thralled to imperious time?
Or, dotard! shall I so from reason swerve,
To dim those lights, which to our use do serve,
For thou dost not them need, more nobly fram'd
Than us, that know their course, and have them nam'd?
No, I ne'er think but we did them surpass
As far as they do asterisms of glass.
When thou us made, by treason high defil'd,
Thrust from our first estate, we live exil'd,
Wand'ring this Earth, which is of Death the lot,
Where he doth use the power which he hath got,
Indifferent umpire unto clowns and kings,
The supreme monarch of all mortal things.
When first this flow'ry orb was to us given,
It but a place disvalu'd was to Heaven:
These creatures which now our sovereigns are,
And, as to rebels, do denounce us war,
Then were our vassals; no tumultuous storm,
No thunders, earthquakes, did her form deform;
The seas in tumbling mountains did not roar,
But like moist crystal whisper'd on the shore;
No snake did trace her meads, nor ambush'd low'r
In azure curls beneath the sweet spring flow'r;
The nightshade, henbane, napel, aconite,
Her bowels then not bear, with death to smite
Her guiltless brood: thy messengers of grace,
As their high rounds, did haunt this lower place.
O joy of joys! with our first parents thou
To commune then didst deign, as friends do now:
Against thee we rebell'd, and justly thus
Each creature rebelled against us;
Earth, reft of what did chief in her excel,
To all became a jail, to most a Hell:
In time's full term, until thy Son was given,
Who man with thee, Earth reconcil'd with Heaven.
Whole and entire, all in thyself thou art;
All-where diffus'd, yet of this all no part:
For infinite, in making this fair frame,
Great without quantity, in all thou came;
And filling all, how can thy state admit,
Or place or substance to be void of it?
Were worlds as many as the rays which stream
From day's bright lamp, or madding wits do dream,
They would not reel in aught, nor wand'ring stray,
But draw to thee, who could their centres stay;
Were but one hour this world disjoin'd from thee,
It in one hour to nought reduc'd should be.
For it thy shadow is; and can they last,
If sever'd from the substances them cast?
O! only bless'd, and Author of all bliss!
No, bliss itself, that all-where wished is;
Efficient, exemplary, final good,
Of thine own self but only understood:
Light is thy curtain: thou art Light of light;
An ever-waking eye still shining bright.
In-looking all, exempt of passive pow'r,
And change, in change since Death's pale shade doth low'r:
All times to thee are one; that which hath run,
And that which is not brought yet by the Sun,
To thee are present, who dost always see
In present act, what past is, or to be.
Day-livers, we rememberance do lose
Of ages worn, so miseries us toss,
(Blind and lethargic of thy heavenly grace,
Which sin in our first parents did deface;
And even while embrions curst by justest doom)
That we neglect what gone is, or to come;
But thou in thy great archives scrolled hast,
In parts and whole, whatever yet hath past,
Since first the marble wheels of Time were roll'd,
As ever living, never waxing old,
Still is the same thy day and yesterday,
An undivided now, a constant aye.
O! king, whose greatness none can comprehend,
Whose boundless goodness doth to all extend;
Light of all beauty, ocean without ground,
That standing, flowest; giving, dost abound;
Rich palace, and in-dweller, ever blest,
Never not working, ever yet in rest:
What wit cannot conceive, words say of thee,
Here where we as but in a mirror see,
Shadows of shadows, atoms of thy might,
Still owely-eyed when staring on thy light;
Grant, that, released from this earthly jail, [veil,
And freed from clouds, which here our knowledge
In Heaven's high temples where thy praises ring,
In sweeter notes I may hear angels sing.

Great God, whom we with humbled thoughts adore,
Eternal, infinite, almighty King,
Whose dwellings Heaven transcend, whose throne before
Archangels serve, and seraphim do sing;
Of nought who wrought all that with wond'ring eyes
We do behold within this various round;
Who makes the rocks to rock, to stand the skies;
At whose command clouds peals of thunder sound:
Ah! spare us worms, weigh not how we, alas!
Evil to ourselves, against thy laws rebel;
Wash off those spots, which still in conscience' glass,
Though we be loath to look, we see too well.
Deserv'd revenge, Oh! do not, do not take:
If thou revenge, who shall abide thy blow?
Pass shall this world, this world which thou didst make,
Which should not perish till thy trumpet blow.
What soul is found whose parent's crime not stains?
Or what with its own sins defil'd is not?
Though Justice rigour threaten, yet her reins
Let Mercy guide, and never be forgot.

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Less are our faults, far, far than is thy love:
O! what can better seem thy grace divine,
Than they, who plagues deserve, thy bounty prove?
And where thou show'r may'st vengeance, there to [shine!
Then look and pity; pitying, forgive
Us guilty slaves, or servants now in thrall;
Slaves, if alas! thou look how we do live,
Or doing ill, or doing nought at all;
Of an ungrateful mind the foul effect.
But if thy gifts, which largely heretofore
Thou hast upon us pour'd, thou dost respect,
We are thy servants, nay, than servants more,
Thy children; yes, and children dearly bought:
But what strange chance us of this lot bereaves?
Poor, worthless wights, how lowly are we brought!
Whom grace once children made, sin hath made [break,
slaves.
Sin hath made slaves, but let those bands grace
That in our wrongs thy mercies may appear:
Thy wisdom not so mean is, pow'r so weak,
But thousand ways they can make worlds thee fear.
O wisdom boundless! O miraculous grace!
Grace, wisdom which make wink dim reason's eye!
And could Heaven's King bring from his placeless [place,
On this ignoble stage of care to die;
To die our death, and with the sacred stream
Of blood and water gushing from his side,
To make us clean of that contagious blame,
First on us brought by our first parent's pride!
Thus thy great love and pity, heavenly king!
Love, pity, which so well our loss prevent,
Of evil itself, lo! could all goodness bring,
And sad beginning cheer with glad event.
O love and pity! ill known of these times!
O love and pity! careful of our need!
O bounties! which our horrid acts and crimes,
Grown numberless, contend near to exceed.
Make this excessive ardour of thy love
So warm our coldness, so our lives renew,
That we from sin, sin may from us remove,
Wisdom our will, faith may our wit subdue.
Let thy pure love burn up all worldly lust,
Hell's candid poison killing our best part,
Which makes us joy in toys, adore frail dust
Instead of thee, in temple of our heart.
Grant, when at last our souls these bodies leave,
Their loathsome shops of sin and mansions blind,
And doom before thy royal seat receive,
A saviour more than judge they thee may find.

THE

WANDERING MUSES:

OR,

THE RIVER OF FORTH FEASTING.

BEING A PANEGYRIC TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE JAMES, KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE AND IRELAND.

TO

HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

If in this storm of joy and pompous throng,
This nymph, great king, doth come to thee so near,
That thy harmonious ears her accents hear,
Give pardon to her hoarse and lowly song.
Fain would she trophies to thy virtues rear:
But for this stately task she is not strong,
And her defects her high attempts do wrong:
Yet as she could she makes thy worth appear.
So in a map is shown this flow'ry place;
So wrought in arras by a virgin's hand,
With Heaven and blazing stars doth Atlas stand;
So drawn by charcoal is Narcissus' face:
She like the morn may be to some bright sun,
The day to perfect that's by her begun.

THE

RIVER OF FORTH FEASTING.

What blust'ring noise now interrupts my sleeps?
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deeps?
And seem to call me from my watry court?
What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
Are convey'd hither from each night-born spring?
With what loud rumours do the mountains ring,
Which in unusual pomp on tip-toes stand,
And, full of wonder, overlook the land? [bright,
Whence come these glitt'ring throngs, these meteors
This golden people glancing in my sight?
Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise?
What load-star eastward draweth thus all eyes?
Am I awake? Or have some dreams conspir'd
To mock my sense with what I most desir'd?
View I that living face, see I those looks,
Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks?
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
Then find I true what long I wish'd in vain;
My much-beloved prince is come again.
So unto them whose zenith is the pole,
When six black months are past, the Sun doth roll:
So after tempest to sea-tossed wights,
Fair Helen's brothers show their clearing lights:
So comes Arabia's wonder from her woods,
And far, far off is seen by Memphis' floods;
The feather'd sylvans, cloud-like, by her fly,
And with triumphing plaudits beat the sky;
Nile marvels, Serap's priests entranced rave,
And in Mygdonian stone her shape engrave;
In lasting cedars they do mark the time
In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.
Let mother Earth now deck'd with flow'rs be seen,
And sweet-breath'd zephyrs curl the meadows green:
Let Heaven weep rubies in a crimson show'r,
Such as on India's shores they use to pour:
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn,
Which Jove rain'd when his blue-eyed maid was born.
May never Hours the web of day out-weave,
May never Night rise from her sable cave!
Swell proud, my billows, faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their causes are:
For murmurs hoarse sound like Arion's harp,
Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp.
And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
Strew all your springs and grots with lilies fair:
Some swiftest-footed, get them hence, and pray
Our floods and lakes come keep this holiday;
Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
Which see the rising, or the setting Sun,
Which drink stern Grampue' mists, or Ochel's snows:
Stone-rolling Tay, Tine tortoise-like that flows,

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The pearly Don, the Deas, the fertile Spay,
Wild Neverne, which doth see our longest day;
Nesse smoking sulphur, Leave with mountains crown'd,
Strange Loumond for his floating isles renown'd;
The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Aire,
The snaky Dun, the Ore with rushy hair,
The crystal-streaming Nid, loud-bellowing Clyde,
Tweed, which no more our kingdoms shall divide;
Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curled streams,
The Eskes, the Solway, where they lose their names;
To every one proclaim our joys and feasts,
Our triumphs; bid all come and be our guests:
And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,
Bid them bid sea-gods keep this festival;
This day shall by our currents be renown'd;
Our hills about shall still this day resound:
Nay, that our love more to this day appear,
Let us with it henceforth begin our year.
To virgins, flow'rs, to sun-burnt earth, the rain,
To mariners, fair winds amidst the main;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return.
That day, dear prince, which robb'd us of thy sight
(Day? No, but darkness and a dusky night)
Did fill our breasts with sighs, our eyes with tears,
Turn'd minutes to sad months, sad months to years:
Trees left to flourish, meadows to bear flow'rs,
Brooks hid their heads within their sedgy bow'rs;
Fair Ceres curs'd our trees with barren frost,
As if again she had her daughter lost:
The Muses left our groves, and for sweet songs
Sate sadly silent, or did weep their wrongs:
You know it, meads; you, murmuring woods, it know,
Hills, dales, and caves, copartners of their woe;
And you it know, my streams, which from their eine
Oft on your glass receiv'd their pearly brine:
"O Naiads dear!" said they, "Napæas fair!
O nymphs of trees! nymphs which on hills repair;
Gone are those maiden glories, gone that state,
Which made all eyes admire our bliss of late."
As looks the Heaven when never star appears,
But slow and weary shroud them in their spheres,
While Tithon's wife embosom'd by him lies,
And world doth languish in a mournful guise:
As looks a garden of its beauty spoil'd,
As woods in winter by rough Boreas foil'd,
As portraits ras'd of colours us'd to be;
So look'd these abject bounds depriv'd of thee.
While as my rills enjoy'd thy royal gleams,
They did not envy Tiber's haughty streams,
Nor wealthy Tagus with his golden ore,
Nor clear Hydaspes which on pearls doth roar,
Nor golden Gange that sees the Sun new born,
Nor Achelous with his flow'ry horn,
Nor floods which near Elysian fields do fall:
For why? Thy sight did serve to them for all.
No place there is so desert, so alone,
Even from the frozen to the torrid zone,
From flaming Hecla to great Quincey's lake,
Which thy abode could not most happy make:
All those perfections which by bounteous Heaven
To divers worlds in divers times were given,
The starry senate pour'd at once on thee,
That thou exemplar might'st to others be.
Thy life was kept till the three sisters spun
Their threads of gold, and then it was begun.
With chequer'd clouds when skies do look most fair,
And no disorder'd blasts disturb the air;
When lilies do them deck in azure gowns,
And new-born roses blush with golden crowns;
To prove how calm we under thee should live,
What halcyonean days thy reign should give;
And to two flow'ry diadems, thy right,
The Heavens thee made a partner of the light.
Scarce wast thou born, when join'd in friendly bands
Two mortal foes with other clasped hands;
With Virtue Fortune strove, which most should grace
Thy place for thee, thee for so high a place:
One vow'd thy sacred breast not to forsake,
The other, on thee not to turn her back;
And that thou more her love's effects might'st feel,
For thee she left her globe, and broke her wheel.
When years thee vigour gave, O then, how clear
Did smother'd sparkles in bright flames appear!
Amongst the woods to force the flying hart,
To pierce the mountain-wolf with feather'd dart;
See falcons climb the clouds, the fox ensnare,
Out-run the wind-out-running Dædale hare;
To breathe thy fiery steed on every plain,
And in meand'ring gyres him bring again;
The press thee making place, and vulgar things,
In admiration's air, on glory's wings:
O! thou far from the common pitch didst rise,
With thy designs to dazzle Envy's eyes:
Thou sought'st to know this all's eternal source,
Of ever-turning Heavens the restless course;
Their fixed lamps, their lights, which wand'ring run,
Whence Moon her silver bath, his gold the Sun;
If Fate there be or no, if planets can,
By fierce aspects, force the free will of man:
The light aspiring fire, the liquid air,
The flaming dragons, comets with red hair,
Heaven's tilting lances, artillery, and bow,
Loud-sounding trumpets, darts of hail and snow,
The roaring element, with people dumb,
The earth with what conceiv'd is in her womb,
What on her moves, were set unto thy sight,
Till thou didst find their causes, essence, might:
But unto nought thou so thy mind didst strain,
As to be read in man, and learn to reign;
To know the weight and Atlas of a crown,
To spare the humble, proud ones tumble down.
When from those piercing cares which thrones invest,
As thorns the rose, thou, wearied, would'st thee rest,
With lute in hand, full of celestial fire,
To the Pierian groves thou didst retire:
There, garlanded with all Urania's flow'rs,
In sweeter lays than builded Thebes' tow'rs;
Or them which charm'd the dolphins in the main,
Or which did call Eurydice again;
Thou sung'st away the hours, till from their sphere
Stars seem'd to shoot, thy melody to hear.
The god with golden hair, the sister maids,
Did leave their Helicon and Tempe's shades,
To see thine isle; here lost their native tongue,
And in thy world-divided language sung.
Who of thine after-age can count the deeds,
With all that Fame in Time's huge annals reads;
How by example, more than any law,
This people fierce thou didst to goodness draw;
How while the neighbour worlds, toss'd by the Fates,
So many Phaetons had in their states, [thrones,
Which turn'd to heedless flames their burnish'd
Thou, as enspher'd, kept'st temperate thy zones;
In Afric shores, the sands that ebb and flow,
The shady leaves on Arden's trees that grow,
He sure may count, with all the waves that meet
To wash the Mauritanian Atlas' feet.

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Though crown'd thou wert not, nor a king by birth,
Thy worth deserves the richest crown on Earth.
Search this half-sphere, and the antarctic ground,
Where are such wit and bounty to be found?
As into silent night, when near the Bear
The virgin huntress shines at full most clear,
And strives to match her brother's golden light,
The host of stars doth vanish in her sight;
Arcturus dies; cool'd is the Lion's ire,
Po burns no more with Phaetontal fire;
Orion faints to see his arms grow black,
And that his flaming sword he now doth lack:
So Europe's lights, all bright in their degree,
Lose all their lustre, parallel'd with thee.
By just descent thou from more kings dost shine,
Than many can name men in all their line:
What most they toil to find, and finding hold,
Thou scornest, orient gems, and flatt'ring gold;
Esteeming treasure surer in men's breasts,
Than when immur'd with marble, clos'd in chests:
No stormy passions do disturb thy mind,
No mists of greatness ever could thee blind:
Who yet hath been so meek? Thou life didst give
To them who did repine to see thee live:
What prince by goodness hath such kingdoms gain'd?
Who hath so long his people's peace maintain'd?
Their swords are turn'd to scythes, to coulters spears,
Some giant post their antique armour bears:
Now, where the wounded knight his life did bleed,
The wanton swain sits piping on a reed;
And where the cannon did Jove's thunder scorn,
The gaudy huntsman winds his shrill-tun'd horn:
Her green locks Ceres doth to yellow dye;
The pilgrim safely in the shade doth lie;
Both Pan and Pales careless keep their flocks;
Seas have no dangers, save the winds and rocks:
Thou art this isle's palladium; neither can
(Whiles thou dost live!) it be o'erthrown by man.
Let others boast of blood and spoils of foes,
Fierce rapines, murders, iliads of woes;
Of hated pomp, and truphies reared fair,
Gore-spangled ensigns streaming in the air;
Count how they make the Scythian them adore,
The Gaditan, and soldier of Aurore:
Unhappy boasting! to enlarge their bounds,
That charge themselves with cares, their friends with wounds;
Who have no law to their ambitious will,
But, man-plagues! born are human blood to spill:
Thou a true victor art, sent from above
What others strain by force to gain by love;
World-waud'ring Fame this praise to thee imparts,
To be the only monarch of all hearts.
They many fear, who are of many fear'd,
And kingdoms got by wrongs, by wrongs are tear'd;
Such thrones as blood doth raise, blood throweth down;
No guard so sure as love unto a crown.
Eye of our western world! Mars-daunting king!
With whose renown the Earth's seven climates ring,
Thy deeds not only claim these diadems,
To which Thame, Litty, Tay, subject their streams:
But to thy virtues rare, and gifts, is due
All that the planet of the year doth view;
Sure, if the world above did want a prince,
The world above to it would take thee hence.
That Murder, Rapine, Lust, are fled to Hell,
And in their rooms with us the Graces dwell;
That honour more than riches men respect,
That worthiness than gold doth more effect;
That Piety unmasked shows her face,
That Innocency keeps with Power her place;
That long-exil'd Astrea leaves the Heaven,
And turneth right her sword, her weights holds even;
That the Saturnian world is come again,
Are wish'd effects of thy most happy reign.
That daily, Peace, Love, Truth, delights increase,
And Discord, Hate, Fraud, with encumbers, cease;
That men use strength, not to shed others' blood,
But use their strength, now to do others good;
That fury is enchain'd, disarmed wrath,
That, save by Nature's hand, there is no death;
That late grim foes, like brothers, other love,
That vultures prey not on the harmless dove;
That wolves with lambs do friendship entertain,
Are wish'd effects of thy most happy reign.
That towns increase, that ruin'd temples rise,
That their wind moving vanes do kiss the skies;
That ignorance and sloth hence run away,
That bury'd arts now rouse them to the day;
That Hyperion far beyond his bed
Doth see our lions ramp, our roses spread;
That Iber courts us, Tiber not us charms, [warms;
That Rhein with hence-brought beams his bosom
That ill doth fear, and good doth us maintain,
Are wish'd effects of thy most happy reign.
O Virtue's pattern! glory of our times!
Sent of past days to expiate the crimes;
Great king, but better far than thou art great,
Whom state not honours, but who honours state;
By wonder born, by wonder first install'd,
By wonder after to new kingdoms call'd;
Young, kept by wonder from home-bred alarms,
Old, sav'd by wonder from pale traitors' harms;
To be for this thy reign, which wonders brings,
A king of wonder, wonder unto kings.
If Pict, Dane, Norman, thy smooth yoke had seen,
Pict, Dane, and Norman, had thy subjects been:
If Brutus knew the bliss thy rule doth give,
Ev'n Brutus joy would under thee to live:
For thou thy people dost so dearly love,
That they a father, more than prince, thee prove.
O days to be desir'd! age happy thrice!
If you your heaven-sent good could duly prize;
But we, half-palsy-sick, think never right
Of what we hold, till it be from our sight;
Prize only summer's sweet and musked breath,
When armed winters threaten us with death;
In pallid sickness do esteem of health,
And by sad poverty discern of wealth:
I see an age, when after some few years,
And revolutions of the slow-pac'd spheres,
These days shall be 'bove other far esteem'd,
And like Augustus' palmy reign be deem'd.
The names of Arthur, fabulous Paladines,
Grav'n in Time's surly brow in wrinkled lines;
Of Henries, Edwards, famous for their fights,
Their neighbour conquests, orders new of knights,
Shall, by this prince's name, be past as far
As meteors are by the Idalian star.
If grey-hair'd Proteus' songs the truth not miss,
And gray-hair'd Proteus oft a prophet is,
There is a land, hence distant many miles,
Out-reaching fiction and Atlantic isles;
Which (homelings) from this little world we name,
That shall emblazon with strange rites his fame;
Shall rear him statues all of purest gold,
Such as men gave unto the gods of old;
Name by him temples, palaces, and towns;
With some great river, which their fields renowns.

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This is that king, who should make right each wrong,
Of whom the bards and mystic Sybils sung;
The man long promis'd, by whose glorious reign
This isle should yet her ancient name regain,
And more of fortunate deserve the style, [smile.
Than those where heavens with double summers
Run on, great prince! thy course in glory's way,
The end the life, the evening crowns the day;
Heap worth on worth, and strongly soar above
Those heights, which made the world thee first to love;
Surmount thyself, and make thine actions past
Be but as gleams or lightnings of the last;
Let them exceed those of thy younger time,
As far as autumn doth the flow'ry prime. [eye,
Through this thy empire range, like world's bright
That once each year surveys all earth and sky;
Now glances on the slow and resty Bears,
Then turns to dry the weeping Auster's tears;
Hurries to both the poles, and moveth even
In the infigur'd circle of the Heaven. [sight
O! long, long haunt these bounds, which by thy
Have now regain'd their former heat and light.
Here grow green woods, here silver brooks do glide,
Here meadows stretch them out with painted pride;
Embroid'ring all the banks, here hills aspire
To crown their heads with the ethereal fire;
Hills, bulwarks of our freedom, giant walls,
Which never friends did slight, nor sword made thralls:
Each circling flood to Thetis tribute pays,
Men here, in health, outlive old Nestor's days:
Grim Saturn yet amongst our rocks remains,
Bound in our caves, with many metal'd chains:
Bulls haunt our shades, like Leda's lover, white,
Which yet might breed Pasiphae delight;
Our flocks fair fleeces bear, with which, for sport,
Endymion of old the Moon did court;
High-palmed harts amidst our forests run,
And, not impal'd, the deep-mouth'd hounds do shun;
The rough-foot hare safe in our bushes shrouds,
And long-wing'd hawks do perch amidst our clouds.
The wanton wood-nymphs of the verdant spring,
Blue, golden, purple flow'rs shall to thee bring;
Pomona's fruits the Panisks, Thetis' gyrles
Thy Thule's amber, with the ocean pearls;
The Tritons, herdsmen of the glassy field,
Shall give thee what far-distant shores can yield,
The Serean fleeces, Erythrean gems,
Waste Plata's silver, gold of Peru streams,
Antarctic parrots, Æthiopian plumes,
Sabæan odours, myrrh, and sweet perfumes:
And I myself, wrapt in a watchet gown
Of reeds and lilies, on mine head a crown,
Shall incense to thee burn, green altars raise,
And yearly sing due Pæans to thy praise.
Ah! why should Isis only see thee shine?
Is not thy Forth, as well as Isis, thine?
Though Isis vaunt she hath more wealth in store,
Let it suffice thy Forth doth love thee more:
Though she for beauty may compare with Seine,
For swans and sea-nymphs with imperial Rheine;
Yet, for the title may be claim'd in thee,
Nor she, nor all the world, can match with me.
Now when, by honour drawn, thou shalt away
To her, already jealous of thy stay;
When in her amorous arms she doth thee fold,
And dries thy dewy hairs with hers of gold,
Much asking of thy fare, much of thy sport,
Much of thine absence, long, howe'er so short,
And chides, perhaps, thy coming to the North,
Loath not to think on thy much-loving Forth:
O! love these bounds, where, of thy royal stem,
More than an hundred wore a diadem.
So ever gold and bays thy brows adorn,
So never time may see thy race out-worn;
So of thine own still may'st thou be desir'd,
Of strangers fear'd, redoubted, and admir'd;
So memory thee praise, so precious hours
May character thy name in starry flow'rs;
So may thy high exploits at last make even
With Earth thy empire, glory with the Heaven!

SPEECHES

TO

THE HIGH AND EXCELLENT PRINCE CHARLES,

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, AND IRELAND,

AT HIS ENTERING HIS CITY OF EDINBURGH.

Delivered from the Pageants the 15th of June, 1633.

AN INTENDED

SPEECH AT THE WEST GATE.

SIR,

If Nature could suffer rocks to move, and abandon their natural places, this town, founded on the strength of rocks (now, by the all-cheering rays of your majesty's presence, taking not only motion, but life) had, with her castle, temples, and houses, moved toward you, and besought you to acknowledge her yours, and her inhabitants your most humble and affectionate subjects; and to believe, how many souls are within her circuits, so many lives are devoted to your sacred person and crown. And here, sir, she offers, by me, to the altar of your glory, whole hecatombs of most happy desires, praying all things may prove prosperous unto you; that every virtue and heroic grace, which make a prince eminent, may, with a long and blessed government, attend you; your kingdoms flourishing abroad with bays, at home with olives; presenting you, sir, (who are the strong key of this little world of Great Britain) with these keys, which cast up the gates of her affection, and design you power to open all the springs of the hearts of these her most loyal citizens. Yet this is almost not necessary; for as the rose at the far appearing of the morning Sun displayeth and spreadeth her purples, so at the very report of your happy return to this your native country, their hearts (as might be apparent, if they could have shined through their breasts) were with joy and fair hopes made spacious; nor did they ever, in all parts, feel a more comfortable heat, than the glory of your presence at this time darteth upon them.

The old forget their age, and look fresh and young at the sight of so gracious a prince: the young bear a part in your welcome, desiring many years of life, that they may serve you long; all have more joys than tongues; for, as the words of other nations far go beyond and surpass the affec-

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tion of their hearts, so in this nation, the affection of their hearts is far above all they can express by words. Deign then, sir, from the highest of majesty to look down on their lowness, and embrace it; accept the homage of their humble minds, accept their grateful zeal; and, for deeds, accept that great good-will which they have ever carried to the high deserts of your ancestors, and shall ever, to your own, and your royal race, whilst these rocks shall be overshadowed with buildings, these buildings inhabited by men, and while men shall be endued either with counsel or courage, or enjoy any piece of reason, sense, or life.

THE SPEECH OF CALEDONIA.

REPRESENTING THE KINGDOM.

The Heavens have heard our vows, our just desires
Obtained are; no higher now aspires
Our wishing thought, since to his native clime,
The flower of princes, honour of his time,
Encheering all our dales, hills, forests, streams,
(As Phœbus doth the summer with his beams)
Is come, and radiant to us, in his train,
The golden age and virtues brings again!
Prince so much longed for! how thou becalm'st
Minds easeless anguish, every care embalm'st
With the sweet odours of thy presence! Now,
In swelling tides, joys every where do flow
By thine approach; and that the world may see
That unthought wonders do attend on thee,
This kingdom's angel I, who since that day
That ruthless fate thy parent reft away,
And made a star, appear'd not any where
To gratulate thy coming, come am here.
Hail! princes' phenix, monarch of all hearts,
Sovereign of love and justice, who imparts
More than thou canst receive! To thee this crown
Is due by birth: but more, it is thine own
By just desert; and ere another brow [flow
Than thine should reach the same, my floods should
With hot vermilion gore, and every plain
Level the hills with carcases of slain,
This isle become a Red Sea. Now how sweet
Is it to me, when love and laws thus meet
To girt thy temples with this diadem,
My nurselings' sacred fear, and dearest gem,
Nor Roman, Saxon, Pict, by sad alarms
Could thus acquire and keep; the Heavens in arms
From us repel all perils; nor by wars
Aught here was won, save gaping wounds and scars:
Our lion's climacteric now is past,
And crown'd with bays he rampeth free at last.
Here are no Serean fleeces, Peru gold,
Aurora's gems, nor wares by Tyrians sold;
Towns swell not here with Babylonian walls,
Nor Nero's sky-resembling gold-ceil'd halls;
Nor Memphis' spires, nor Quinzaye's arched frames,
Captiving seas, and giving lands their names:
Faith, milk-white Faith! of old belov'd so well,
Yet in this corner of the world doth dwell
With her pure sisters, Truth, Simplicity;
Here banish'd Honour bears them company:
A Mars-adoring brood is here, their wealth,
Sound minds, and bodies of as sound a health;
Walls here are men, who fence their cities more
Than Neptune, when he doth in mountains roar,
Doth guard this isle, or all those forts and tow'rs
Amphion's harp rais'd about Thebes' bow'rs.
Heaven's arch is oft their roof, the pleasant shed
Of oak and plain oft serves them for a bed.
To suffer want, soft pleasure to despise,
Run over panting mountains crown'd with ice,
Rivers o'ercome, the wastest lakes appal,
(Being to themselves, oars, steerers, ship and all)
Is their renown: a brave all-daring race,
Courageous, prudent, doth this climate grace;
Yet the firm base on which their glory stands,
In peace, true hearts; in wars, is valiant hands,
Which here, great king! they offer up to thee,
Thy worth respecting as thy pedigree:
Though it be much to come of princely stem,
More is it to deserve a diadem.
Vouchsafe, blest people, ravish'd here with me,
To think my thoughts, and see what I do see.
A prince all-gracious, affable, divine,
Meek, wise, just, valiant, whose radiant shine
Of virtues, like the stars about the Pole
Gilding the night, enlight'neth every soul,
Your sceptre sways; a prince, born in this age
To guard the innocent from tyrants' rage;
To make peace prosper, justice to reflow'r,
In desert hamlet, as in lordly bow'r;
A prince that, though of none he stands in awe,
Yet first subjects himself to his own law;
Who joys in good, and still, as right directs,
His greatness measures by his good effects;
His people's pedestal, who rising high,
To grace this throne, makes Scotland's name to fly
On halcyon's wings (her glory which restores)
Beyond the ocean to Columbus' shores:
God's sacred picture in this man adore,
Honour his valour, zeal, his piety more;
High value what you hold, him deep engrave
In your heart's heart, from whom all good ye have;
For as Moon's splendour from her brother springs,
The people's welfare streameth from their kings.
Since your love's object doth immortal prove,
O! love this prince with an eternal love.
Pray that those crowns his ancestors did wear,
His temples long, more orient, may bear;
That good he reach by sweetness of his sway,
That ev'n his shadow may the bad affray;
That Heaven on him what he desires bestow,
That still the glory of his greatness grow;
That your begun felicities may last,
That no Orion do with storms them blast;
That victory his brave exploits attend,
East, west, or south, where he his force shall bend,
Till his great deeds all former deeds surmount,
And quell the Nimrod of the Hellespont;
That when his well-spent care all care becalms,
He may in peace sleep in a shade of palms;
And rearing up fair trophies, that Heaven may
Extend his life to world's extremest day.

THE

SONG OF THE MUSES AT PARNASSUS.

At length we see those eyes,
Which cheer both Earth and skies;
Now, ancient Caledon,
Thy beauties heighten, richer robes put on,
And let young joys to all thy parts arise.

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Here, could thy prince still stay,
Each month should turn to May;
We need nor star, nor sun,
Save him, to lengthen days, and joys begun:
Sorrow and night to far climes haste away.

Now majesty and love
Combin'd are from above;
Prince never sceptre sway'd,
Lov'd subjects more, of subjects more obey'd,
Which may endure whilst Heaven's great orbs do move.

Joys, did you always last,
Life's spark you soon would waste;
Grief follows sweet delight,
As day is shadowed by sable night,
Yet shall remembrance keep you still, when past.

THE SPEECHES

AT THE HOROSCOPAL PAGEANT,

BY THE PLANETS.

ENDYMION.

Rous'd from the Latmian cave, where many years
That empress of the lowest of the spheres,
Who cheers the night, did keep me hid, apart
From mortal wights, to ease her love-sick heart,
As young as when she did me first enclose,
As fresh in beauty as the morning rose,
Endymion, that whilom kept my flocks
Upon Ionia's flow'ry hills and rocks,
And sweet lays warbling to my Cynthia's beams,
Out-sang the cygnets of Meander's streams:
To whom, for guerdon, she Heaven's secret bars
Made open, taught the paths and pow'rs of stars:
By this dear lady's strict commandement
To celebrate this day I here am sent:
But whether is this Heaven, which stars do crown,
Or are Heaven's flaming splendours here come down
To beautify this nether world with me?
Such state and glory did e'er shepherd see?
My wits my sense mistrust, and stay amaz'd;
No eye on fairer objects ever gaz'd.
Sure this is Heaven; for ev'ry wand'ring star,
Forsaking those great orbs where whirl'd they are,
All dismal, sad aspects abandoning,
Are here met to salute some gracious king.
Nor is it strange if they Heaven's height neglect;
It of undoubted worth is the effect:
Then this it is, thy presence, royal youth,
Hath brought them here within an azimuth,
To tell by me, their herald, coming things,
And what each fate to her stern distaff sings:
Heaven's volume to unclasp, vast pages spread,
Mysterious golden cyphers clear to read.
Hear then the augur of thy future days,
And what the starry senate of thee says;
For, what is firm decreed in Heaven above,
In vain on Earth strive mortals to improve.

SATURN.

To fair hopes to give reins now it is time
And soar as high as just desires may climb;
O halcyonian, clear, and happy day!
From sorry wights let sorrow fly away.
And vex antarctic climes; great Britain's woes
Vanish, for joy now in her zenith glows.
The old Lucadian scythe-bearing sire,
Though cold, for thee feels flames of sweet desire;
And many lustres at a perfect height
Shall keep thy sceptre's majesty as bright,
And strong in power and glory, every way,
As when thy peerless parent did it sway;
Ne'er turning wrinkled in time's endless length,
But one in her first beauty, youthful strength,
Like thy rare mind, which stedfast as the Pole
Still fixed stands, however spheres do roll.
More to enchance with favours this thy reign,
His age of gold he shall restore again;
Love, justice, honour, innocence renew,
Men's sprights with white simplicity indue;
Make all to leave in plenty's ceaseless store
With equal shares, none wishing to have more.
No more shall cold the ploughmen's hopes beguile,
Skies shall on Earth with lovely glances smile;
Which shall, untill'd, each flower and herb bring forth,
And lands to gardens turn, of equal worth;
Life (long) shall not be thrall'd to mortal dates:
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

JOVE.

Delight of Heaven! sole honour of the earth!
Jove (courting thine ascendant) at thy birth
Proclaimed thee a king, and made it true,
That to thy worth great monarchies are due:
He gave thee what was good, and what was great,
What did belong to love, and what to state;
Rare gifts, whose ardours burn the hearts of all;
Like tinder, when flint's atoms on it fall.
The Tramontane, which thy fair course directs,
Thy counsels shall approve by their effects;
Justice, kept low by giants, wrongs, and jars,
Thou shalt relieve, and crown with glistening stars;
Whom nought, save law of force, could keep in awe,
Thou shalt turn clients to the force of law;
Thou arms shalt brandish for thine own defence,
Wrongs to repel, and guard weak innocence,
Which to thy last effort thou shalt uphold,
As oak the ivy which it doth enfold.
All overcome, at last thyself o'ercome,
Thou shalt make passion yield to reason's doom:
For smiles of Fortune shall not raise thy mind,
Nor shall disasters make it e'er declin'd:
True Honour shall reside within thy court,
Sobriety and Truth there still resort;
Keep promis'd faith, thou shalt all treacheries
Detest, and fawning parasites despise;
Thou, others to make rich, shalt not make poor
Thyself, but give, that thou may'st still give more;
Thou shalt no paranymph raise to high place,
For frizzled locks, quaint pace, or painted face:
On gorgeous raiments, womanizing toys,
The works of worms, and what a moth destroys,

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e maze of fools, thou shalt no treasure spend,
y charge to immortality shall tend;
ise palaces, and temples vaulted high;
ers o'erarch; of hospitality
d sciences the ruin'd inns restore;
th walls and ports encircle Neptune's shore;
new-found worlds thy fleets make hold their course,
d find of Canada the unknown source;
ople those lands which pass Arabian fields
fragrant woods, and musk which zephyr yields.
ou, fear'd of none, shalt not thy people fear,
y people's love thy greatness shall up-rear:
ll rigour shall not shine, and mercy lower;
at love can do, thou shalt not do by power;
w and vast taxes thou shalt not extort,
ad heavy those thy bounty should support;
ou shalt not strike the hinge nor master-beam
thine estate, but errours in the same,
harmless justice, graciously reform;
lighting more in calm than roaring storm,
ou shalt govern in peace, as did thy sire;
ep safe thine own, and kingdoms new acquire
yond Alcides' pillars, and those bounds
here Alexander gain'd the eastern crowns,
ll thou the greatest be among the greats:
us Heavens ordain, so have decreed the Fates.

MARS.

N of the lion! thou of loathsome bands
alt free the Earth, and whate'er thee withstands
hy noble paws shall tear; the god of Thrace
all be thy second; and before thy face,
Truth and Justice whilst thou trophies rears,
rmies shall fall dismay'd with panic fears.
s when Aurora in sky's azure lists
lakes shadows vanish, doth disperse the mists,
nd in a twinkling with her opal light
ight's horrours checketh, putting stars to flight:
fore to inflame thee to this noble task,
o thee he here resigns his sword and casque.
wall of flying castles, armed pines,
hall bridge thy sea; like Heaven with steel that shines
o aid Earth's tenants by foul yokes opprest,
nd fill with fears the great king of the west:
o thee already Victory displays
ler garlands twin'd with olive, oak, and bays;
hy triumphs finish shall all old debates:
hus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

SUN.

Wealth, wisdom, glory, pleasure, stoutest hearts,
eligion, laws, Hyperion imparts
o thy just reign, which shall far, far surpass
f emperors, kings, the best that ever was:
ook how he dims the stars; thy glories' rays
o darken shall the lustre of these days:
or in fair Virtue's zodiac thou shalt run,
nd in the Heaven of worthies be the Sun.
o more contemn'd shall hapless Learning lie;
he maids of Pindus shall be raised high;
or bay and ivy which their brows enroll'd,
hou shalt 'em deck with gems and shining gold;
hou open shalt Parnassus' crystal gates;
Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the fates.

VENUS.

The Acidalian queen amidst thy bays
Shall twine her myrtles, grant thee pleasant days;
She did make clear thy house, and, with her light,
Of churlish stars put back the dismal spight;
The Hymenean bed fair brood shall grace,
Which on the Earth continue shall their race;
While Flora's treasure shall the meads endear;
While sweet Pomona rose-cheek'd fruits shall bear;
While Phœbus' beams her brother's emulates:
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

MERCURY.

Great Atlas' nephew shall the works of peace,
The springs of plenty, tillage, trade, increase;
And arts, in time's gulphs lost, again restore
To their perfection; nay, find many more,
More perfect artists: Cyclops in their forge
Shall mould those brazen Typhons, which disgorge
From their hard bowels metal, flame, and smoke,
Muffling the air up in a sable cloke.
Geryons, harpies, dragons, sphinges strange,
Wheel, where in spacious gires the fume doth range;
The sea shrinks at the blow, shake doth the ground,
The world's vast chambers doth the sound rebound;
The Stygian porter leaveth off to bark,
Black Jove, appall'd, doth shroud him in the dark;
Many a Typhis, in adventures toss'd,
By new-found skill shall many a maiden coast
With thy sail-winged Argoses find out,
Which, like the Sun, shall run the Earth about;
And far beyond his paths score wavy ways,
To Cathay's lands by Hyperborean seas;
He shall endue thee, both in peace and war,
With wisdom, which than strength is better far;
Wealth, honour, arms, and arts shall grace thy states:
Thus Heavens ordain, so do decree the Fates.

THE MOON.

O now the fair queen with the golden maids,
The sun of night, thy happy fortunes aids!
Though turban'd princes for a badge her wear,
To them she wains, to thee would full appear;
Her hand-maid Thetis daily walks the round
About thy Delos, that no force it wound;
Then when thou left'st it, and abroad didst stray,
Dear pilgrim, she did strew with flowers thy way;
And, turning foreign force and counsel vain,
Thy guard and guide return'd thee home again;
To thee she kingdoms, years, bliss did divine,
Quailing Medusa's grim snakes with her shine.
Beneath thy reign Discord (fell mischief's forge,
The bane of people, state and kingdom's scourge,)
Pale Envy (with the cockatrice's eye,
Which seeing kills, but seen doth forthwith die,)
Malice, Deceit, Rebellion, Impudence,
Beyond the Garamants shall pack them hence,
With every monster that thy glory hates:
Thus Heavens decree, so have ordain'd the Fates.

ENDYMION.

That heretofore to thy heroic mind
Hopes did not answer as they were design'd,

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O do not think it strange: times were not come,
And these fair stars had not pronounc'd their doom.
The Destinies did on that day attend,
When on this northern region thou shouldst lend
Thy cheerful presence, and, charg'd with renown,
Set on thy brows the Caledonian crown.
Thy virtues now thy just desire shall grace,
Stern chance shall change, and to desert give place.
Let this be known to all the Fates admit
To their grave counsel, and to every wit
That courts Heaven's inside: this let Sybils know,
And those mad Corybants who dance and glow
On Dindimus' high tops with frantic fire:
Let this be known to all Apollo's choir,
And people: let it not be hid from you,
What mountains noise, and floods proclaim as true.
Wherever fame abroad his praise shall ring,
All shall observe, and serve this blessed king.

The end of king Charles's entertainment at Edinburgh, 1633.

A

PASTORAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

In sweetest prime and blooming of his age,
Dear Alcon, ravish'd from this mortal stage,
The shepherds mourn'd, as they him lov'd before.
Among the rout, him Idmon did deplore;
Idmon, who, whether Sun in east did rise,
Or dive in west, pour'd torrents from his eyes
Of liquid crystal; under hawthorn shade,
At last to trees and flocks this plaint he made:
"Alcon! delight of Heaven, desire of Earth,
Off-spring of Phœbus, and the Muses' birth,
The Graces' darling, Adon of our plains,
Flame of the fairest nymphs the Earth sustains!
What pow'r of thee hath us bereft? what fate,
By thy untimely fall, would ruinate
Our hopes? O Death! what treasure in one hour
Hast thou dispersed! how dost thou devour
What we on Earth hold dearest! All things good,
Too envious Heavens, how blast ye in the bud!
The corn the greedy reapers cut not down
Before the fields with golden ears it crown;
Nor doth the verdant fruits the gardener pull;
But thou art cropt before thy years were full.
With thee, sweet youth! the glories of our fields
Vanish away, and what contentments yields.
The lakes their silver look, the woods their shades,
The springs their crystal want, their verdure meads,
The years their early seasons, cheerful days;
Hills gloomy stand, now desolate of rays:
Their amorous whispers zephyrs not us bring,
Nor do air's choristers salute the spring;
The freezing winds our gardens do deflow'r.
Ah Destinies, and you whom skies embow'r,
To his fair spoils his spright again yet give,
And, like another phenix, make him live! [stems,
The herbs, though cut, sprout fragrant from their
And make with crimson blush our anadems:
The Sun, when in the west he doth decline,
Heaven's brightest tapers at his funerals shine;
His face, when wash'd in the Atlantic seas,
Revives, and cheers the welkin with new rays:
Why should not he, since of more pure a frame,
Return to us again, and be the same?
But, wretch! what wish I? to the winds I send
These plaints and pray'rs: Destinies cannot lend
Thee more of time, nor Heavens consent will thus
Thou leave their starry world to dwell with us;
Yet shall they not thee keep amidst their spheres
Without these lamentations and tears.
Thou wast all virtue, courtesy, and worth;
And, as Sun's light is in the Moon set forth,
World's supreme excellence in thee did shine:
Nor, though eclipsed now, shalt thou decline,
But in our memories live, while dolphins streams
Shall haunt, while eaglets stare on Titan's beams,
Whilst swans upon their crystal tombs shall sing,
Whilst violets with purple paint the spring.
A gentler shepherd flocks did never feed
On Albion's hills, nor sing to oaten reed.
While what she found in thee my Muse would blaze,
Grief doth distract her, and cut short thy praise.
How oft have we, environ'd by the throng
Of tedious swains, the cooler shades among,
Contemn'd Earth's glow-worm greatness, and the [chace
Of Fortune scorned, deeming it disgrace
To court inconstancy! How oft have we
Some Chloris' name grav'n in each virgin tree;
And, finding favours fading, the next day
What we had carv'd we did deface away.
Woful remembrance! Nor time nor place
Of thy abodement shadows any trace;
But there to me thou shin'st: late glad desires,
And ye once roses, how are ye turn'd briars!
Contentments passed, and of pleasures chief,
Now are ye frightful horrours, hells of grief!
When from thy native soil love had thee driven,
(Thy safe return prefigurating) a Heaven
Of flattering hopes did in my fancy move;
Then little dreaming it should atoms prove.
These groves preserve will I, these loved woods,
These orchards rich with fruits, with fish these floods,
My Alcon will return, and once again
His chosen exiles he will entertain;
The populous city holds him, amongst harms
Of some fierce Cyclops, Circe's stronger charms.
"These banks," said I, "he visit will, and streams;
These silent shades, ne'er kiss'd by courting beams.
Far, far, off I will meet him, and I first
Shall him approaching know, and first be blest
With his aspect; I first shall hear his voice,
Him find the same he parted, and rejoice
To learn his passed perils; know the sports
Of foreign shepherds, fawns, and fairy courts.
No pleasure like the fields, an happy state
The swains enjoy, secure from what they hate:
Free of proud cares they innocently spend
The day, nor do black thoughts their ease offend;
Wise Nature's darlings, they live in the world
Perplexing not themselves how it is hurl'd.
These hillocks Phœbus loves, Ceres these plains,
These shades the Sylvans; and here Pales strains
Milk in the pails; the maids which haunt the springs
Dance on these pastures; here Amintas sings:
Hesperian gardens, Tempe's shades, are here,
Or what the eastern Inde and west hold dear.
Come then, dear youth! the wood-nymphs twine thee boughs
With rose and lily to impale thy brows."
Thus ignorant I mus'd, not conscious yet
Of what by Death was done, and ruthless Fate:

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Amidst these trances Fame thy loss doth sound,
And through my ears gives to my heart a wound.
With stretch'd-out arms I sought thee to embrace,
But clasp'd, amaz'd, a coffin in thy place;
A coffin, of our joys which had the trust, [dust!
Which told that thou wert come, but chang'd to
Scarce, ev'n when felt, could I believe this wrack,
Nor that thy time and glory Heavens would break.
Now, since I cannot see my Alcon's face,
And find nor vows nor prayers to have place
With guilty stars, this mountain shall become
To me a sacred altar, and a tomb
To famous Alcon. Here, as days, months, years
Do circling glide, I sacrifice will tears;
Here spend my remnant time, exil'd from mirth,
Till Death at last turn monarch of my earth.
Shepherds on Forth, and you by Doven rocks,
Which use to sing and sport, and keep your flocks,
Pay tribute here of tears! ye never had
To aggravate your moans a cause more sad:
And to their sorrows hither bring your mands,
Charged with sweetest flow'rs, and with pure hands;
Fair nymphs, the blushing hyacinth and rose
Spread on the place his relics doth enclose;
Weave garlands to his memory, and put
Over his hearse a verse in cypress cut:
Virtue did die, goodness but harm did give,
After the noble Alcon ceas'd to live:
Friendship an earthquake suffer'd; losing him
Love's brightest constellation turned dim.

MISCELLANIES.

A PASTORAL SONG.

PHILLIS AND DAMON.

PHIL. SHEPHERD, dost thou love me well?
DAM. Better than weak words can tell.
PHIL. Like to what, good shepherd, say?
DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
PHIL. O how strange these words I find!
Yet to satisfy my mind,
Shepherd, without mocking me,
Have I any love from thee?
Like to what, good shepherd, say?
DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
PHIL. Better answer had it been,
To say thou lov'st me as thine eyne.
DAM. Wo is me! these I love not,
For by them love entrance got.
At that time they did behold,
Thy sweet face and locks of gold.
PHIL. Like to what, dear shepherd, say?
DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
PHIL. Once, dear shepherd, speak more plain,
And I shall not ask again;
Say, to end this gentle strife,
Dost thou love me as thy life?
DAM. No, for it is turn'd a slave
To sad annoys, and what I have
Of life by love's stronger force
Is 'reft, and I 'm but a dead corse.
PHIL. Like to what, good shepherd, say?
DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.
PHIL. Learn I pray this, like to thee,
And say, I love as I do me.
DAM. Alas! I do not love myself,
For I 'm split on beauty's shelf.
PHIL. Like to what, good shepherd, say?
DAM. Like to thee, fair cruel May.

ALL good hath left this age, all tracks of shame:
Mercy is banished, and pity dead;
Justice, from whence it came, to Heav'n is fled;
Religion, maim'd, is thought an idle name.
Faith to distrust and malice hath giv'n place;
Envy, with poison'd teeth, hath friendship torn;
Renowned knowledge is a despis'd scorn;
Now evil 't is, all evil not t' embrace.
There is no life, save under servile bands;
To make desert a vassal to their crimes,
Ambition with avarice joins hands:
O ever shameful, O most shameless times!
Save that Sun's light we see, of good here tell,
This Earth we court so much were very Hell.

DOTH then the world go thus, doth all thus move?
Is this the justice which on Earth we find?
Is this that firm decree which all doth bind?
Are these your influences, pow'rs above?
Those souls which vice's moody mists most blind,
Blind Fortune, blindly, most their friend doth prove;
And they who thee, poor idol virtue! love,
Ply like a feather toss'd by storm and wind.
Ah! if a providence doth sway this all,
Why should best minds groan under most distress?
Or why should pride humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppress?
Heav'ns! hinder, stop this fate; or grant a time
When good may have, as well as bad, their prime.

A REPLY.

WHO do in good delight,
That sov'reign justice ever doth reward;
And though sometime it smite,
Yet it doth them regard:
For ev'n amidst their grief
They find a strong relief,
And death itself can work them no despite.
Again, in evil who joy,
And do in it grow old,
In midst of mirth are charg'd with sin's annoy,
Which is in conscience scroll'd;
And when their life's frail thread is cut by time,
They punishment find equal to each crime.

LOOK how in May the rose,
At sulphur's azure fumes,
In a short space her crimson blush doth lose,
And, all amaz'd, a pallid white assumes.
So time our best consumes,
Makes youth and beauty pass,
And what was pride turns horrour in our glass.

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TO A SWALLOW

BUILDING NEAR THE STATUE OF MEDEA.

Fond Progne, chattering wretch,
That is Medea! there
Wilt thou thy younglings hatch?
Will she keep thine, her own who could not spare?
Learn from her frantic face
To seek some fitter place.
What other may'st thou hope for, what desire,
Save Stygian spells, wounds, poison, iron, fire?

VENUS ARMED.

To practice new alarms
In Jove's great court above,
The wanton queen of love
Of sleeping Mars put on the horrid arms;
Where gazing in a glass
To see what thing she was,
To mock and scoff the blue-eyed maid did move;
Who said, "Sweet queen, thus should you have been dight
When Vulcan took you napping with your knight."

THE BOAR'S HEAD.

Amidst a pleasant green
Which Sun did seldom see,
Where play'd Anchises with the Cyprian queen,
The head of a wild boar hung on a tree:
And, driven by Zephyrs' breath,
Did fall, and wound the lovely youth beneath;
On whom yet scarce appears
So much of blood as Venus' eyes shed tears.
But, ever as she wept, her anthem was,
"Change, cruel change, alas!
My Adon, whilst thou liv'd, was by thee slain;
Now dead, this lover must thou kill again?"

TO AN OWL.

Ascalaphus, tell me,
So may night's curtain long time cover thee,
So ivy ever may
From irksome light keep thy chamber and bed;
And, in Moon's liv'ry c'ad,
So may'st thou scorn the choristers of day—
When plaining thou dost stay
Near to the sacred window of my dear,
Dost ever thou her hear
To wake, and steal swift hours from drowsy sleep?
And, when she wakes, doth e'er a stolen sigh creep
Into thy listening ear?
If that deaf god doth yet her careless keep,
In louder notes my grief with thine express,
Till by thy shrieks she think on my distress.

DAPHNIS.

Now Daphnis' arms did grow
In slender branches; and her braided hair,
Which like gold waves did flow,
In leafy twigs was stretched in the air;
The grace of either foot
Transform'd was to a root;
A tender bark enwraps her body fair.
He who did cause her ill
Sore wailing stood, and from his blubber'd eyne
Did show'rs of tears upon the rind distil,
Which, water'd thus, did bud and turn more green.
O deep despair! O heart-appalling grief!
When that doth woe increase should bring relief.

THE BEAR OF LOVE.

In woods and desert bounds
A beast abroad doth roam;
So loving sweetness and the honey-comb,
It doth despise the arms of bees and wounds:
I, by like pleasure led,
To prove what Heav'ns did place
Of sweet on your fair face,
Whilst therewith I am fed,
Rest careless (bear of love) of hellish smart,
And how those eyes afflict and wound my heart.

FIVE SONNETS FOR GALATEA.

I.

Strephon, in vain thou bring'st thy rhymes and songs,
Deck'd with grave Pindar's old and wither'd flow'rs;
In vain thou count'st the fair Europa's wrongs,
And her whom Jove deceiv'd in golden show'rs.
Thou hast slept never under myrtle's shed;
Or, if that passion hath thy soul oppress'd,
It is but for some Grecian mistress dead,
Of such old sighs thou dost discharge thy breast;
How can true love with fables hold a place?
Thou who with fables dost set forth thy love,
Thy love a pretty fable needs must prove:
Thou suest for grace, in scorn more to disgrace.
I cannot think thou wert charm'd by my looks,
O no! thou learn'st thy love in lovers' books.

II.

No more with candid words infect mine ears;
Tell me no more how that you pine in anguish;
When sound you sleep, no more say that you languish;
No more in sweet despite say you spend tears.
Who hath such hollow eyes as not to see,
How those that are hair-brain'd boast of Apollo,
And bold give out the Muses do them follow,
Though in love's library, yet no lovers be.
If we, poor souls! least favour but them show,
That straight in wanton lines abroad is blaz'd;
Their names doth soar on our fame's overthrow;
Mark'd is our lightness, whilst their wits are prais'd.
In silent thoughts who can no secret cover,
He may, say we, but not well, be a lover.

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III.

Ye who with curious numbers, sweetest art,
Frame Dedal nets our beauty to surprise,
Telling strange castles builded in the skies,
And tales of Cupid's bow and Cupid's dart;
Well, howsoe'er ye act your feigned smart,
Molesting quiet ears with tragic cries,
When you accuse our chastity's best part,
Nam'd cruelty, ye seem not half too wise;
Yea, ye yourselves it deem most worthy praise,
Beauty's best guard; that dragon, which doth keep
Hesperian fruit, the spur in you does raise,
That Delian wit that otherways may sleep:
To cruel nymphs your lines do fame afford,
Oft many pitiful, not one poor word.

IV.

If it be love, to wake out all the night,
And watchful eyes drive out in dewy moans,
And, when the Sun brings to the world his light,
To waste the day in tears and bitter groans;
If it be love, to dim weak reason's beam
With clouds of strange desire, and make the mind
In hellish agonies a Heav'n to dream,
Still seeking comforts where but griefs we find;
If it be love, to stain with wanton thought
A spotless chastity, and make it try
More furious flames than his whose cunning wrought
That brazen bull, where he intomb'd did fry;
Then sure is love the causer of such woes,
Be ye our lovers, or our mortal foes.

V.

And would you then shake off Love's golden chain,
With which it is best freedom to be bound?
And, cruel! do you seek to heal the wound
Of love, which hath such sweet and pleasant pain?
All that is subject unto Nature's reign
In skies above, or on this lower round,
When it its long and far-sought end hath found,
Doth in decadens fall and slack remain.
Behold the Moon, how gay her face doth grow
Till she kiss all the Sun, then doth decay!
See how the seas tumultuously do flow
Till they embrace lov'd banks, then post away:
So is 't with love: unless you love me still,
O do not think I 'll yield unto your will!

SONNET.

Care's charming sleep, son of the sable night,
Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
Destroy my languish ere the day be light,
With dark forgetting of my care's return;
And let the day be long enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth;
Let wat'ry eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the troubles of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, fond image of my fond desires!
To model forth the passions of to morrow;
Let never rising Sun approve your tears,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

TO THAUMANTIA, SINGING.

Is it not too, too much
Thou late didst to me prove
A basilisk of love,
And didst my wits bewitch?
Unless, to cause more harm,
Made syren too thou with thy voice me charm?
Ah! though thou so my reason didst controul,
That to thy looks I could not prove a mole;
Yet do me not that wrong,
As not to let me turn asp to thy song.

UPON A GLASS.

If thou wouldst see threads purer than the gold,
Where love his wealth doth show,
But take this glass, and thy fair hair behold.
If whiteness thou wouldst see more white than snow,
And read on wonder's book,
Take but this glass, and on thy forehead look.
Wouldst thou in winter see a crimson rose,
Whose thorns do hurt each heart?
Look but in glass how thy sweet lips do close.
Wouldst thou see planets which all good impart,
Or meteors divine?
But take this glass, and gaze upon thine eyne.
No—planets, rose, snow, gold, cannot compare
With you, dear eyes, lips, brows, and amber hair!

OF A BEE.

As an audacious knight,
Come with some foe to fight,
His sword doth brandish, makes his armour ring;
So this proud bee, at home perhaps a king,
Did buzzing fly about,
And, tyrant, after thy fair lip did sting.
O champion strange as stout!
Who hast by nature found
Sharp arms, and trumpet shrill, to sound and wound,

OF THE SAME.

O do not kill that bee
That thus hath wounded thee!
Sweet, it was no despite,
But hue did him deceive:
For when thy lips did close,
He deemed them a rose.
What wouldst thou further crave?
He wanting wit, and blinded with delight,
Would fain have kiss'd, but mad with joy did bite,

OF A KISS.

Ah! of that cruel bee
Thy lips have suck'd too much;
For when they mine did touch,
I found that both they hurt and sweeten'd me:
This by the sting they have,
And that they of the honey do receive:
Dear kiss! else by what art
Couldst thou at once both please and wound my heart?

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IDMON TO VENUS.

If, Acidalia's queen,
Thou quench in me thy torch,
And with the same Thaumantia's heart shalt scorch,
Each year a myrtle tree
Here I do vow to consecrate to thee:
And when the meads grow green,
I will of sweetest flowers
Weave thousand garlands to adorn thy bow'rs.

A LOVER'S PLAINT.

In midst of silent night,
When men, birds, beasts, do rest,
With love and fear possest,
To Heav'n, and Flore, I count my heavy plight.
Again, with roseate wings
When morn peeps forth, and Philomela sings,
Then, void of all relief,
Do I renew my grief;
Day follows night, night day, whilst still I prove
That Heaven is deaf, Flore careless of my love.

HIS FIREBRAND.

Leave, page, that slender torch,
And in this gloomy night
Let only shine the light
Of Love's hot brandon, which my heart doth scorch:
A sigh, or blast of wind,
My tears, or drops of rain,
May that at once make blind;
Whilst this like Ætna burning shall remain.

DAPHNIS' VOW.

When Sun doth bring the day
From the Hesperian sea,
Or Moon her coach doth roll
Above the northern pole,
When serpents cannot hiss,
And lovers shall not kiss,
Then may it be, but in no time till then,
That Daphnis can forget his Orienne.

THE

STATUE OF VENUS SLEEPING.

Break not my sweet repose,
Thou, whom free will, or chance, brings to this place,
Let lids these comets close,
O do not seek to see their shining grace:
For when mine eyes thou seest, they thine will blind,
And thou shalt part, but leave thy heart behind.

ANTHEA'S GIFT.

This virgin lock of hair
To Idmon Anthea gives,
Idmon, for whom she lives,
Though oft she mix his hopes with cold despair:
This now; but, absent if he constant prove,
With gift more dear she vows to meet his love.

TO THAUMANTIA.

Come, let us live, and love,
And kiss, Thaumantia mine;
I shall the elm be, be to me the vine;
Come, let us teach new billing to the dove:
Nay, to augment our bliss,
Let souls e'en other kiss.
Let love a workman be,
Undo, distemper, and his cunning prove,
Of kisses three make one, of one make three:
Though Moon, Sun, stars, be bodies far more bright,
Let them not vaunt they match us in delight.

A LOVER'S DAY AND NIGHT.

Bright meteor of day,
For me in Thetis' bow'rs for ever stay;
Night, to this flow'ry globe
Ne'er show for me thy star-embroidered robe,
My night, my day, do not proceed from you,
But hang on Mira's brow:
For when she low'rs, and hides from me her eyes,
'Midst clearest day I find black night arise;
When smiling she again those twins doth turn,
In midst of night I find noon's torch to burn.

THE STATUE OF ADONIS.

When Venus, 'longst that plain,
This Parian Adon saw,
She sigh'd, and said, "What pow'r breaks Destine's law,
World-mourned boy, and makes thee live again?"
Then with stretch'd arms she ran him to enfold:
But when she did behold
The boar, whose snowy tusks did threaten death,
Fear closed up her breath.
Who can but grant then that these stones do live,
Sith this bred love, and that a wound did give?

CLORUS TO A GROVE.

Old oak, and you thick grove,
I ever shall you love,
With these sweet-smelling briers:
For briers, oak, grove, ye crowned my desires,
When underneath your shade
I left my woe, and Flore her maidenhead.

A COUPLET ENCOMIASTIC.

1 2 3 1 2 3
Love, Cypris, Phœbus, will feed, deck, and crown,
1 2 3 1 2
Thy heart, brows, verse, with flames, with flow'rs,
3
renown.

ANOTHER.

Thy Muse not-able, full, il-lustred rhymes
Make thee the poetaster of our times.

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UPON A BAY TREE

NOT LONG SINCE, GROWING IN THE RUINS OF VIRGIL'S TOMB.

Those stones which once had trust
Of Maro's sacred dust,
Which now of their first beauty spoil'd are seen,
That they due praise not want,
Inglorious and remain,
A Delian tree (fair Nature's only plant)
Now courts and shadows with her tresses green:
Sing Io Pæan, ye of Phœbus' train;
Though envy, av'rice, time, your tombs throw down,
With maiden laurels Nature will them crown.

FLORA'S FLOWER.

Venus doth love the rose;
Apollo those dear flow'rs
Which were his paramours;
The queen of sable skies
The subtile lunaries:
But Flore likes none of those;
For fair to her no flow'r seems save the lily;
And why? Because one letter turns it P——.

MELAMPUS'S EPITAPH.

All that a dog could have
The good Melampus had:
Nay, he had more than what in beasts we crave,
For he could play the brave;
And often, like a Thraso stern, go mad:
And if ye had not seen, but heard him bark,
Ye would have sworn he was your parish clerk.

THE HAPPINESS OF A FLEA.

How happier is that flea,
Which in thy breast doth play,
Than that pied butterfly
Which courts the flame, and in the same doth die!
That hath a light delight,
Poor fool! contented only with a sight;
When this doth sport, and swell with dearest food,
And, if he die, he knight-like dies in blood.

OF THE SAME.

Poor flea! then thou didst die;
Yet by so fair a hand,
That thus to die was destine to command:
Thou didst die, yet didst try
A lover's last delight,
To vault on virgin plains, her kiss and bite:
Thou diedst, yet hast thy tomb
Between those paps, O dear and stately room;
Flea happier far, more blest,
Than phenix burning in his spicy nest.

LINA'S VIRGINITY.

Who Lina weddeth, shall most happy be;
For he a maid shall find,
Though maiden none be she,
A girl or boy beneath her waist confin'd:
And though bright Ceres' locks be never shorn,
He shall be sure this year to lack no corn.

LOVE NAKED.

And would ye, lovers, know
Why Love doth naked go?
Fond, waggish, changeling lad!
Late whilst Thaumantia's voice
He wond'ring heard, it made him so rejoice,
That he o'erjoy'd ran mad:
And in a frantic fit threw clothes away,
And since from lip and lap hers cannot stray.

NIOBE.

Wretch'd Niobe I am;
Let wretches read my case,
Not such who with a tear ne'er wet their face.
Seven daughters of me came,
And sons as many, which one fatal day,
Orb'd mother! took away.
Thus reft by Heavens unjust,
Grief turn'd me stone, stone too doth me entomb;
Which if thou dost mistrust,
Of this hard rock but ope the flinty womb,
And here thou shalt find marble, and no dust.

CHANGE OF LOVE.

Once did I weep and groan,
Drink tears, draw loathed breath,
And all for love of one
Who did affect my death:
But now, thanks to disdain!
I live reliev'd of pain.
For sighs I singing go,
I burn not as before—no, no, no, no!

WILD BEAUTY.

If all but ice thou be,
How dost thou thus me burn?
Or how at fire which thou dost raise in me,
Sith ice, thyself in streams dost thou not turn?
But rather, plaintful case!
Of ice art marble made, to my disgrace.
O miracle of love, not heard till now!
Cold ice doth burn, and hard by fire doth grow.

CONSTANT LOVE.

Time makes great states decay,
Time doth May's pomp disgrace,
Time draws deep furrows in the fairest face,
Time wisdom, force, renown, doth take away;

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Time doth consume the years,
Time changes works in Heaven's eternal spheres;
Yet this fierce tyrant, which doth all devour,
To lessen love in me shall have no pow'r.

TO CHLORIS.

See, Chloris, how the clouds
Tilt in the azure lists;
And now with Stygian mists
Each horned hill his giant forehead shrouds.
Jove thund'reth in the air;
The air, grown great with rain
Now seems to bring Deucalion's days again:
I see thee quake: come, let us home repair;
Come, hide thee in mine arms,
If not for love, yet to shun greater harms.

THYRSIS IN DISPRAISE OF BEAUTY.

That which so much the doating world doth prize,
Fond ladies' only care, and sole delight,
Soon-fading beauty, which of hues doth rise,
Is but an abject let of Nature's might;
Most woful wretch, whom shining hair and eyes
Lead to Love's dungeon, traitor'd by a sight,
Most woful! for he might with greater ease
Hell's portals enter and pale Death appease.

As in delicious meads beneath the flow'rs,
And the most wholesome herbs that May can show,
In crystal curls the speckled serpent low'rs;
As in the apple, which most fair doth grow,
The rotten worm is clos'd, which it devours;
As in gilt cups, with Gnossian wine which flow,
Oft poison pompously doth hide its sours;
So lewdness, falsehood, mischief them advance,
Clad with the pleasant rays of beauty's glance.

Good thence is chas'd where beauty doth appear;
Mild lowliness, with pity, from it fly;
Where beauty reigns, as in their proper sphere,
Ingratitude, disdain, pride, all descry;
The flow'r and fruit, which virtue's tree should bear,
With her bad shadow beauty maketh die:
Beauty a monster is, a monster hurl'd
From angry Heaven, to scourge this lower world.

As fruits which are unripe, and sour of taste,
To be confect'd more fit than sweet we prove;
For sweet, in spite of care, themselves will waste,
When they long kept the appetite do move:
So, in the sweetness of his nectar, Love
The foul confects, and seasons of his feast:
Sour is far better, which we sweet may make,
Than sweet, which sweeter sweetness will not take.

Foul may my lady be; and may her nose,
A Teneriff, give umbrage to her chin;
May her gay mouth, which she no time may close,
So wide be, that the Moon may turn therein:
May eyes and teeth be made conform to those;
Eyes set by chance and white, teeth black and thin:
May all that seen is, and is hid from sight,
Like unto these rare parts be framed right.

I shall not fear thus, though she stray alone,
That others her pursue, entice, admire;
And, though she sometime counterfeit a groan,
I shall not think her heart feels uncouth fire;
I shall not style her ruthless to my moan,
Nor proud, disdainful, wayward to desire:
Her thoughts with mine will hold an equal line,
I shall be hers, and she shall all be mine.

EURYMEDON'S PRAISE OF MIRA.

Gem of the mountains, glory of our plains!
Rare miracle of nature, and of love!
Sweet Atlas, who all beauty's Heavens sustains,
No, beauty's Heaven, where all her wonders move;
The Sun, from east to west who all doth see,
On this low globe sees nothing like to thee.

One phenix only liv'd ere thou wast born,
And Earth but did one queen of love admire,
Three Graces only did the world adorn,
But thrice three Muses sung to Phœbus' lyre;
Two phenixes be now, love's queens are two,
Four Graces, Muses ten, all made by you.

For those perfections which the bounteous Heaven
To divers worlds in divers times assign'd,
With thousands more, to thee at once were given,
Thy body fair, more fair they made the mind:
And, that thy like no age should more behold,
When thou wast fram'd, they after break the mould.

Sweet are the blushes on thy face which shine,
Sweet are the flames which sparkle from thine eyes,
Sweet are his torments who for thee doth pine,
Most sweet his death for thee who sweetly dies;
For, if he die, he dies not by annoy,
But too much sweetness and abundant joy.

What are my slender lays to show thy worth!
How can base words a thing so high make known?
So wooden globes bright stars to us set forth,
So in a crystal is Sun's beauty shown:
More of thy praises if my Muse should write,
More love and pity must the same indite.

THAUMANTIA.

AT THE DEPARTURE OF IDMON.

Fair Dian, from the height
Of Heaven's first orb who chear'st this lower place,
Hide now from me thy light;
And, pitying my case,
Spread with a scarf of clouds thy blushing face.

Come with your doleful songs,
Night's sable birds, which plain when others sleep;
Come, solemnize my wrongs,
And concert to me keep,
Sith Heaven, Earth, Hell, are set to cause me weep.

This grief yet I could bear,
If now by absence I were only pin'd;
But, ah! worse evil I fear;
Men absent prove unkind,
And change, unconstant like the Moon, their mind.

If thought had so much pow'r
Of thy departure, that it could me slay;
How will that ugly hour
My feeble sense dismay,
"Farewel, sweet heart," when I shall hear thee say!

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ear life! sith thou must go,
ake all my joy and comfort hence with thee;
nd leave with me thy woe,
Vhich, until I thee see,
'or time, nor place, nor change shall take from me.

ERYCINE

AT THE DEPARTURE OF ALEXIS.

And wilt thou then, Alexis mine, depart,
nd leave these flow'ry meads and crystal streams,
'hese hills as green as great with gold and gems,
Vhich court thee with rich treasure in each part:
hall nothing hold thee? not my loyal heart,
'hat bursts to lose the comforts of thy beams?
Vor yet this pipe, which wildest satyrs tames?
Vor lambkins wailing, nor old Dorus' smart?
) ruthless shepherd! forests strange among
Vhat canst thou else but fearful dangers find?
but, ah! not thou, but honour, doth me wrong;
) cruel honour! tyrant of the mind."
'his said sad Erycine, and all the flowers
mpearled as she went with eyes' salt showers.

COMPARISON

OF HIS THOUGHTS TO PEARLS.

With opening shells in seas, on heavenly dew
A shining oyster lusciously doth feed;
And then the birth of that etherial seed
Shows, when conceiv'd, if skies look dark or blue:
So do my thoughts, celestial twins! of you,
At whose aspect they first begin and breed,
When they came forth to light, demonstrate true
f ye then smil'd, or low'r'd in mourning weed.
Pearls then are orient fram'd, and fair in form,
f Heavens in their conceptions do look clear;
But if they thunder or do threat a storm,
They sadly dark and cloudy do appear:
Right so my thoughts, and so my notes do change;
Sweet, if ye smile, and hoarse, if ye look strange.

ALL CHANGETH.

"The angry winds not aye
Do cuff the roaring deep;
And, though Heavens often weep,
Yet do they smile for joy when comes dismay;
Frosts do not ever kill the pleasant flow'rs;
And love hath sweets when gone are all the sours."
This said a shepherd, closing in his arms
His dear, who blush'd to feel love's new alarms.

SILENUS TO KING MIDAS.

The greatest gift that from their lofty thrones
The all-governing pow'rs to man can give,
Is, that he never breathe; or, breathing once,
A suckling end his days, and leave to live;
For then he neither knows the woe nor joy
Of life, nor fears the Stygian lake's annoy.

TO HIS AMOROUS THOUGHT.

Sweet wanton thought, who art of beauty born,
And who on beauty feed'st, and sweet desire,
Like taper fly, still circling, and still turn
About that flame, that all so much admire,
That heavenly fair which doth out-blush the morn,
Those ivory hands, those threads of golden wire,
Thou still surroundest, yet dar'st not aspire;
Sure thou dost well that place not to come near,
Nor see the majesty of that fair court;
For if thou saw'st what wonders there resort,
The pure intelligence that moves that sphere,
Like souls ascending to those joys above,
Back never wouldst thou turn, nor thence remove.
What can we hope for more; what more enjoy?
Since fairest things thus soonest have their end,
And as on bodies shadows do attend,
Soon all our bliss is follow'd with annoy:
Yet she's not dead, she lives where she did love;
Her memory on Earth, her soul above.

PHILLIS

ON THE DEATH OF HER SPARROW.

Ah! if ye ask, my friends, why this salt show'r
My blubber'd eyes upon this paper pour?
Gone is my sparrow! he whom I did train,
And turn'd so toward, by a cat is slain:
No more with trembling wings shall he attend
His watchful mistress. Would my life could end!
No more shall I him hear chirp pretty lays;
Have I not cause to loath my tedious days?
A Dedalus he was to catch a fly;
Nor wrath nor rancour men in him could spy.
To touch or wrong his tail if any dar'd,
He pinch'd their fingers, and against them warr'd:
Then might that crest be seen shake up and down,
Which fixed was unto his little crown;
Like Hector's, Troy's strong bulwark, when in ire
He raged to set the Grecian fleet on fire.
But ah, alas! a cat this prey espies,
Then with a leap did thus our joys surprise.
Undoubtedly this bird was kill'd by treason,
Or otherwise had of that fiend had reason.
Thus was Achilles by weak Paris slain,
And stout Camilla fell by Aruns vain;
So that false horse, which Pallas rais'd 'gainst Troy,
King Priam and that city did destroy.
Thou, now whose heart is big with this frail glory,
Shalt not live long to tell thy honour's story.
If any knowledge resteth after death
In ghosts of birds, when they have left to breathe,
My darling's ghost shall know in lower place
The vengeance falling on the cattish race.
For never cat nor catling I shall find,
But mew shall they in Pluto's palace blind.
Ye, who with gaudy wings, and bodies light,
Do dint the air, turn hitherwards your flight;
To my sad tears comply these notes of yours,
Unto his idol bring an harv'st of flow'rs;
Let him accept from us, as most divine
Sabæan incense, milk, food, sweetest wine;
And on a stone let us these words engrave:
"Pilgrim the body of a sparrow brave
In a fierce glutt'nous cat's womb clos'd remains,
Whose ghost now graceth the Elysian plains."

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ON THE

PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS OF PERTH.

SONNET.

When with brave art the curious painter drew
This heavenly shape, the hand why made he bear,
With golden veins, that flow'r of purple hue,
Which follows on the planet of the year?
Was it to show how in our hemisphere
Like him she shines? nay, that effects more true
Of pow'r and wonder do in her appear,
While he but flow'rs, and she doth minds subdue?
Or would he else to virtue's glorious light
Her constant course make known? or is 't that he
Doth parallel her bliss with Clitra's plight?
Right so; and thus he reading in her eye
Some lover's end, to grace what he did grave,
For cypress tree this mourning flow'r he gave.

MADRIGAL.

If light be not beguil'd,
And eyes right play their part,
This flow'r is not of art, but fairest Nature's child;
And though, when Titan's from our world exil'd,
She doth not look, her leaves, his loss to moan,
To wonder Earth finds now more suns than one.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

The Scottish kirk the English *church* do name;
The English church the Scots a *kirk* do call;
Kirk and not *church*, *church* and not *kirk*, O shame!
Your *kappa* turn in *chi*, or perish all.
Assemblies meet, post bishops to the court:
If these two nations fight, 'tis strangers' sport.

II.

Against the king, sir, now why would you fight?
Forsooth, because he dubb'd me not a knight.
And ye, my lords, why arm ye 'gainst king Charles?
Because of lords he would not make us earls.
Earls, why do ye lead forth these warlike bands?
Because we will not quit the church's lands.
Most holy churchmen, what is your intent?
The king our stipends largely did augment.
Commons to tumult thus why are you driven?
Priests us persuade it is the way to Heaven.
Are these just cause of war; good people, grant?
Ho! Plunder! thou ne'er swore our covenant.

Give me a thousand covenants; I'll subscrive
Them all, and more, if more ye can contrive
Of rage and malice; and let every one
Black treason bear, not bare rebellion.
I'll not be mock'd, hiss'd, plunder'd, banish'd hence,
For more years standing for a **** prince.
His castles are all taken, and his crown,
His sword, and sceptre, ensigns of renown,
With that lieutenant Fame did so extol;
And captives carried to the capital.
I'll not die martyr for a mortal thing;
'Tis 'nough to be confessor for a king.
Will this you give contentment, honest men?
I've written *rebels*—pox upon the pen!

III.

The king a negative voice most justly hath,
Since the kirk hath found out a negative faith.

IV.

In parliament one voted for the king;
The crowd did murmur he might for it smart;
His voice again being heard, was no such thing;
For that which was mistaken was a fart.

V.

Bold Scots, at Barnnockburn ye kill'd your king,
Then did in parliament approve the fact;
And would ye Charles to such a nonplus bring,
To authorize rebellion by an act?
Well what ye crave who knows but granted may be?
But, if he do 't, cause swaddle him for a baby.

VI.

A REPLY.

Swaddled is the baby, and almost two years
(His swaddling time) did neither cry nor stir;
But star'd, smil'd, did lie still, void of all fears,
And sleep'd, though barked at by every cur:
Yea, had not wak'd, if Lesly, that hoarse nurse,
Had not him hardly rock'd—old wives him curse!

VII.

The king nor band nor host had him to follow,
Of all his subjects; they were given to thee,
Lesly. Who is the greatest? By Apollo, [he.
The emperor thou; some Palsegrave scarce seems
Couldst thou pull lords, as we do bishops, down,
Small distance were between thee and a crown.

VIII.

When lately Pym descended into Hell,
Ere he the cups of Lethe did carouse,
What place that was, he called loud to tell;
To whom a devil—"This is the Lower House."

IX.

THE STATUE OF ALCIDES.

Flora, upon a time,
Naked Alcides' statue did behold;
And with delight admired each am'rous limb;
Only one fault, she said, could be of 't told:
For, by right symmetry,
The craftsman had him wrong'd;
To such tall joints a taller club belong'd—
The club hung by his thigh.
To which the statuary did reply:
"Fair nymph, in ancient days, your *** by far
Were not so hugely vast as now they are."

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X.

Great lies they tell, preach our church cannot err;
Less lies, who say the king's not head of her;
Great lies, who cry we may shed other's blood,
Less lies, who swear dumb bishops are not good;
Great lies they vent, say we for God do fight,
Less lies, who guess the king does nothing right;
Great lies and less lies all our aims descry;
To pulpits some, to camp the rest apply.

XI.

A SPEECH

AT THE KING'S ENTRY INTO THE TOWN OF LINLITHGOW; PRONOUNCED BY MR. JAMES WISEMAN, SCHOOLMASTER THERE, INCLOSED IN A PLASTER MADE IN THE FIGURE OF A LION.

Thrice, royal sir, here I do you beseech,
Who art a lion, to hear a lion's speech.
A miracle; for, since the days of Æsop,
No lion till these times his voice dar'd raise up
To such a majesty: then, king of men,
The king of beasts speaks to thee from his den;
Who, though he now enclosed be in plaster,
When he was free, was Lithgow's wise schoolmaster.

XII.

A country maid Amazon-like did ride,
To sit more sure, with leg on either side:
Her mother who her spied, said that ere long
She should just penance suffer for that wrong;
For when time should on her more years bestow,
That horse's hair between her thighs would grow.
Scarce winter twice was come, as was her told,
When she found all to frizzle there with gold;
Which first made her afraid, then turn'd her sick,
And forc'd her keep her bed almost a week.
At last her mother calls, who scarce for laughter
Could hear the pleasant story of her daughter;
But, that this phrenzy should no more her vex,
She swore thus bearded were their weaker sex;
Which when denied, "Think not," said she, "I scorn;
Behold the place, poor fool, where thou wast born."
The girl that seeing cried, now void of pain,
"Ah! mother, you have ridden on the mane!"

XIII.

God's judgments seldom use to cease, unless
The sins which them procur'd men do confess.
Our cries are Baal's priests, our fasting vain;
Our pray'rs not heard, nor answer'd us again:
Till perjury, wrong, rebellion, be confest,
Think not on peace, nor to be freed of pest.

XIV.

The king gives yearly to his senate gold;
Who can deny but justice then is sold?

XV.

Here Rixus lies, a novice in the laws,
Who 'plains he came to Hell without a cause.

THE CHARACTER

OF AN ANTI-COVENANTER, OR MALIGNANT.

Would you know these royal knaves,
Of freemen would turn us slaves;
Who our union do defame
With rebellion's wicked name?
Read these verses, and ye 'll spring 'em
Then on gibbets straight cause hing 'em.

They complain of sin and folly;
In these times so passing holy,
They their substance will not give,
Libertines that we may live.
Hold those subjects too, too wanton,
Under an old king dare canton.

Neglect they do our circ'lar tables,
Scorn our acts and laws as fables;
Of our battles talk but meekly,
With four sermons pleas'd are weekly;
Swear king Charles is neither papist,
Arminian, Lutheran, or atheist.

But that in his chamber-pray'rs,
Which are pour'd 'midst sighs and tears,
To avert God's fearful wrath,
Threat'ning us with blood and death;
Persuade they would the multitude,
This king too holy is and good.

They avouch we'll weep and groan
When hundred kings we serve for one;
That each shire but blood affords,
To serve th' ambition of young lords;
Whose debts ere now had been redoubled,
If the state had not been troubled.

Slow they are our oath to swear,
Slower for it arms to bear:
They do concord love, and peace,
Would our enemies embrace,
Turn men proselytes by the word,
Not by musket, pike, and sword.

They swear that for religion's sake
We may not massacre, burn, sack:
That the beginning of these pleas,
Sprang from the ill-sped A B Cs,
For servants that it is not well
Against their masters to rebel.

That that devotion is but slight,
Doth force men first to swear, then fight.
That our confession is indeed
Not the apostolic creed;
Which of negations we contrive,
Which Turk and Jew may both subscrive.

That monies should men's daughters marry,
They on frantic war miscarry.
Whilst dear the soldiers they pay,
At last who will snatch all away.
And, as times turn worse and worse,
Catechise us by the purse.

That debts are paid with bold stern looks;
That merchants pray on their 'compt books;
That Justice dumb and sullen frowns,
To see in crôslets hang'd her gowns;
That preachers' ordinary theme
Is 'gainst monarchy to declaim.

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That, since leagues we 'gan to swear,
Vice did ne'er so black appear;
Oppression, bloodshed, ne'er more rife,
Foul jars between the man and wife;
Religion so contemn'd was never,
Whilst all are raging in a fever,

They tell by devils, and some sad chance,
That that detested league of France,
Which cost so many thousand lives,
And two kings, by religious knives,
Is amongst us, though few descry;
Though they speak truth, yet say they lie.

He who says that night is night,
That cripple folk walk not upright,
That the owls into the spring
Do not nightingales out-sing,
That the seas we may not plough,
Ropes make of the rainy bow,
That the foxes keep not sheep,
That men waking do not sleep,
That all's not gold doth gold appear—
Believe him not, although he swear.

To such syrens stop your ear,
Their societies forbear.
Ye may be tossed like a wave,
Verity may you deceive;
Just fools they may make of you;
Then hate them worse than Turk or Jew.

Were it not a dangerous thing,
Should we again obey the king;
Lords lose should sovereignty,
Soldiers hast back to Germany;
Justice should in our towns remain,
Poor men possess their own again;
Brought out of Hell that word of plunder,
More terrible than devil, or thunder,
Should with the covenant fly away,
And charity amongst us stay;
Peace and plenty should us nourish,
True religion 'mongst us flourish?

When you find these lying fellows,
Take and flower with them the gallows.
On others you may too lay hold,
In purse or chest, if they have gold.
Who wise or rich are in this nation,
Malignants are by protestation.

THE FIVE SENSES.

I. SEEING.

From such a face, whose excellence
May captivate my sovereign's sense,
And make him (Phœbus like) his throne,
Resign to some young Phaëton,
Whose skilless and unstayed hand
May prove the ruin of the land,
Unless great Jove, down from the sky,
Beholding Earth's calamity,
Strike with his hand that cannot err
The proud usurping charioter;
And cure, though Phœbus grieve, our woe—
From such a face as can work so,
Wheresoever thou 'st a being,
Bless my sovereign and his seeing.

II. HEARING.

From jests prophane and flattering tongues,
From baudy tales and beastly songs,
From after-supper suits, that fear
A parliament or council's ear;
From Spanish treaties, that may wound
The country's peace, the gospel's sound;
From Job's false friends, that would entice
My sovereign from Heaven's paradise;
From prophets such as Achab's were,
Whose flatterings sooth my sovereign's ear;
His frowns more than his Maker's fearing,
Bless my sovereign and his hearing.

III. TASTING.

From all fruit that is forbidden,
Such for which old Eve was chidden;
From bread of labours, sweat and toil;
From the poor widow's meal and oil;
From blood of innocents oft wrangled
From their estates, and from that's strangled;
From the candid poison'd baits
Of Jesuits, and their deceits;
Italian sallads, Romish drugs,
The milk of Babel's proud whore's dugs;
From wine that can destroy the brain;
And from the dangerous figs of Spain;
At all banquets, and all feasting,
Bless my sovereign and his tasting.

IV. FEELING.

From prick of conscience, such a sting
As slays the soul, Heav'n bless the king;
From such a bribe as may withdraw
His thoughts from equity or law;
From such a smooth and beardless chin
As may provoke or tempt to sin;
From such a hand, whose moist palm may
My sovereign lead out of the way;
From things polluted and unclean,
From all things beastly and obscene;
From that may set his soul a reeling,
Bless my sovereign and his feeling.

V. SMELLING.

Where myrrh and frankincense are thrown,
The altar's built to gods unknown,
O let my sovereign never dwell;
Such damn'd perfumes are fit for Hell.
Let no such scent his nostrils stain;
From smells that poison can the brain
Heav'ns still preserve him. Next I crave,
Thou wilt be pleas'd, great God! to save
My sov'reign from a Ganymede,
Whose whorish breath hath pow'r to lead
His excellence which way it list—
O let such lips be never kiss'd!
From a breath so far excelling,
Bless my sovereign and his smelling.

THE ABSTRACT.

SEEING.

And now, just God, I humbly pray,
That thou wilt take the slime away

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That keeps my sovereign's eyes from seeing
The things that will be our undoing.

HEARING.

Then let him hear, good God, the sounds
As well of men as of his hounds.

TASTE.

Give him a taste, and truly too,
Of what his subjects undergo.

FEELING AND SMELLING.

Give him a feeling of their woes,
And then no doubt his royal nose
Will quickly smell the rascals forth,
Whose black deeds have eclips'd his worth:
They found, and scourged for their offences,
Heavens bless my sovereign and his senses.

EPITAPHS.

ON A DRUNKARD.

Nor amaranths nor roses do bequeath
Unto this hearse, but tamarists and wine;
For that same thirst, though dead, yet doth him pine,
Which made him so carouse while he drew breath.

ON ONE NAMED MARGARET.

In shells and gold pearls are not kept alone,
A Margaret here lies beneath a stone;
A Margaret that did excel in worth
All those rich gems the Indies both send forth;
Who, had she liv'd when good was lov'd of men,
Had made the Graces four, the Muses ten;
And forc'd those happy times her days that claim'd,
From her, to be the Age of Pearl still nam'd;
She was the richest jewel of her kind,
Grac'd with more lustre than she left behind,
All goodness, virtue, bounty; and could cheer
The saddest minds; now Nature knowing here
How things but shown, then hidden, are lov'd best,
This Margaret 'shrin'd in this marble chest.

ON A YOUNG LADY.

This beauty fair, which death in dust did turn,
And clos'd so soon within a coffin sad,
Did pass like lightning, like the thunder burn,
So little life, so much of worth it had.
Heav'ns, but to show their might, here made it shine;
And, when admir'd, then in the world's disdain,
O tears! O grief! did call it back again,
Lest Earth should vaunt she kept what was divine.
What can we hope for more, what more enjoy,
Sith fairest things thus soonest have their end;
And, as on bodies shadows do attend,
Sith all our bliss is follow'd with annoy?
She is not dead, she lives where she did love,
Her memory on Earth, her soul above.

ARETINUS'S EPITAPH.

Here Aretine lies, most bitter gall,
Who whilst he liv'd spoke evil of all;
Only of God the arrant Scot
Nought said, but that he knew him not.

VERSES ON THE LATE WILLIAM EARL OF PEMBROKE.

The doubtful fears of change so fright my mind,
Though raised to the highest joy in love,
As in this slippery state more grief I find
Than they who never such a bliss did prove;
But fed with ling'ring hopes of future gain,
Dream not what 'tis to doubt a loser's pain.

Desire a safer harbour is than fear,
And not to rise less danger than to fall;
The want of jewels we far better bear,
Than, so possest, at once to lose them all:
Unsatisfied hopes time may repair,
When ruin'd faith must finish in despair.

Alas! ye look but up the hill on me,
Which shows to you a fair and smooth ascent;
The precipice behind ye cannot see,
On which high fortunes are too pronely bent:
If there I slip, what former joy or bliss
Can heal the bruise of such a fall as this?

E. P.

A REPLY.

Who love enjoys, and placed hath his mind
Where fairer virtues fairest beauties grace;
Then in himself such store of worth doth find,
That he deserves to find so good a place;
To chilling fears how can he be set forth
Whose fears condemn his own, doubt others' worth?

Desire, as flames of zeal, fear, horrours meets,
They rise who fall of falling never prov'd.
Who is so dainty, satiate with sweets,
To murmur when the banquet is remov'd?
The fairest hopes time in the bud destroys,
When sweet are memories of ruin'd joys.

It is no hill, but Heaven where you remain;
And whom desert advanced hath so high
To reach the guerdon of his burning pain,
Must not repine to fall, and falling die:
His hopes are crown'd. What years of tedious breath
Can them compare with such a happy death?

UPON THE DEATH OF JOHN EARL OF LAUDERDALE.

Of those rare worthies who adorn'd our north,
And shone like constellations, thou alone
Remainedst last, great Maitland! charg'd with worth,
Second, in virtue's theatre, to none.

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But finding all eccentric in our times,
Religion into superstition turn'd,
Justice silenc'd, exiled, or in-urn'd;
Truth, faith, and charity reputed crimes;
The young men destinate by sword to fall,
And trophies of their country's spoils to rear;
Strange laws the ag'd and prudent to appal,
And forc'd sad yokes of tyranny to bear;
And for no great nor virtuous minds a room—
Disdaining life, thou shroud'st into thy tomb.

When misdevotion every where shall take place,
And lofty orators, in thund'ring terms,
Shall move you, people, to arise in arms,
And churches hallow'd policy deface;
When you shall but one general sepulchre
(As Averroes did one general soul)
On high, on low, on good, on bad confer,
And your dull predecessors rites controul—
Ah! spare this monument, great guests! it keeps
Three great justiciars, whom true worth did raise;
The Muses' darlings, whose loss Phœbus weeps;
Best men's delight, the glory of their days.
More we would say, but fear, and stand in awe
To turn idolaters, and break your law.

Do not repine, bless'd soul, that humble wits
Do make thy worth the matter of their verse:
No high-strain'd Muse our times and sorrows fits;
And we do sigh, not sing, to crown thy hearse.
The wisest prince e'er manag'd Britain's state
Did not disdain, in numbers clear and brave,
The virtues of thy sire to celebrate,
And fix a rich memorial on his grave.
Thou didst deserve no less; and here in jet,
Gold, touch, brass, porphyry, or Parian stone,
That by a prince's hand no lines are set
For thee—the cause is, now this land hath none.
Such giant moods our parity forth brings,
We all will nothing be, or all be kings.

ON THE DEATH OF A NOBLEMAN IN SCOTLAND,

BURIED AT AITHEN.

Aithen, thy pearly coronet let fall;
Clad in sad robes, upon thy temples set
The weeping cypress, or the sable jet.

Mourn this thy nurseling's loss, a loss which all
Apollo's choir bemoans, which many years
Cannot repair, nor influence of spheres.

Ah! when shalt thou find shepherd like to him,
Who made thy banks more famous by his worth,
Than all those gems thy rocks and streams send forth?

His splendour others glow-worm light did dim:
Sprung of an ancient and a virtuous race,
He virtue more than many did embrace.

He fram'd to mildness thy half-barbarous swains;
The good man's refuge, of the bad the fright,
Unparallell'd in friendship, world's delight!

For hospitality along thy plains
Far-fam'd a patron; and a pattern fair
Of piety; the Muses' chief repair;
Most debonnaire, in courtesy supreme;
Lov'd of the mean, and honour'd by the great;
Ne'er dash'd by fortune, nor cast down by fate;
To present and to after times a theme.

Aithen, thy tears pour on this silent grave,
And drop them in thy alabaster cave,
And Niobe's imagery here become;
And when thou hast distilled here a tomb,
Enchase in it thy pearls, and let it bear,
"Aithen's best gem and honour shrin'd lies here."

Fame, register of time,
Write in thy scroll, that I,
Of wisdom lover, and sweet poesy,
Was cropped in my prime;
And ripe in worth, though green in years, did die.

Justice, Truth, Peace and Hospitality,
Friendship, and Love being resolved to die,
In these lewd times, have chosen here to have
With just, true, pious ——— their grave;
Them cherished he so much, so much did grace,
That they on Earth would chuse none other place.

When Death, to deck his trophies, stopt thy breath,
Rare ornament and glory of these parts!
All with moist eyes might say, and ruthful hearts,
That things immortal vassal'd were to Death.

What good in parts on many shar'd we see,
From Nature, gracious Heaven, or Fortune flow;
To make a master-piece of worth below,
Heaven, Nature, Fortune gave in gross to thee.

In honour, bounty, rich—in valour, wit,
In courtesy; born of an ancient race;
With bays in war, with olives crown'd in peace;
Match'd great with offspring for great actions fit.

No rust of times, nor change, thy virtue wan
With times to change; when truth, faith, love, decay'd,
In this new age, like fate thou fixed staid,
Of the first world an all-substantial man.

As erst this kingdom given was to thy sire,
The prince his daughter trusted to thy care,
And well the credit of a gem so rare
Thy loyalty and merit did require.

Years cannot wrong thy worth, that now appears
By others set as diamonds among pearls:
A queen's dear foster, father to three earls,
Enough on Earth to triumph are o'er years.

Life a sea voyage is, death is the haven,
And freight with honour there thou hast arriv'd;
Which thousands seeking, have on rocks been driven:
That good adorns thy grave which with thee liv'd.

For a frail life, which here thou didst enjoy,
Thou now a lasting hast, freed of annoy.

TO THE

OBSEQUIES OF THE BLESSED PRINCE JAMES

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Let holy David, Solomon the wise,
That king whose breast Egeria did inflame,
Augustus, Helen's son, great in all eyes,
Do homage low to thy mausolean frame;

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And how before thy laurel's anadem;
Let all those sacred swans, which to the skies
By never-dying lays have rais'd their name,
From north to south, where Sun doth set and rise.
Religion, orphan'd, waileth o'er thy urn;
Justice weeps out her eyes, now truly blind;
To Niobes the remnant virtues turn;
Fame but to blaze thy glories stays behind
I' th' world, which late was golden by thy breath,
Is iron turn'd, and horrid by thy death.

Fond wight, who dream'st of greatness, glory, state;
And worlds of pleasures, honours, dost devise;
Awake, learn how that here thou art not great
Nor glorious: by this monument turn wise.

One it enshrineth sprung of ancient stem,
And (if that blood nobility can make)
From which some kings have not disdain'd to take
Their proud descent, a rare and matchless gem.

A beauty here it holds by full assurance,
Than which no blooming rose was more refin'd,
Nor morning's blush more radiant ever shin'd;
Ah! too, too like to morn and rose at last!

It holds her who in wit's ascendant far
Did years and sex transcend; to whom the Heaven
More virtue than to all this age had given;
For virtue meteor turn'd, when she a star.

Fair mirth, sweet conversation, modesty,
And what those kings of numbers did conceive
By Muses nine, and Graces more than three,
Lie clos'd within the compass of this grave.

Thus death all earthly glories doth confound,
Lo! how much worth a little dust doth bound.

"Far from these banks exiled be all joys,
Contentments, pleasures, music (care's relief)!
Tears, sighs, plaints, horrours, frightments, sad annoys,
Invest these mountains, fill all hearts with grief.

"Here, nightingales and turtles, vent your moans;
Amphrisian shepherd, here come feed thy flock,
And read thy hyacinth amidst our groans;
Plain, Echo, thy Narcissus from our rocks.

"Lost have our meads their beauty, hills their gems,
Our brooks their crystal, groves their pleasant shade:
The fairest flow'r of all our anadems
Death cropped hath; the Lesbia chaste is dead!"

Thus sigh'd the Tyne, then shrunk beneath his urn;
And meads, brooks, rivers, hills, about did mourn.

The flow'r of virgins, in her prime of years,
By ruthless destinies is ta'en away,
And rap'd from Earth, poor Earth! before this day
Which ne'er was rightly nam'd a vale of tears.

Beauty to Heaven is fled, sweet modesty
No more appears; she whose harmonious sounds
Did ravish sense, and charm mind's deepest wounds,
Embalm'd with many a tear now low doth lie!

Fair hopes now vanish'd are. She would have grac'd
A prince's marriage-bed! but, lo! in Heaven
Blest paramours to her were to be given!
She liv'd an angel, now is with them plac'd.

Virtue is but a name abstractly trimm'd,
Interpreting what she was in effect;
A shadow from her frame which did reflect,
A portrait by her excellences limm'd.

Thou whom free-will or chance hath hither brought,
And read'st, here lies a branch of Maitland's stem,
And Seyton's offspring; know that either name
Designs all worth yet reach'd by human thought.

Tombs elsewhere use life to their guests to give,
These ashes can frail monuments make live.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Like to the garden's eye, the flow'r of flow'rs,
With purple pomp that dazzle doth the sight;
Or, as among the lesser gems of night,
The usher of the planet of the hours;
Sweet maid, thou shinedst on this world of ours,
Of all perfections having trac'd the height;
Thine outward frame was fair, fair inward pow'rs,
A sapphire lanthorn, and an incense light.
Hence the enamour'd Heaven, as too, too good
On Earth's all-thorny soil long to abide,
Transplanted to their fields so rare a bud,
Where from thy Sun no cloud thee now can hide.
Earth moan'd her loss, and wish'd she had the grace
Not to have known, or known thee longer space.

Hard laws of mortal life!
To which made thralls we come without consent,
Like tapers, lighted to be early spent,
Our griefs are always rife,
When joys but halting march, and swiftly fly,
Like shadows in the eye:
The shadow doth not yield unto the Sun,
But joys and life do waste e'en when begun.

Within the closure of this narrow grave
Lie all those graces a good wife could have:
But on this marble they shall not be read,
For then the living envy would the dead.

The daughter of a king of princely parts,
In beauty eminent, in virtues chief;
Loadstar of love, and loadstone of all hearts,
Her friends' and husband's only joy, now grief;
Is here pent up within a marble frame,
Whose parallel no times, no climates claim.

Verses frail records are to keep a name,
Or raise from dust men to a life of fame;
The sport and spoil of ignorance; but far
More frail the frames of touch and marble are,
Which envy, avarice, time, ere long confound,
Or misdevotion equals with the ground.
Virtue alone doth last, frees man from death;
And, though despis'd, and scorned here beneath,
Stands grav'n in angels' diamantine rolls,
And blazed in the courts above the poles.
Thou wast fair virtue's temple, they did dwell,
And live ador'd in thee; nought did excel,
But what thou either didst possess or love,
The Graces' darling, and the maids of Jove;

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Courted by Fame for bounties, which the Heaven
Gave thee in great; which, if in parcels given,
Too many such we happy sure might call;
How happy then wast thou, who enjoy'dst them all?
A whiter soul ne'er body did invest,
And now, sequester'd, cannot be but blest;
Enrob'd in glory, midst those hierarchies
Of that immortal people of the skies,
Bright saints and angels, there from cares made free,
Nought doth becloud thy sovereign good from thee.
Thou smil'st at Earth's confusions and jars,
And how for Centaurs' children we wage wars:
Like honey flies, whose rage whole swarms consumes,
Till dust thrown on them makes them veil their plumes.
Thy friends to thee a monument would raise,
And limn thy virtues; but dull grief thy praise
Breaks in the entrance, and our task proves vain;
What duty writes, that woe blots out again:
Yet love a pyramid of sighs thee rears,
And doth embalm thee with farewels and tears.

ROSE.

Though marble porphyry, and mourning touch,
May praise these spoils, yet can they not too much;
For beauty lost, and this stone doth close,
Once Earth's delight, Heaven's care, a purest rose.
And, reader, shouldst thou but let fall a tear
Upon it, other flow'rs shall here appear,
Sad violets and hyacinths, which grow
With marks of grief, a public loss to show.

Relenting eye, which deignest to this stone
To lend a look, behold here laid in one,
The living and the dead interr'd; for dead
The turtle in its mate is; and she fled
From earth, her choos'd this place of grief
To bound thoughts, a small and sad relief.
His is this monument, for hers no art
Could frame; a pyramid rais'd of his heart.

Instead of epitaphs and airy praise,
This monument a lady chaste did raise
To her lord's living fame; and after death
Her body doth unto this place bequeath,
To rest with his, till God's shrill trumpet sound,
Though time her life, no time her love could bound.

TO SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

Though I have twice been at the doors of Death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn,
This but a lightning is, truce ta'en to breathe,
For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.

Amidst thy sacred cares, and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou shalt hear wand'ring fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on Earth I am but a sad name;

If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss, those joys Heaven here us gave,
I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
To grave this short remembrance on my grave:

"Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Esk:—may roses shade the place."

DIVINE POEMS.

A TRANSLATION.

Ah, silly soul! what wilt thou say
When he, whom Earth and Heaven obey,
Comes man to judge in the last day?

When he a reason asks, why grace
And goodness thou wouldst not embrace,
But steps of vanity didst trace!

That day of terrour, vengeance, ire,
Now to prevent thou shouldst desire,
And to thy God in haste retire.

With wat'ry eyes, and sigh-swoll'n heart,
O beg, beg in his love a part,
Whilst conscience with remorse doth smart.

That dreaded day of wrath and shame
In flames shall turn this world's huge frame,
As sacred prophets do proclaim.

O! with what grief shall earthlings groan
When that great judge, set on his throne,
Examines strictly every one!

Shrill-sounding trumpets through the air
Shall from dark sepulchres each where
Force wretched mortals to appear.

Nature and Death amaz'd remain
To find their dead arise again,
And process with their judge maintain.

Display'd then open books shall lie,
Which all those secret crimes descry
For which the guilty world must die.

The Judge enthron'd, whom bribes not gain,
The closest crimes appear shall plain,
And none unpunished remain.

O! who then pity shall poor me?
Or who mine advocate shall be?
When scarce the justest pass shall free.

All wholly holy, dreadful King,
Who freely life to thine dost bring,
Of mercy save me, mercy's spring!

Then, sweet Jesu, call to mind
How of thy pains I was the end,
And favour let me that day find.

In search of me thou, full of pain,
Didst sweat blood, death on cross sustain:
Let not these suff'rings be in vain.

Thou supreme Judge, most just and wise,
Purge me from guilt, which on me lies,
Before that day of thine assize.

Charg'd with remorse, lo! here I groan,
Sin makes my face a blush take on;
Ah! spare me, prostrate at thy throne.

Who Mary Magdalen didst spare,
And lend'st the thief on cross thine ear,
Show me fair hopes I should not fear.

My prayers imperfect are and weak,
But worthy of thy grace them make,
And save me from Hell's burning lake.

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On that great day, at thy right hand,
Grant I amongst thy sheep may stand,
Sequester'd from the goatish band.

When that the reprobates are all
To everlasting flames made thrall,
O to thy chosen, Lord, me call!

That I one of thy company,
With those whom thou dost justify,
May live blest in eternity.

SONNETS.

Too long I follow'd have my fond desire,
And too long painted on the ocean streams;
Too long refreshment sought amidst the fire,
Pursu'd those joys which to my soul are blames.
Ah! when I had what most I did admire,
And seen of life's delights the last extremes,
I found all but a rose hedg'd with a brier,
A nought, a thought, a masquerade of dreams.
Henceforth on thee, my only good, I 'll think;
For only thou canst grant what I do crave;
Thy nail my pen shall be; thy blood, mine ink;
Thy winding-sheet, my paper; study, grave:
And, till my soul forth of this body flee,
No hope I 'll have but only, only thee.

To spread the azure canopy of Heaven,
And spangle it all with sparks of burning gold;
To place this pond'rous globe of Earth so even,
That it should all, and nought should it uphold;
With motions strange t' endue the planets seven,
And Jove to make so mild, and Mars so bold;
To temper what is moist, dry, hot, and cold,
Of all their jars that sweet accords are given;
Lord, to thy wisdom's nought, nought to thy might:
But that thou shouldst, thy glory laid aside,
Come basely in mortality to 'bide,
And die for those deserv'd an endless night;
A wonder is, so far above our wit,
That angels stand amaz'd to think on it.

What hapless hap had I for to be born
In these unhappy times, and dying days,
Of this now doting world, when good decays,
Love's quite extinct, and virtue's held a scorn!
When such are only priz'd by wretched ways,
Who with a golden fleece them can adorn;
When avarice and lust are counted praise,
And bravest minds live, orphan like, forlorn!
Why was not I born in that golden age,
When gold was not yet known, and those black arts
By which base worldlings vilely play their parts,
With horrid acts staining Earth's stately stage?
To have been then, O Heaven! 't had been my bliss;
But bless me now, and take me soon from this.

Astrea in this time
Now doth not live, but is fled up to Heaven;
Or if she live, it is not without crime
That she doth use her power,
And she is no more virgin, but a whore;
Whore, prostitute for gold:
For she doth never hold her balance even;
And when her sword is roll'd,
The bad, injurious, false, she not o'erthrows,
But on the innocent lets fall her blows.

What serves it to be good? Goodness by thee,
The holy-wise is thought a fool to be;
For thee, the man to temperance inclin'd
Is held but of a base and abject mind;
The continent is thought, for thee, but cold:
Who yet was good, that ever died old?
The pitiful, who others fears to kill,
Is kill'd himself, and goodness doth him ill;
The meek and humble man who cannot brave,
By thee is to some giant's brood made slave.
Poor Goodness, thine thou to such wrongs set'st forth,
That, O! I fear me, thou art nothing worth.
And when I look to Earth, and not to Heaven,
Ere I were turned dove, I would be raven.

"Bright portals of the sky,
Emboss'd with sparkling stars;
Doors of eternity,
With diamantine bars,
Your arras rich uphold;
Loose all your bolts and springs,
Ope wide your leaves of gold;
That in your roofs may come the King of kings.

"Scarf'd in a roy cloud,
He doth ascend the air;
Straight doth the Moon him shroud
With her resplendent hair:
The next encrystall'd light
Submits to him its beams;
And he doth trace the height
Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.

"He towers those golden bounds
He did to Sun bequeath;
The higher wand'ring rounds
Are found his feet beneath:
The milky-way comes near,
Heaven's axle seems to bend,
Above each turning sphere
That, rob'd in glory, Heaven's King may ascend.

"O Well-spring of this all!
Thy Father's image vive;
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason, live!
The soul's eternal food,
Earth's joy, delight of Heaven,
All truth, love, beauty, good,
To thee, to thee, be praises ever given.

"What was dismarshall'd late
In this thy noble frame,
And lost the prime estate,
Hath re-obtain'd the same,
Is now most perfect seen;
Streams, which diverted were
(And, troubled, stray'd unclean)
From their first source, by thee home turned are.

"By thee, that blemish old
Of Eden's leprous prince,
Which on his race took hold,
And him exil'd from thence,
Now put away is far;
With sword, in ireful guise,
No cherub more shall bar
Poor man the entrance into Paradise.

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"By thee, those spirits pure,
First children of the light,
Now fixed stand, and sure,
In their eternal right;
Now human companies
Renew their ruin'd wall;
Fall'n man, as thou mak'st rise,
Thou giv'st to angels, that they shall not fall.

"By thee, that prince of sin,
That doth with mischief swell,
Hath lost what he did win,
And shall endungeon'd dwell;
His spoils are made the prey,
His fanes are sack'd and torn,
His altars raz'd away,
And what ador'd was late, now lies a scorn.

"These mansions pure and clear,
Which are not made by hands,
Which once by him 'joy'd were,
And his, the in not stain'd, bands,
Now forfet'd, dispossest,
And headlong from them thrown,
Shall Adam's heirs make blest,
By thee, their great Redeemer, made their own.

"O! Well-spring of this all!
Thy Father's image vive;
Word, that from nought did call
What is, doth reason, live!
Whose work is but to will;
God's co-eternal son,
Great banisher of ill,
By none but thee could these great deeds be done.

"Now each ethereal gate
To him hath open'd been;
And Glory's King in state
His palace enters in:
Now come is this High Priest
In the most holy place,
Not without blood addrest,
With glory Heaven, the Earth to crown with grace.

"Stars, which all eyes were late,
And did with wonder burn,
His name to celebrate,
In flaming tongues them turn;
Their orby crystals move
More active than before,
And entheate from above,
Their sovereign prince laud, glorify, adore.

"The choirs of happy souls,
Wak'd with that music sweet,
Whose descant care controuls,
Their Lord in triumph meet;
The spotless sp'rits of light
His trophies do extol,
And, arch'd in squadrons bright,
Greet their great Victor in his capitol.

"O glory of the Heaven!
O sole delight of Earth!
To thee all power be given,
God's uncreated birth;
Of mankind lover true,
Endurer of his wrong,
Who dost the world renew,
Still be thou our salvation, and our song."
From top of Olivet such notes did rise,
When man's Redeemer did transcend the skies.

More oft than once Death whisper'd in mine ear,
"Grave what thou hear'st in diamond and gold;
I am that monarch whom all monarchs fear,
Who have in dust their far-stretch'd pride uproll'd.
All, all is mine beneath Moon's silver sphere;
And nought, save virtue, can my power withhold:
This, not believ'd, experience true thee told,
By danger late when I to thee came near.
As bugbear then my visage I did show,
That of my horrours thou right use might'st make,
And a more sacred path of living take:
Now still walk armed for my ruthless blow;
Trust flattering life no more, redeem time past,
And live each day, as if it were thy last."

THE SHADOW OF THE JUDGMENT.

Above those boundless bounds, where stars do move,
The ceiling of the crystal round above,
And rainbow-sparkling arch of diamond clear,
Which crowns the azure of each undersphere,
In a rich mansion, radiant with light,
To which the Sun is scarce a taper bright,
Which, though a body, yet so pure is fram'd,
That almost spiritual it may be nam'd,
Where bliss aboundeth, and a lasting May,
All pleasures heightening, flourisheth for aye,
The King of Ages dwells. About his throne,
Like to those beams day's golden lamp hath on,
Angelic splendours glance, more swift than aught
Reveal'd to sense, nay, than the winged thought,
His will to practise: here do seraphim
Burn with immortal love; there cherubim,
With other noble people of the light,
As eaglets in the Sun, delight their sight;
Heaven's ancient denizens, pure active powers,
Which, freed of death, that cloister high embowers,
Ethereal princes, ever-conquering bands,
Blest subjects, acting what their king commands;
Sweet choristers, by whose melodious strains
Skies dance, and Earth untir'd their brawl sustains.
Mixed among whose sacred legions dear,
The spotless souls of humanes do appear,
Divesting bodies which did cares divest,
And there live happy in eternal rest.
Hither, surcharg'd with grief, fraught with annoy,
(Sad spectacle into that place of joy!)
Her hair disorder'd, dangling o'er her face,
Which had of pallid violets the grace;
The crimson mantle, wont her to adorn,
Cast loose about, and in large pieces torn;
Sighs breathing forth, and from her heavy eyne,
Along her cheeks distilling crystal brine,
Which downward to her ivory breast was driven,
And had bedew'd the milky-way of Heaven,
Came Piety: at her left hand near by,
A wailing woman bare her company,
Whose tender babes her snowy neck did clip,
And now hang on her pap, now by her lip:
Flames glanc'd her head above, which once did glow,
But late look pale, a poor and ruthful show!
She, sobbing, shrunk the throne of God before,
And thus began her case to him deplore:
"Forlorn, wretch'd, desolate! to whom should I
My refuge have, below or in the sky,
But unto thee? See, all-beholding King,
That servant, no, that darling thou didst bring
On Earth, lost man to save from Hell's abime,
And raise unto those regions above time;

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Who made thy name so truly be implor'd,
And by the reverend soul so long ador'd,
Her banish'd now see from these lower bounds;
Behold her garments' shreds, her body's wounds:
Look how her sister Charity there stands,
Proscrib'd on Earth, all maim'd by wicked hands:
Mischief there mounts to such an high degree,
That there now none is left that cares for me.
There dwells idolatry, there atheism reigns;
There man in dumb, yet roaring, sins him stains;
So foolish, that he puppets will adore
Of metal, stone, and birds, beasts, trees, before
He once will to thy holy service bow,
And yield thee homage. Ah, alas! yet now
To those black sp'rits which thou dost keep in chains
He vows obedience, and with shameful pains
Infernal horrours courts; case fond and strange!
To bane than bliss desiring more the change.
Thy Charity, of graces once the chief
Did long time find in hospitals relief;
Which now lie levell'd with the lowest ground,
Where sad memorials scarce are of them found.
Then (vagabonding) temples her receiv'd,
Where my poor cells afforded what she crav'd;
But now thy temples raz'd are, human blood
Those places stains, late where thy altars stood:
Times are so horrid, to implore thy name
That it is held now on the Earth a blame.
Now doth the warrior, with his dart and sword,
Write laws in blood, and vent them for thy word:
Religion, faith pretending to make known,
All have, all faith, religion quite o'erthrown!
Men awless, lawless live; most woful case!
Men no more men, a God-contemning race."

Scarce had she said, when, from the nether world
(Like to a lightning through the welkin hurl'd,
That scores with flames the way, and every eye
With terrour dazzles as it swimmeth by)
Came Justice; to whom angels did make place,
And Truth her flying footsteps straight did trace.
Her sword was lost, the precious weights she bare
Their beam had torn, scales rudely bruised were:
From off her head was reft her golden crown;
In rags her veil was rent, and star-spangl'd gown;
Her tear-wet locks hang'd o'er her face, which made
Between her and the Mighty King a shade;
Just wrath had rais'd her colour, (like the morn
Portending clouds moist embryos to be born)
Of which, she taking leave, with heart swoll'n great,
Thus strove to 'plain before the throne of state.

"Is not the Earth thy workmanship, great King?
Didst thou not all this all from nought once bring
To this rich beauty, which doth on it shine;
Bestowing on each creature of thine
Some shadow of thy bounty? Is not man
Thy vassal, plac'd to spend his life's short span
To do thee homage? And then didst not thou
A queen install me there, to whom should bow
Thy Earth's indwellers, and to this effect
Put in my hand thy sword? O high neglect!
Now wretched earthlings, to thy great disgrace,
Perverted have my pow'r, and do deface
All reverent tracts of justice; now the Earth
Is but a frame of shame, a funeral hearth,
Where every virtue hath consumed been,
And nought (no, not their dust) rests to be seen:
Long hath it me abhorr'd, long chased me;
Expell'd at last, here I have fled to thee,
And forthwith rather would to Hell repair,
Than Earth, since justice execute is there.
All live on Earth by spoil, the host his guest
Betrays; the man of her lies in his breast
Is not assur'd; the son the father's death
Attempts; and kindred kindred reave of breath
By lurking means, of such age few makes sick,
Since Hell disgorg'd her baneful arsenic.
Whom murders, foul assassinates defile,
Most who the harmless innocents beguile,
Who most can ravage, rob, ransack, blaspheme,
Is held most virtuous, hath a worthy's name;
So on embolden'd malice they rely,
That, madding, thy great puissance they defy:
Erst man resembled thy portrait, soil'd by smoke
Now like thy creature hardly doth he look.
Old Nature here (she pointed where there stood
An aged lady in a heavy mood)
Doth break her staff, denying human race
To come of her, things born to her disgrace!
The dove the dove, the swan doth love the swan;
Nought so relentless unto man as man.
O! if thou mad'st this world, govern'st it all,
Deserved vengeance on the Earth let fall:
The period of her standing perfect is;
Her hour-glass not a minute short doth miss.
The end, O Lord, is come; then let no more
Mischief still triumph, bad the good devour;
But of thy word since constant, true thou art,
Give good their guerdon, wicked due desert."

She said: throughout the shining palace went
A murmur soft, such as afar is sent
By musked zephyrs' sighs along the main;
Or when they curl some flow'ry lee and plain:
One was their thought, one their intention, will;
Nor could they err, Truth there residing still:
All, mov'd with zeal, as one with cries did pray,
"Hasten, O Lord! O hasten the last day!"

Look how a generous prince, when he doth hear
Some loving city, and to him most dear,
Which wont with gifts and shows him entertain
(And, as a father's, did obey his reign,)
A rout of slaves and rascal foes to wrack,
Her buildings overthrow, her riches sack,
Feels vengeful flames within his bosom burn,
And a just rage all respects overturn:
So seeing Earth, of angels once the inn,
Mansions of saints, deflower'd all by sin,
And quite confus'd, by wretches here beneath,
The world's great Sovereign moved was to wrath.
Thrice did he rouse himself, thrice from his face
Flames sparkle did throughout the heavenly place.
The stars, though fixed, in their rounds did quake;
The Earth, and earth-embracing sea, did shake:
Carmel and Hæmus felt it; Athos' tops
Affrighted shrunk; and near the Ethiops,
Atlas, the Pyrenees, the Apennine,
And lofty Grampius, which with snow doth shine.
Then to the synod of the sp'rits he swore,
Man's care should end, and time should be no more,
By his own self he swore of perfect worth,
Straight to perform his word sent angels forth.

There lies an island, where the radiant Sun,
When he doth to the northern tropics run,
Of six long moneths makes one tedious day;
And when through southern signs he holds his way,
Six moneths turneth in one loathsome night,
(Night neither here is fair, nor day hot-bright,
But half white, and half more) where, sadly clear,
Still coldly glance the beams of either Bear—
The frosty Groen-land. On the lonely shore
The ocean in mountains hoarse doth roar,

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And over-tumbling, tumbling over rocks,
Cast various rainbows, which in froth he chokes:
Gulphs all about are shrunk most strangely steep,
Than Nilus' cataracts more vast and deep.
To the wild land beneath to make a shade,
A mountain lifteth up his crested head:
His locks are icicles, his brows are snow;
Yet from his burning bowels deep below,
Comets, far-flaming pyramids, are driven,
And pitchy meteors, to the cope of Heaven.
No summer here the lovely grass forth brings,
Nor trees, no, not the deadly cypress springs.
Cave-loving Echo, daughter of the air,
By human voice was never waken'd here:
Instead of night's black bird, and plaintful owl,
Infernal furies here do yell and howl.
A mouth yawns in this height so black, obscure
With vapours, that no eye it can endure:
Great Ætna's caverns never yet did make
Such sable damps, though they be hideous black;
Stern horrours here eternally do dwell,
And this gulf destine for a gate to Hell:
Forth from this place of dread, Earth to appal,
Three furies rushed at the angel's call.
One with long tresses doth her visage mask,
Her temples clouding in a horrid cask;
Her right hand swings a brandon in the air,
Which flames and terrour hurleth every where;
Pond'rous with darts, her left doth bear a shield,
Where Gorgon's head looks grim in sable field:
Her eyes blaze fire and blood, each hair 'stills blood,
Blood thrills from either pap, and where she stood
Blood's liquid coral sprang her feet beneath;
Where she doth stretch her arm is blood and death.
Her Stygian head no sooner she uprears,
When Earth of swords, helms, lances, straight appears
To be deliver'd; and from out her womb,
In flame-wing'd thunders, artillery doth come;
Floods' silver streams do take a blushing dye;
The plains with breathless bodies buried lie;
Rage, wrong, rape, sacrilege, do her attend,
Fear, discord, wrack, and woes which have no end:
Town is by town, and prince by prince withstood;
Earth turns an hideous shamble, a lake of blood.

The next, with eyes sunk hollow in her brains,
Lean face, snarl'd hair, with black and empty veins,
Her dry'd-up bones scarce cover'd with her skin,
Bewraying that strange structure built within;
Thigh-bellyless, most ghastly to the sight,
A wasted skeleton resembleth right.
Where she doth roam in air faint do the birds,
Yawn do earth's ruthless brood and harmless herds,
The wood's wild forragers do howl and roar,
The humid swimmers die along the shore:
In towns, the living do the dead up eat,
Then die themselves, alas! and, wanting meat,
Mothers not spare the birth of their own wombs,
But turn those nests of life to fatal tombs.

Last did a saffron-colour'd hag come out,
With uncomb'd hair, brows banded all about
With dusky clouds, in ragged mantle clad,
Her breath with stinking fumes the air bespread;
In either hand she held a whip, whose wires
Still'd poison, blaz'd with Phlegethontal fires.
Relentless, she each state, sex, age, defiles,
Earth streams with gores, burns with envenom'd boils;
Where she repairs, towns do in deserts turn,
The living have no pause the dead to mourn;
The friend, ah! dares not lock the dying eyes
Of his belov'd; the wife the husband flies;
Men basilisks to men prove, and by breath,
Than lead or steel, bring worse and swifter death:
No cypress, obsequies, no tomb they have;
The sad Heaven mostly serves them for a grave.

These over Earth tumultuously do run,
South, north, from rising to the setting Sun;
They sometime part, yet, than the winds more fleet,
Forthwith together in one place they meet.
Great Quinzay, ye it know, Susania's pride,
And you where stately Tiber's streams do glide;
Memphis, Parthenope, ye too it know,
And where Euripus' seven-fold tide doth flow:
Ye know it, empresses, on Thames, Rhone, Seine;
And ye, fair queens, by Tagus, Danube, Rhine;
Though they do scour the Earth, roam far and large,
Not thus content, the angels leave their charge:
We of her wreck these slender signs may name,
By greater they the judgment do proclaim.

This centre's centre with a mighty blow
One bruiseth, whose crack'd concaves louder low,
And rumble, than if all th' artillery
On Earth discharg'd at once were in the sky;
Her surface shakes, her mountains in the main
Turn topsy-turvy, of heights making plain:
Towns them ingulf; and late where towers did stand
Now nought remaineth but a waste of sand:
With turning eddies seas sink under ground,
And in their floating depth are valleys found;
Late where with foamy crests waves tilted waves,
Now fishy bottoms shine, and mossy caves.
The mariner casts an amazed eye
On his wing'd firs, which bedded he finds lie,
Yet can he see no shore; but whilst he thinks,
What hideous crevice that huge current drinks,
The streams rush back again with storming tide,
And now his ships on crystal mountains glide,
Till they be hurl'd far beyond seas and hope,
And settle on some hill or palace top;
Or, by triumphant surges over-driven,
Show Earth their entrails, and their keels the Heaven.

Sky's cloudy tables some do paint, with fights
Of armed squadrons, justling steeds and knights,
With shining crosses, judge, and sapphire throne,
Arraigned criminals to howl and groan, [shine
And plaints sent forth are heard: new worlds seen
With other suns and moons, false stars decline,
And dive in seas; red comets warm the air,
And blaze, as other worlds were judged there,
Others the heavenly bodies do displace,
Make Sun his sister's stranger steps to trace;
Beyond the course of spheres he drives his coach,
And near the cold Arctorus doth approach;
The Scythian amaz'd is at such beams,
The Mauritanian to see icy streams;
The shadow, which erewhile turn'd to the west,
Now wheels about, then reeleth to the east:
New stars above the eighth Heaven sparkle clear,
Mars chops with Saturn, Jove claims Mars's sphere;
Shrunk nearer Earth, all blacken'd now and brown,
In mask of weeping clouds appears the Moon.
There are no seasons, autumn, summer, spring,
All are stern winter, and no birth forth bring:
Red turns the sky's blue curtain o'er this globe,
As to propine the judge with purple robe.

At first, entranc'd, with sad and curious eyes,
Earth's pilgrims stare on those strange prodigies:
The star-gazer this round finds truly move
In parts and whole, yet by no skill can prove
The firmament's stay'd firmness. They which dream
An everlastingness in world's vast frame,

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Think well some region where they dwell may wrack,
But that the whole nor time nor force can shake;
Yet, frantic, muse to see Heaven's stately lights,
Like drunkards, wayless reel amidst their heights.
Such as do nations govern, and command
Vasts of the sea and emperies of land,
Repine to see their countries overthrown,
And find no foe their fury to make known:
"Alas!" they say, "what boots our toils and pains,
Of care on Earth is this the furthest gains?
No riches now can bribe our angry fate;
O no! to blast our pride the Heavens do threat:
In dust now must our greatness buried lie,
Yet is it comfort with the world to die."
As more and more the warning signs increase,
Wild dread deprives lost Adam's race of peace;
From out their grand-dame Earth theyfain would fly,
But whither know not, Heavens are far and high:
Each would bewail and mourn his own distress;
But public cries do private tears suppress:
Laments, plaints, shrieks of woe, disturb all ears,
And fear is equal to the pain it fears.
Amidst this mass of cruelty and slights,
This galley, full of God-despising wights,
This jail of sin and shame, this filthy stage,
Where all act folly, misery, and rage;
Amidst those throngs of old prepar'd for Hell,
Those numbers which no Archimede can tell,
A silly crew did lurk, a harmless rout,
Wand'ring the Earth, which God had chosen out
To live with him, (few roses which did blow
Among those weeds Earth's garden overgrow,
A dew of gold still'd on earth's sandy mine,
Small diamonds in world's rough rocks which shine,)
By purple tyrants which pursu'd and chas'd,
Liv'd recluses, in lonely islands plac'd;
Or did the mountains haunt, and forests wild, [mild;
Which they than towns more harmless found and
Where many an hymn they, to their Maker's praise,
Teach'd groves and rooks, which did resound their lays.
Nor sword, nor famine, nor plague poisoning air,
Nor prodigies appearing every where,
Nor all the sad disorder of this all,
Could this small handful of the world appal;
But as the flow'r, which during winter's cold
Runs to the root, and lurks in sap uproll'd,
So soon as the great planet of the year
Begins the Twins' dear mansion to clear,
Lifts up its fragrant head, and to the field
A spring of beauty and delight doth yield:
So at those signs and apparitions strange,
Their thoughts, looks, gestures, did begin to change;
Joy makes their hands to clap, their hearts to dance,
In voice turns music, in their eyes doth glance.
"What can," saythey, "these changes else portend,
Of this great frame, save the approaching end!
Past are the signs, all is perform'd of old,
Which the Almighty's heralds us foretold.
Heaven now no longer shall of God's great power
A turning temple be, but fixed tower;
Burn shall this mortal mass amidst the air,
Of divine justice turn'd a trophy fair;
Near is the last of days, whose light embalms
Past griefs, and all our stormy cares becalms.
O happy day! O cheerful, holy day!
Which night's sad sables shall not take away!
Farewel complaints, and ye yet doubtful thought
Crown now your hopes with comforts long time sought;
Wip'd from our eyes now shall be every tear,
Sighs stopt, since our salvation is so near.
What long we long'd for, God at last hath given,
Earth's chosen bands to join with those of Heaven.
Now noble souls a guerdon just shall find,
And rest and glory be in one combin'd;
Now, more than in a mirror, by these eyne,
Even face to face, our Maker shall be seen.
O welcome wonder of the soul and sight!
O welcome object of all true delight!
Thy triumphs and return we did expect,
Of all past toils to reap the dear effect:
Since thou art just, perform thy holy word;
O come still hop'd for, come long wish'd for, Lord."
While thus they pray, the Heavens in flames ap-
As if they shew fire's elemental sphere; [pear,
The Earth seems in the Sun, the welkin gone;
Wonder all hushes; straight the air doth groan
With trumpets, which thrice louder sounds do yield
Than deaf'ning thunders in the airy field.
Created nature at the clangour quakes;
Immur'd with flames, Earth in a palsy shakes,
And from her womb the dust in several heaps
Takes life, and must'reth into human shapes:
Hell bursts, and the foul prisoners there bound
Come howling to the day, with serpents crown'd.
Millions of angels in the lofty height,
Clad in pure gold, and the electre bright,
Ushering the way still where the Judge should move,
In radiant rainbows vault the skies above;
Which quickly open, like a curtain driven,
And beaming glory shows the King of Heaven.
What Persian prince, Assyrian most renown'd,
What Scythian with conquering squadrons crown'd,
Ent'ring a breached city, where conspire
Fire to dry blood, and blood to quench out fire;
Where cutted carcasses' quick members reel,
And by their ruin blunt the reeking steel,
Resembleth now the ever-living King?
What face of Troy which doth with yelling ring,
And Grecian flames transported in the air;
What dreadful spectacle of Carthage fair;
What picture of rich Corinth's tragic wrack,
Or of Numantia the hideous sack;
Or these together shown, the image, face,
Can represent of Earth, and plaintful case,
Which must lie smoking in the world's vast womb,
And to itself both fuel be and tomb?
Near to that sweet and odoriferous clime,
Where the all-cheering emperor of time
Makes spring the cassia, nard, and fragrant balms,
And every hill and collin crowns with palms;
Where incense sweats, where weeps the precious
And cedars overtop the pine and fir: [myrrh,
Near where the aged phenix, tir'd of breath,
Doth build her nest, and takes new life in death;
A valley into wide and open fields
Far it extendeth * * * * * *

The rest is wanting.

HYMNS.

I.

Saviour of mankind! Man Emanuel!
Who sinless died for sin, who vanquish'd Hell,
The first fruits of the grave, whose life did give
Light to our darkness, in whose death we live—
O strengthen thou my faith, correct my will,
That mine may thine obey: protect me still,

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So that the latter death may not devour
My soul seal'd with thy seal; so in the hour
When thou, whose body sanctified thy tomb,
(Unjustly judg'd) a glorious judge shalt come,
To judge the world with justice; by that sign
I may be known and entertain'd for thine.

II.

Him, whom the earth, the sea, and sky
Worship, adore, and magnify,
And doth this threefold engine steer,
Mary's pure closet now doth bear:

Whom Sun and Moon, and creatures all,
Serving at times, obey his call,
Pouring from Heaven his sacred grace,
I' th' virgin's bowels hath ta'en place.

Mother most blest by such a dower,
Whose Maker, Lord of highest power,
Who this wide world in hand contains,
In thy womb's ark himself restrains.

Blest by a message from Heaven brought,
Fertile with Holy Ghost full fraught,
Of nations the desired King,
Within thy sacred womb doth spring.

Lord, may thy glory still endure,
Who born wast of a virgin pure;
The Father's and the Sp'rit's love,
Which endless worlds may not remove.

III.

Jesu, our prayers with mildness hear,
Who art the crown which virgins decks,
Whom a pure maid did breed and bear,
The sole example of her sex.

Thou feeding there where lilies spring,
While round about the virgins dance,
Thy spouse dost to glory bring,
And them with high rewards advance.

The virgins follow in thy ways
Whithersoever thou dost go,
They trace thy steps with songs of praise,
And in sweet hymns thy glory show.

Cause thy protecting grace, we pray,
In all our senses to abound,
Keeping from them all harms which may
Our souls with foul corruption wound.

Praise, honour, strength, and glory great,
To God the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete
While time lasts, and when time is done.

IV.

Benign Creator of the stars,
Eternal Light of faithful eyes,
Christ, whose redemption none debars,
Do not our humble prayers despise.

Who for the state of mankind griev'd,
That it by death destroy'd should be,
Hast the diseased world reliev'd,
And given the guilty remedy.

When th' evening of the world drew near,
Thou as a bridegroom deign'st to come
Out of the wedding chamber dear,
Thy virgin mother's purest womb:

To the strong force of whose high reign
All knees are bow'd with gesture low,
Creatures which Heav'n on Earth contain
With rev'rence their subjection show.

O holy Lord! we thee desire,
Whom we expect to judge all faults,
Preserve us, as the times require,
From our deceitful foes' assaults.

Praise, honour, strength, and glory great,
To God the Father, and the Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
Whilst time lasts, and when time is done.

HYMN FOR SUNDAY.

O blest Creator of the light,
Who bringing forth the light of days,
With the first work of splendour bright
The world didst to beginning raise;

Who morn with evening join'd in one
Commandedst should be call'd the day:
The foul confusion now is gone;
O hear us when with tears we pray:

Lest that the mind, with fears full fraught,
Should lose best life's eternal gains,
While it hath no immortal thought,
But is enwrapt in sinful chains.

O may it beat the inmost sky,
And the reward of life possess!
May we from hurtful actions fly,
And purge away all wickedness!

Dear Father, grant what we entreat,
And only Son, who like pow'r hast,
Together with the Paraclete,
Reigning whilst times and ages last.

HYMN FOR MONDAY.

Great Maker of the Heavens wide,
Who, lest things mix'd should all confound,
The floods and waters didst divide,
And didst appoint the Heav'ns their bound;

Ordering where heav'nly things shall stay,
Where streams shall run on earthly soil,
That waters may the flames allay,
Lest they the globe of Earth should spoil.

Sweet Lord, into our minds infuse
The gift of everlasting grace,
That no old faults which we did use
May with new frauds our souls deface.

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May our true faith obtain the light,
And such clear beams our hearts possess,
That it vain things may banish quite,
And that no falsehood it oppress.

Dear Father, grant what we entreat, &c.

HYMN FOR TUESDAY.

Great Maker of man's earthly realm,
Who didst the ground from waters take
Which did the troubled land o'erwhelm,
And it immovable didst make;

That there young plants might fitly spring,
While it with golden flow'rs attir'd
Might forth ripe fruit in plenty bring,
And yield sweet fruit by all desir'd:

With fragrant greenness of thy grace,
Our blasted souls of wounds release,
That tears foul sins away may chase,
And in the mind bad motions cease.

May it obey thy heav'nly voice,
And never drawing near to ill,
T' abound in goodness may rejoice,
And may no mortal sin fulfil.

Dear Father, &c.

HYMN FOR WEDNESDAY.

O holy God of heav'nly frame,
Who mak'st the pole's wide centre bright,
And paint'st the same with shining flame,
Adorning it with beauteous light;

Who framing, on the fourth of days,
The fiery chariot of the Sun,
Appoint'st the Moon her changing rays,
And orbs in which the planets run;

That thou might'st by a certain bound
'Twixt night and day division make;
And that some sure sign might be found
To show when months beginning take;

Men's hearts with lightsome splendour bless,
Wipe from their minds polluting spots,
Dissolve the bond of guiltiness,
Throw down the heaps of sinful blots.

Dear Father, &c.

HYMN FOR THURSDAY.

O God, whose forces far extend,
Who creatures which from waters spring
Back to the flood dost partly send,
And up to th' air dost partly bring;

Some in the waters deeply div'd,
Some playing in the Heav'ns above,
That natures from one stock deriv'd
May thus to several dwellings move:

Upon thy servants grace bestow,
Whose souls thy bloody waters clear,
That they no sinful falls may know,
Nor heavy grief of death may bear;

That sin no soul oppress may thrall,
That none be lifted high with pride,
That minds cast downwards do not fall,
Nor raised up may backward slide.

Dear Father, &c.

HYMN FOR FRIDAY.

God, from whose work mankind did spring,
Who all in rule dost only keep
Bidding the dry land forth to bring
All kind of beasts which on it creep;

Who hast made subject to man's hand
Great bodies of each mighty thing,
That, taking life from thy command,
They might in order serve their King;

From us thy servants, Lord, expel
Those errours which uncleanness breeds,
Which either in our manners dwell,
Or mix themselves among our deeds.

Give the rewards of joyful life;
The plenteous gifts of grace increase;
Dissolve the cruel bonds of strife;
Knit fast the happy league of peace.

Dear Father, &c.

HYMN FOR SATURDAY.

O Trinity! O blessed light!
O Unity, most principal!
The fiery Sun now leaves our sight;
Cause in our hearts thy beams to fall:

Let us with songs of praise divine
At morn and evening thee implore;
And let our glory, bow'd to thine,
Thee glorify for evermore.

To God the Father glory great,
And glory to his only Son,
And to the holy Paraclete,
Both now, and still while ages run.

HYMN UPON THE NATIVITY.

Christ, whose redemption all doth free,
Son of the Father, who alone,
Before the world began to be,
Didst spring from him by means unknown;

Thou his clear brightness, thou his light,
Thou everlasting hope of all,
Observe the pray'rs which in thy sight
Thy servants through the world let fall.

O dearest Saviour, bear in mind,
That of our body thou, a child,
Didst whilom take the natural kind,
Born of the Virgin undefil'd.

This much the present day makes known,
Passing the circuit of the year,
That thou from thy high Father's throne
The world's sole safety didst appear,

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The highest Heaven, the earth, and seas,
And all that is within them found,
Because he sent thee us to ease,
With mirthful songs his praise resound.

We also, who redeemed are
With thy pure blood from sinful state,
For this thy birth-day will prepare
New hymns this feast to celebrate.

Glory, O Lord, be given to thee,
Whom the unspotted Virgin bore;
And glory to thee, Father, be,
And th' Holy Ghost, for evermore.

HYMN UPON THE INNOCENTS.

Hail you, sweet babes! that are the flow'rs,
Whom, when you life begin to taste,
The enemy of Christ devours,
As whirlwinds down the roses cast:

First sacrifice to Christ you went,
Of offer'd lambs a tender sort;
With palms and crowns, you innocent
Before the sacred altar sport.

UPON THE SUNDAYS IN LENT.

HYMN.

O merciful Creator, hear
Our pray'rs to thee devoutly bent,
Which we pour forth with many a tear
In this most holy fast of Lent.

Thou mildest searcher of each heart,
Who know'st the weakness of our strength,
To us forgiving grace impart,
Since we return to thee at length.

Much have we sinned, to our shame;
But spare us, who our sins confess;
And, for the glory of thy name,
To our sick souls afford redress.

Grant that the flesh may be so pin'd
By means of outward abstinence,
As that the sober watchful mind
May fast from spots of all offence.

Grant this, O blessed Trinity!
Pure Unity, to this incline—
That the effects of fasts may be
A grateful recompense for thine.

ON THE ASCENSION DAY.

O Jesu, who our souls dost save,
On whom our love and hopes depend;
God from whom all things being have,
Man when the world drew to an end;

What clemency thee vanquish'd so,
Upon thee our foul crimes to take,
And cruel death to undergo,
That thou from death us free might make?

Let thine own goodness to thee bend,
That thou our sins may'st put to flight;
Spare us—and, as our wishes tend,
O satisfy us with thy sight!

May'st thou our joyful pleasures be,
Who shall be our expected gain;
And let our glory be in thee,
While any ages shall remain.

HYMN FOR WHITSUNDAY.

Creator, Holy Ghost, descend;
Visit our minds with thy bright flame;
And thy celestial grace extend
To fill the hearts which thou didst frame:

Who Paraclete art said to be,
Gift which the highest God bestows;
Fountain of life, fire, charity,
Ointment whence ghostly blessing flows.

Thy sevenfold grace thou down dost send,
Of God's right hand thou finger art;
Thou, by the Father promised,
Unto our mouths dost speech impart.

In our dull senses kindle light;
Infuse thy love into our hearts;
Reforming with perpetual light
Th' infirmities of fleshly parts.

Far from our dwelling drive our foe,
And quickly peace unto us bring;
Be thou our guide, before to go,
That we may shun each hurtful thing.

Be pleased to instruct our mind,
To know the Father and the Son;
The Spirit, who them both doth bind,
Let us believe while ages run.

To God the Father glory great,
And to the Son, who from the dead
Arose, and to the Paraclete,
Beyond all time imagined.

ON THE TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD,

THE SIXTH OF AUGUST.

A HYMN.

All you that seek Christ, let your sight
Up to the height directed be,
For there you may the sign most bright
Of everlasting glory see.

A radiant light we there behold,
Endless, unbounded, lofty, high;
Than Heaven or that rude heap more old
Wherein the world confus'd did lie.

The Gentiles this great prince embrace;
The Jews obey this king's command,
Promis'd to Abraham and his race
A blessing while the world shall stand.

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By mouths of prophets free from lyes,
Who seal the witness which they bear,
His Father bidding testifies
That we should him believe and hear.

Glory, O Lord, be given to thee,
Who hast appear'd upon this day;
And glory to the Father be,
And to the Holy Ghost, for aye.

ON THE

FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.

To thee, O Christ! thy Father's light,
Life, virtue, which our heart inspires,
In presence of thine angels bright,
We sing with voice and with desires:
Ourselves we mutually invite,
To melody with answering choirs.

With reverence we these soldiers praise,
Who near the heavenly throne abide;
And chiefly him whom God doth raise,
His strong celestial host to guide—
Michael, who by his power dismays
And beateth down the Devil's pride.

PETER,

AFTER THE DENIAL OF HIS MASTER.

Like to the solitary pelican,
The shady groves, I haunt, and deserts wild,
Amongst wood's burgesses; from sight of man,
From Earth's delight, from mine own self exil'd.
But that remorse, which with my fall began,
Relenteth not, nor is by change turn'd mild;
But rends my soul, and, like a famish'd child,
Renews its cries, though nurse does what she can.
Look how the shrieking bird that courts the night
In ruin'd wall doth lurk, and gloomy place:
Of Sun, of Moon, of stars, I shun the light,
Not knowing where to stay, what to embrace:
How to Heaven's lights should I lift these of mine,
Sith I denied him who made them shine!

ON THE VIRGIN MARY.

The woful Mary, 'midst a blubber'd band
Of weeping virgins, near unto the tree
Where God death suffer'd, man from death to free,
Like to a plaintful nightingale did stand,
Which sees her younglings reft before her eyes,
And hath nought else to guard them, save her cries:

Love thither had her brought, and misbelief
Of these sad news, which charg'd her mind to fears;
But now her eyes, more wretched than her tears,
Bear witness (ah, too true!) of feared grief:
Her doubts made certain did her hopes destroy,
Abandoning her soul to black annoy.

Long fixing downcast eyes on earth, at last
She longing them did raise (O torturing sight!)
To view what they did shun, their sole delight
Imbru'd in his own blood, and naked plac'd
To sinful eyes; naked, save that black veil
Which Heaven him shrouded with, that did bewail.

It was not pity, pain, grief, did possess
The mother, but an agony more strange:
Cheeks' roses in pale lilies straight did change;
Her sp'rits, as if she bled his blood, turn'd less;
When she him saw, woe did all words deny,
And grief her only suffer'd sigh, O my!

"O my dear Lord and Son!" then she began;
"Immortal birth, though of a mortal born;
Eternal bounty, which doth Heav'n adorn;
Without a mother, God; a father, man!
Ah! what hast thou deserv'd? what hast thou done,
Thus to be treat? Woe's me, my son, my son!

"Who bruis'd thy face, the glory of this all?
Who eyes engor'd, load-stars to paradise?
Who, as thou wert a trimmed sacrifice,
Did with that cruel crown thy brows impale?
Who rais'd thee, whom so oft the angels serv'd,
Between those thieves who that foul death deserv'd?

"Was it for this thou bred wast in my womb?
Mine arms a cradle serv'd thee to repose?
My milk thee fed, as morning dew the rose?
Did I thee keep till this sad time should come,
That wretched men should nail thee to a tree,
And I a witness of thy pangs must be?

"It is not long, the way's bestrew'd with flow'rs,
With shouts to echoing Heav'ns and mountains roll'd,
Since, as in triumph, I thee did behold
In royal pomp approach proud Sion's tow'rs:
Lo, what a change! Who did thee then embrace,
Now at thee shake their heads, inconstant race!

"Eternal Father! from whose piercing eye
Hid nought is found that in this all is form'd,
Deign to vouchsafe a look unto this round,
This round, the stage of a sad tragedy:
Look but if thy dear pledge thou here canst know,
On an unhappy tree a shameful show!

"Ah! look if this be he, Almighty King,
Before Heav'ns spangled were with stars of gold,
Ere world a center had it to uphold,
Whom from eternity thou forth didst bring;
With virtue, form, and light who did adorn
Sky's radiant globes—see where he hangs a scorn!

"Did all my prayers tend to this? Is this
The promise that celestial herald made
At Nazareth, when full of joy he said,
I happy was, and from thee did me bless?
How am I blest? No, most unhappy I
Of all the mothers underneath the sky.

"How true and of choice oracles the choice
Was that blest Hebrew, whose dear eyes in peace
Mild death did close ere they saw this disgrace,
When he forespake with more than angel's voice;
The Son should (malice sign) be set apart,
Then that a sword should pierce the mother's heart!

"But whither dost thou go, life of my soul?
O stay a little till I die with thee!
And do I live thee languishing to see?
And cannot grief frail laws of life controul?
If grief prove weak, come, cruel squadrons, kill
The mother, spare the Son, he knows no ill:

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"He knows no ill; those pangs, base men, are
To me, and all the world, save him alone; [due
But now he doth not hear my bitter moan;
Too late I cry, too late I plaints renew:
Pale are his lips, down doth his head decline,
Dim turn those eyes once wont so bright to shine.

"The Heavens which in their mansions constant move,
That they may not seem guilty of this crime,
Benighted have the golden eye of time. [prove,
Ungrateful Earth, canst thou such shame ap-
And seem unmov'd, this done upon thy face?"
Earth trembled then, and she did hold her peace.

COMPLAINT OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The mother stood, with grief confounded,
Near the cross; her tears abounded,
While her dear son hanged was,
Through whose soul her sighs forth venting,
Sadly mourning and lamenting,
Sharpest points of swords did pass:

O how sad and how distress'd
Was the mother, ever-bless'd,
Who God's only Son forth brought!
She in grief and woes did languish,
Quaking to behold what anguish
To her noble Son was wrought.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

Jerusalem, that place divine,
The vision of sweet peace is nam'd,
In Heaven her glorious turrets shine,
Her walls of living stones are fram'd;
While angels guard her on each side,
Fit company for such a bride.

She, deck'd in new attire from Heaven,
Her wedding chamber now descends,
Prepar'd in marriage to be given
To Christ, on whom her joy depends.
Her walls wherewith she is enclos'd,
And streets, are of pure gold compos'd.

The gates, adorn'd with pearls most bright,
The way to hidden glory show;
And thither, by the blessed might
Of faith in Jesus' merits, go
All these who are on Earth distress'd,
Because they have Christ's name profess'd.

These stones the workmen dress and beat,
Before they throughly polish'd are;
Then each is in his proper seat
Establish'd by the builder's care,
In this fair frame to stand for ever,
So join'd that them no force can sever.

To God, who sits in highest seat,
Glory and power given be;
To Father, Son, and Paraclete,
Who reign in equal dignity;
Whose boundless pow'r we still adore,
And sing their praise for evermore.

SONNETS AND MADRIGALS.

SONNET.

Let Fortune triumph now, and Io sing,
Sith I must fall beneath this load of care;
Let her what most I prize of ev'ry thing
Now wicked trophies in her temple rear.
She who high palmy empires doth not spare,
And tramples in the dust the proudest king;
Let her vaunt how my bliss she did impair,
To what low ebb she now my flow doth bring:
Let her count how (a new Ixion) me
She in her wheel did turn; how high or low
I never stood, but more to tortul'd be.
Weep soul, weep plaintful soul, thy sorrows know;
Weep, of thy tears till a black river swell,
Which may Cocytus be to this thy Hell.

SONNET.

O night, clear night, O dark and gloomy day!
O woeful waking! O soul-pleasing sleep!
O sweet conceits which in my brains did creep!
Yet sour conceits which went so soon away.
A sleep I had more than poor words can say;
For, clos'd in arms, methought I did thee keep,
A sorry wretch plung'd in misfortunes deep.
Am I not wak'd, when light doth lyes bewray?
O that that night had ever still been black!
O that that day had never yet begun!
And you, mine eyes, would ye no time saw sun!
To have your sun in such a zodiac:
Lo, what is good of life is but a dream,
When sorrow is a never ebbing stream.

SONNET.

So grievous is my pain, so painful life,
That oft I find me in the arms of death;
But, breath half gone, that tyrant called Death,
Who others kills, restoreth me to life:
For while I think how woe shall end with life,
And that I quiet peace shall 'joy by death,
That thought ev'n doth o'erpow'r the pains of death,
And call me home again to loathed life:
Thus doth mine evil transcend both life and death,
While no death is so bad as is my life,
Nor no life such which doth not end by death,
And Protean changes turn my death and life:
O happy those who in their birth find death,
Sith but to languish Heaven affordeth life.

SONNET.

I curse the night, yet do from day me hide,
The Pandionian birds I tire with moans;
The echoes even are wearied with my groans,
Since absence did me from my bliss divide.

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Each dream, each toy, my reason doth affright;
And when remembrance reads the curious scroll
Of past contentments caused by her sight,
Then bitter anguish doth invade my soul,
While thus I live eclipsed of her light.
O me! what better am I than the mole?
Or those whose zenith is the only pole,
Whose hemisphere is hid with so long night?
Save that in earth he rests, they hope for sun;
I pine, and find mine endless night begun.

MADRIGAL.

Poor turtle, thou bemoans
The loss of thy dear love,
And I for mine send forth these smoaking groans.
Unhappy widow'd dove!
While all about do sing,
I at the root, thou on the branch above,
Even weary with our moans the gaudy spring;
Yet these our plaints we do not spend in vain,
Sith sighing zephyrs answer us again.

SONNET.

As, in a dusky and tempestuous night,
A star is wont to spread her locks of gold,
And while her pleasant rays abroad are roll'd,
Some spiteful cloud doth rob us of her sight:
Fair soul, in this black age so shin'd thou bright,
And made all eyes with wonder thee behold;
Till ugly Death, depriving us of light,
In his grim misty arms thee did enfold.
Who more shall vaunt true beauty here to see?
What hope doth more in any heart remain,
That such perfections shall his reason rein,
If beauty, with thee born, too died with thee?
World, plain no more of Love, nor count his harms;
With his pale trophies Death has hung his arms.

MADRIGAL.

I FEAR not henceforth death,
Sith after this departure yet I breathe.
Let rocks, and seas, and wind,
Their highest treasons show;
Let sky and earth combin'd
Strive (if they can) to end my life and woe;
Sith grief cannot, me nothing can o'erthrow;
Or, if that aught can cause my fatal lot,
It will be when I hear I am forgot.

MADRIGAL.

TRITONS, which bounding dive
Through Neptune's liquid plain,
When as ye shall arrive
With tilting tides where silver Ora plays,
And to your king his wat'ry tribute pays,
Tell how I dying live,
And burn in midst of all the coldest main.

POLEMO-MIDDINIA

INTER VITARVAM ET NEBERNAM.

NYMPHAE, quæ colitis highissima monta Fifaea,
Seu vos Pittenwema tenent, seu Crelia crofta,
Sive Anstraea domus, ubi nat Haddocus in undis,
Codlineusque ingens, ubi Fleucca et Sketta pererrant
Per costam, et scopulis Lobster monifootus in udis
Creepat, et in mediis ludit Whitenius undis:
Et vos Skipperii, soliti qui per mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare foris, iterumque redire,
Linquite skellatas botas, shippasque picatas,
Whistlantesque simul fechtam memorate bloodzeam,
Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda Deum, quoque Nympharum Cockelsbelearam
Maia ubi sheepifeda, atque ubi Solgoosifera Bassa
Swellant in pelago, cum Sol bootstus Edenum
Postabat radiis madidis et shouribus atris,
....
.....
Quo viso ad fechtæ noisam cecidere volucres
Ad terram, cecidere grues, plish plashque dedere
Solgooseæ in pelago prope littora Bruntiliana;
Sea-sutor obstupuit, summique in margine saxi
Scartavit prælustre caput, wingasque flapavit;
Quodque magis, alte volitans Heronius ipse
Ingeminans clig clag mediis shitavit in undis.
Namque a principio Storiam tellabimus omnem,
Muckrelium ingentem turbam Vitarva per agros
Nebernæ marchare fecit, et dixit ad illos,
"Ite hodie armati greppis, dryvate caballos
Nebernæ per crofta, atque ipsas ante fenestras.
Quod si forte ipsa Neberna venerit extra,
Warrantabo omnes, et vos bene defendebo."
Hic aderant Geordy Akinhedius, et little Johnus,
Et Jamy Richæus, et stout Michel Hendersonus,
Qui jolly tryppas ante alios dansare solebat,
Et bobbare bene, et lassas kissare bonaeas;
Duncan Olyphantus, valde stalvartus, et ejus
Filius eldestus jolyboyus, atque oldmoudus,
Qui pleugham longo gaddo dryvare solebat;
Et Rob Gib wantonus homo, atque Oliver Hutchin,
Et ploscky-fac'd Watty Strang, atque in-kneed Alsinder Atken [nium,
Et Willy Dick heavy-arstus homo, pigerrimus om-
Qui tulit in pileo magnum rubrumque favorem,
Valde lethus pugnare, sed hunc Corngrevius heros
Nouthesdum vocavit, atque illum forcit ad arma.
Insuper hic aderant Tom. Taylor, et Hen. Watsonus,
Et Tomy Gilchristus, et fool Jocky Robinsonus
Andrew Alshenderus, et Jamy Tomsonus, et unus
Norland-bornus homo, valde valde Anticovenanter,
Nomine Gordonus, valde blackmoudus, et alter
(Deil stick it ignoro nomen) slavry beardius homo
Qui pottas dightavit, et asseas jecerat extra.
Denique præ reliquis Geordeum affatur, et inquit,
Georde mi formane, inter stoutissimus omnes,
Huc ades et crook-saddelos, hemmasque, creilesque,
Brechemmesque simul omnes bindato jumentis;
Amblentemque meum naggum, fattumque mariti
Cursorem, et reliquos trottantes sumito averos.
In cartis yokkato omnes, extrahito muckam
Crofta per et riggas, atque ipsas ante fenestras
Nebernæ, et aliquid sin ipsa contra loquatur,
In sydis tu pone manus, et dicito fart jade.
Nec mora, formannus cunctos flankavit averos,
Workmannosque ad workam omnes vocavit, et illis

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Extemplo cartas bene fillavere jigantes:
Whistlavere viri, workhorsosque ordine swieros
Drivavere foras, donec iterumque iterumque
Fartavere omnes, et sic turba horrida mustrat,
Haud aliter quam si cum multis Spinola troupis
Proudus ad Ostendam marchasset fortiter urbem.
Interea ante alios Dux Piper Laius heros
Præcedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam
Incipit Harlai cunctis sonare batellum.
Tunc Neberna furens yettam ipsa egressa, videnque
Muck-cartas transire viam, valde angria facta
Non tulit affrontam tantam, verum, agmine facto,
Convocat extemplo Barowmannos atque Ladæos,
Jackmannumque, Hiremannos, Pleughdrivsters atque Pleughmannos,
Tumlantesque simul reekoso ex kitchine boyos,
Hunc qui dirtiferas tersit cum dishclouty dishas,
Hunc qui gruelias scivit bene lickere plettas,
Et saltpannifumos, et widebricatos fisheros,
Hellæosque etiam salteros duxit ab antris,
Coalheughos nigri girnantes more Divelli,
Lifeguardamque sibi sævas vocat improba lassas,
Maggeam magis doctam milkare cowæas,
Et doctam sweepare flooras, et sternere beddas,
Quæque novit spinnare, et longas ducere threedas;
Nansæam, claves bene quæ keepaverat omnes,
Yellantemque Elpen, longobardamque Anapellam,
Fartantemque simul Gyllam, gliedamque Katæam
Egregie indutam blacko caput sooty clouto;
Mammæamque simul vetulam, quæ sciverat apte
Infantum teneras blande oscularier arsas;
Quæque lanam cardare solet greasy-fingria Betty.
Tum demum hungræos ventres Neberna gruelis
Farsit, et guttas rawsuinibus implet amaris,
Postea newbarmæ ingentem dedit omnibus haustum,
Staggravere omnes, grandesque ad sydera riftas
Barmifumi attollunt, et sic ad prælia marchant.
Nec mora, marchavit foras longo ordine turma,
Ipsa prior Neberna suis stout facta ribaldis,
Rustæum manibus gestans furibunda gulæum:
Tandem Muckreilios vocat ad pell-mellia flaidos.
"Ite, ait, uglæi Fellows, si quis modo posthac
Muckifer has nostras tentet crossare fenestras,
Juro quod ego ejus longum extrahabo thrapelium,
Et totam rivabo faciem, luggasque gulæo hoc
Ex capite cuttabo ferox, totumque videbo
Heartbloodum fluere in terram." Sic verba finivit.
Obstupuit Vitarva diu dirtfluida, sed inde
Couragium accipiens, Muckreilios ordine cunctos
Middini in medio faciem tarnare coegit.
O qualem primo fleuram gustasses in ipso
Battelli onsetto! Pugnat Muckreilius Heros
Fortiter, et Muckam per posteriora cadentem
In oreilibus shoolare ardet. Sic dirta volavit.
O quale hoc hurly burly fuit, si forte vidisses
Pypantes arsas, et flavo sanguine breeckas
Dripantes, hominumque heartas ad prælia faintas!
O qualis firy fary fuit, namque alteri nemo
Ne vel footbreddum yerdæ yieldare volebat,
Stout erat ambo quidem, valdeque hardhearta caterva!
Tum vero e medio Muckdrywster prosilit unus
Gallantæus homo, et greppam minatur in ipsam
Nebernam, (quoniam misere scaldaverat omnes)
Dirtavitque totam peticotam gutture thicko,
Pearlineasque ejus skirtas, silkamque gownæam,
Vasquineamque rubram Mucksherda begariavit.
Et tunc ille fuit valde faintheartus, et ivit
Valde procul, metuens shottam woundumque profundum.
Sed nec valde procul fuerat revengia in illum;
Extemplo Gillæa ferox invasit, et ejus
In faciem girnavit atrox, et Tigrida facta
Bublentem grippans berdam, sic dixit ad illum:
Vade domum, filthæe nequam, aut te interficiabo.
Tunc cum gerculeo magnum fecit Gilly whippum,
Ingentemque manu sherdam levavit, et omnem
Gallantæi hominis gashbeardam besmeariavit;
Sume tibi hoc, inquit, sneezing valde operativum,
Pro præmio, Swingere, tuo; tum denique fleido
Ingentem Gilly wamphra dedit, validamque nevellam,
Ingeminatque iterum, donec his fecerit ignem
Ambobus fugere ex oculis; sic Gylla triumphat.
Obstupuit bombaizdus homo, backumque repente
Turnavit veluti nasus bloodasset; et O fy!
Ter quater exclamat, et ô quam fœde neezavit!
Disjuniumque omne evomuit valde hungrius homo,
Lausavitque supra atque infra, miserabile visu,
Et luggas necko imponens, sic cucurrit absens;
Non audens gimpare iterum, ne worsa tulisset.
Hæc Neberna videns yellavit turpia verba,
Et fy, fy! exclamat, prope nunc victoria losta est.
Nec mora, terribilem fillavit dira canonem,
Elatisque hippis magno cum murmure fartam
Barytonam emisit, veluti Monsmegga cracasset.
Tum vero quackarunt hostes, flightamque repente
Sumpserunt, retrospexit Jackmannus, et ipse
Sheepheadus metuit sonitumque ictumque buleti.
Quod si king Spanius, Philippus nomine, septem
Hisce consimiles habuisset forte canones
Batterare Sluissam, Sluissam dungasset in assam.
Aut si tot magnus Lodovicus forte dedisset
Ingentes fartas ad mœnia Montalbana,
Ipsam continuo townam dungasset in yerdam:
Exin Corngrevius, wracco omnia tendere videns,
Consiliumque meum si non accipitis, inquit,
Pulchras scartabo facies, et vos worriabo:
Sed needlo per seustram broddatus, inque privatas
Partes stobbatus, greitans, lookansque grivate,
Barlafumel clamat, et dixit, O Deus! O God!
Quid multis? sic fraya fuit, sic guisa peracta est,
Una nec interea spillata est droppa cruoris.

END OF VOL. V.

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